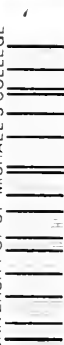


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THE AVE MARIA

A CATHOLIC FAMILY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

EDITED BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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U. S. A.
1896.

TO MARY MOTHER.

*O sweetest name in Heaven,
Mary!
It beautifies our days,
It glorifies our lays,
No thought enshrined here
But bears its impress dear
The sweetest name in Heaven,
Mary!*

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

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Exile.*

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

ALAS for those who eat the exile's bread,
 Thrown on a foreign strand;
 Whose eyes, bedewed with tears, look
 ever back
 To their own cradle-land!

The steels of sharpest sorrows pierce their
 breasts,
 For all the hopes they hold,
 All dreams they dream—these outcasts far
 away,—
 Are sad as death, and cold.

I, too, have been an exile. For my race
 All that I could afford—
 Home, blood, and strength I gave, and gold,—
 O God!
 Their hate was my reward!

One other recompense I still can boast:
 This living death of mine;
 For life to me is death, O native land,
 'Neath other skies than thine!

The Beauty of the Blessed Virgin.

THE beauty of woman has been
 in all ages the choicest theme of
 the poet's ecstasy and the artist's
 rapture. Literature abounds with
 its eulogies, and history records innumera-
 ble instances of its potent influence on
 the destiny, not of individuals only, but of

entire nations. Whether or not the world
 accepts as true Pope's assertion that "an
 honest man's the noblest work of God," it
 is incontestable that the voice of humanity
 has long decided that the Creator's fairest
 work is a woman "in the full-blown flower
 of glorious beauty."

It is natural, then, to conclude that the
 woman of all others upon whom God
 lavished both His tenderest affection and
 His most precious gifts must have been
 clothed with beauty incomparable,—with
 a pulchritude transcending far that of all
 other daughters of men. So consonant is
 this conclusion with the innate conviction
 of the Christian world that we find the
 most renowned artists of every century
 choosing Mary, the Mother of the world's
 Redeemer, as their ideal of female love-
 liness, and attaining the supreme height of
 their genius in those wondrous Madonnas
 that glorify the art galleries of the world.

Could any doubt exist as to the peerless
 beauty of our Blessed Lady, it would
 assuredly be set at rest by the testimony
 of Holy Scripture as well as that of the
 Fathers of the Church. From both these
 sources we draw a thousand and one proofs
 that the common sentiment of mankind
 regarding the personal appearance of the
 Blessed Virgin is not only the congruous
 but the true one. From both we learn
 that in the form and features of the Virgin

* Adapted from Camoëns.

Mother female grace and symmetry and comeliness reached their acme; that the modest dwelling of Nazareth enshrined a pearl fairer than any other that ever charmed the vision and captivated the heart of men.

The symbol by which most peoples have preferred to designate beauty is the graceful and perfumed flower we call the lily. Whenever the Greeks wished to qualify anything as fair and gracious, charming and attractive, they transferred to it this flower's name. The Persians, profound admirers of the splendors and marvels of their capital, could find no better means of expressing their appreciation thereof than to call it *Susa*—that is, the lily. Roman architecture turns to this beauteous flower to borrow the fairest ornaments for the columns of its temples and palaces. The wisest of men, desirous of raising to God the most magnificent temple of the universe, had the lily sculptured on all its parts: everywhere, on marble, brass and gold the lily blossomed. Florence, "the city of flowers and flower of cities," knew no better way of translating the beauty with which both nature and art have dowered her than to form of the lily her armorial bearings.

It will not surprise us, then, to find that God Himself has employed this same gracious symbol to figure the beauty of His Most Holy Mother. He, the infinite Beauty, is "the flower of the field and the lily of the valleys"; and of Mary He says: "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters."*

The pre-eminence which from time immemorial has been accorded to the lily is due to two qualities—the gracefulness of its form and the charm of its coloring. Pierius, summarizing all sacred and profane tradition on the subject, declares that the "lily is the emblem of beauty, both in its form and its colors." St. Ambrose, in

his *Hexameron*, writes: "Consider what beauty there is in the lily. Its petals as they rise form a cup, whose interior sparkles with the brilliancy of gold."

The Holy Ghost Himself has deigned to furnish a commentary on the figure of the "lily among the thorns." Not only does He style Mary the fairest among women, but, as if enraptured at the spectacle of this sublime creation of infinite power and infinite love, He cries out: "How beautiful art thou, my love,—how beautiful art thou!"* And, the better to show that this exclamation refers to Our Lady's exterior, visible beauty, He adds: "Besides what is hid within." In another passage of the same chapter the Holy Ghost clearly declares that the beauty of Mary was complete and perfect: "Thou art all fair, O my love! and there is not a spot in thee."† The surpassing loveliness of the Virgin's soul was reflected in her body.

The *Canticle of Canticles* furnishes us with another figure symbolical of Mary's beauty: "Thou art beautiful, O my love! sweet and comely as Jerusalem."‡ True at first glance the appropriateness of the figure is not apparent; but a little attention will speedily banish any idea of its incongruity. A well-surrounded royal city one never wearies of admiring; here, majestic ramparts and towers; there, broad squares and splendid palaces; elsewhere, antique cathedrals and rich museums; farther on, marble fountains, umbrageous walks, and superb gardens,—all combining to delight the eye, refresh the mind, and charm the heart. The visitor is never satiated with the contemplation of the marvellous visions that pass before him: he returns again and again to scenes already admired, and leaves with regret a city that has won its way to his affections. Such to us is Mary: she comprises in herself all riches, all marvels. She is an impregnable rampart

* Cant., ii, 1.

* Ibid., iv, 1. † Ibid., iv, 7. ‡ Ibid., vi, 3.

against our enemies,—the tower of David, the house of gold, the throne of ivory, the temple of God, the gate of heaven, the inexhaustible fountain, the sealed garden,—she is, in a word, “beautiful, sweet and comely as Jerusalem.”

Having borrowed from earth comparisons with which to depict the fairest of the daughters of men, Holy Writ seeks yet others in the firmament, whose luminaries afford us light and splendor. “Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun?”* Here we have a triple diadem of light crowning Our Lady’s brow. The glimmering glories of the dawn spreading afar o’er the grey and sombre sky will ever charm the eye alert for beauty. The Queen of Night, with her robe of silvery radiance and her train of myriad attendant stars, is a spectacle that never wearies; while the dazzling splendor of the noonday sun words can no more describe than can the painter’s brush reproduce on canvas. These beauties, however, we can not enjoy simultaneously. The “golden exhalations of the dawn, the incomparable radiance of the noontide heavens, and the star-gemmed canopy of night take their turn in bewildering our vision with their varying glories.” In Mary Immaculate, on the contrary, all these glories are combined: she radiates at once the beauties of dawn and noontide and moonlit night. As Gerson has written, “all beauty scattered here and there upon created beings are found reunited in Blessed Mary, the most beautiful of women.”

To review the dicta of the Fathers and the saints of all ages on the subject of Our Lady’s loveliness is to listen to a melodious concert that can not but enrapture the heart of a loving child of Mary. “If I am asked,” says Richard of St. Laurent, “about the corporal beauty of the Virgin Mother, it seems to me that

it is very fitting to say and to believe that she was beautiful among all the daughters of Eve.... With perfect justice is she styled ‘all fair’; for she was beautiful in face, in soul, and in body.” “As to the beauty of our Virgin,” says Albertus Magnus, “it must be known that, just as her Son was ‘beautiful above the sons of men,’ so she was fair above all other daughters and sons of Adam. She received a dower of all beauty possible to a mortal body.”

St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, adds: “We find in the Old Testament four women who are most expressive figures of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary,—namely: in marriage, Esther; in widowhood, Judith; and in virginity, Rebecca and Rachel. Of Rebecca, it is said that she was ‘an exceedingly comely maid and a most beautiful virgin; of Rachel, that she was ‘well-favored and of a beautiful countenance’; of Judith, that there was ‘not such another woman upon earth in look, in beauty, and in sense of words’; and finally of Esther, that she ‘was exceeding fair, and her incredible beauty made her appear agreeable and amiable in the eyes of all.’ The figure and symbol should be like to the object they represent, and the reality transcends the figure. Whence it appears that the Blessed Virgin Mary was far more beautiful still than any of these personages.”

Passing over the testimony of St. Bonaventure, St. Bernard, St. Jerome, and scores of others, let us hearken to the voice of Denis the Areopagite, who strikes the highest note in this concert wherein Our Lady’s beauty is so lovingly extolled. “Before God I avow it that man can not comprehend what I have beheld not with the eyes of the spirit only, but with my own bodily eyes. I have seen the *Deiforma* and Most Holy Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ. For, conducted by John (the head of the Gospel and the Prophets, who shines like the sun in the heavens) to the

* Ibid, vi, 9,

presence of the most august Virgin, so great a divine splendor dazzled me the while she irradiated the very depths of my soul, I experienced in myself such a sweetness of perfume that neither my soul nor my body could support the weight of so great felicity. It was the weakness of my heart and mind, powerless to contemplate the majesty of so much glory. I recognized the fact that, had not your doctrine instructed me, I would have believed that she herself was the true God who dwelled within her.*

That Our Lady was, without exception, the most beautiful creature that has ever appeared on earth is, then, clearly established. It remains to mention one attribute of that beauty which distinguishes it from that of all others whose loveliness has extorted the homage of men. Woman's beauty has too often proved a danger to the heart,—a flame which throughout the centuries has time and again devoured virtue and honor. Mary's glance was like the refreshing dew of morning; it elevated the soul to God and inspired a love of angelical virtues. "Such was the grace inherent in her," says St. Ambrose, "that she not only personally preserved her virginity, but also communicated a love of virginity to those on whom she looked." St. Thomas and St. Bernard hold the same opinion; and the latter declares that not only did her glance communicate a love of purity, but that a similar effect was produced in those who were privileged to look upon her.

Yes, verily, "thou art all fair, O my love! and there is no spot in thee." Grant, most beauteous Mother, that the contemplation of thy loveliness may preserve our hearts from all dangers incidental to the vain and empty beauty of earth, until the blissful moment when the glory of thy countenance shall beam upon us in the paths of Paradise!

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

NO one who has seen the beautiful Bayou Tèche country of Louisiana—the land where the exiled Acadians found a second and fairer home—can ever forget its peculiarly charming and picturesque aspects: the broad stretches of its verdant levels; its fields luxuriant with cane or green with rice; its pastoral expanses of meadow and plain; above all, its spacious, old-fashioned homes, which, with their broad roof-trees and wide galleries, stand beneath the spreading shade of giant live-oaks, gazing out upon the wide, silvery reaches of the river.

At the landing in front of one of these residences, the steamboat which plies up and down the Bayou dropped one day a visitor—a man of middle age and business-like appearance,—who walked toward the house, which stood a hundred or so yards distant from the stream, under the shade of its great trees. No one was to be perceived in or around it; and an air of slumberous quiet seemed to pervade the whole place, although the doors and windows were all open to the golden sunshine of the autumn day. As the visitor approached he paused now and then to survey comprehensively the mansion in the midst of its lawn, the tangled garden in its rear, and the level green country, a very Arcadia of fertility and beauty, which spread on each side as far as the eye could reach; while the smoke from the chimneys of the various sugar-mills in sight rose into the exquisite atmosphere, a token that it was the height of the sugar-making season.

"A fine plantation even yet," observed the newcomer to himself, as his glance passed over the fields of cane in the immediate neighborhood; "and well kept

* In Epistola ad S. Paulum.

up, considering that it is in the hands of a woman. Hum-hum! The money will not be badly invested. Interest for ten years, and at last—this! But who comes here?”

The figure on which his eye had suddenly fallen was advancing toward the house from the direction of the sugar-mill, which stood at one side, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant, and near the river,—a slim, straight feminine figure, dressed in a dark skirt and light shirt-waist, with an immensely broad-brimmed shade hat,—such a hat as the laborers throughout the country wore. Under this hat, as its wearer—who diverged a little from her course to meet him—drew nearer, he perceived the delicate-featured face of a girl, whose dark eyes regarded him with anything but a look of welcome. They met in the middle of the lawn, and he lifted his hat in salutation.

“How do you do, Miss Yvonne?” he said, with an ease of manner for which there seemed scant warrant. “I see that you are busy, as usual, overlooking things. Quite the ‘man of the family’—ha, ha! I’ve often said that your business qualities are most remarkable—for a young lady. I hope your mother is well?”

“Is my mother expecting you?” asked the young lady, without noticing the inquiry or indeed replying to his speech otherwise.

“N—o,” with a little hesitation. “I have taken the liberty of coming without notifying her. Business called me to the Bayou Tèche at this time, and I decided that it was a good opportunity to have a personal interview with Madame Prévost. Letters are apt to be—ah—unsatisfactory, and things can be better arranged sometimes by talking them over.”

“If you will come in,” said the girl, ignoring this as she had ignored his other remark, “I will let my mother know that you are here.”

They had now reached the steps which

led from the pillared front of the dwelling to the lawn; and, ascending them together, crossed the gallery to the door, which stood hospitably wide open, displaying a spacious hall that rose to the second story, and extended in Southern fashion throughout the house. Leading the way, Yvonne ushered the self-invited guest across this hall and into a large, lofty room imposing in its fine proportions.

“My mother will no doubt see you in a few minutes,” she said, with an air of grave formality; and then, closing the door, left him alone.

He stood hat in hand where she had left him, taking in the aspect of this apartment, so different from any to which he was accustomed, and so full of the subtle aroma of the past that it was able to impress even his dull soul with a sense of something apart from the intrinsic value of the objects at which he looked; for there was not a trace of the modern world perceptible in this stately *salon*, with its lofty ceiling panelled in fine stucco relief. Every article of furniture which it contained was clearly an importation from France, and at least a century old. To one who could appreciate such associations, how many suggestions of the Paris over which Marie Antoinette reigned so gaily as the fair young Dauphiness, and of the romantic days of colonial New France, dwelt in these tables with their curving legs, the inlaid cabinets, the gilt-framed mirrors, the chairs with harmoniously faded wreathes of flowers upon the ivory satin which covered their cushions,—all reflected in a floor polished until it shone like a sheet of ice!

Strangely incongruous amid such surroundings was the figure of the man gazing upon them—typical of the least admirable of modern conditions. No hint of anything derived from or owing to ancestry was to be discerned in those blunt, plebeian features, sharpened only by an expression of shrewd, hard cupidity. “A

man of business" he would have defined himself with pride; and a man of business, in the narrowest sense of that abused term he was,—an individual for whom the word "business" covered not only stern bargains ruthlessly driven, all advantage of others' necessities taken, and every possible amount of usury that could be exacted, but also all transactions, however dishonest, which the letter of the law did not declare illegal. And yet this man now stood as virtual master in a house where men of another order had upheld in all the acts of their lives the highest code of a fine and delicate honor, and, when the necessity arose, had counted life and life's best possessions as nothing for the sake of principle and a cause!

It was not long before, shaking off the influence which had momentarily touched him, and which was chiefly due to certain recollections of his youth connected with this house, he walked with heavy tread across the floor, greeting with a glance of recognition one or two portraits as he passed them; and, as if fearing to trust his weight to any of the slim-legged chairs, stood by one of the windows, looking out once more over the fair, level country. But he was not at this instant thinking so much of the rich acres before his gaze—acres which he had but to close his grasping hand to make his own—as of the unwise disdain that he had read in a girl's dark eyes.

"In any case—whether my offer is accepted or not,—your reign is nearly over, my young lady," he was thinking, with a sense of triumph. "D—n your cursed aristocratic pride! I am glad that *you* are not the one who is to stay here!"

The girl whom he thus addressed in his thoughts had meanwhile crossed the hall and entered a smaller apartment, prettily furnished with chintz-covered chairs and lounges, the windows of which overlooked the green vistas of the garden. It was the

sitting-room of Madame Prévost, the place of informal family gathering, and the scene of many an anxious consultation between the widowed head of the house and the eldest daughter, who bore with her the burden of all the family difficulties. She was sitting now before an open escritoire of fancy carved ebony, so old, so quaint, so charming, that it would have delighted an antiquarian; and was engaged in writing a letter, from which she did not lift her eyes when Yvonne entered.

So it was that for a minute the girl stood looking at her silently, with an expression of infinitely wistful compassion. In truth her heart was wrung with that sense of unavailing pity which is one of the most painful of human emotions. It was an emotion which even a stranger might, in some degree, have felt for Madame Prévost, so plainly were the marks of corroding trouble set upon her; but to one who loved her with passionate devotion, earth could furnish no sight more sad than that delicate, careworn countenance, crowned by its hair prematurely gray. That she had in her youth possessed a rare loveliness there was no room to doubt. No one familiar with the pictures of the famous beauties of seventeenth and eighteenth century France but must have been struck by her resemblance to their type. On a hundred canvases and squares of ivory we may see those fine patrician features, those delicate brows, that forehead of beautiful contour, those perfectly moulded outlines, and that slender neck which bore the head so loftily. Upon how many of those fair necks the axe of the guillotine had fallen! But we do not read that one of them ever drooped in craven fear.

Looking at Madame Prévost, it was impossible to doubt that she, too, would have faced the mob howling for the blood of aristocrats, the tumbril and the scaffold, with the same proud composure, the same

matchless dignity tempered with disdain of those noble ladies of the *ancien régime* whom she so strikingly resembled. She had indeed faced in her youth scenes hardly less terrible. She had lost father and brothers on the battle-field; she had wedded the lover of her choice in the midst of the roar of cannon, the red horror and tumult of war; and in the same hour sent him back to his post in the front,—not to meet again until, when all was lost save honor, he returned to her, ruined in fortune and broken in health. She had faced then the last and perhaps worst enemy of all: the poverty which entails perpetual struggle,—aye, a struggle that, together with his old wounds, had after a few years killed her husband; and which, when she had laid him away with the comrades he had tardily joined, she continued to face for her widowed, sonless mother and her four young daughters. The signs of this struggle were graven in deep lines upon a countenance still full of ineffaceable beauty and yet more ineffaceable distinction; on which was also to be read the impress of the courage, the fortitude and the patience with which she had met the misfortunes that had fallen upon but never overwhelmed her.

Since a minute passed and she still continued to write without lifting her eyes, Yvonne crossed the floor and looked over her shoulder. She was not greatly surprised to find that her mother was addressing the man whom she had just ushered into the house.

"Mamma," she said quickly, "there is no need to write that letter. Mr. Burnham is here."

Madame Prévost started so violently that a blot of ink dropped from her pen upon the fair sheet of paper half covered with her small, regular writing. She turned and looked up at her daughter with an expression of amazement.

"What do you say, Yvonne?" she asked. "Mr. Burnham here!"

"Yes, mamma, he is here. I came to tell you. I was at the sugar-house when the steamer came by, and I saw that it dropped some one at the landing. Since we were expecting no one, I thought I had better see who had arrived; so I came over at once and met this man on the lawn. He is in the drawing-room now, waiting for you."

"Did you ask him why he had come?" inquired Madame Prévost, pushing aside her letter with hands which trembled excessively.

"No. I only asked him if you were expecting him, and he replied that you were not; that, business having called him to the Bayou Tèche, he thought he would take advantage of the opportunity to call and see you—or something to that effect. Courage, dear! After all, it is no worse to see him than to write to him."

"Oh, yes, it is much worse!" said Madame Prévost, rising to her feet. "His coming is a bad sign,—a very bad sign, Yvonne!"

"Let us hope not, mamma. Don't meet trouble by anticipation. We can not afford to do that. Perhaps it is only, as he says, that he was in the neighborhood on other business, and so thought a personal interview with you would be better than an exchange of letters."

Madame Prévost shook her head.

"I doubt if he has any other business here than to see me—and the plantation," she said. "It looks badly, his coming. There would be no necessity for an interview if he were content to continue taking his interest; but if he demands his money, Yvonne, the end has come. We are ruined."

"Don't think that he will demand it until he tells you so," observed Yvonne, putting her arm around the slender, trembling figure. "Mamma dearest, it is not like you to be so unnerved. Shall I see him for you and ask what is his business?"

"No, no!" answered Madame Prévost.

"I must see him myself. It is foolish to be so unnerved—to anticipate only the worst; but I think my courage is not what it was, and I have been fearing this so long."

"Ah, God help us!" cried the girl, with a passionate intonation. "So long indeed! Oh, what would I not give, what would I not do, to spare you all this horrible anxiety and suffering! But I can do nothing!—nothing! And you must go and be tortured for no fault of your own by this low-born usurer—"

"Hush, hush, Yvonne!" Calm came back to Madame Prévost at the sight of her daughter's excitement. "Let us never forget justice. The man has a right to demand his money; and if he shows little consideration and no generosity in doing so, we must remember and allow for the fact that he is low-born and low-bred. Perhaps, as you say, I anticipate the worst without cause. We will soon know, for I must see him at once. Do I look composed? I should not like to show any signs of agitation." She held out her delicate hand and regarded it for an instant. "Yes, it is quite steady again. So now I will go. Do you stay here, dear; and I will return as soon as possible to let you know the object and result of his visit. Whatever it is, my child, we must meet it with courage, you and I, for the sake of the others."

She kissed tenderly the wistful young face, smiled reassuringly, as long habit had taught her how to smile, and left the room with a step as firm, a bearing as composed, as if she were going to meet a friend instead of a foe, an honor instead of a humiliation.

(To be continued.)

To love something that is different from one's self—a flower, a star, a human soul,—what power is in it, what stir in all our faculties!—*Thackeray's Letters.*

Who were the Three Kings?

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

SUCH of our readers as are of Italian or German origin, or who have resided for any length of time in Italy or in the Catholic portions of Germany, must have been impressed by the devotion exhibited in those regions toward the Wise Men of the East,—those favored persons who came from among the Gentiles to adore the Expected of Nations, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; notified of His advent by the appearance of a new Star, which their wisdom had taught them to regard as a sign that God was about to work some prodigy in favor of fallen man. The devotion to the Three Kings, or Magi, is more prevalent in Italy and Germany than in any other countries of the Western patriarchate; but every reader of Our Lady's journal will perhaps welcome a few observations concerning the condition of life, nationality, etc., of those Gentiles who were the first of their kind to adore the God-Man, and who, therefore, were our first ancestors in the Christian faith.

We generally speak of these holy men as the Three Kings; but we sometimes denote them by the term "Magi" or "Wise Men." Now, the question arises whether these persons were really magicians, as the term "Magi" would seem to indicate. That up to the time of their extraordinary vocation (for as such we may designate it) they had been veritable sorcerers was believed by St. Justin Martyr, Origen, St. Basil, and St. Jerome. But that they were merely astronomers—or, as more modern men would say, scientists,—was held by such excellent judges as St. John Chrysostom, St. Cyril of Alexandria, Theodoret, and Pope St. Leo I. We know that the word *magus* was commonly

used in the East when men spoke of any very learned man or philosopher; and hence Baronio, Maldonado, Calmet, Gotti, and nearly all modern Catholic biblicists reject the idea that the Three Kings had ever been guilty of the crime of sorcery, or incantation.*

It may be asked, secondly, whether the Magi were really kings in our sense of the term. Calvin and Beza denied the royalty of the Wise Men; and several Catholic critics—*e. g.*, Tillemont, Baillet, and Serry—have held the same opinion. It is difficult, however, to resist the arguments of the generality of Catholic critics, led by such authorities as Baronio, Spondano, Maldonado, Sandini, Onorato di Santa Maria, and Gotti. It is not necessary to suppose that the Wise Men were great monarchs, or even kings in the ordinary sense of the latter designation. Every Scriptural scholar knows that Holy Writ frequently applies the term "king" to the ruler even of an insignificant village; and the classical student is aware that the Latin word *rex* is merely the correlative of *regere*—"to rule." We need cite only a few Scriptural passages in defence of the position held by most Catholic polemics in the premises.

In Isaiah, chapter 49, we read: "Kings shall see, and princes shall rise up and adore for the Lord's sake." The entire context of this chapter indicates that the prophet is treating of God's summons to the Gentiles to adore His Incarnate Son; and therefore exegetists unhesitatingly apply it to the adoration of the Magi. The same must be said of chapter 60, verse 3: "And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the brightness of thy rising"; as well as of Psalm 71, verse 10: "The kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts."

Many of the Fathers of the Church

* That the word *magus* was used by the ancients to signify a philosopher is clear from Cicero, in "Lib. I. De Divinatione," cap. 23.

testify to the royalty of the Wise Men. Thus Tertullian tells us: "Nearly all the East and Damascus had kings for their magi."* St. Ambrose says: "The Magi are said to have been kings."† About A.D. 310 the poet Juvencus wrote: "These lords were called Magi; and they were accustomed to note carefully the rising and the course of the stars. The said lords made a long journey to Jerusalem, and went before their King."‡ And Claudius Mamertus says: "The Chaldean kings brought their gifts to Thee: myrrh to Thee as man, gold to Thee as king, and incense to Thee as God."||

Those who contend that the Wise Men were not kings rely upon the silence of St. Matthew as to their royal condition; and this objection seems to gather force when we notice that St. John is careful to note that one of the beneficiaries of Our Lord was the son of a certain ruler—*regulus* (petty king). But if St. Matthew does not mention the regal dignity of the Wise Men, he says nothing which would contradict it; and we may hold with Melchior Canus that it was eminently proper for the Evangelist, wishing to obtain credit among the Gentiles for his narrative, to lay stress upon the intellectual calibre of the Magi rather than upon their more adventitious splendor.§ Again, it is certain that the condoling friends of Job were kings or rulers; but the sacred text in Tobias does not so term them.

It is urged, secondly, that Herod treated the Wise Men not as equals, but as inferiors. In the supposition that they were kings, how are we to account for the

* "Adv. Judæos," cap. 9.

† In "Homily on the Epiphany."

‡ "Astrorum solers ortusque obitusque notare,
Hujus primores nomen tenuere Magorum.
Hinc lecti proceres Solymas per longa viarum
Deveniunt, Regemque adeunt."

|| "Dant Tibi Chaldæi priuuntia munera reges;
Myrrham homo, rex aurum, suscipe thura Dens."

§ "Loca Theologica," lib. 2, cap. 5.

monarch's brusqueness in telling them to go after accurate information as to the whereabouts of the Divine Babe? To this objection it is not necessary to reply with Canus that Herod simply displayed an innate ruffianliness on this occasion. The more natural answer is implied in the belief that the Magi were really petty kings or rulers, and therefore of dignity inferior to that of Herod. And we must not necessarily discern an arrogant command in the words of the monarch. They are easily interpreted as: "Let you find this Messiah. That accomplished, I also will go and adore Him."

A third objection is made by heterodox writers, alleging that it was only in the eleventh century that Theophylactus, the first to style the Magi kings, flourished. The futility of this difficulty is shown by the testimonies of Tertullian, St. Ambrose, Claudius Mamertus, and Juvenius, which we have already given; and the reader will find additional evidence in the writings of St. Cesarius and many other Fathers of the Church.

Ecclesiastical writers are not accordant in their views as to the nationality of the Magi. Some think that they were Chaldeans; others describe them as coming from Arabia Felix; while many assign either Ethiopia, Mesopotamia or India as their country. The most common opinion is that they journeyed from Arabia Felix; and certainly, if we reflect that Saba is a part of Arabia, we shall find a basis for that view in the words of the royal psalmist: "The kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts." Again, this opinion is strengthened by Tertullian* and St. Justin Martyr;† for both expressly pronounce it. Finally, the gifts tendered by the Magi, especially the myrrh and incense, were such as an Arab would deem most appropriate. But it is urged that the Magi, or Wise Men, were a monopoly of

the Chaldeans. This is not correct; for we read that Job and his friends were good philosophers. And St. Cyril of Alexandria informs us that Pythagoras and Porphyrius went for their studies to Chaldea and to Arabia.*

There is no strength in the allegation that the olden pictures and medals represent the Magi as of different complexions, and therefore as of diverse nationalities. In the first place, the adduced fact is not universal. In the picture given by Papebroch, copied from very ancient rituals, all three Kings are shown as white men. Secondly, we know that artists often, and sometimes righteously, insist on great latitude in regard to the observance of historical exactness in their compositions. Now, a diversity of costume in the component figures of a picture adds greatly to its attractiveness; and how much more impressiveness is obtained by the introduction of various facial characteristics! Finally, why should we conclude from the black visage of one of the Magi, even though it occupied a legitimate place in the picture, that all three of the adorers did not come from Arabia? Were there no negro tribes in Arabia?

A very interesting question is raised concerning the time when the Magi appeared before the Infant Jesus. Eusebius says that the event occurred two years after the divine birth;‡ and St. Epiphanius contends for the same view.‡ Then the celebrated authors of the Bollandist "Lives of the Saints" place the advent of the Wise Men precisely on the first anniversary of the birth. They hold also that the guiding Star of the Magi had appeared twenty-one months before what they regarded as the first Epiphany,—i.e., it is said to have been created on the day when Our Lady gave her consent to the Incarnation of the Word in her own

* "Adversus Julianum," lib. 10.

† "Chronicle."

‡ "Hæreses," Nos. 30 and 31.

* Loc. cit.

† "Contra Tryphonem."

bosom.* And there is still another theory as to the date of this event. Tillemont, Calmet, Dupin, and Baillet regard it as taking place a little before or a little after the Purification of the Blessed Mother. However, there are excellent arguments which seem to evince clearly that the correct date of the first Epiphany was the 6th of January, the thirteenth day after the nativity of Christ.

Firstly, St. Matthew narrates that the Magi found Our Lady and the Blessed Child in Bethlehem; but if they had arrived in Bethlehem one or two years after the birth of Jesus, they would not have found the Holy Family in that village. When the days of her Purification were completed, Mary, accompanied by St. Joseph, took her Divine Babe to Jerusalem, and thence to Nazareth.† Secondly, the authority of St. Justin Martyr and St. Jerome is of great weight, especially in this case. The former says: "Mary bore Christ, and placed Him in the manger, where the Magi, having come from Arabia, found Him."‡ And St. Jerome writes: "Behold the great Lord of the earth born in this little hole of the earth! Here He was seen by the Shepherds; here He was adored by the Magi."|| Are we to suppose that the Holy Family inhabited that stable for a year or two? Thirdly, St. Matthew seems to indicate that the adoration of the Magi occurred immediately after our Saviour's birth; for he says: "When Jesus was born... behold, there came Wise Men," etc. This use of the word "behold" in the circumstances shows that the Magi arrived very soon after the glorious event; for such is its meaning in most Biblical passages where we find it. Fourthly, in

the Bollandist supposition, the Star ought to be styled the Star of the Baptist rather than "His Star," as the Magi termed it. Fifthly, it seems certain that Herod died three months after the nativity of Christ, and therefore the Bollandist theory is untenable.

The Way of Life.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

I.

WHEN, o'er this walk on earth,
After dim dreams of truth,
After short hours of mirth,
After bright hopes of youth,
After dry autumn's dearth—
What cometh then?

II.

Nought but mere fleeting name,
Only an aching smart,
Low Life's expiring flame,
Chill'd some poor, weary heart,
Whether in home or mart,
Pining for rest.

III.

Forward our tread and tramp,
Onward, with tearful eye,
Over sharp rock and swamp,
Foes upon all sides lie;
Fierce and most potent, they
Wait for their prey.

IV.

Here sure our failing strength
Toward God's green Acre tends,
Loneliness keen at length,
No paths have single ends:
All lead, with parted friends,
Down to the grave.

V.

There, after sad farewell,
There, after last words said,
Those whom we loved so well
Mingle with gliding dead,
Waiting for mercy shed—
Light from God's Home.

* Zaccaria observes that Papebroch, after having assigned the day of the Annunciation as the date of the first appearance of the Star, anticipates that date by making it concordant with the day of the conception of St. John the Baptist.

† St. Luke, ch. 2. ‡ Loc. cit.

|| "Ad Marcellam."

VI.

Home where our lost are found;
 Lady of Peace and Light,
 With royal circlet crown'd,
 Glisteningly clad in white,
 Plead for us while 'tis night,—
 So Morn shall dawn.

VII.

Then judgment. Thrones are set,
 Pitiful Judge on high;
 Living and dead all met,
 Ransom from Death so nigh,
 Tears wip'd from every eye,
 Sorrow no more nor sigh—
 God, all in all.

In the Battle for Bread.

MARY LOYS' STORY.

BY T. SPARROW.

MARY LOYS* was a fat, beautiful baby, with large black eyes, and a great capacity for sitting still, sucking her chubby fists while watching intently that portion of the world which came under her notice, as her Italian mother plied the organ day after day in the London streets, with the *bambino* slung loosely on her back.

Mary Loys was happy then, though she did not know it. Ladies gave her *confetti*, and gentlemen ha'pence. She smiled on all alike, and snuggled cozily in her gay-colored shawl, while the keen winds pierced her mother's frame, and made the struggling breath come in short, quick gasps; and when the wheezy old organ had done its day's work, and had been left at the depot, where such instruments are lodged, her olive-faced *madre* would take her lovingly on her knee, and cover the warm, brown cheeks with lingering kisses. The dimpled arms clasped the half-starved

woman's neck, the tiny hands were lost in the sloc-hued hair, the baby lips were pressed to the shivering breast; and, for the time being, mother and child were equally happy,—one innocent of all ill, the other soothed into sweet forgetfulness of the hardships of her daily life.

And before she started on her weary trudge to the tenement that was a mockery for a home, she never forgot to slip into the Italian church, and there, with many gestures and sighs, to beg Our Lady to protect her little one so soon to be motherless and alone. And tears often fell on the wee dark head, while Mary Loys gurgled and cooed at the twinkling lights burning before the altars, and the pretty beads round the neck of the Madonna's statue.

Alas! before Mary Loys was quite three years old her delicate, worn-out mother was sleeping the last sleep, chilled unto death by our cold climate and bitter, biting winds. Before she closed her eyes to earth she begged her next-door neighbor to see that little Mary Loys was brought up a Catholic; and, laying her hand on the weeping child's head, she made her say the "Hail Mary" in Italian after her. Then the feeble flicker of her flame of life went out, and the tiny three-year-old began its battle for existence.

The *Ave Maria* in her broken prattle was the last she heard of her mother-tongue for many a year. The people to whom the orphan was consigned were kindly and honest, but too often knew what it was to want bread. They were of the genuine cockney type: sharp-tongued, hard drinkers, ready with their fists, and not too fond of work; improvident to the last degree, but not without the kind of brain which keenly appreciated a street sermon or an oration from a temperance lecturer. Though favoring the Salvation Army themselves, they kept their promise about Mary Loys, and were careful to send her to a Catholic school as soon as she was old enough.

* Loys is short for Aloysia.

But the child's temperament was one which abhorred restraint. Wild and fitful, and full of foreign vehemence, she was always at war with her teachers. Nor was she popular with her fellow-pupils. When she chose, she learned in an hour what they took a week to comprehend; her marvellous memory made it a mere pleasure to learn by heart long pieces of poetry, while her wonderful talent in reciting them drew applause from all who heard. Her gestures were so graceful and her dramatic powers so strong, it made one's heart ache, while one's judgment approved, to see her act with precocious skill and pathos the love scenes from some suburban drama, or declaim with sparkling fervor whole pages from some "penny dreadful" which had fired her fancy.

It seemed as if she must inevitably drift toward the stage. Her great delight was to coax her adopted parents to let her "slip" school and attend one or other of them in their rounds with the organ. Here, arrayed in a fanciful costume, with a colored handkerchief on her long black hair, she would dance on the pavement with a skill that always attracted a crowd; and then she would go round so prettily and ask for coppers that her bag would be nearly full.

Seeing this, it was but natural that her foster-parents should draw her more and more away from school. They were poor; they had seven children of their own; they had willingly given of their meagre substance to the orphan, and now it was but fair that she should pay them back again. Besides, it must be owned that if Mary Loys did not get her own way, she flew into such passions that the more phlegmatic English people thought her half-demented, and for peace' sake let her go her own wild way.

So it came about that when I, for philanthropic reasons, resolved to adopt an organ-grinder's life, it was with this very family I arranged to live; and found Mary

Loys a pretty child-elf of ten years old, untamed as a gypsy, who gloried in the freedom of her street-Arab life, and who yet retained a certain piquant refinement which was fascinating in the extreme.

My first night in my new domicile I shall never forget. It was in a stuffy court of two-roomed dwellings, and the furniture of the lower room consisted of a bed, table, boxes for chairs, and one chest of drawers. There were two cupboards; one held the coals and the other was used as a larder. Cooking conveniences there were none, and washing accommodation was conspicuous by its absence. In the centre of the court was a pump, to which all repaired for laving purposes. In severe weather, if it froze, they went without ablutions of any sort.

I arrived in time for supper, which meant a bloater each, using newspapers as plates; a piece of bread handed round with the fingers, and wretched tea; condensed milk we elders had with it, but the children took it raw, though smothered in sugar. Father, mother and I sat on the boxes round the table; the eldest girl stood and waited on us, while the younger ones sat about the floor, and had their food dropped to them:

Mary Loys never took her great black eyes from my face; and, as I had heard her tale from the nuns, and seen her act, we were not long in making friends.

"I will look after her to-morrow," she announced, nodding her pretty head at me with an air of proprietorship. "She can take the organ and I'll dance."

The man growled assent, the woman held her tongue; some of the children whimpered, as each had had her dream of being the chosen cicerone. But Mary Loys speedily silenced the malcontents by the promise of a real fairy-tale; and, seeing that I had finished my modest meal, she packed me off to bed with scant ceremony.

The room upstairs had been delegated

to my sole use, but I did not reach it without some bumps and bruises; for the way thither was up a winding stair, with a knotted rope for baluster. It was too low to stand upright, the window would not open, and there was no fireplace. A mattress lay on the floor, with a coarse sheet and a patchwork quilt. They always slept in their clothes, she informed me, and no doubt expected me to do the same.

That was not the most restful night of my life; but I am not relating my own experiences, so will pass in silence to breakfast, which was *en famille*, being tea and bread dipped in melted fat,—much relished by the youngsters, but hardly appreciated by me, the same fat being rancid.

Mary Loys was delighted when she saw me in my organ-grinding costume—a short brown skirt, coarse woolen stockings, a dark green shoulder-shawl, and a bright green straw-hat. And I might have been shy of my rough audience, had I not from the first moment been conscious that Mary Loys drew all the attention to herself. I grinded but she danced, or rather darted, leaped, and whirled about in steps of her own devising, with a wild grace and agility which I have never seen excelled. It seemed infectious. Children congregated from all parts and joined in the wild, madcap revel; boys caught hold of each other and waltzed round in clumsy vogue; dirty women danced the draggled infants in their arms; and men with pipes in their mouths, slouching against the wall, laughed lazily as they watched the performance. And Mary Loys, with sparkling eyes, flying hair, and flushed cheeks, flew in and out, to and fro,—wildly, madly, frantically; and as suddenly would stop, and demurely present her box for pennies.

After a few days I began to participate in Mary Loys' love of the streets, and to discover it was not all lawlessness which

prompted it. The freedom and fresh air were as necessary to her as water is to a fish. Her home was cramped and crowded; the children jangled and wrangled; the parents nagged each other all day, and usually ended with blows. The coarseness of the home-life went against some innate fineness in her nature. Their only pleasure was drink,—drink for old, for young, for middle-aged. The children take a sip as they run to and fro with the jug; if a woman feels "down," it is a glass she takes; if she is "up," she treats a friend. Joy is commemorated by a "liquoring up," while sorrow is endured by the aid of constant inbibing; the sober partake at home, the unsober away from home,—that is the only difference.

And the food! Who was to make them understand that a child of pure Italian descent could not thrive on cheap bits of pork that no one else would buy, or mutton pies composed of lumps of fat and underdone paste, to be washed down by gin and tea, or ale in a pewter pot? While her guardians gloated over a meal of cheese and fat bacon, one high and the other strong, Mary Loys simply sickened at the sight, and would bang out of the house in a rebellious mood, not knowing the cause of her ill temper; and sullenly prepare to receive the blows with which very likely she would be greeted on her return.

She soon attached herself to me with all the *abandon* of her Southern nature; and when I found that she never went to Mass on Sunday, had been to confession only once, and knew very little of her religion, I never rested until I made her understand a little of why she came into the world, and of the good God who was watching over her. She drank it all in eagerly, and was soon preparing for her First Communion. She was anxious to make it on a feast of Our Lady, and that of the Immaculate Conception was chosen.

"I hope it will snow," she said to me; 'I want it to be white outside my soul as well as inside."

Her sense of the fitness of things made her rather grieve at not having a white dress and veil in which to receive our Blessed Lord. I did not wish to encourage her love of "smartness" by giving her the things, so I tried to show how it was the inward spotlessness which was so pleasing to our Saviour. But I had reckoned without my host.

The night before, Mary Loys spent a long time at the pump, though it was bitterly cold. At length she came in half-frozen, smuggling a parcel about which she disdained to answer.

I was then living at my own home, and she called for me at a quarter to eight in the morning, as arranged. The queerest little figure met my astonished gaze as I shiveringly let her in. She had obtained a couple of towels, washed them, rough-dried them, pinned one in front and one at the back, and thus succeeded in making a semblance of a white costume. With her great dark eyes and mane of raven hair, she made the funniest snow-angel I have ever seen.

"It's the best I can do," she said, demurely; "and at least it is neat and clean."

Side by side Mary Loys and I knelt to receive the Bread of Angels; and when our prayers were over I took her, tightly clasping my hand, to the orphan asylum of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, where for four years she was to reside and complete her education. So she promised me, as, with tearful *adieux*, she bade me a long and tender farewell.

(To be continued.)

A Life's Labyrinth.

XX.—THE WAGES OF SIN.

AFTER finishing his confession, the sick man closed his eyes; his lips trembled. The doctor gave him a drink. The Earl still stood at the bedside. The magistrate's pen rattled over the paper. At length he lifted his head, looked about him, and said:

"The witnesses will now sign."

Lord Kingscourt and the doctor affixed their signatures.

"May I speak to him alone?" said the Earl to the doctor, as the magistrate prepared to take his leave.

"Certainly, my Lord," answered that gentleman, and quietly left the room with Mr. Vivian.

"Nadand," said the Earl when they were alone, once more returning to the bedside and looking earnestly at the dying man, upon whose face the grey shadows of death were gathering.

"Yes, my Lord," replied the valet.

"It may ease your passage to eternity, Nadand, to learn that Lord Stratford and his daughter are both alive."

"Are you *sure*?" asked the valet.

"Yes," returned the Earl. "I have but recently learned it, but it is true."

"Ah!" said the valet, with a quick, short gasp. "Then I saw no ghost. I saw him in the vault. I thought they were his very eyes."

"You did but fancy it," said the Earl: "he is alive."

"Well, I shall be gone when he comes here again," said the valet. "Is he in England, my Lord?"

"No: far from England," answered the Earl. "I thought it might relieve your mind to know."

"Yes, it does," said the valet, faintly.

"Nadand," continued the Earl, "you are not a Catholic, I think?"

THE heavens are as deep as our aspirations are high. So high as a tree aspires to grow, so high it will find an atmosphere suited to it.—*Thoreau*.

"No," said the man, curtly. "I believe in nothing."

"God is just, but He is also merciful. Try to follow me." And the Earl, kneeling beside him, recommended the dying man, in a few touching, improvised words, to the mercy of his Saviour. The valet lay impassive, making no sound; while the faint, impalpable noises of the night stealing in through the open windows, and the solemn roar of the distant waves as they dashed against the cliffs, mingled with the impressive words of the brave young Christian interceding for the sinner, dying in his sin. Silent, scarcely breathing, he made no slightest sign.

At this moment the doctor opened the door, and, looking cautiously in, entered. Lord Kingscourt still remained kneeling; he no longer prayed aloud, but softly, silently, from the depths of his heart. Some time passed. The doctor approached nearer to the bedside, and, leaning over, watched attentively the lips of the valet. He shook his head, placed his hand under the bedclothes, allowing it to rest for a moment on the heart. Withdrawing it, he said:

"All is over. May the Lord have mercy on him!"

"Amen!" replied the Earl solemnly, arising from his knees and preparing to leave the room.

"Stay, my Lord," called the doctor, detaining him. "Before I summon the servants I must give you this. Mr. Vivian requested me to do so."

It was Nadand's confession, which the Earl placed in an inner pocket of his coat; and rapidly going in the direction of Lord Ingestre's room, he knocked at the door. Finding that the Marquis was doing well, he sought his own room and threw himself into a chair. "Thank God," he said "that it is not as bad as we feared! Roland Ingestre is, at least not a murderer; and though this makes it hard lines for him, he deserves it. Neither will he

grudge Lord Stratford to come into his own. I know he is not entirely ignoble."

For a long time he sat in thought; at length, going to the secretary, he drew forth paper and envelopes and wrote a short letter. After it was finished he rang the bell for a servant.

"Post this at once, James,—or rather put it in the mail-bag, so that it may leave in the morning."

"Yes, my Lord," said the man, the solemnity of whose countenance was in accordance with the terrible events of the past few hours. The letter was addressed to "Edward Strange, Esq., Villa Scio, Corinth, Greece."

The Earl had not eaten or drunk since midday, and now the claims of the body began to assert themselves. He went in search of Mathews, whom he found in her sitting-room surrounded by a group of curious servants. They vanished at his approach.

"I am hungry, Mathews," he said, after they had gone; "and, if you will allow me, I will take something to eat here in your sitting-room."

Mathews lost no time in summoning the butler, who soon returned with a comfortable meal.

When he had finished Mathews said:

"My Lord, this news will be telegraphed to London, and Lady Cliffbourne will come down at once."

"I have thought of that; but it does not matter much now," said the Earl. "I have the confession of Nadand in my possession; no one knows of it beside, save the doctor and Mr. Vivian, who can be trusted to keep silent till the time arrives to reveal all. Nadand has passed to eternity, but the Marquis will soon be out of danger. Until he is perfectly convalescent, nothing need be disclosed. Bad as it was, Mathews, it is not nearly so terrible as we had feared."

He then related that, by the confession of the valet, the Marquis was entirely

innocent of the murder,—which information was indeed a great relief to the good woman's heart.

"Miss Constance must be kept as quiet as possible," added the Earl. "I wonder she has been able to endure the strain of such terrible revelations as have crowded upon her for the last few months, but especially these past four days. Watch her assiduously, Mathews."

"Your Lordship does not need to remind me to take care of my own sweet lamb," said the housekeeper, a trifle reproachfully. "Not even her own mother could or would guard her better than I shall. And, oh, to think of it, your Lordship,—to think that they will be together again at Mountheron! Of course it will be printed in the papers, my Lord, that the whole world may know the true story?"

"Yes," said the Earl. "But not yet,—not until all has been privately settled with Lord Ingestre. I think that duty must devolve upon me. He must know of Nadand's confession, of course."

Far into the night they talked, Mathews occasionally stealing away to peep at Constance to see if she was resting easily. She had given her a sleeping draught, which had quickly taken effect; and when the Earl arose to retire, Mrs. Mathews reported her as "sleeping like an angel." The accounts from the Marquis being equally favorable, Lord Kingscourt sought his chamber. As he turned into the corridor leading to it, he caught sight of the gleam of the lamp which burned at the extremity of the passage close to the door of the room where the man who had desolated so many lives, and, reaping the wages of sin, had also destroyed his own, lay sleeping the eternal sleep of death.

XXI.—WAITING.

The Marquis passed a good night; the news of Nadand's death being withheld from him, however, as the doctor feared fever and a consequent relapse. The

wound—a severe one of its kind—was in the fleshy part of the arm; but, as the bullet had been extracted without difficulty, all promised to go well.

Having received satisfactory news of him, the Earl went at once to inquire for Constance, whom he knew must be very anxious concerning the confession of the valet. Having learned from Mathews that she was with Mrs. Ingestre, he knocked at the door of that lady's morning-room, and was at once admitted. The late tragic events had roused Mrs. Ingestre from her state of semi-invalidism. This morning she seemed in perfect health. After the customary salutations, she said:

"When you came in I was saying to Miss Strange that Roland refuses to attach any blame to Nadand, who, he insists, was merely preparing to clean the revolver, believing it to have been unloaded. He has told me to ask you, Lord Kingscourt, that the affair be kept as quiet as possible, and he is especially anxious that it does not get into the newspapers. I am afraid it will already have appeared; and, for my part, I can not see what end can be subserved by silence. Nadand being dead, it will be far better to let the true state of affairs become known; although I do not wonder that poor Roland is desirous of keeping it quiet. Mountheron has already had more than its share of horrors."

"Events will shape themselves, my dear Mrs. Ingestre," the Earl answered, quietly. "The principal thing at present is that the Marquis should make a speedy and thorough recovery."

"Mathews tells me they have already taken the body away," continued Mrs. Ingestre. "I was so relieved to hear it! Unfortunate man! Under the circumstances, I think it was best that it should have been done at once. Do not you?"

"They have not interred it so soon?" asked Constance, with a shudder.

Lord Kingscourt turned toward her.

"No: it will remain at the room of the

undertaker until to-morrow," he replied. "Arrangements have just been made to that effect."

Constance sighed deeply. Her face was very pale; her anxiety looked forth from her eyes. Eagerness to hear what the confession of the valet had been, with the dread that even at the last something might have occurred to destroy her hopes, made her nervous and restless. The Earl was equally desirous of communicating what he knew. But he was at a loss how to secure a speedy interview; mentally wishing that something might occur to call Mrs. Ingestre away for a time, in order that he might arrange one. While he was trying to find a way out of this difficulty that lady herself came to his assistance. Looking closely at the young girl for a few moments, she remarked in a sympathetic voice:

"Miss Strange seems pale and worn. No wonder. I feel it my duty to write at once to Lady Cliffbourne, who will surely read the news in the papers and will be uneasy about Roland. And you also, Alfred, are not looking your best to-day. I propose that you take Miss Strange to the garden until luncheon time; and try both of you, to divert your minds from this terrible affair."

"Thanks!" said the Earl, with alacrity; and there came such a glad look into the expressive eyes of her young visitor that the good lady found herself wondering for a time whether she might not have made a mistake, and whether the sensible outward demeanor of the girl whom she found so charming might not conceal a romantic nature. But at once rejecting the thought as unworthy herself and its object, she dismissed them, and went to her task, in which she soon became absorbed.

(To be continued.)

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WHEN the hand ceases to scatter, the mouth ceases to praise.—*Irish saying.*

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

I.—NO CHANCE.

"If you plant a rose in the alkali dust
Or a human soul in the shades of sin,
Do you hope and believe and presume and trust
That either can be what it might have been?"

WITHIN the space of a few months two men have been hanged for murder in a large Western city,—each protesting with his last breath that his awful end was due to the fact that he had never had "a chance." And they were perhaps right. Thousands of boys are born, reared in vice, and swell the criminal population just because they have had no opportunity to do otherwise. It is all well enough to say that everyone has an innate knowledge of right and wrong; that these unfortunates sinned in spite of the light of Christian civilization which shines upon every stratum of society. But there are myriads of human beings in the end of this nineteenth century of our Blessed Lord who are born amid surroundings so depraved that the question of right and wrong is as foreign to them as the canals on the planet Mars; into whose lives not one glimmer of that boasted light of civilization enters; who are not good because they have never heard of goodness; who are bad because their parents were bad and their neighbors were bad; who do not learn because no one teaches them; whose only knowledge of God is that His adorable name lends force to an oath; who are human vermin, preying off their kind, and hardly more responsible than the rats which scud around the wharves, and the thieving dogs which haunt the alleys of the slums.

The history of one of these victims of his surroundings is the history of his brothers in misery and wickedness. He was born into a home—if it can be called

by that sweet name—where squalor was guest, and drink the host. His mother beat him when he was drunk, which was often; and his father cursed him when *he* was drunk, which was always. After the tragic death of his parents he went into the street and continued his novitiate in crime. He slept under doorsteps, or, at more frequently recurring intervals, in the station-house. He never heard a kind word or a holy word. He was "moved on" by the policeman when he was not arrested as a habitual criminal on general principles. Finally, such was the reputation he acquired that he soon became a hunted creature, emerging from his unclean obscurity only to do some desperate and bloody deed. At last he shot the officer who attempted to capture him, and, after due course of law, was hanged,—stubborn and unrepentant to the last.

Who is to blame that this poor boy never had "a chance"? You are to blame, I am to blame—everyone is to blame who does not cry out about this pitiable state of things. If we were to see an animal floundering in a quicksand, we would rescue it. If we saw a rosebush trying to grow in an ash heap, we would transplant it; but we see human souls, for whom our Blessed Lord died, choked and withering and going to perdition, and we lift no hand. We invest millions of dollars in court-houses and prisons and reformatories, and punish the criminal when we ought to prevent the crime.

Can we not dare to hope that the blind "misérables" of earth will be judged according to the measure of light which reaches their dim eyes? Can we not dare to pray that a merciful God will give them the "chance" which man denies them?

PRECEPT is instruction written in the sand. The tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is engraving upon the rock.—*Channing*.

Notes and Remarks.

It is the plain duty of Christian citizens to strive for peace, if peace may be maintained without dishonor or national injury; and the spirit of Christmastide was never more clearly manifest than in the utterances of the pulpit on Christmas over the whole English-speaking world. The rising war-cloud has had at least one good effect, however; we have heard no bigot recently taunting Catholics with disloyalty to the Republic. But we have heard of Catholic organizations everywhere expressing sympathy with President Cleveland, and eager desire to aid the Government to carry on any war which the conscience of the nation should approve. We have yet to hear of similar proposals from the Orangemen who compose the enlightened and patriotic A. P. A. In the event of a war with England, Catholic Americans will again give proof of their love of country. And the A. P. A.'s will bear watching.

When Pius IX. gave Catholic journalists a patron in the person of St. Francis of Sales, not everyone knew how thoroughly appropriate was his choice. St. Francis was really the founder of journalism, at least in France. The Saint, unable to address the reformers personally, distributed a number of flying sheets called "Controversies," in which he resumed what he had already preached or written in defence of the Church. This was in 1595, when Renandot, commonly called the first French journalist, was only eleven years of age.

The appalling frequency with which the regular forms and procedures of the law are set at naught in many portions of our Union, and the illegal, murderous, and not seldom utterly barbarous processes of mob or lynch-law substituted therefor, calls for a thorough awakening of public opinion throughout the country. A yearly average of two hundred victims, many of them undoubtedly innocent of any crime—and *all* of them innocent in the eyes of the real law, since none had been proven guilty,—an average of two hun-

dred victims sacrificed to what has been erroneously styled the "wild justice of revenge," is a matter that demands the consideration of true statesmen, and certainly justifies the conclusion reached by a recent writer in a metropolitan journal:

We have reached a point in the abuses of lynch-law when it has become a national scandal, and when the sovereign voice of the whole people should "cry aloud and spare not" in condemnation of it. The libertine and incendiary and murderer are enemies of society, with whom the law, honestly and rigidly enforced, is capable of coping; and any mob that undertakes to usurp the functions of the law, to weaken the foundations of social order and to blunt the moral sense of the people, should be dealt with summarily. Cold steel and hot lead should be its portion. To do otherwise is to invite anarchy, in which there will be security for neither the weak nor the strong.

While there is a respectable minority in this country who believe that woman suffrage would be an unalloyed advantage, perhaps the overwhelming majority of our citizens, women as well as men, view the measure pretty much as does Mr. Gladstone. Says that veteran statesman: "I am not without the fear...lest, beginning with the state, we should eventually be found to have intruded into what is yet more fundamental and more sacred—the precinct of the family; and should dislocate or injuriously modify the relations of domestic life.... I have no fear lest the woman should encroach upon the power of the man. The fear I have is lest we should invite her unwittingly to trespass upon the delicacy, the purity, the refinement, the elevation of her own nature, which are the present sources of its power." For the womanly woman, the queen of the home, political activity would be distinctly a step backward.

At the conclusion of their first Provincial Council, the prelates of the Archdiocese of Montreal issued a pastoral letter dealing with the press. Judging from the following extract, things are pretty much the same in Canada as with us:

"In our day everyone reads the newspaper. Profiting by this universal desire to read, men devoid of the necessary qualities put themselves at the head of a new journal, advertise it with great noise, and distribute copies with profusion. What

do they seek? The interests of the country? Not at all. The protection of the morality of the fireside? By no means. Their one great object, their only ambition, is to make money as rapidly as possible. This is why they aim primarily at a lucrative circulation and notable profits, even should it be necessary for that purpose to stimulate human curiosity and evil passions. They look for what succeeds, what brings in a return, what sells.... While such a journal will praise religion and proclaim the necessity of its morality, it will at the same time open its columns to writers more or less hostile to the faith, and publish articles replete with prejudice and error.... It will announce in glaring headlines religious solemnities, will sound the praises of distinguished preachers; and in the same issue will invite its readers to frequent theatres condemned by morality, or amusements that violate the sanctity of the Sunday. It publishes scandalous chronicles, obscene romances, attacks upon the clergy...."

The editor who is in journalism merely for "what it is worth" can hardly be relied on as a competent or trustworthy teacher; and the letter from which we quote is a strong protest against the encouragement of such editors by Catholic patronage.

We find no cause for amusement or rejoicing in the disbanding of a community of Anglican "monks" in Pennsylvania. On the contrary, we sincerely regret the occurrence; all the more so as we learn that the Brother Superior has lapsed into agnosticism. It is a beautiful thing in a self-seeking age to see men making efforts to follow the evangelical counsels. All such endeavors are praiseworthy, and their failure ought to excite sorrow in serious minds. The attempts to establish monastic orders in the Anglican church have been made by men of superior education, deep religious feeling, and strictly moral lives. We have been greatly edified by the glimpses afforded us of life in the Anglican monastery at Westminster, Md. Its inmates are evidently men of learning, refinement, self-denial, zeal and piety. However ill-advised their undertaking may seem, or whatever may be thought of their motives by bigots among us, these men can not be far from the kingdom of God.

The treatment of consumption by the inhalation of formol is reported to have effected a number of remarkable cures at the

Villepinte Hospital in Paris. Dr. Ghirelli, the discoverer of this treatment, does not pretend to be a lung-maker, but only a microbè killer. Two conditions are necessary for a cure by his treatment: that it be used perseveringly for a certain length of time, and that the disease should not have reached its last stage. It was at the solicitation of the Abbé Garnier, the apostle of the workingmen in France, that Dr. Ghirelli opened his clinics,—the Abbé having paid particular attention to the cure of tuberculosis, on account of its ravages among the poor.

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Dr. Ghirelli's family has a particular interest for Catholics, being related to those of Leo XIII. and Pius IX. The eldest daughter of this eminent man was dying when very young; the medical men in attendance had declared that her life was almost extinct. The Pope, hearing of the child's condition, sent a relic of St. Benoit Labre, directing that it be placed around her neck. Night was then approaching, and at each moment the little sufferer's death was expected. To the surprise and delight of the family the child gradually regained consciousness, and when morning broke she was completely cured: all trace of her illness had disappeared. The precious relic was left in possession of the Ghirelli family. It is a large relic, enclosed in a richly ornamented reliquary. In remembrance of this favor, the Ghirelli family every year provide a grand dinner for the pensioners of the Little Sisters of the Poor on the Feast of St. Benoit Labre,—Dr. Ghirelli's sons and daughters lovingly serving their humble guests.

The outlook for Catholic interests in Switzerland is distinctly hopeful. The Catholic Popular Party, organized at Lucerne in 1894, is doing excellent work in the political world, and is proving once more that a compact united minority can accomplish great things and win notable victories. One such victory is of comparatively recent occurrence. Hardly had the Swiss Masons and the radicals of the canton of Ticino come into power when they forthwith began to legislate against the Church. One of their projects was to give the people the right of

discharging their pastors. Leo XIII., in a pontifical brief, exhorted the Bishop of Lugano to uphold the rights of the Church against any such pretensions. He proclaimed the necessity of Catholic citizens' working concertedly for the defeat of such projects, and of aiding to the utmost of their power those who were working for the same end. The Bishop followed the lead of the Pontiff, and the clergy that of the Bishop. The pastors prepared an address, which was read in all the churches. In it they vigorously protested against the passing of the proposed law. On voting day the Bishop himself deposited his ballot for the first time since his consecration. His example proved an excellent stimulus. Despite all government pressure, the law was defeated by a majority of 1,000.

For the first time since the founding of the Helvetian Confederation in 1848, the President is a Catholic. And by Catholic, in this connection, is to be understood a believing, practising Catholic; and not merely a Catholic by baptism, or what may be called an *honorary* Catholic, unfortunately too common a type.

The ignorance of even educated non-Catholics concerning the Catholic Church is dense to an astonishing degree. The term Jesuit, for instance, is extended to the Catholic laity; and any Protestant who openly sympathizes with the Church is referred to as "a Jesuit in disguise." Every Catholic is more or less of a Jesuit. Mr. James Britten, the head of the Catholic Truth Society in England, relates that during a walk with the late Lord Tennyson, the laureate suddenly turned to him and asked: "Are you a Jesuit?" And when Mr. Britten replied in the negative, Tennyson rejoined: "You are a Roman Catholic, though"—a Jesuit in minor orders, so to say.

The ignorance that prevails among non-Catholics concerning the teaching of the Church is more deplorable, though equally crass. An exceptionally well-informed Protestant clergyman assures us that the dissertations of most Protestant ministers who attempt to set forth Catholic doctrine as it really is, ought to be labelled, "Catholic

doctrine as it really is not." The ignorance of the great masses of the people is not to be wondered at when their guides are so unenlightened. We like to believe that this ignorance is generally without malice.

The Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, coadjutor-Bishop of New York, was consecrated in the beautiful cathedral of the metropolis last week: The fact that so zealous and hard-working a prelate as Archbishop Corrigan feels the need of assistance in the administration of his great archdiocese is clear proof of the rapid growth of the Church in New York within recent years. Bishop Farley brings to his new position uncommon natural gifts and the best fruits of a varied experience. He will have as bishop a wider field for exercising the zeal he displayed as a priest. Clergymen have often marvelled that the indefatigable Archbishop of New York should be able to sustain alone the burden which he now sees fit to share with another. *Ad multos annos!*

An enterprising secular journal publishes a telegram from Cardinal Manning expressing the conviction that a war between the United States and England would be a curse to both countries. The lamented prelate is doubtless in the best position to judge, but it may be questioned whether any editor has been in communication with him.

In a letter to the *Missions Catholiques* Mgr. Grouard, Vicar-Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie, announces that he has succeeded in securing two little steamboats—the *St. Joseph* and the *St. Alphonsus*—for the use of his missionaries in far-away Northern Canada. The first voyage of the latter boat extended within the Arctic Circle.

We learn from good authority that the Index of forbidden books is now undergoing a thorough revision in Rome. The natural no less than the ecclesiastical law demands that any book which seriously menaces faith or morals should be avoided as an occasion of sin; but many works which the violent controversies of former times made dangerous,

or which have since been revised or expurgated, might safely be removed from the Index in our day. It is perhaps worth noting, in connection with this subject, a curious blunder of the secular press regarding Pope Leo XIII. It was said that the Holy Father, while Archbishop of Perugia, had published an ascetic work which was afterward placed under ban; and sensational scribes hailed this news as evidence against Papal Infallibility. Every Catholic knows that even were the statement true dogma would in nowise be affected; but the fact is that the condemned work was written by a canon of Perugia while the future Pope was Archbishop of that See. Mgr. Pecci did not even give the work his *imprimatur*.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Joseph Nussbaum, of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, and the Rev. P. J. Hickey, of the Archdiocese of Chicago, who lately departed this life.

Mr. Frederick C. Jelly, whose death took place in Pittsburg, Pa., some time ago.

Mrs. Mary C. Crompton, of Worcester, Mass., who died a holy death on the 17th ult.

Mr. George A. Sala, who passed away on the 8th ult., at Brighton, England.

Mrs. Christine Hug, who was called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 20th ult., at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Eliza Fitzgerald, of San Francisco, Cal., whose life closed peacefully on the 8th ult.

Mr. John W. Bone, who piously breathed his last on the same day, at Southport, England.

Mrs. Mary Foley, who yielded her soul to God on the 17th ult., in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth O'Neil, who was summoned to the reward of many virtues on the 19th ult., at Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Stephen O'Brien, of Tacoma, Wash.; Mr. John Lynch, Mr. James Sheridan, Mrs. Catherine Desmond, Mr. Michael Lowry, Mrs. Catherine Connor, Mr. Thomas Clancy, Mr. Daniel Ryan, Mrs. Johanna Sidner, Mr. Thomas Riley, Mrs. Bridget Gallagher, Mr. Denis Rochford, Mrs. Patrick Dillon, Mr. John Honohan, Mrs. Ella Brunner, Mr. T. Duggan,—all of Galena, Ill.; Mr. Frank Cooney, Pueblo, Col.; Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, Stockton, Ill.; and Mrs. Elizabeth Power Lynch, Butte, Montana.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A Song to a Star.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

STAR in the East!
 I see your sweet light shining
 O'er snow and ice of the long winter drear.
 Star of the East!
 Your light makes golden lining
 For every cloud that cometh to us near.

O Christmas Star!
 Your light will always brighten
 Hearts true to God, hearts full of His good will.
 O Christmas Star!
 Your beams will ever lighten
 The gloom and mist until our hearts lie still.

O Star of Hope!
 In Rest will be your fading;
 In Peace of heav'n your light will fade at last.
 O Star of Hope!
 Ever our weak steps aiding
 Until God's glory shines and hope is past.

When I was a Little Girl. —

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.—MY FIRST RECOLLECTIONS.

MY very first recollection is of a little brother, who died at the age of fifteen months, when I was but a few days more than three years old. I distinctly remember the day my brother had on his first short dress, at the age of seven months. I can see the little fellow

dancing up and down in my father's arms, his big blue eyes flashing, his soft curly hair waving lightly over his high white forehead as he swayed from side to side.

This brother, with that strange wisdom which superstitious people attribute to those who are destined to die young, would know when it was time for me to say my evening prayer that he must be silent; and, whatever his rollicking mood, as I knelt beside my mother and made the Sign of the Cross, he would fold his hands together, moving his lips in unison with mine, although he could not speak a word.

It was my mother's custom to talk to me a great deal of God and heaven; and it seemed to me so real a place, and the happiness of being there with the Infant Jesus so great, that I could not understand her grief when the baby died. I loved my brother dearly, and it has often seemed strange to me that I sorrowed for him so little; but such was the fact. It was probably because I had such a desire to go to heaven some day myself, and thought him fortunate in having been chosen first; and also, no doubt, because I had but a hazy idea of death and separation from those whom I loved.

On the morning of the day of his funeral, peeping softly into the bedroom where he lay in his little white shroud, covered with flowers, I saw my mother kneeling beside him, bitterly weeping. Wonderingly I approached her, saying: "Why do you cry, mamma? The baby is in heaven, and some day we will all go there too." For answer she folded me in her arms and said, between her sobs:

"I know it, my darling! But you do not understand."

After that I have a vivid remembrance of sitting on the back-kitchen step, which was formed of a single broad, flat stone, and watching the carriages draw up in a line for the funeral. We lived on a corner, and they filed along part of two streets, so that I had a good view of the procession. Some time later, when I was called in to have my bonnet put on by our little English maiden, who held it in her hand, a remark made by an old lady in black, a stranger to me, filled my small soul with indignation. It was a gypsy bonnet of soft straw, trimmed with bows of dark red velvet; and I thought it very pretty, and was pleased to have the opportunity of wearing it. As I passed the old lady in question I heard her say: "Not very nice, I think, to let the child wear such a gay bonnet to her brother's funeral!" In my childish mind I could not understand why I should not wear my very nicest head-gear to the pretty place where we were to take our precious baby. I must have thought that the cemetery was heaven; for when we arrived there I said to my father: "I see God's pretty trees and flowers, papa; but where is His house?"

I was not present when they laid him in the grave. As we left the carriage, I heard my mother whisper something to my uncle, her brother, who took me in his arms and said: "Come, Sylvia, we will walk around and see the pretty flowers." When we rejoined the others in the carriage, my mother took me on her lap and held me very close. Her face was pale and her eyes red from weeping. Dear mother, I know now that in the midst of her grief she thought of the little girl who was left to her, and that it was in order to spare me she had asked my uncle to take me away during the interment.

An incident that took place as we drove homeward is also quite vivid in my memory, and has often recurred to me

during the lapse of years. The cholera was prevalent at the time; deaths being so frequent that it was almost impossible to obtain hearses and carriages for funerals. Many poor people were forced to remove their dead on drays and in wagons, paying enormous prices for the same. We had gone about half-way from the cemetery, I have heard my mother say—of course my infant observations took no account of time or distance then,—when my father exclaimed, as he glanced out of the window: "Ah, what a sight!" No wonder that he looked aghast at what he saw. Walking along the dusty road, in the hot June sun, were two women—one old, the other young,—very poorly attired. The latter bore under her arm a tiny unpainted coffin, which she was carrying to the graveyard. It contained the body of her baby, for whose burial she was unable to obtain a vehicle,—doubtless because she could not afford to pay the exorbitant price asked by those who had carriages for hire.

My dear father and mother exchanged glances; they both had the same thought. Requesting the driver to stop a moment, my father descended from the carriage; and, on learning that there were vacant seats in some of the other vehicles, asked the occupants to sit together, so as to leave one carriage free for the use of the poor woman and her mother on their way to the graveyard. Though their thanks for this kindness were not voluble, they were sincere; and I have many a time thought there must have been some consolation mingled with the grief of my father and mother at having been able to make the sorrowful way of the bereaved mother less hard.

As I said before, we lived on the corner, in a cottage house, with a hall in the middle and rooms at either side, in the midst of a large and rather wild though luxuriant garden. How well I remember that old garden, with its gnarled apple-

trees and raspberry bushes at the back, lavender and mint in the straggling beds; a profusion of all sorts of old-fashioned flowers growing up pell-mell everywhere, a variegated mass of bloom! At the back of the lot a high wooden fence shut out the common, where I remember going once, and only once, to gather mushrooms with the English servant of whom I have already made mention.

So accustomed to obedience was I, and so secluded was my life, that I would never have dreamed of passing the gate unaccompanied by my father or mother, or some other person of maturer years than my own. Besides, the little nurse-maid had so imbued my mind with fears of what would happen if I ventured to put foot on the common that no thought of doing so ever occurred to me. With the innocence of a child, I firmly believed all that was told me; and when Mary Jane—for that was her name—gravely informed me that gypsies were hidden behind the bushes waiting for any venturesome little girl who would dare to set foot on this their chosen hiding-place, I do not know whether the emotion predominant in my young soul was one of fear at the possible consequences of my taking so rash a step, or admiration of the bravery which allowed her to go thither for a ramble, which she often did with impunity. She was a gentle, kind-hearted creature, but her warnings cost me many an hour of terror. If I had told my kind mother of these fears, she would quickly have dissipated them; but my dread of the gypsies was so great that I never dared speak of them to her.

I slept in an alcove opening from my parents' bedroom. On stormy nights, when the wind blew and the branches flapped against the pane, I felt perfectly secure; for then I thought the gypsies would be afraid to venture out in the rain. But when the weather was calm and the moon shone through the small leaded

panes, I often experienced a feeling of terror, lest, impelled by an irresistible desire to obtain possession of "a clever little girl," as Mary Jane was wont to call me when speaking of the dreaded abduction, they would come, "creeping and sneaking, sneaking and creeping," through the moonlight, and draw me bodily through the window to become a wanderer on the face of the earth.

Aside from these nocturnal fears, and my dread of the terrible gypsies, at whose haunts behind the bushes I was even fond of taking a peep through a knot hole in the board fence, I thoroughly enjoyed my life and its simple pleasures. In front, the garden was filled with roses, among which sweet-briars held the palm for numbers; and lovely snowballs, lilacs, and syringas made fragrant and beautiful the spring. In a shady spot at the side of the house, under an ancient oak, large blue violets grew in season; and these were always associated in my mind with Our Lady, because it was my mother's custom, while they bloomed, to place some in a vase before her statue.

One day, when I was about four years old, I had my hands full of violets when I heard some one say: "Dear little girl, will you give me one—just one of those pretty violets?" Looking round, I saw a young girl. She was about thirteen, though to my childish eyes she seemed quite grown up; and her appearance was so lovely that I believe for one moment I thought her an angel from heaven. She was dressed in white. Her beautiful eyes smiled upon me with so much kindness and gentleness, her long black ringlets made so glorious a setting for her regular features and dazzling complexion, that I stood as one entranced. "*Do* give me a violet, little girl!" she repeated. "I am Mary Haliburton; and if you will come up to my house some day, I will show you the loveliest white doves you ever saw."

"Mary Haliburton!" I repeated slowly,

still dazed; partly disappointed and partly pleased to learn that this radiant creature was only a human being like myself. I hastened to fill her hands with the flowers, and then ran off shyly; though the next moment I was almost in tears as she walked away, leaving me with the fear that I should look upon her face no more.

As in the case of the gypsies, I did not mention the incident to my father and mother; feeling that if I should tell of the episode, I might never see the beautiful girl again.

After various mental struggles, I did succeed one day in asking Mary Jane if she knew who Mary Haliburton was.

Lifting me in her arms, she carried me to the kitchen window, saying:

"Do you see yon house on t' hill? Well, she lives there. Her father's a grand, rich man."

"Do you think you and I might take a walk there some day, Mary Jane?"

"Yes, if your mamma would not object."

"Do you think we could go to-morrow, Mary Jane?"

"Belike as well as any other day, if my Sylvia wishes."

"Mary Haliburton said she would show me her pretty white doves, if I would go to her house some day."

"Hear the child!" laughed Mary Jane, addressing Helen. "Where did you see her, Sylvia?"

"One day when I was gathering violets she stood by the fence and asked me for some, and I gave her all I had."

"And she asked you to go to see her?"

"Yes, and I should love to go. Do papa and mamma know her, Mary Jane?"

"How can I tell? Belike your papa knows the Judge, but not the girl; for she is but a slip of a lass like myself."

"Like *you*, Mary Jane!" I exclaimed. "She looks like an angel." And then, afraid that I had revealed the secret of my heart, and that if it should become evident to the rest of the household that

I loved and worshipped her as I did, she would certainly be taken out of my sight forever, I ran hurriedly away.

That night a strange thing happened. The moon was shining brightly as I lay in my little bed, carefully tucked in by my mother's hands, the imprint of her kiss still warm upon my lips. Pleasant visions of Mary Haliburton, whom I hoped to visit on the morrow, mingled with fear of the gypsies, always present on moonlit nights, combined to produce a certain state of feeling in which I fell asleep. I must have dreamed that the gypsies were about to capture me, and felt that Mary Haliburton would save me from them; for, asleep as I was, I left my bed, ran through the hall, and around by the side street till I reached Judge Haliburton's house, where all the family were sitting on the veranda.

Then I awoke; and, looking down at my little white nightgown, began to cry for alarm and shame that I should have gone into the street in such a plight; though how I had got there was as great a mystery to myself as to the kind people who immediately surrounded me with comforting words and gentle sympathy. A little later, wrapped in a shawl, hoisted on the stout shoulders of young Mr. Haliburton, with Mary holding my hands, I was on my way home. My father and mother were more than astonished at seeing me brought into the house in this strange fashion, as they had not been aware of my absence until I made my appearance. This odd adventure was the beginning of a friendship between the two families which lasted for many years, until death and removal severed our relations.

About this time I conceived an aversion to Mary Jane, which was thus brought about. Going into the kitchen one evening after Helen had retired, the fire burning low in the stove, through the open door of which the dying coals shed a fitful light around the large room, I found her

sitting in a low rocking-chair with the kitten in her arms. She had wrapped it in an old red dressing-gown which had belonged to my baby brother, and was singing to it softly.

"What are you doing, Mary Jane?" I inquired, going very close to her, my eyes distended with wonder.

"Naught, child, but makin' believe to be rockin' the dear little baby to sleep, as I used to do," said Mary Jane, two big tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke.

"I think you are an ugly girl, Mary Jane, to make believe a kitty is my darling brother, and I shall never like you any more!" I exclaimed, running to tell my mother the shameful story. No persuasion of hers, to whom I was usually so docile, could allay my indignation; although I said very little in reply to her gentle soothing.

Poor Mary Jane in nowise resented my conduct on this occasion, but pursued her gentle way as usual, as serenely kind, as patient and painstaking to supply my small needs as before. The child—for she was no more—had no idea of my feelings; nor was she conscious, I am sure, of any avoidance on my part. Soon after this she returned to England with her family. Her parting words to me I have never forgotten; they were quaint and old-fashioned, like herself. "Good-bye, good-bye, little Sylvia!" she said. "When I shall be grown a woman I shall be far away, and shall never know whether you've shot up to a tall maid or have stayed a fat little stump, with the big brown eyes the best part of your face."

I felt myself to be a great hypocrite in trying to squeeze a tear from my eyes, in response to a shower from those of Mary Jane. And that night, after I had gone to bed, I asked God to forgive me for not being sorry and yet pretending to be sorry; though such pretence on my part was very slight indeed.

(To be continued.)

About Pages.

Most boys have wished at one time or another that they could have been born many years before, so that they might have stood a chance of wearing picturesque clothes and being pages at some gay court, in attendance upon royalty. "Ho, pretty page with the dimpled chin!" They wanted to have dimpled chins, and be called pretty, and be petted by the ladies, and envied by all the less fortunate boys, who had to go to school and wear their fathers' old clothes made over, and split kindling, and go on errands. But a little more knowledge would make these discontented lads know that even pages do not always have a good time; and as to errands—why, to run on errands was just what pages were for; and when they brought the wrong answer or took a message to the wrong person, they had to take their punishment, just as Billy Smith does when he runs away from school.

It may surprise our boys to know that pages have not by any means gone out of fashion, and that at the royal and imperial courts of Europe they still survive. Each country has its own regulations concerning their duties and behavior, but in some particulars a common code of discipline prevails. They are usually from twelve to sixteen years old, and are appointed by the reigning sovereign. In every country which maintains a corps of pages, gentlemanly birth is a requisite. At the courts of Austria and Bavaria the candidate must be able to prove that for sixteen generations there has been no plebeian strain in his ancestry. In England and Russia they are not so exacting,—Queen Victoria, for instance, being very fond of honoring the sons of men who have made a distinguished record in her army, irrespective of the number of quarterings their family boasts. In the days of chivalry the name "pages" was also given to

young men who were preparing to become knights,—those noble-minded men who went about defending the weak and avenging injustice, and whose motto was "God and Our Lady."

When there is an occasion of ceremony at the Prussian court the requisite number of pages is chosen from the school of cadets—a sort of German West Point,—which boys can enter at about the age of fourteen. Here the pretty boy with the dimpled chin has the advantage; for it is always the best-looking, the most polite and the most graceful boys that are chosen.

In Russia they have a school where the sons of noblemen are trained. When an increase is demanded in the number of pages, certain lads are selected from this school. When the pupils reach the age of eighteen, they usually receive commissions in the army, or are otherwise provided for. This school is kept up at the expense of the Czar, and is under his direct supervision.

There is no such thing as a court in France now, as our young readers know; but in the olden days the sovereign used to educate and look after the pages as the Czar does in Russia.

The duties of a page are various. He is, above all things, to be discreet; to refrain from answering when questioned too closely; to do the bidding of his master and mistress; to stand behind the chairs of royal personages, and to be in attendance whenever they walk or drive. Louis XVIII. of France ate so much and became so enormously fat that he had to have a carriage without springs, in order that the jolting might aid his digestion. The poor little pages who had to stand on the steps of his carriage had a very disagreeable time.

On the whole, if a boy has a kind mother and father, and good health, he ought to be glad that he is just a plain, everyday little fellow, and not a page in a dress of blue and silver.

The Puzzle of Persons.

If there is one thing more difficult than another for young people (or old; for that matter,) to understand, it is to keep what we call the "persons" straight in writing a note. Those who fail on this point are very apt to get into trouble. Often we see something like this:

"Mr. John Smith takes this opportunity to thank the friends who presented him with a new hat upon his birthday. Your kindness will never be forgotten.

"JOHN SMITH."

We are accustomed to think that the English spoken at such a famous place as Girton, the celebrated college for young women in England, must be very fine indeed,—the "Queen's English"; so it is rather startling to read this note, which is said to have been written by an undergraduate to a fellow-student with whom she had accidentally changed umbrellas on a rainy day:

"Miss — presents her compliments to Miss —, and begs to say she has an umbrella which isn't mine; so if you have one which isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."

Our young people may like to take the trouble to change these notes, so that they will "pass muster."

I'd Like to Know.

WHEN I lose my temper, where does it go?
This is something I'd like to know.
Does any one find it running round loose?
And if they do, is it any use?

When I lose my balance, where does it fall?
Does it hide itself like a runaway ball?
In reading class, when I lose my place,
Could I find it if I gave it chase?

When I lose my time in talk or play,
Does any one find it and put it away?
I'm always losing such things around,
So I'd like to know where they could be found.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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Vergine Bella.

(From Petrarca's Eighth Canzone to Laura in Death.)

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

VERGINE bella, che di sol vestita,
 Coronata di stelle, al sommo sole
 Piacesti sì, che'n te sua luce ascose,
 Amor mi spinge a dir di te parole;
 Ma non so 'ncominciar senza tu' aita,
 E di colui ch' amando in te si pose.
 Invoco lei, che ben sempre rispose
 Chi la chiamò con fede.
 Vergine, s'a mercede
 Misera estrema dell' umane cose
 Giammai ti volse, al mio pregho t'inchina;
 Socorri alla mia guerra,
 Bench' i' sia terra, e tu del ciel Regina.

Virgin comely, who hath the sun for raiment,
 For crownel the stars, to the Highest Sun
 Sopleasing that in thee His light He shrouded,
 To utter speech of thee doth love constrain
 me;

But I wit not to begin without thine aiding,
 And help from Him that loving upon thy
 bosom rested.

On her I call who gracious still replieth
 To one that with faith invoketh.
 Virgin, if unto mercy
 The misery extreme of all things earthly
 Hath ever moved thee, unto my prayer in-
 cline thee;
 Bring succor in this my warfare,
 Though I be but dust, and thou be the Lady
 of Heaven.

In the Battle for Bread.

MARY LOYS' STORY.

BY T. SPARROW.

(CONTINUED.)



IX years came and went,—years
 which, strange to say, brought
 me no tidings of Mary Loys,
 but the one piece of news that
 she had run away from the good Sisters,
 who had not been able to trace her.
 Those years had brought me my own
 vicissitudes and cares; and, though I had
 often thought of the wee black-eyed elf,
 I was not able to take any active steps
 toward recovering her, which in a place
 like London would have required almost
 a miracle. Nor as time went on, and
 the Pantomime season came round, did I
 connect the "Fairy Dancer in Blue," the
 "Child Prodigy of the Ballet," about
 whom the papers raved, with my shoeless,
 ragged, unkempt Mary Loys.

On a dark and stormy November night
 I was crossing Blackfriars Bridge. The
 black waters lapped sullenly against the
 base of the arches; big splashes of rain
 fell at intervals from the thick, scudding
 clouds. Wayfarers buttoned their coats up
 to their chins and hastened to get under
 shelter, and the dim lights from the street
 lamps but intensified the wintry fog and

gloom. I was battling with the darkness and rain when I saw, a little way in front of me, a girl figure, clad in tattered rags, crouching at the end of a bench.

I had only six coppers in my purse, but there was something in the hopelessness of the attitude that made me pause in my progress with the intention of offering her some of them. While feeling in my pocket, I saw her suddenly rise to her feet, cast one despairing look round with eyes that burned as two fires from the whitest of white faces, and stealthily begin to mount the railings, with the intention of flinging herself into the river. There was but just time to rush forward, catch her skirt and drag her back, with the involuntary exclamation:

"For God's sake, child, not that!"

At the sound of my voice she turned, started, and flung herself at my feet. Then I knew that God had sent me to save poor Mary Loys.

At first I was too shocked to speak, and the panting, tearless sobs that tore her from head to foot almost frightened me by their violence. Presently, with an effort, she restrained them; and, raising herself, she stood before me, clenching her fists in her fight to get calm. What a shattered wreck her girlish beauty had come to! Though but sixteen, her face was haggard and worn; the pretty, vivacious mouth, which framed teeth of pearly whiteness, had hard lines at the corners; while the great, sombre eyes were full of defiance and restless pain. But, still, not poverty, not want, not woe, could rob that girl-woman of a certain attractiveness of mien, which raised and separated her from the class amongst which she lived. And even as she stood there, that wild wintry night, desperate and starved, with the rough breeze blowing her hair about like a cloud, the thin, childish hands locking and unlocking themselves in nervous anguish, one's horror of her sin was lost in yearning compassion for the sinner.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, as I silently held out my hand. "Why did you stop me? I must do it,—I *must*! I hate everyone. The world is cold, the world is cruel. Nobody loves me now."

Then she took a long twist of her hair and tried to knot it up, speaking rapidly the while.

"Why was I born, and why did you ever talk to me of a good God? How could He love me and leave me hungry and tired, and—O Lord!—in such pain?" Here she stopped and put her hand to her head, while a still more ghastly pallor crept over her face. "I will not bear it!" she cried, fiercely. "Money, money, money! Other women can go in carriages and wear fine clothes, who have not half the beauty I had before hunger drove me to this; and I am to be trodden on, flung aside,—spurned by my own husband! Why? Because I wanted bread and stole."

The last words were flung at me with a reckless ring in her voice that was more pathetic than any tears.

"Come with me," was all that I could say, as again I held out my hand. But she waved it away with an imperious gesture.

"Yes, pity!" she muttered. "Jailers pity you in prison, priests pity sinners, but—it stops there."

"No, it does not," I said, firmly. "God's pity leads to God's pardon; and, if we have that, we can begin a new life and forget the past."

"There is another way of forgetting the past," she replied sullenly, casting her eyes on the black, turbid waters, which have always such a fascination for the diseased mind.

Then the storm of her passion seemed swept away, and she seated herself on the bench, worn out with her own fierceness, too weary to care what happened.

This was my opportunity, and I seized it. Sitting down beside her, I suggested various plans for improving her present condition.

"Won't you come with me to my lodgings, dear?"

"No."

"Well, will you let me take you to a convent?"

"No."

"If I give you my single sixpence, will you go to a respectable place to sleep?"

"No."

If she would only have cried! But her hardness of mood was worse to deal with than the most vehement emotion. It showed such utter despair. All I could draw from her was that if I left her alone she would commit suicide. Yet what could we do with sixpence? There was only one way, and that I took. We must go together to a woman's Doss House (her lawlessness would not fight shy of that); and perhaps in the morning she would tell her tale and be amenable to reason.

The watchful eye of a policeman had ferreted us out, and his attention lent force to my entreaties that we should be moving. I learned from him the address of the nearest shelter for wandering females, and on our way thither I pawned my hat to provide us a decent supper. Mary Loys was apathetic and docile, and I was very thankful even for that.

In a narrow, crooked, and filthy locality we found the dwelling we wanted. There were girls in the passage in all stages of semi-dress; women with shawls over their heads and babies in their arms; dirt and squalor stamped on every countenance. We went into the kitchen below ground, where some women were busy—peeling potatoes, cooking, washing, rinsing towels at the sink, etc.,—all in one low, ill-lighted room. The atmosphere!—I will not speak of it.

We paid fourpence for each bed, and twopence for a cup of weak soup, and a halfpenny for a piece of mouldy bread. Many brought in their evening meal, and washed it down with copious libations from a black bottle, which was freely

offered to the proprietress. This latter was the worst of the whole miserable crew, though it must be owned she had a hard part to play. She scolded, she abused, she swore; she threw a pepper-pot at a girl who grumbled, and poured back into the pot the soup a lodger refused, with the remark: "If you don't like that, you can go without!"

A strange gathering we were as we sat round the clothless table, with our cracked cups and twisted tin plates,—faded, bloodless women, timid and despairing; young girls not wholly hardened, though well on the way to ruin; greyhaired hags in every stage of intoxication. None were refused as long as they could pay.

Mary Loys made no objection when I suggested that we should retire early for the night. So we went upstairs, glad to be out of the coarse revelry and din. The rooms were small and all sorts of shapes; the beds were stuck anywhere—just where they would fit. The bedstead was iron; there was a mattress, pillow, coarse sheets, and a rug. The gas was on all night, and people came tumbling up at any hour. Some snored, some moaned; a few lay very still. One cried and said she was ill, but no one took any notice of her. There was one baby in the room; it was teething. The mother gave it something from a beer bottle. She said it was tea: it had the flavor of whiskey. From their restlessness, I gathered, it soothed the gums of neitlier. In the middle of the night a woman, but semi-sober, threw a pillow at one who snored in her sleep. This arbitrary step was resented, and a free fight ensued. Those who hadn't pillows dragged them from those who had. Mine was snatched from me, and Mary Loys' would have followed suit if I had not made a determined resistance.

Yet through it all she slept peacefully as a child; and I was some when six o'clock arrived, and perfect wind had to rise. But the girl had come to the end of

her strength. Three times she fainted, and three times we could scarcely bring her round. It is strictly against the rule of such establishments to house illness: the patient is carried off straight to the hospital. But, under the circumstances, the doctor agreed with me it would be dangerous to move her; and by telegraphing to my landlady to send a messenger with my purse (the doctor kindly lending me the money), I persuaded the proprietress to give us a queer little garret at the top of the house, where Mary Loys was made as comfortable as could be; and before the sun had set, in that Doss House by the river a tiny black-haired baby was added to my list of *protégées*.

Another duty now devolved on me—to find the husband of our homeless one. She gave his name and the address of his parents, but stubbornly refused to say a word more. She was hovering between life and death—poor little girl-mother!—and it was with a saddened heart I started upon my quest, half fearful what mystery I was going to solve.

The house to which I was directed was a shabby one in Pentonville, but I found her parents-in-law polite and communicative. The father was a bill-sticker, grey and grim; their son followed the same trade, when not doing odd jobs at the theatre where Mary Loys was engaged. Tom earned, they said with pride, a pound a week off and on; and, till he went silly about the dancing girl, was the joy of their hearts. Not that they had anything to say against her at first, except that she was bad-tempered and flighty; but they saw no need for him to marry at all.

However, marry her he did, and they gave them a home; but I knew enough of the young wife's character to understand that things never went smoothly from the first. They were strict, and she was wayward; and at last, when her professional engagement came to an end,

she left the house, and said Tom might follow her if he liked. Of course he did, and they set up housekeeping together. But times were bad: she could not make two ends meet; they took to quarrelling, and the old people widened the breach.

At last the girl, in one of her desperate moods, left her husband; and, roaming about the streets, half mad with hunger and rage, was tempted to steal from a shop. She was detected, and "got three months." Then Tom's people washed their hands of her; and he, weighed down by the disgrace, enlisted.

When Mary Loys was free, crestfallen and subdued, she went to her parents-in-law, to be ordered out of the house and told she had ruined their son. No wonder the stricken girl, ignorant of his abode, and deserted by his kith and kin, gave up all hope and yielded to despair.

On hearing this tale, my first step was to find Tom Spencer's regiment, my next to see him and tell him about his wife. He was a fine, honest young fellow of twenty-two, truly fond of Mary Loys, but rather inclined to be led by his parents.

"I ought not to have enlisted," he confessed. "It was a cowardly thing to leave her unprotected; but I was so miserable that I hardly knew what I did. Believe me, she is as good as gold, Miss, and I couldn't wish for a better wife."

His boyish devotion pleased me, but their wayward impulses had placed them in a pretty fix. His regiment was going the next day to Southampton, to wait orders for embarking for Malta; and all I could do was to promise him to take wife and baby down to see him off, if sailing was deferred till her health allowed.

But it was not to be: her feverish anxiety to go retarded her recovery; and in the end I journeyed down with a wee bundle of flannel, which held his baby daughter.

Honest Tom's face glowed with pride as he took the mite in his arms.

"I am glad it's like her," he remarked, as he scrutinized the tiny child.

"I have not asked your leave," I said, "but it has been baptized a Catholic, and I am going to bring it up as one—"

"That's all right," he interrupted; "Mary Loys was always terribly fond of her rosary beads."

"And you—if you get the chance, will you think about joining our faith?"

He promised; and, striking while the iron was hot, I sought an introduction to the Catholic chaplain and consigned Tom to his care. Then, getting very red in the face, the big boy-father stooped and kissed the miniature Mary Loys; and, with a choke in his voice, said: "Take care of my wife and God bless you!"

And I had nothing more to do but travel back to London and try to console the sixteen-year-old mother.

(To be continued.)

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.

IT was with the same bearing, the same composure of manner and expression, that Madame Prévost entered the fine old room, which seemed in all respects a fitting frame for her, where the unwelcome guest still stood by one of the windows, looking out upon the verdant levels of the smiling country. She was half way across the polished floor before, hearing her light step, he turned and advanced to meet her.

"How do you do, Mr. Burnham?" she said, with grave courtesy. "It was a surprise to me to hear from my daughter that you were here, since I was on the point of writing to you."

"So I supposed," replied Mr. Burnham, thinking better of an idea of shaking hands which had crossed his mind when

he turned and advanced from the window. Now, as of old, he felt himself overawed and ill at ease in the presence of this woman, whom he knew to be his debtor, but whose graceful dignity was as unimpaired as if she had been still the beautiful heiress whom he, the son of her father's overseer, had once beheld across an impassable gulf. The thought of that past time, of the great change in their relative positions, was much more in his mind than in hers as they sat down opposite each other.

So many changes had come to Madame Prévost that she had ceased to be struck by surprise at any of the altered conditions which surrounded her. The man now facing her was only a creditor, who held for the moment her fate and that of her children in his hand. That she had known him once as an uncouth boy, who owed his first chance in life to her father's kindness, was a fact hardly present in her thoughts; but it was overwhelmingly present in Burnham's. The success he had achieved meant more to him here than anywhere else. Vividly present in his recollection was the envious bitterness with which in his youth he had regarded this house and its inmates—the gallant boys who now filled soldiers' graves, and the radiant girl so far above him;—and that he should find himself now in a position to become the owner of the house and dictator of the destiny of those within it was as sweet to him as gift of fortune ever was to any man.

He had swelled with an almost rapturous sense of his power as he approached the dwelling which was to him what no other dwelling in Louisiana, or in the world, could be; and this had been intensified rather than lessened by the latent scorn he had read in Yvonne's eyes and manner. But now, confronted by Madame Prévost, her worn, delicate aspect still full of the distinction which impresses even the vulgar, and her manner unchanged in its

gracious though formal courtesy, he felt himself sink again into the place and stature which had been his originally. It was the effort to overcome this feeling, to assert the rights of his changed position, which, after he had taken the chair that a motion of the lady's hand indicated, made him say with more abruptness of tone and manner than he had intended:

"I understand, of course, that you were about to write concerning the payment of your note to me."

"Concerning the note, yes," answered Madame Prévost. "I was about to write and inquire if you would not be satisfied for a little longer with the payment of the interest, since I have not yet been able to arrange to meet the debt."

"Hum!" said Mr. Burnham, looking down lest his eyes might betray that this was what he had desired as well as expected to hear. "I am afraid I have given as much time as I can, although I'm sorry to disoblige you. But I have need of my money; and business is business, you know."

"I know it very well," replied Madame Prévost, quietly; "and ask nothing but what is business-like. I am paying an interest on the money which is surely as high as you could obtain from any other investment, and therefore I supposed that it would not inconvenience you to let the note run a little longer."

"How much longer?" asked Burnham, the roughness of his tone being an echo of the resentfulness with which he recognized that, in her definition of what was business-like, she had made it clear that she had no intention of asking a favor.

"That I can not exactly say," the lady answered. "I can only assure you that I am anxious to pay the money as soon as I possibly can. Meanwhile the interest—"

"You are mistaken about the interest," he interrupted. "It is by no means as high as I could obtain by many other investments, which are continually offering themselves to me. I could have placed

the money twice as advantageously several times lately if I had been able to command it; but I disliked to press you. I—" he hesitated—"I don't forget my early connection with your family."

The lady bent her head slightly in acknowledgment of the remark. Nothing was farther from her gentle spirit or her noble manners than any touch of arrogance; but, in his uneasy consciousness of inferiority, Burnham thought that he read it in that gesture. His face flushed, his voice took a rougher tone, as he went on:

"I don't forget either what that connection was. I owe something to your father, who helped to educate me; and I've paid it by keeping a roof over the heads of his daughter and his grandchildren. The overseer's son wasn't good enough to be your friend or associate in the old days; but it's doubtful if any of those who were would have invested their money here to oblige you, as I have done."

His listener lifted her eyes and looked at him with a glance in which there was more wonder than disdain. In truth, there is to a lofty soul inexhaustible food for wonder in the brutalities of which a coarse nature is capable; a wonder which sometimes merges into compassion for those who are separated by so wide a gulf—the gulf of absolute non-comprehension—from things noble, generous and refined. Something of this feeling made Madame Prévost's tone still courteous, although very cold, when she spoke:

"The old friends to whom you have alluded are not only now very few, but are not in a position to help others, as you must know well. Were it otherwise, I should not need to be your debtor,—although I can not acknowledge that by lending some money and receiving a very high rate of interest upon it, you have 'kept a roof over the heads' of my children and myself."

"No," he responded, with increasing insolence of demeanor; "I don't suppose you would acknowledge it if I had given

you the money without any interest. It would lower your pride to be under an obligation to *me*."

"There is, happily, no question of an obligation," observed Madame Prévost calmly, although conscious of the sickening throb of her pulses from head to foot. "You have lent me money on ample security, and I have paid you the highest interest you could possibly obtain. It is therefore a business transaction pure and simple, out of which we will, if you please, leave all personal discussion."

"I suppose, then, you are ready to close this business transaction pure and simple by paying my money?"

"On the contrary, I have already told you that I am not ready to do so, and shall be glad if you will be satisfied with the interest for—let us say, a year longer."

He smiled sardonically.

"And there's no obligation in that—oh, no! I'm to be out of my money so much longer, and see good investments lost to me for want of it; but I must be satisfied with my interest and the honor of lending money to Madame Prévost, and expect no gratitude from her for a favor."

"Mr. Burnham," said that lady, rising from her chair, "I see that it is useless to prolong this conversation. I am loath to think that you have come here—to a roof under which you never received anything save kindness—in order to insult me. I prefer to believe that you are not aware of the offensiveness of your manner and speech. But our business ends here. My note is due to you in a few days. To-morrow I will go to New Orleans to see my lawyer, and he will communicate with you regarding it. I now wish you good-day."

She stood waiting for him to leave; but, instead of accepting the dismissal he had brought upon himself, Burnham remained motionless, staring up at her. No sign of passion ruffled the dignity of her aspect, but there was a look on her

face that recalled the father and brothers whose shades might almost have risen to cast him from her presence; and, with a sudden sense of shame, he felt that he had justified the scorn which his uneasy soul had always suspected, and which he now plainly read in her glance and on her lips. Consternation, too, seized him; for this was not the end he had wished to bring about. Nothing was farther from his desire than to be forced to relax his hold on a property which he coveted with his whole soul. Madame Prévost was right in saying that, though he had indeed meant to be offensive, he was not aware of the extent of his offensiveness. He had been led away by the opportunity to utter thoughts which had long rankled within him; and in giving himself this gratification he had counted, as an ignoble nature always counts, on the power he possessed,—on the apparently absolute certainty that a woman who owed him money which she could not pay would not dare to resent whatever he chose to say. Confronted now with the consequences of his mistake, he murmured a few words of hurried apology.

"Sorry to have offended you! Hadn't the least intention of anything of the sort," he protested. "Pray sit down again, Madame. We haven't even begun to talk of the business that brought me here."

Madame Prévost did not sit down again, but she regarded him with a look of surprise in which a questioning was mingled.

"We have talked," she said, "of the only business which we possess in common. I am at a loss to imagine what else you can have to say to me."

"I have a good deal to say if you will sit down and listen to me," he continued. "In the first place, since it is not convenient for you to meet the note at present, I'm willing that the payment should be deferred a few months longer."

Madame Prévost sank back into her chair. Who can blame her? The reprieve meant much to her; and for the sake of

those "others" of whom she had spoken to Yvonne no sacrifice was too great,—not even the sacrifice of accepting a favor from this obnoxious man. But in resuming her seat she did not change the cold reserve of her manner.

"I understood you to say—" she began.

"You understood me to say that I wanted the money for better investment," he interposed. "But if you can not pay it, I must do without it a little longer,—that's all. I'm a plain man and a little rough in my ways; but I meant no offence when I said that I did not forget what your father had done for me, and that perhaps I had been able to do for you what none of your fine friends of the days when I was only the overseer's son would have done. However, we'll let that pass—only I *am* glad it's fallen to me to help you when you needed help. And it's my desire to help you still further: to—to arrange matters so that this property may remain always in your family."

Madame Prévost looked at him with growing astonishment as he stumbled through these sentences. Was it possible that she had, after all, misjudged the man; and that under his apparent brutality there was really some spark of generosity, of grateful remembrance of the past?"

"I think," she said, after a moment's reflection, "that it will be necessary for you to explain yourself further."

"That is what I'm about to do," he answered. But it was evidently not an easy task. He hesitated again, cleared his throat, drew out a handkerchief with which he wiped his forehead, and then, clenching it tightly in his large hand, went on with what seemed an abrupt change of subject: "Has your second daughter—Miss Diane, I think you call her—ever mentioned to you that when she was in New Orleans last spring she met my son?"

"Never," replied Madame Prévost, with an unmoved countenance; although an

instinct of what was coming flashed upon her.

"Ah!" said Mr. Burnham, as if in satisfaction, "that is the way with young people. They seldom mention these things to their parents. Well, Miss Diane *did* meet my son—who belongs to one of the first clubs in New Orleans, and is quite a swell,—and he was very much taken with her. What she thought of *him* I don't know, but there's no reason why she shouldn't think well of him; and the upshot of the matter is that I've come here to propose to you that we arrange a marriage between them,—that's the way you old French families manage things, I know. And then I'll hand over your note and the mortgage, with the understanding that you are not to be disturbed as long as you live, and that the place is to go to Miss Diane at your death. In this way you'll be relieved of your debt and the estate will remain in your family, since one of your daughters will be the owner of it, together with my son."

There was a moment's silence after his voice ceased,—a moment in which Madame Prévost felt as if she were suffocating. It is not too much to say that in all her long struggle with misfortune, the hardships of fate had never seemed to her so cruel as at this instant, when she had been forced to listen to a proposal to barter her daughter for the discharge of a debt. A passionate sense of the indignity offered, the deep humiliation involved in such a proposal, overwhelmed her as she had never been overwhelmed before. Every drop of blood in her veins seemed on fire, and for once all gentleness left her. Those who knew her best would hardly have recognized her in the great lady who rose with an air so haughty, and whose glance rebuked the presumption before her voice spoke.

"It would have been better," she said, clearly and proudly, "if you had ended this interview as I desired, a few minutes ago. I should have been spared an insult,

and you would have been spared hearing that money difficulties have not driven me to entertain the thought of selling my daughter."

The color rushed in a dull, red flood over Burnham's face. Her tone cut like a whip, and again he felt himself at fault and despised. This time he, too, rose to his feet and stood facing her.

"If you think it an insult that I should speak of a marriage between your daughter and my son—" he began.

But she stopped him by a gesture.

"I think," she said, in the same cool, clear accents, "that you have made a mistake which need go no further. Let me repeat that you will hear from my lawyer, and that there is nothing to detain you longer."

"You are not afraid to turn me out of your house in such a way as this,—the house which is as good as my own?" he demanded. "You had better stop, I think, Madame Prévost. I know your pride—who should know it better!—but pride will make a poor shelter for you when I foreclose my mortgage, as I surely will if I go out at your bidding now. Look here! It is really I who have been insulted by the manner in which you have seen fit to take a very liberal offer. But I know the ideas in which you've been brought up,—ideas that are out of date now, I can tell you; and I'm willing to give you a little time to consider and consult with Miss Diane. She's a young lady who knows the world; and, from what my son tells me, I think you'll find that she looks at the matter rather differently from yourself."

"Do you mean to imply that my daughter has given your son any encouragement to—offer himself in this manner?" asked Madame Prévost, haughtily.

"He believes that she has, at any rate, or he wouldn't do it; for Jack thinks very well of himself," said Burnham, with a meaning nod. "Take my advice and consult with Miss Diane."

A horrible fear seized Madame Prévost. Could that which he implied possibly be true? Could Diane—her beautiful Diane—have given encouragement to the pretensions of the son of this atrocious creature? She had known of such things,—of women who had so stooped, so degraded themselves; but that Diane was capable of it was incredible to her. And yet—

He saw her hesitation, and pressed his advantage.

"You had better take time to consider," he repeated. "It won't make much difference to *me* whether you agree or not, for the place is bound to be mine in any event; but I'd like to gratify my son, and I should think you'd like to know that your daughter will be mistress of it after you are gone. Besides, it would certainly kill the old lady to leave here. You ought to think of *her*. Old people can't stand changes."

Madame Prévost turned white. With an unconscious seeking for support, she put out her hand and grasped the back of the chair in which she had been sitting. Unconsciously also she lifted her eyes, and they fell upon her father's portrait hanging before her. Ah! if the dead could know to what they often leave us, would their rest be so unbroken? Her mother! It was true what this man said: to be forced from her lifelong home would surely kill her. Was it not well, then, to take the time offered,—to temporize, to treat this proposal with such form of respect as would at least not exasperate the father and son who made it, and in whose hands such power rested? Never had bitterer cup been held to her lips, but the painful schooling of adversity told. She recognized that she could not allow herself to resent this indignity as she longed to do, and after a short struggle answered:

"I will refer your son's proposal to my daughter. I am sure that his—hopes have misled him, and that she has never possibly given him any encouragement; but it is

best that she should speak for herself. I will let you hear from me on the subject."

"I think you'll find it all right; my son's not likely to be mistaken," Burnham replied, with an air of offensive confidence. And then, feeling that he should make some concession on his side, as paving the way for a more cordial understanding, he added: "Meanwhile, you can send the interest on the note for three months longer. By the end of that time I hope matters will be satisfactorily settled. And now I'll bid you good-day."

(To be continued.)

A Life's Labyrinth.

XXII.—A QUIET CONFERENCE.

HAVING sought the seclusion of a friendly arbor at the lower end of the garden, the Earl placed Nadand's confession in the hand of Constance. As soon as she perceived what it was she said:

"No, I can not read it; but I will listen quietly while you read it to me."

When he had finished Constance drew a long sigh of relief.

"Oh," she said, clasping her small hands tightly together and raising her beautiful eyes to heaven, "I am thankful to God—He alone knows how thankful—that my cousin is at least not a murderer! Had he been such as we thought, the terror and anguish I should have experienced would have far surpassed any joy at seeing my dear father at home again and reunited to my mother. My mind could not face the consequences to him."

"Constance," said the Earl, regarding her with admiring eyes, "you are an angel! Tell me, where in all the wide world is there another who would have given him whom she believed to be the cause of her father's ruin a single kindly, much less profoundly unselfish, thought? No, there is not one!"

"Ah, do not speak thus," she replied, imploringly. "You little know me. Hard and bitter thoughts have been mine, many and many a time during these few short weeks, that yet have seemed a lifetime. But if in my heart I have never wilfully harbored a single thought that could be traced to a feeling of revenge, the merit is not mine, nor does it proceed from any virtue on my own part. It is the inheritance from a father who has the silent patience of a martyr; and, like a martyr, not a single vindictive feeling."

"You love your father, Constance, and he is worthy of your love; and you are very like him," added Lord Kingscourt. "And yet you suggest your mother so strongly that I wonder all the world has not recognized your identity."

"My world, until now, has been small indeed," she answered, sadly. "Those whom I have met here, as you know, have seen a likeness; but it was only natural, under present circumstances, that they should have been slow to know me for my real self." Then smiling, with her usual charm of manner, she continued: "But put *me* out of the question altogether, I beg, until, as part of the whole, I can sink my identity where it belongs—where I am anxious it should be recognized as soon as possible. How shall it be done? When will it be time to write to my father and tell him all? I abide altogether by your counsel. But should he not come to England at once?"

"I have already written to Lord Stratford," replied the Earl, "telling him the main facts. I have left it to his own judgment as to whether he should start for England immediately or await another communication from me. For the present the Marquis, as well as Lady Cliffbourne, must remain in ignorance of the truth. It will be a hard matter to break the news to Ingestre; but once he has learned that his past connection with Nadand has been discovered, I fancy he will retire from

England as quietly and as speedily as possible,—at least for a time. There will be no trouble then, and he will not suffer. Since his occupation of Mountheron, his affairs have been very prosperous; and your father is not the man to demand an account of him."

"And my darling mother?" inquired Constance. "How to reveal it—how long yet to conceal it from her? What is the best way?"

"You and I and two or three others—trusty all—hold the key in our own hands," said the Earl. "We must have a breathing space in which to decide. A few days more or less now will not matter. I think Lord Stratford should be here in England before she learns anything."

"I feel that you are right," replied the young girl; "and I know, moreover, that Divine Providence, which has directed all this wonderful chain of circumstances, will not fail us now. We have only to wait and pray."

"I shall not be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ingestre has received a telegram from Lady Cliffbourne before the day is over," remarked the Earl. "And it is more than probable that if the newspaper reports of the injuries of the Marquis are exaggerated, as generally happens in such cases, she will come down to Cliffbourne."

"I should like that," said Constance. "The place already seems to me far more like home than this. There I saw my dear mother first, and it is there I should wish to reveal myself to her."

"You will like Mountheron equally well, once you have bidden adieu to all these difficulties, and have had time to forget your unpleasant experiences here," said the Earl. "It is a wonderfully fine old place, and you have all an Englishwoman's pride of ancestry and love of the home of her nativity."

"Yes," replied Constance. "It was my home, and it will be again—"

"But not for long," interposed the Earl.

"There is not a fairer home than Kingscourt in all England; and that, my dearest, will shortly, I trust, be yours."

"It is too soon, far too soon, to speak of that," she answered, turning away from his eager glance, but there was a lovely smile upon her blushing face.

"You are right, Constance," said Lord Kingscourt. "I must not be selfish. Let us say instead that we shall soon have two homes, between which we shall divide the year—Kingscourt and Mountheron."

"That sounds better," replied the young girl; "but I refuse even to think of any home but one for a long time yet."

The Earl's face looked grave,—so grave that Constance laughed for the first time in many days.

"What time is it?" she asked, still brightly smiling.

The Earl drew out his watch.

"Just one o'clock," he said. "Time for luncheon, is it not?"

As he replaced the watch Constance caught sight of the slender ring upon his little finger, where the Rosary circlet, which was now her own, had been worn.

"Ah," she said, "you are wearing my little ring! I had forgotten it."

"Constance," said the Earl, squaring himself to his full six feet of height, "you do not love me!"

"I do not?" she inquired, a trifle surprised at his solemn and decisive tone. "And why not, pray?"

"If you did, you could not have forgotten having given me this ring, which has never left my finger since the day you placed it there,—which will never leave it while I live."

"I had not forgotten it at all," she said. "How can you think it, seeing, as you do whenever we meet, that I have yours upon my finger. But what I meant was that I had not thought of *that* ring since."

"Or even wondered whether I was wearing it, or cared enough to glance at my hand to see if it was there," con-

tinued the Earl. "Provoking girl! I am but a second thought with you, I know; and yet I must be content with that, or claim your affection not at all. I could—I *would* not ask you to love your noble father less in order that you may love me more. But—"

"O Spiridion!" exclaimed Constance, laughingly, "what do I not owe you!"

Then, with the swiftness of thought, before the words were fully spoken, her mood changed; for they had reminded her of all that, for weal or woe, had taken place since that memorable day, bringing her back to the seriousness of the present.

The Earl at once perceived the change, and his heart smote him.

"Forgive me, Constance!" he said. "I was childish to doubt your love, and selfish to allude to it at this time, when other events make it, for the present, but a secondary consideration. Do forgive me, dearest! I shall not again offend."

"I know you better than you know yourself," she said, gently; "and I am not offended. Had we not better return? Luncheon will be waiting."

The Earl and Constance walked rapidly back to the castle, and went at once to the dining-room, through the open door of which came the sound of voices. Mrs. Ingestre was seated in her accustomed place; and at her right, with a face full of importance and eager curiosity, sat Lady Markham. Without preliminary salutation, and before either the Earl or Constance could speak, she exclaimed:

"I had just said to Mrs. Ingestre that it would be useless to wait luncheon longer. It was ready half an hour ago; but, I repeat, I had been telling Mrs. Ingestre that if Lord Kingscourt and Miss Strange had gone walking together, they would so lose themselves in reminiscences of the past that they would most certainly forget the time. And how are you both?"

"Thanks!" answered Constance, with a peculiar intonation not lost on Mrs.

Ingestre. "I am very well, and I do not think Lord Kingscourt is ailing."

So saying she took her seat; while the Earl added, somewhat frigidly:

"Miss Strange having done duty for both, Lady Markham, it remains but for me to ask when you arrived."

"Just after you went to walk," said Mrs. Ingestre, who had not yet spoken, but who had been regarding Constance since her entrance with a reflective, uncertain gaze, which told her at once that Lady Markham had been doing characteristic work during the time she had been alone with Mrs. Ingestre.

"I felt obliged to drive over from the Thulstrups, where I was staying, as soon as I heard the dreadful news," said Lady Markham. "I shall not return there, but go directly to Cliffbourne from here, as I believe Lady Alicia will come down at once. I can not advise you, Miss Strange, what you had best do. Probably you had better remain here until you are sent for."

"That is what I intend to do, Lady Markham," answered Constance, quietly. "I am here through the kindness of Mrs. Ingestre and by the wish of Lady Cliffbourne; therefore I shall not leave until I am sent for."

At that moment Mrs. Ingestre caught Lord Kingscourt's eyes fixed with a look of admiration on the face of Constance,—a face so sweet, so pure, so beautiful, so full of dignity and maidenly self-respect, that she at once swept to the winds the insinuations with which Lady Markham had been filling her ears during the last hour; saying to herself:

"If he *does* love her, it is with a true and honorable love; and as for her, if it be so, I do not believe she is aware of it. Nothing could be more unconscious than her manner. I *can never* doubt them."

Having once arrived at this charitable conclusion, Mrs. Ingestre quickly resumed her usual manner. Constance and the Earl had both followed her kindly thought,

and were profoundly grateful; and Lady Markham's by-play of innuendo fell on barren ground, save that Mrs. Ingestre could not refrain from looking at her reproachfully whenever she made a particularly spiteful remark. But when they were alone, after luncheon, she pointedly informed Lady Markham that she did not believe one word of her aspersions, and that it was a grave matter to sow seeds of suspicion against the conduct of a young girl whose every act bore evidence of the highest refinement and virtue.

"Refinement—yes!" exclaimed Lady Markham. "Probably she is, on one side at least, of good lineage; but virtue! ah, my poor Mrs. Ingestre! you lead such a quiet life that you can not distinguish between virtue and hypocrisy when worn with so attractive a mien."

"But you tell me, Lady Markham," said Mrs. Ingestre dryly, "that Alicia also has implicit faith in her, despite your warnings and your conviction that she is an impostor. *She*, at least, mingles considerably with the world, if I do not; and yet she does not doubt Miss Strange."

"She has bewitched her—and everyone but myself!" cried Lady Markham, very much excited, pointing a long, lean forefinger to give emphasis to her words. "But the day will come—and it is not far distant,—Mrs. Ingestre, when you and Alicia will remember, perhaps to your cost, that Caroline Markham declared that this girl, who calls herself Constance Strange, is not what she seems to be."

Prophetic words these; and in after days, when they recurred to her who had uttered them so often, the memory was not as pleasant as she could have wished.

About four o'clock she departed for Cliffbourne, refusing an invitation to pass the night at Mountheron, as she wished to be on hand to receive her dear Alicia, if she should decide to come down to Cliffbourne after hearing of what had occurred.

(To be continued.)

When Men Forget.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

WHEN men forget, and all day long
God is alone behind His gate,
And few amid the hurrying throng—
Think of the house where He doth wait,
A flame within this lamp will glow,—
A flame, like love, so soft and bright;—
And He, consoled, will sweetly know
That love wakes for Him day and night.

The Church in Madagascar.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

ONE of the most interesting of recent books on Africa is Colonel Maude's "Five Years in Madagascar," lately issued in London. Colonel Maude is a distinguished soldier of the British army,—one of the few entitled to wear the coveted "bit of bronze" known as the Victoria Cross, given only in recognition of deeds of surpassing individual valor. Retiring from the army, he went out to Madagascar in the year 1888, as a representative of a British timber company, which had obtained a concession from the Malagasy government. He spent in all five years in the island, part of the time as the agent of the company, part of it in the service of the Hova government; at other times he was engaged in planting, and for three months he edited an English paper at Tamative.

Such varied experience gives him a right to speak with some authority on the affairs of Madagascar, and it is worth noting that, though an English soldier and a member of the Church of England, and frequently the guest and always the friend of the local Protestant missionaries, the Colonel speaks of the French occupation as probably the beginning of

better days for the people of Madagascar, who, he declares, are systematically oppressed and plundered by the wretched Hova government. But for Catholic readers the most interesting pages of Colonel Maude's book are those in which he refers to the work of the Jesuit missionaries. The most notable passage is that with which he ends his book.

"I should commit an act of injustice," he says, "if I were to close this little work without rendering homage to the excellent and devoted missionaries of all denominations in Madagascar, who, by the purity of their lives, have, with scarcely an exception, set a noble example to us all. Were I to single out any sect for especial praise, I should not hesitate to accord it to the Jesuit clergy,—not on account of their tenets, with which I do not happen to agree, but because of their energy and their marvellous self-denial and frugality. In my humble opinion, the intelligent and practical way in which they administer the affairs of their little colonies is to do exactly what is most wanted in Madagascar, and in the very best possible way. The splendidly accurate maps of the island which are at present in use, are, I believe, entirely due to their researches, and especially to those of Père Roblet, whose name will ever be held in veneration.

"The Royal Observatory also, which has been erected on a hill opposite the capital, with money furnished by the French, and under the exceedingly able superintendence of Père Colin, is doing splendid work in the clear atmosphere of Imerina. Space does not permit of more than a passing allusion to their carefully laid out and admirably maintained gardens and orchards. To them the Malagasy are indebted for the delicious grapes now so cheap and plentiful at the capital. And many other industries have already been set on foot, in spite of the countless vexations and drawbacks against which the Jesuits have successfully combated. And

these industries, as soon as the country is thrown open to foreign enterprise, can not fail to add to its prosperity and civilization."

In an account of a journey from Tamatave to the capital we get a glimpse of the two scientific Jesuit Fathers here mentioned, engaged in their special work.

"At Analamasaoatra," writes Colonel Maude, "which M. Girardeau had warned me against on account of its dirty and muddy condition, we found that the Rev. Fathers Colin and Roblet were occupying the principal house—save the mark!—I accordingly bethought myself of my tent, and in a few minutes it was put up by my bearers. I paid the Fathers a visit, and was most courteously received. They were occupied in making a survey of the line of road, and no doubt the world will soon benefit by their accurate and painfully acquired information. To see the aged priest toiling up the hill overhanging the dirty village, with his theodolite slung across his shoulders, and remembering the meagre fare and myriad insect pests that awaited him on his return, to say nothing of the fever from which scarcely any traveller escapes, I felt almost ashamed of my Sybaritic tent, mosquito curtain, and jungle-bed, in which I enjoyed a truly delicious night's rest."

Probably the "No-Popery" platform lecturers who are so ready to talk of the "ignorance of an unscientific priesthood," have, taking them all together, never done as much for science as the Jesuit priest whom the English Colonel saw thus at work in this out-of-the-way corner of the world. The observatory at the capital has, there is reason to fear, been wrecked by the Hovas in their stupid fury at their own collapse before the French advance. Many valuable instruments were destroyed; though it is hoped the records of the observatory, which it would take years to replace, had been removed. Catholics, who take even more

interest in the purely missionary work of the Jesuits in the island, will be glad to hear that the native converts have stood staunch to their faith during the temporary absence of their pastors; the native catechists assembling them on Sundays for prayer, and baptizing the children.

According to Colonel Maude's account, Ranavalo, the unfortunate Queen of the Hovas, attended as a child the schools of the Sisters of Mercy, and was for a while educated as a Catholic; but, for political reasons, her guardians sent her to the Methodists to complete her education, and she became a Protestant. "Of late, however," says the Colonel, "she has shown more independence, and has often manifested much interest in the work of the Catholic missions." It would have been well for her if she had been left with her first teachers, instead of being, "for political reasons," educated to be the Protestant wife of the "Prime Minister,"—the short-sighted and narrow-minded despot, whose policy has been the ruin of Madagascar.

Antique Calendars.

ANNUALLY, with the advent of New Year's, a hundred new ideas in calendars are presented. It is strange that some of the old ideas are not reproduced. In the seventeenth century calendars were made in wood,—some to be hung on the wall like a picture, others for carrying in the pocket; often they were used for heads of walking-sticks. The most usual form was square, each of four sections containing three months. The little notches representing the days were all alike, except those standing for the seventh day: they were longer, and the first day of each month longer still.

Over five, the numbers were indicated by dots. Five was a sort of hook; ten, a

small cross; twenty, two crosses. For the feast-days, symbolic signs were adopted—a star for Epiphany, a heart for all the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, a harp for St. David, a lover's-knot for St. Valentine, keys for St. Peter, a pair of shoes for St. Crispin, a gridiron for St. Lawrence, a wheel for St. Catherine, and so on.

These quaint and curiously carved calendars were in use principally in Norway, Denmark, and the other Northern countries. A few specimens may be seen in the Museum of Manchester, England.

Notes and Remarks.

The investiture of Cardinal Satolli with the insignia of his high rank is an important event. No one conversant with the career of the new Cardinal will doubt that the honor is well bestowed. The Holy Father has only realized the expectations of the Catholic world by clothing the Apostolic Delegate in the purple of a prince of the Church; for his Holiness Leo XIII. has already manifested in many ways his sincere appreciation of Cardinal Satolli's worth. His learning and zeal, his kindliness and democratic spirit have endeared him to Catholics and won the admiration of those outside the Church. The host of eminent clerics and laymen, who assembled to witness the investiture, not less than the general rejoicing in that event, is sufficient evidence of this. We congratulate Cardinal Satolli, and wish him many years of useful service to the Church in his new and exalted sphere.

An important event in the year just closed was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the first "Gesellen Verein," or union of apprentices. The founder, Father Adolf Kolping, was a priest of remarkable talent, whose aim was to restore the medieval guilds in Germany. His ideal was to form the apprentices into one large Christian family, in which they would be safe from the temptations of

bad companions, and in which they could find agreeable associates, amusement, means of study and fraternal aid. The organization was developed with rare sagacity, and soon spread over Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium. Germany alone now counts 400,000 members of the Verein, who are proud to be known as "the devoted sons of the Pope and the Emperor."

Now that the Italian Government is aiming to imitate other countries in their conquest of pagan lands—now that there seems to be a possibility of an Italian conquest of Abyssinia,—we have read the following passage of Dr. Parsons' forthcoming third volume of his "Studies in Church History" with no little interest. It is an account of the reception of an Ethiopian embassy by Pope Eugene, taken from a MS. codex in the Magliabecchi Library:

"On Sunday, August 26, 1438, there arrived in Florence about forty Indians, sent by Priest John, of Greater India. Among them were three ambassadors of the said John; and one of them a king, who carried in his hand a golden cross. Another was a cardinal—that is, one of their abbots, who are of the rank of our cardinals. There was also a knight. The said abbot had his head wrapped in white linen. All of them were black, withered, and deformed. They came to unite their faith with ours.... On the 2d of September they delivered their message to our Holy Father Eugenius; and when reduced to our language, it sounded thus: 'All men who approach your Holiness, most blessed Father, should give great thanks to God, because He has allowed them to behold, in you, Christ again conversing on earth with sinners. But we, who were born in Ethiopia, have peculiar reasons for such gratitude to God for having been permitted to gaze upon your features. No person comes to you from such a distance as we do, who are located at the end of the earth; and, with due respect to all others, we think that no people has more devotion to the Pope of Rome than we have. We have conquered every obstacle in order to arrive here; and when we return home, we shall give great joy to our countrymen; for in our empire, whenever any one comes from the Roman Pontiff, the great and humble—men, women, and children,—all run to kiss his feet. And our empire is indeed a great one; our emperor has a hundred crowned kings in his obedience; to our country belonged the ancient glories of the Queen of Sheba, who was attracted to Jerusalem by the fame of Solomon; just as we, who are inferior to her, are now drawn to you, who are greater than Solomon. To our land also belonged Queen Candace, and the royal eunuch whom Philip baptized. You, therefore,

who are the greatest of the great, ought to behold us little ones with joy, on account of these our great associations, and also because of the care which God has had of us. For it is certain that other peoples who have left you have fallen into decay; but we, although wandering from the Roman See, are still free and powerful. Our separation has been owing to our distance, to the dangers surrounding us, and to the neglect of previous pastors in our regard.'"

That the liberty of our American press has degenerated into a license that is in many instances simply scandalous is a fact patent to all readers of the average American newspaper. Mr. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, forcibly denounces the evil as one which must sooner or later meet with the outspoken indignation of every respectable man and woman in the country. "For the most part," he writes, "the newspaper in this country has degenerated into a vehicle for the calumny of people whose work brings them before the public. And the greater the man, the greater is the abuse heaped upon him. There is scarcely any one who has had any work to do in this world, or who has any circle of friends whom he loves and cherishes, but has felt the sting of American journalism, as it is carried on in so many instances in these days."

While the secular papers are naturally far more open to criticism on this score than are our Catholic exchanges, even these latter can not always escape condemnation. Public men are often criticised in the columns of some of our Catholic contemporaries with a freedom and a flippancy anything but edifying. It would be well for all editors to bear in mind that the impersonal form given to their utterances does not at all exempt them from observance of the precept: "Thou shalt not calumniate thy neighbor; thou shalt not be a slanderer or a whisperer among the people."

The late Dom Camille Leduc was at one time associated with Cardinal Pitra in that laborious research in England which has thrown so much light on early ecclesiastical history. But the great work of his life was the founding of the now flourishing Congregation of Benedictine Oblates. After the disastrous war of 1870, Dom Leduc turned

his paternal home into a refuge for the suffering and impoverished; and the new community, under the name of "Servants of the Poor," devoted themselves to nursing the sick in their own homes, accepting no recompense for their services. Before the death of Dom Leduc, the Congregation had extended itself throughout three dioceses. *R. I. P.*

An enterprise destined to exert a beneficent influence on the future of foreign missions has been undertaken in France. It is the establishing of colleges in which grown-up young men may prepare themselves for the priesthood. It not infrequently happens that vocations are developed in young men of from twenty to thirty years of age, who have not had opportunities of making a regular course of studies. That such aspirants to the priesthood, especially to the ministry of foreign missions, may prove even more efficient than those who have had less intercourse with the world, is at least probable. In any case, the number of foreign mission seminaries is in no danger of increasing too rapidly. Bishops and vicars-apostolic are continually seeking new recruits; and this project of furnishing poor, young men of all nationalities with the means of arriving at the goal toward which their inclinations impel them is an excellent one, deserving encouragement and generous support.

The old tradition that "cardinals die by threes" was illustrated anew when Cardinal Melchers died soon after the death of Cardinals Bonaparte and Persico. Mgr. Melchers was that heroic Archbishop of Cologne who met the infamous May Laws of Bismarck with open defiance. For this offence the prelate was dragged off to jail, where he was made to perform the daily prison task in the straw-weavers' department. Aroused by this indignity, the clergy emulated the example of their Archbishop, and forty-two brave priests were imprisoned for similar insubordination. When his term of imprisonment was ended, Mgr. Melchers was exiled; and for ten years, in spite of the "Iron Chancellor," he administered his diocese from Holland during the critical period of

the Kulturkampf. When at length Bismarck "went to Canossa," the heroic confessor for the faith was summoned to Rome and made a Cardinal. His rare learning (he had studied under Dr. Döllinger) was of great service to the Roman Congregations of which he was a member; but his heart was ever with the clergy and people of Cologne, who had suffered with him. May he rest in peace!

The least observant people must have been struck by the difference in tone between Catholic priests and Protestant ministers in expressing their opinion on President Cleveland's message. So offensively un-American were the utterances of certain of the latter that a correspondent of *The Sun* suggests that "if our pulpits are to be used as stumps from which the Government is to be assailed, we enact a law prohibiting the occupancy of an American pulpit by any but a native or naturalized citizen of the United States."

This is very patriotic, but the writer takes the preachers too seriously. The influence of most of them is next to nothing.

That was a remarkable debate that was held recently in the Italian Senate chamber. It was unanimously voted that religion was necessary to the well-being of any state, and as unanimously declared that Italy could not act on that principle. Signor Canzi avowed that the policy of the Government was to strip the Papacy of its catholic character by making it a mere Italian institution; and set up a long wail because, while Italy is held in scant esteem abroad, the Papacy is honored everywhere. But perhaps the most notable, and certainly the most acceptable, feature of the debate was this declaration of Signor Mazza: "It is vain to deny that the triumph of the clerical organization is at its apex. The clerical schools in Italy have increased their attendance by 15 per cent this year; the religious corporations are multiplying everywhere." New persecutions are demanded; and Signor Crispi, in a spirit of accommodation, says he will probably respond, as the Catholic revival has caused him considerable anxiety.

Notable New Books.

SONGS. Chiefly from the German. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. A. C. McClurg & Co.

After reading this dainty volume, one is in doubt whether to admire more the fine knowledge of the German language which enables Bishop Spalding to catch the subtle sentiment which marks all true lyric poetry, or the consummate mastery of his own tongue, by which he translates the spirit as well as the words of the original. "Short swallow-flights of song" they are indeed, with the limitations of translation super-added to the ordinary limitations of verse; but all through the volume is felt the touch of the literary craftsman, the witchery of the poet's wand.

The value of Bishop Spalding's work is not diminished by the fact that most of the poets whose songs he sings over again have never before been translated into English. His volume is, in this sense, an anthology,—and an anthology made by a poet and scholar who could not only select what was most valuable in the lyric poetry of Germany, but could present it to English readers in most attractive guise. The presence of Schiller's "Song of the Bells" and other German lyrics well known in all languages would hardly have increased the value of this volume, considered merely as an anthology of German lyric poetry.

That Bishop Spalding should have been so successful in wooing the lyric muse is only another evidence of his rare versatility. Probably those best acquainted with his writings and speeches have believed that not the lyric but some severer and more rigidly intellectual form of poetry would best answer his temperament. Be that as it may, these literary recreations of a busy man will prove a welcome and valuable addition to Catholic libraries. The form of the book is worthy of the McClurg imprint.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. Vol. IV. P. O'Shea.

Most readers will rise from the perusal of this entertaining and edifying volume with the hope that other religious orders

will imitate the Sisters of Mercy by sharing what is best in their annals with the Catholic public. There is a wealth of literature in the archives of most religious communities. It is, perhaps, in a crude state: it awaits the touch of the prophet who shall endow its dry bones with life; but it is there, and some day the prophet will appear, and we shall have other volumes like these "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy."

The field covered by these scattered recollections is, geographically, large; but it is wonderfully unified by the oneness of the Order, the unchanging influence it wielded, and the general sameness of incident. These "Leaves" are the work of a Sister who knew how to use her pen, whose sense of the picturesque and the dramatic is seldom if ever at fault; whose art forbids her to preach at her readers, but who is perpetually lifting them up and warming their hearts by stories of heroism or of pathos. The work has all the charm without any of the egotism of autobiographical writing. It is spiritual reading with a lively, practical, workaday flavor. Its piety is attractive, as all healthy piety is, and most readers will regret that this fourth volume completes the Annals. The book opens with an admirable topical index of itself, and concludes with a minute index of the whole work.

BALLADS OF BLUE WATER. By James Jeffrey Roche. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A daintier volume than this, with its pennant of red, white and blue on a background of white, is seldom seen even in our day, when as much time and talent is bestowed on book-covers as on book-thought. The pennant may well fly over these songs of the sea, for they are intensely patriotic; and Mr. Roche's muse has evidently set herself, with malice prepense, to sing the glories of the flag, and the brave deeds of the sailor lads that kept it flying at the masthead.

These Ballads have the flavor of the sea. There is brine and breeze in them, and the large freedom of the ocean, and plenty of sailor-talk, that land-lubbers do not always understand, but like to read. Mr. Roche is the best builder of ballads who has written of recent years; his work has the swing

and music and spirit of Aytoun's. There are few better ballads in the language than "The Fight of the Armstrong Privateer" and "The Constitution's Last Fight." There are poems of pathos, like "Ruben James" and "The Flag"; and poems deliciously humorous, like "A Sailor's Yarn" and "A Business Transaction." We know what muse it was that inspired the loyal and beautiful tribute to Boyle O'Reilly, and those other lines on Whittier which O'Reilly would have admired.

There is a virility in Mr. Roche's work that is delightfully fresh, because so seldom found in the work of contemporary poets. If he could be spared from Catholic journalism, we could wish that he had run off to sea when a boy and picked up more of these soul-stirring ballads. This indeed is the only defect in the volume: a poet who can write such songs should have given us more of them.

MAKING FRIENDS AND KEEPING THEM.

By Katherine E. Conway. *Pilot Publishing Co.*

Nor Emerson nor Bacon has written so wisely of friendship as has Katherine E. Conway in this delightful little book. The qualities that make a friendship possible are clearly set forth, and are declared to be "mutual agreeableness and mutual confidence." The difference between the power of making friends and positive magnetism, whereby hearts are won to either good or evil according to the qualities underlying this attractiveness, is carefully noted, and in such a manner as to admit no doubt that "only he with one fixed and high standard of honor can make and keep friends."

Platonic friendship, under the title "His Woman Friend," is intelligently and delicately treated in chapter second. Indeed, every point is marked by rare common-sense, as well as a fine appreciation of that best of gifts—friendship.

GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Various Writers. D. H. McBride & Co.

Into this large quarto volume are gathered two hundred and fifty-six full-page photographic illustrations of the most notable churches and religious establishments of Christendom. Accompanying each picture is a page of explanatory comment, enclosed in

artistic borders, detailing the salient features in the history of these institutions. That the time, labor and money expended in the production of this work were great, is evident from the number of countries represented in it, not less than from the fulness of the historical comment.

This volume is undoubtedly meritorious, as Catholic subscription books go. We are opposed to such books on principle; for as long as it is possible to get a volume of Newman, for instance, for one dollar, it is evidently unwise to invest ten times that sum in a merely ornamental compilation. On the other hand, there are, doubtless, Catholics with more money than literary taste—persons who would not read a really helpful book,—and to such we most cordially recommend the "Glories of the Catholic Church."

POEMS. By John B. Tabb. Copeland & Day.

Father Tabb somehow reminds one of a beautiful spring day, when there are quick flashes of sunlight, as the clouds sweep in soft masses over the sky; dashes of color here and there; sudden sounds, as if Spring were trying her voice; suggestions of warmth in the atmosphere; for each poem seems to have sung itself right from the poet's heart, and his fancies are beautiful bits of color, motion, and sound. The humming-bird he styles "a mist of rainbow-dyes." The mocking-bird and the robin, too, find a sweet laureate in Father Tabb; while the flowers of the field, which drew forth the tribute of words from their Creator, the gentle Poet of Galilee and Nazareth, stirred the heart of that Poet's-priest, who sings thus of the "Star-jessamine":

Discerning star from sister star,
We give to each its name;
But ye, O countless Blossoms! are
In fragrance and in flame
So like, that He from whom ye came
Alone discerneth each by name.

Eugene Field has been called "The Children's Laureate," but we doubt if any of his poems are happier in tone and touch than this:

Baby in her slumber smiling,
Doth a captive take;
Whispers Love: "From dreams beguiling
May she never wake!"

When the lids, like mist retreating,
Flee the azure deep,

Wakes a new-born joy, repeating,
 "May she never sleep!"

The sweet simplicity of Father Tabb's poems on religious subjects makes them what Father Fidelis, C. P., styles ejaculatory prayers—"arrows that go straight to the Heart of God." Our Blessed Lady in her Immaculate Conception he calls—

A dewdrop of the darkness born,
 Wherein no shadow lies;
 The blossom of a barren thorn,
 Whereof no petal dies;
 A rainbow beauty passion-free,
 Wherewith was veiled Divinity.

Four heart-thoughts are dedicated to Mary Magdalen, and each is a passion-flower of poesy. Of Our Lady's Assumption he says:

Nor Bethlehem nor Nazareth
 Apart from Mary's care,
 Nor heaven itself a home for Him
 Were not His Mother there.

In the nineteen beautiful sonnets we find seven forms of sestet rhyming, but one forgets this variety in the beauty of the sonnet-thought embodied in the lines.

Notwithstanding Boyeson's strictures on humorous points of view, we confess that at first sight of Father Tabb's book we thought of John Kendrick Bangs' *Bibliomaniac*, who waxed enthusiastic over a book, the pages of which had margins four inches wide; but as the title-page in the present case was not "rubricated," we forgot "Coffee and Repartee," and found ourselves wishing that telepathy were more than a word, so that Father Tabb might know all *THE AVE MARIA'S* New Year wishes for him and his muse.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. P. O'Shea, Publisher.

The study of literature, as Mr. George Parsons Lathrop observes in his introduction to this volume, has always held special interest for healthy minds; and a new guide to this study is to be gratefully welcomed. Most text-books of literature unconsciously underrate many writers whom we hold in deserved esteem. Similar manuals prepared by Catholics generally fall into the opposite extreme. Perspective is utterly lost, and art swallowed up in orthodoxy. Strictly speaking, this text-book is not wholly free from

these errors. With the compiler's estimate of dead authors we have no quarrel; though sometimes we should prefer generic rather than specific language, as in the account of Shelley's moral delinquencies on page 291. Again, editorial work has no claim to rank as literature; and the attention bestowed on three great Catholic editors, however deserving, is out of place, we think, in a text-book of literature. On the other hand, most teachers will wish that a half dozen other names had been added to the chapter on the Catholic writers of America. It would, however, be churlish to criticise minutely a work of so much merit, and we are heartily grateful to the author. The structure no less than the tone of this text-book fits it admirably for work in the class-room. The intelligent setting of the subject, the rational division into epochs, the "reviews" and "suggested readings" after each chapter, and the index at the end of the volume,—these are features which teachers will thoroughly appreciate.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By the Rev. J. H. O'Donnell. Catholic Protectory Print.

No fact in current history is more evident than the prompt response which the Holy Father's encyclical "On the Study of Sacred Scripture" has evoked in all countries. In Germany, for instance, a new review has been established exclusively for the development of Biblical studies; and within a year we have seen the publication of four important volumes on this subject. Happily, too, there seems to be a proportionate decrease in the number of watery "devotional" books inflicted on the Catholic public.

Father O'Donnell is quite right in saying that no work exactly like his exists in English. It is elementary—a popular treatise. It differs from other volumes on account of the things omitted as well as the things inserted. But as an elementary reference book, as a popular introduction to the study of the New Testament, it may be unqualifiedly commended. It discusses the character and authorship of the Sacred Books, analyzes their contents, and furnishes short biographies of the principal persons who figure in the Bible. There is also a valuable table of Scriptural coins and distances. The work is an excellent specimen of book-making.



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

A Welcome to Winter.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

HAIL to the hardy old King of all seasons,
The graybearded, white-mantled Winter,
whose reign,
Dear to our hearts for a hundred of reasons,
We merrily welcome and greet once again.

Hurrah for the snow, and the winds that
blow

The flakes in a whirl to blind you !
Hurrah for the ride down the icy slide
With a train of toboggans behind you !

Hail to the monarch who comes from the
region

Way up near the Pole, by explorers untrod !
His throne is an iceberg, his army a legion
Of frost-spirits ready to fight at his nod.

Hurrah for the pace of the skaters' race,
When the pulses throb and tingle !
Hurrah for the sleigh as it darts away,
And its bells ring a merry jingle !

Hail, then, old Winter ! We can't do without
you ;

We welcome you, snowdrifts and cold winds
and all ;

For, in spite of your rigor, we know there's
about you

A kind, cheery spirit we'll ever extol.

Hurrah for the fight when the snowballs
white

Fly thicker than one can tally !

Hurrah for the sport when the big snow-
fort

Succumbs to the stormers' rally !

Grandma, Her Day and Her Story. -

BY DAWN GRAYE.

EVER since she came, a year
ago, to live with us for good
and always, Saturdays have
been known in our house as
"Grandma's Day." If the
weather is fair, and she feels able, then we
all go out walking, visiting, or shopping
with her ; if it's rainy and "stay-at-
homey," then everybody adjourns to her
pretty room, to work, play, read, talk,
with dear grandma. "It's holiday enough,"
Mary says, "just to be where grandma is."

This year she determined 'to share her
"day" with the poor, and invented our
"Poor Saturdays." She did not take out
a patent on, nor any credit to herself for,
the idea. When she heard that many
others in our neighborhood "had invented
them after her," she was the most pleased
person in the world.

"It suddenly occurred to me last night,"
said grandma one October morning at
breakfast, "that from All Saints' Day to
Christmas, the children might devote one
afternoon of each week to making useful
and ornamental articles, with their own
little hands, for the benefit of the poor. As
the strength of eyes and brain belongs to
their studies other days, and as it would
lend more merit to their work if some
pleasure was foregone to accomplish it,
why I should think, for that period, we
might appoint Saturdays as our day."

That was the rough, or rather gentle, draft of the idea we forthwith laid our white, brown, black, and golden heads together to perfect.

The name "Poor Saturdays" (they're really the richest days in the week) Cousin Jack suggested. He declares it was the first suggestion he ever made that was received by the family without opposition and unanimously adopted. But Jack's statements sometimes, like those of all boys, have to be taken with many grains of allowance.

A spare hall-room was next set apart as place of assembly,—a sunny room, with bright rugs and curtains, and holy pictures on the walls. In the centre was placed a long table framed in chairs; and on that table spread every sort of work, with materials for doing it. For instance, there were dolls galore, with wardrobes in chrysalis, for the orphans of St. Catherine's; strongly bound scrap-books, to be filled with pretty pictures for the tiny incurables of the Children's Hospital; pounds and pounds of worsteds, with their equal weight in bright possibilities—scarfs and caps for the ill-paid coast-guards of our life-saving stations; tobacco pouches for the veteran smokers of the Little Sisters' Home; coats, dresses, stockings, mittens—everything we couldn't think of grandma thought of for us. And Uncle John did a great deal of thinking "tied in bundles," because he could not do anything else, he said. Bachelor uncles are lovely things, when they're like dear Uncle John.

Invitations to friends to "come over and help us" were written on rough brown wrapping-paper, in grandma's own name. And it was she who bade us send one to Laura Goldust.

"Why, grandma dear," exclaimed our "secretary," "Laura would never come in the world! She would not forego her *matinée* and her holiday pleasures for anything. Her mother only sends her to

the Visitation Academy because it's fashionable. She's not a Catholic."

"For that very reason, and others, I want to ask her," answered grandma. "I talked with her a little while the other day when she called to see Margaret, and there's a nice little white soul tucked away asleep under the covers, waiting to be called and wakened. Laura isn't to blame for her devotion to pleasure. I always pitied the daughters of fashionable mothers."

The invitation was sent. But how Laura came next day—when we were out—to learn what the "funny brown-paper letter meant"; how she was taken upstairs and told about it, together with many other things, sitting by the dancing, open fire, at grandma's feet; how she confessed her weariness of the *matinée* and the stupid old drive in the park; and promised to come the very next Saturday ("Mamma will not mind much where I am"),—of all this we were told never a word, to make surprise the greater.

So that "next Saturday" (it was week before last) we wondered why, after all the other invited guests had arrived—all except Laura, and she would "never come in the world,"—why grandma kept looking expectantly toward the door. And we still wondered when the door at last opened, and Laura ran straight up to grandma's chair and kissed her, and was kissed by her like an old acquaintance.

"O dear Mrs. Kennon!" she began, "I did not mean to be a minute late; but mamma said I might make a bundle of things to bring, and Ellen was almost wild when I told her; she just hugged me and cried, and said she'd prayed and prayed that I'd wake up and look round at the poor some day. And we almost had everything ready to bring in the carriage when company came, and mamma remembered she had to go to try on a dress and a bonnet, and make a call with this friend; and she said I might ride

with them to the milliner's, and walk up from there here,—it isn't far—"

"But, my child," interposed grandma, "you look perished! Such a light silk dress! Did you leave your wraps downstairs, perhaps?"

A pretty blush stole over Laura's face.

"No," she replied, tossing back her curls, and drawing off her gloves, that she might give grandma both cold hands to chafe. "But you know what you told me, Mrs. Kennon, the other afternoon—so many things I'd never thought of, and I don't believe mamma ever did either; and I wanted to begin at once. So, as I came across the square from the carriage, I saw a little girl selling matches, with nothing but an old bit of thin shawl round her, and you know it's bitter out to-day. If I was on my way to help *make* clothes to keep the poor comfortable, it seemed only natural to give something already made. So I took off my coat and made her put it on. I could not help laughing, she looked so funny with her torn hat and ragged dress and my jacket. It was a Louis Quinze coat-bodice,—a lovely shade of brown, with beautiful pearl buttons; but mamma said the other day that the velvet *revers* were too large to be fashionable any more, that I must have a new one right away; so I know she won't mind."

Grandma did not appear to hear these last words which proceeded from Laura's shallow environment,—the act had been all her own.

"And you're sure, dear," she asked, "that you have not taken cold? It was such a practical application of my poor little sermon."

"No indeed," responded Laura, laughing. "I walked fast; and, though I knew it was cold, I felt just as warm as could be *inside*."

Whereupon grandma bent forward and kissed her again.

"I think I shall have to baptize you by

a saint's name," she said, softly. "I shall have to call you our little Zita."

"Zita! Who was she?" asked Laura, taking her place among the doll-dressers. Poor child! she only knew "how to tie bows," she said; but we have already shown her to do much more than that.

And grandma said, seeing that we all were listening for her answer:

"Why, I'll tell you the story about her: It was Christmas many years ago in the old Italian city of Lucca. On the chill, snow-laden air rang out from tower and steeple the gladdest summons that mortal ear can hear—the *Adeste Fideles* of the Midnight Mass bell. Zita, a poor servant in the palace of the noble house of Fatinelli, hurried with her tasks, that she also might join the throng which filled the streets leading to the different churches. A flower of the mountains transplanted to the city, Zita's purity, humility and winsome piety had endeared her to her employers, who often made her the happy medium through which they distributed their largess to the poor. Those poor—disinherited children of the cruel world,—how dear they were to Zita! Self-despoiled even of garments necessary to protect her slender frame from the winter's cold, she was creeping down the marble steps of the palace when she met, coming up, the young Count Antonio.

"'Whither goest thou?' he asked.

"'With the permission of my Lord, thy gracious father, to the Midnight Mass at San Frediano,' she replied.

"'In that dress, bareheaded!' he cried. 'Why, girl, the wind is glacial! It will cut thee in two like a knife. It is a bitter night.'

"'Ah, my Lord! was it not also cold in the Stable at Bethlehem where our Saviour was laid?'

"The young nobleman unclasped his magnificent fur-lined cloak, and threw it over Zita. 'Take this,' he said. 'It will protect thee royally.'

"'Nay, nay, I implore thee!' protested

the girl, in a gentle tone. 'It befits not a poor handmaiden like myself.'

"But, as thy master, I command thee to wear it,' he returned,—'*I command it.*'

"Then, my Lord, I can but obey. But far rather would I know this mantle's warm, delicious softness enveloped at this moment one of those poor who have only the thought of God and His love to keep them warm.'

"See to it, child,' answered the Count, laughing, 'that this inexhaustible charity of thine does not tempt thee to dispose of my cloak. Woe unto thee if thou dost not bring it back to me!'

"I will do as thou commandest,' said Zita, humbly.

"But as the sweet girl passed through the group of mendicants gathered in the time-gray porch of San Frediano, she turned her beautiful, tender eyes regretfully upon them, shivering beneath her rich cloak at the sight of their poverty. One among them especially moved her even to tears—an old man, at whose bare feet, blue with cold, crouched a half-famished dog, which from time to time, as though to call the attention of passers-by to his master's misery and his own, whined piteously.

"Zita's hand went up to the mantle's clasp. Another instant it would have been the beggar's, but in that instant she suddenly recalled her master's command. Alas! it was not hers to bestow. With murmured words of deep compassion, she hastened on into the illuminated church, from whose vaulted roof, wreathed with incense, a celestial inspiration seemed suddenly to descend upon her; for she had scarce crossed the holy threshold before she returned to the porch.

"Here, my father,' she said, placing her cloak tenderly about the old beggar's shrunken form. 'Envelop thyself in this magnificent mantle. It belongs to my master, the noble Count of Fatinelli. He deigned to lend it to me, with command

to return it to him. Shelter thyself beneath its folds till the service is ended. In coming out, I will reclaim it.'

"The Midnight Mass, my children, often transports one's soul to Paradise. Thither was Zita transported,—seeing, hearing naught but that star-guarded corner in Bethlehem, and the song of speeding angels bringing 'glad tidings.' Dawn was breaking when her pure soul dropped back to earth. Mass had long been ended; the candles of the altar were extinguished; the worshippers had all departed. Rising from her knees, she glided out of the deserted church, to find the porchway also deserted; with the other suppliants of charity, he who had so moved her had gone, and the mantle with him. Zita had only the heart to reproach herself, but how should she appear before her master? Pale, trembling, more with terror than with cold—for, as with Laura, her kind action, whatever its consequences, had left an inward warmth,—praying Heaven's sweet Queen to help her, Zita entered the palace, at its door finding the young Count awaiting her. Before she could say a single word he divined all. His anger was terrible.

"Ingrate!' he cried. 'Is it thus thou obeyest me, thus abusest my generosity? From this day thou shalt quit our service. Yea, from this hour, this moment, go,—fly out of my sight!'

"She had risen to obey this cruel order when a stranger stood beside them, holding out the young Count's cloak, unharmed; its ermine lining whiter, its jewelled clasp more glittering than ever;—a being whose feet seemed not to touch the ground; whose voice, uttering blessings, was sweet as the music of celestial choirs; whose face, as he looked back, with a smile for Zita, was shining like an angel's. And to this day the Eastern door of the Church of San Frediano, where that holy one stood among beggars, has been called *La Porta dell' Angelo*,—'The door of the angel.'"

When grandma finished Laura was the first to speak.

"How lovely!" she said. "I wish my name were really Zita." Her eyes were bright with tears.

If I had any one near enough to hear a whisper, I'd confide to her my fancy formed in that moment,—my hope that before she dies Laura will belong to us—will be a Catholic.

"Listening to grandma, I've forgotten to do anything else," said Cousin Jack. "But, grandma dear, couldn't you please tell us another story like that?"

"Not this time," she answered, smiling. "The doctor doesn't want me to talk too much with this naughty throat trouble."

"Oh, yes! I forgot. Forgive me. I'm always forgetting just what I ought to remember," cried Jack.

And then we all began to talk at once, to give dear grandma the rest of keeping still. But when her throat is well—we know it will be, we pray for it so hard,—she has promised to assume still another task for her "Saturday work-holidays," as she calls them. Besides sitting at the head of the table, helping us with everything we do, she's going to tell us stories while we work,—stories of sweet saints like Zita, who loved and served the poor; and who, in loving and serving them, were loved and blessed of God.

THE industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if we have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit, and a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey in peace.—*Dewey.*

When I was a Little Girl. —

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

II.—THE LOST CHILD.

I do not suppose many of my young readers have ever heard of what used to be a familiar figure in the streets when I was a little girl—the bellman, or crier, who went about from corner to corner announcing auctions, sales of real estate; and, what was far more interesting to the children—who constantly followed and surrounded him as he made his way through the city,—the names, descriptions, and places of residence of other children like themselves who had strayed from home, and whose distracted parents took this method of finding and having them returned to their arms. For in those days there were not, as now, station-houses in various portions of the city; nor a well-drilled and numerous corps of sympathetic and obliging policemen on the lookout for stray boys and girls, who, when they come under their supervision, are led to the nearest "station"; where they are generally found by their parents, and conducted affectionately, or, as the case may be, somewhat summarily, to their respective homes.

The advent of the bellman—who, curiously enough, was named Mr. Bell—in our vicinity was always a great event in my somewhat monotonous, though thoroughly happy, daily life. I believe I have told you before that my father's house was situated on a corner, surrounded by a pleasant garden, through the wicket fence of which I might often have been seen peeping out on the street, where I was not permitted to go unaccompanied.

As I sat one day by my mother's side, learning to sew, I saw the bellman pass the window, stopping just at the corner. "O mamma," I said, "may I go into the

garden? The bellman is coming." Having obtained her permission, I ran for my little white sunbonnet, which hung in the entry between the sitting and dining rooms, and was soon at the gate. I can see him still as he stood at the corner, waiting, as he always did, to gather a sufficient audience about him before he began his monotonous sing-song cry,—delivered, it seemed to me then, through his nose; for his lips scarcely moved.

At one time of his life I think he must have been a Quaker. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, which must have been white once,—in my time it had assumed a dirty drab color and was considerably the worse for wear. Iron-grey locks descended upon his shoulders, which were covered by a sober coat of Quaker grey. His shirt front, I noticed, was always very stiff and white; and about his neck he wore a loosely tied scarf, or cravat, of red or green,—an unusual feature of attire in those days, when men wore stiff stocks of heavy black silk or satin. Wide, flapping trousers of a dark blue color, yet much lighter than that we now know as navy blue, with white hose and black, shining, low-cut shoes adorned with silver buckles, completed his attire. In one hand he carried a sheet of paper from which he read his announcement; in the other a huge bell, which he rang three times—slowly, sonorously, and with a vigorous hand, in order to concentrate the attention of his hearers.

I always awaited his introductory remarks with a thrill of anticipation; they invested the crier as with a sort of weird importance. With the strange, unaccountable fancy of a child, he became to me as a kind of Wandering Jew, Robinson Crusoe, and Sindbad the Sailor, blended into one. Why this should be I can not say; but so it was until the magic words, "Hear ye!" had been uttered three times; then the spell faded, and I would listen mechanically to what followed. On

this occasion he began with the cry:

"Child lost, child lost, child lost! Little gal, five years old; red curly hair, blue eyes, very white skin; dark grey merino dress, pink pinafore, nankeen pantalets, white stockings, new bronze shoes. She answers to the name of Annie Prouts. Any person, or persons, finding said child, or knowing of her whereabouts, will kindly deliver her to her parents, residing at No. 104 Cherry Street, between Spruce and Olive Streets; or leave information that will lead to her recovery."

Having repeated this formula, with the customary accompaniment of the bell, the queer, wooden-featured, nasal-voiced, slow-stepping, oddly-attired bellman once more took up his march, accompanied by an escort of tiny toddlers of both sexes, as well as older children lured from their various amusements and occupations by the music of his wonderful bell and the potent spell of his eccentric personality. Boys with books well strapped, who should have been at school; untidy girls, with pitchers or baskets in their hands, wandering from corner to corner in his wake,—some a mile away from the grocer's whither they had been bound when he stepped across their paths; women with babies in their arms, who should have been attending to their husbands' dinners, now burning in the pot at home.

But as I turned from the gate and ran up the garden walk, and through the open door into the room where my mother was sitting, the one thought in my heart was that a little girl had been lost, and that the bellman was not sorry. In his voice there had been no tremor, in his eye no tear. If I had been able to explain the feeling that filled my soul, I would have thought of him as a mechanical figure,—an automaton walking through some tragic scene upon the stage of life, neither seeing, hearing, nor feeling the misery of which he was a part.

I remember that I nursed a great rage

against him in my heart all that day, even after exciting events that occurred later had removed him to the background of the play. And that was not all. When night came, and I lay wide awake and musing in my little bed, I suddenly recognized him as the prototype of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, of whom my father had often told me; and I became imbued with a certain horror of the poor, kindly, inoffensive man, with a prayer of thankfulness that I had never followed nor been allowed to follow him; and a wonder in my mind (which in my heart of hearts I knew to be utterly unreasonable, unjust and foolish) whether perhaps some day, in his wandering march, he might not suddenly begin ringing his bell, and keep on ringing it until the motley crowd of children who did follow him would rush blindly on and downward as he led, until they would find themselves in the river, with its broad, rapid current meeting over their heads as they sank beneath the water.

But my adventure of that memorable day had just begun. Seeing how distressed I was, my mother put on her hat, and, taking my hand, led me into the garden, where we walked up and down for some time. She told me, among other things, that Mr. Bell himself would very likely find the lost child, as he often did, and take her to her parents; that the instances were rare indeed that children who had strayed from home were not found; for the town was not large, the neighborhood free from dangerous persons, and the river-bank not steep or precipitous.

I was beginning to take comfort from these assurances, when I saw my father at a distance, coming to dinner—it was at noon in those days;—and, withdrawing my hand from my mother's, I ran down the path to meet him. He lifted me in his arms with a hearty kiss, saying: "I think I see a peach ripening on that tree yonder; let us go over and get it, Sylvia." Still holding me on his shoulder, he crossed

the lawn toward the group of fruit-trees which grew on the south side of the garden. And what do you think we saw? Something that made us forget the peach we had come to look at: a little girl about my own age, with red curly hair, pink cheeks and a pink apron, a grey merino drees, nankeen pantalets, and new bronze shoes,—lying fast asleep on the grass at the foot of the tree. "O papa, papa!" I cried. "There she 'is,—it is the very little girl! It's like a fairy story, papa,—just like a fairy story." My voice awakened the child, who sat up, rubbing her eyes and smiling; the sweet flush of sleep on her cheeks, her little white teeth shining through her rosy lips. "How did you get here, little Annie?" I asked. "Did your mamma say you might go out, and then were you lost and tired, and came in here to take a rest under the tree?"

My mother arrived at this juncture. Explanations were made, and Annie gladly accompanied us into the house, where she ate a hearty dinner. The next thing to be done was, of course, to take the little girl home. She seemed to have lost her hat, so my mother lent her one of mine; and we set out in the direction given by the bellman. Her home was not far from where we lived. Annie's mother was overjoyed to see her, but there was something peculiar in her manner, the cause of which we were to learn later. There seemed to be very little furniture in the house, and that little was in a state of great disorder.

As my mother and I walked homeward the fire bells began to ring. What a clangor they did make in the early Fifties! First the great bell of the City Hall would ring out ding-dong, ding-dong, for at least ten minutes. In those days there was but one engine house in the place; the firemen were all volunteers; and, as there was no way of learning the location of the fire except by going in the direction of the flames, much valuable time was often lost. There were no steam-engines

then, and the labor of the firemen was consequently much greater. As soon as the City Hall bell had announced that a fire was in progress all the church and factory bells of the town took up the tune, making a fearful din, and striking terror into the hearts of women and children.

As we stood in the shelter of a shop door that day to keep out of the swaying crowd, the firemen came in sight,—a few in red glazed helmet and red flannel shirts, but most of them in the garb of their respective callings: bakers with paper caps on their heads, laborers from their tools, clerks from the shops, grimy workmen from the factories, with here and there a merchant or banker whose interest in the safety of his own property had caused him to join the impromptu fire department. But what astonished and interested me most was the figure of our beloved parish priest, holding on to the ropes with the rest, dressed in his usual ecclesiastical attire, with the exception of the red helmet, which indicated that he was a member of the organized corps. My readers must understand that there were only two horses used in the fire brigade; one of these was employed by the chief, who went about from place to place giving directions; the other, ridden by a sort of messenger under orders.

Father C—— was pulling at the ropes as lustily as any of the men who were drawing the fore-wagon—a huge and heavy vehicle, surmounted by an immense reel around which were wound yards and yards of rubber hose. As I was very young at the time, I had a feeling that our pastor's dignity was somewhat compromised by such association; but later I learned to appreciate and admire the spirit that led him to identify himself as thoroughly as possible with the people about him. An American for five generations back, a convert from the Baptist faith, a man of the highest intellect and the most

extensive reading, he had the humility and simplicity of a child or a saint. The firemen loved and respected him, as he mingled freely with them, thereby reforming many of their bad habits. After he joined the corps, cursing and swearing, as well as drinking, became infrequent among them; many careless Catholics resumed the practice of their religion, and several Protestants were brought into the Church; while all with whom he came in contact were disabused of their prejudices. An honored guest in the houses of the wealthy and intellectual, without regard to religious belief, he was at home in every hovel in the town, making a weekly round of visits from court to court and alley to alley, where the lowest and poorest of humanity were wont to make their dwellings.

Father C—— was my godfather. From his hand I received the waters of baptism; at his feet I made my first confession; it was he who first fed me with the Bread of Life. Too much praise can not be given to the gentle, humble, self-sacrificing pastors so many of us know, or have known. It is only after we have grown to be men and women, after they have departed to their well-earned rest, that those of the generation they leave behind learn, often too late, to place them where they belong—in the niche with the equally unappreciated fathers and mothers whose unselfish love and unceasing sacrifices make easy and pleasant and sunny the path of childhood and youth.

Well, my moralizing has made this chapter longer than I had intended it to be, and no doubt less interesting than many of you had hoped it would be; but if I have not tried your patience too sorely, I promise that if you will give me your attention next week, I shall endeavor to make amends, finishing the story of my acquaintance with Annie, and also relating another adventure of my childhood.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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At the Last.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

BEFORE the frost, the beautiful dim haze
Clothing a line of disappearing days
Draws slowly back, and each one, on its way,
Reveals some purpose that before us lay,
Leading us upward, step by step to see
The lines of duty that converge in Thee.

Night vapors from the north rise everywhere,
The land is desolate with cold, and bare;
Weak, worn, yet strong in hope, we turn
To where, far East, the promised beacons burn;
Secure that over hunger, pain and war
Will shine, triumphant, Thy redeeming Star.

A Giant of Our Own Day.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, Archbishop of Algiers and Primate of Africa, with his striking individuality, his wondrous power of organization, and his untiring activity, was born to be a leader of men. "Lavigerie is capable of governing an empire," said one who had known him as a student, and who, even in those early days, had been struck by his extraordinary powers. Scarcely less impressive than his mental gifts was his personal appearance; no one

who ever saw the Primate of Africa can easily forget the picturesque aspect of his large, massive figure and strongly-marked features, the long white beard contrasting with the Cardinal's crimson robes.

Charles Martial Allemand Lavigerie was born in the Basque country, in the month of October, 1825; and he inherited something of the enterprising spirit of his Basque ancestry. After a brilliant course of studies, he became professor of history at the Sorbonne, in Paris; in 1863 he was named Bishop of Nancy, in 1867 Archbishop of Algiers, and in 1882 he was made a cardinal. His vast African diocese, with its pressing needs, was a field peculiarly suited to his temperament; and during a quarter of a century he gave himself up heart and soul to the portion of the Lord's vineyard entrusted to his zeal.

Cardinal Lavigerie realized the fact, observed by all those who have at heart the welfare of Africa, that Mahometism is a source of barbarity, ignorance, and vice, whose danger can hardly be exaggerated; that, in order to spread civilization and Christianity through the Dark Continent, it is first necessary to attack at its very root this insidious power, whose doctrines appeal to men's worst instincts, and hold them in bondage and blindness.

The Cardinal's chief instruments in his hand-to-hand struggle with the powers of Islam where the White Fathers of Africa, as they are familiarly called, and the corre-

sponding congregation of nuns. Both were founded by him. The nuns are specially destined to break as much as possible through the seclusion in which the Arab women are kept, in order to bring the purifying influence of Christian womanhood to bear upon these unhappy beings, isolated from all human help.

One of the Cardinal's sharpest sorrows was that he, a passionate lover of his country, was opposed, or at least hampered, in his work by the mistaken tolerance of the French Government. Its members, either through indifference or hostility, frequently paralyzed his efforts; though in the end he generally came out of the contest victorious, after having proved to his opponents that the interests of religion were closely allied to those of France.

This was the case in 1867. A terrible famine ravaged Algeria, and one-fifth of the native population perished. Unburied corpses strewed the highways, and hideous cases of cannibalism were of frequent occurrence. Mgr. Lavigerie had just taken possession of the See of Algiers; but with the noble impulsiveness that characterized him, he decided to adopt the little Arabs whose parents had died of hunger. Out of the hundreds of children to whom he gave food and shelter, five hundred died from the effects of their previous sufferings, three hundred were restored to their families, and one thousand remained on the Archbishop's hands.

He judged that the opportunity was a favorable one for combining charity toward his adopted children with his favorite plan of creating a fusion between the conquerors of Algeria and the conquered races,—a fusion that could be effected only on the basis of religion. Like many other clear-sighted patriots, he had deplored the system hitherto pursued by the French Government of separating Algeria into two distinct castes: one Arab, the other French. This system was carried out to such an extent that

some native tribes having petitioned that nuns might be sent out to them to take care of their sick, the Government refused the necessary permission, under pretence that the nuns' presence might interfere with liberty of conscience.

It may be inferred from this example that Mgr. Lavigerie's plan of bringing up his orphans as Catholics and Frenchmen met with opposition from the very quarter where it least deserved it. The Governor-General of Algeria requested him, in the name of the Government, to send back his adopted children to their respective tribes,—who, let it be added, had never thought of claiming them. The Archbishop had a fearless spirit and a ready pen; he replied to the Governor by a letter that excited a burst of enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of France. After proving that the command laid upon him was contrary to justice, charity, and patriotism, he boldly declared his intention of defending his helpless charges by every means in his power. He was encouraged in his resistance by the bishops and laity of France, and his policy was approved of by the Pope, and warmly supported by a large portion of the inhabitants of the colony.

Nothing daunted by the opposition of the Governor of Algeria, he set out for Paris; obtained an interview with Napoleon III., and carried home a tacit permission to continue his work of mercy according to his lights. He immediately founded two orphan asylums—one for boys, the other for girls,—where his adopted children were trained to habits of virtue and industry.

When they had reached a marriageable age, he carried out a new scheme. He built some cottages in the plain of Chelif, near Orleánsville, caused a portion of the hitherto barren plain to be cultivated, and laid the foundations of the Christian village of St. Cyprian. Then, with touching simplicity and primitiveness, he set to work to arrange marriages between his

adopted children. The two first Arab orphans old enough to make homes for themselves—Francis Ben Aissa and John Schériff—were introduced by the Cardinal to Helyma and Johra, two young girls who had been brought up under his own eyes by the White Nuns. The young people were given frequent opportunities of meeting, and in this respect they seem to have enjoyed at least as much liberty as is given in France under similar circumstances. The parties suited each other, and declared their willingness to be married. The Archbishop himself performed the double ceremony on the 2d of July, 1872. He bestowed upon the brides a sufficient marriage-portion, and settled the young couples in two cottages of the village of St. Cyprian. Other weddings followed; and, like their predecessors, the newly-married couples were started in life by their adopted father.

The population of St. Cyprian having considerably increased, a second village, called after St. Monica, was founded at a short distance. Both are flourishing at the present day, and together they number two hundred and fifty inhabitants. The White Fathers have a house in each settlement; they fill the duties of priests, schoolmasters, doctors, and chemists; at the same time being the general advisers of the colony. The description of these favored spots reads like a picture of the far-famed Reductions of Paraguay. The colonists have remained faithful to the principles instilled into their souls by their teachers, and are industrious, moral, and peaceable.

The organization of these Christian settlements, where his name will long be held in benediction, would almost suffice to glorify the memory of his Eminence; but in reality they form only a very small portion of the works he undertook and successfully accomplished. In 1874 he founded the missions of the Soudan and Sahara. In a short time schools, convents, churches, hospitals rose as if by magic

at his command. The crusade against slavery, which was his last undertaking, appealed more strongly, perhaps, than any other of his works to the sympathy of the world at large.

The Cardinal owed to his Southern origin a certain poetry in his manner of organizing ceremonies and festivals; and the practical side of his work was not neglected, but rather favored, by the picturesqueness with which he invested these outward manifestations. The consecration of the beautiful Basilica of St. Louis at Carthage is an example of this. Twelve bishops, three hundred priests, men of every nation—Italians, Maltese, Jews, Arabs, and negroes—proceeded in solemn procession up to the basilica. While the cannon roared, the French soldiers presented arms, and the tricolor floated gaily against the deep blue of the African sky. It was a day such as our prelate loved, and his eloquence was worthy of the occasion. In a few burning words he reminded his hearers that on the very spot where the Church now displayed all her magnificence, the last Archbishop of ancient Carthage had been stripped, insulted, loaded with chains, and cruelly beaten for the name of Christ.

The chief traits of Cardinal Lavigèrie's individuality may be gathered from this brief sketch of his life and labors. He was essentially a leader of men: bold to rashness, generous, quick-sighted, active almost to restlessness. It seldom happens that a strong character has not its angles, and, like all men gifted with an iron will, the Archbishop of Algiers was at intervals imperious and overbearing. But if he was sometimes apt to wound his fellow-workers, his generosity and sense of justice made him ever eager to atone for the pain he had caused; and one who knew him well says that, according to circumstances, he could be thought either "the hardest or the tenderest of men." He had the quick repartee and

natural gayety of his race. His wit was, now and then, inclined to vent itself at the expense of his immediate surroundings; and this disposition, combined with his native imperiousness, somewhat weighed upon those who lived with him. He inspired admiration and awe rather than familiarity and confidence. Nevertheless, there existed depths of tenderness under this forbidding exterior,—a tenderness that showed itself chiefly in dealings with the little ones of this world.

A touching story is told of the Cardinal's kindness to a poor young Dutch student who died of consumption at Tunis. It was in 1890, at a moment when the Archbishop was organizing a series of *fêtes* in honor of the consecration of the new basilica and the opening of the Council of Carthage. He found time, however, to go every day to visit the sick youth; and if absolutely prevented from doing so, he would send one of his secretaries with a bunch of flowers.

He was no less tender to a young seminarian from Luxembourg whom he took to live in his palace at Algiers, and nursed through the last stages of his painful illness. The young man, with the unconscious selfishness of an invalid, could not bear that the Cardinal should go out of his sight; and it was said to be half laughable, half touching, to see the latter's real anxiety to combine his all-absorbing occupations with the conscientious performance of his duties as a sick nurse.

Our readers well remember the famous speech in which Cardinal Lavigerie, obeying directions from Rome, drank to the prosperity of the French Republic. The act excited much comment and some criticism, and among a certain class of his countrymen the Cardinal's popularity suffered from it. When three months passed, and it was known that the Primate of Africa had gone to his rest, all murmurs and all criticisms were hushed in the solemn presence of death.

According to his own desire, Cardinal Lavigerie's mortal remains were carried to Carthage, where some years before he had prepared his tomb, with its striking inscription: "Here, in the hope of infinite mercy, lies he who was once Cardinal Lavigerie, and who now is only dust. Pray for him." As the Archbishop's coffin was borne along the coast of the land he loved so well, overshadowed by the Cross of his Master and the flag of his country, all who witnessed the scene realized what all the world knew—that a great servant of God had been called home, and that the Church of Africa had lost her firmest pillar and brightest light.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

AFTER Madame Prévost left the little sitting-room, Yvonne remained for a moment motionless, listening to the sound of her footsteps as they crossed the hall. When the closing of the drawing-room door told that she had entered upon the dreaded interview, the girl turned with a deep sigh, and seated herself in the chair which her mother had vacated before the open *escritoire*.

She had now laid aside the broad shade hat, and her countenance was fully revealed in the strong light pouring upon her from the open window, through which she absently gazed. It was a countenance in which were perceptible inherited traces of the mother's beauty, but much modified, less delicate, more forceful. In fact, there was in the face a touch of masculine vigor, which often caused people to say that Yvonne Prévost would have made a handsome boy, although she was not a remarkably pretty girl, judged at least by the standard of the rest of her family.

The hazel eyes, which were her greatest beauty, were like those of a boy in their frank, open, fearless expression; and so were her resolute mouth and chin; while the peculiarly refined loveliness for which her mother and grandmother had each in her generation been famous showed itself in the delicacy of the upper portion of her face. Her complexion was a clear brunette; and her dark brown hair, cut short around her brow, added, by its careless picturesqueness of tossed and tumbled locks, to her boyish look.

Indeed Mr. Burnham was not the only person who spoke jestingly of Yvonne as "the man of the family," while to the girl herself it was a fact in which there was no jest. From her earliest youth it had in great measure fallen upon her to supply the masculine element—that is, the element upon which others depend—in a family altogether feminine. She had for years been her mother's sole confidante and counsellor in the difficulties which continually beset them, and with which they never troubled either the stately grandmother, who knew only the traditions of a luxurious past and the memories of her sorrows, or the three girls younger than Yvonne, to whom they were equally anxious to secure as far as possible a youth unclouded by the shadow of such stern cares as it was their part to meet and wrestle with.

And from being confidante and counsellor, Yvonne had advanced to the office of practical assistant—to taking the place which would have been hers had she been born a son instead of a daughter of the house. In an almost literal sense she put her hand to the plough, and spared her mother the expense of a manager by looking after the entire management of the plantation herself, with the assistance of an old servant of the family, intelligent and devoted to their interests. Friends stared, wondered, remonstrated; for on all Bayou Tèche such a thing had never been

known before as a girl who superintended the work of a plantation,—going herself into the fields and the sugar-house, and having as keen an eye for every detail as if she had been a man. But no one could say that the result was not good, the work not well done, the plantation not better cultivated than it had been since the war. Yvonne troubled herself with no theories of what was or was not a woman's proper sphere; she simply accepted the task laid before her, however unusual in its nature, as unnumbered women have done through all the ages, before ever the shrieking clamor arose for woman's rights; and proved her right to assume the work by fitly discharging it.

And there is in work conscientiously undertaken and honestly performed such power to interest and satisfy that the girl would have been happy in her labor, in the modest consciousness of success, and the growing hope of making life brighter by her exertions for those so dear to her, but for seeing the burden of care which she could not lessen constantly weighing upon and visibly ageing her mother. Always more or less the case, this was especially so at times of acute crisis like the present. The heavy debt which her father had been compelled to lay upon the war-desolated plantation rested like an incubus upon them; and as she looked out now over the green old garden, with its hedges of roses and groves of orange and fig, she was steadily facing the fact that there was scarcely more hope of paying it now than there had been ten years before. The only hope, if Burnham demanded his money, was to find some one else willing to lend the same amount for the same security and interest. But what respite was there in that? Sadly she shook her head.

"Oh, to be free,—free from this intolerable slavery of debt!" she thought. "I would walk barefoot around the world, if I might by so doing find the means to set

us free, and relieve poor mamma before this misery ends by killing her."

But those who have known much trouble learn, if they are wise, one thing—never to brood upon it. That way madness lies; and not only madness, but all the lesser evils of embittered natures, ruined tempers, lessened energies, and the melancholy that destroys. Young as she was, Yvonne had learned this lesson. With an effort she threw off the thoughts that clamored about her like a pack of hounds; and seeking, as long habit had taught her, some distraction for her mind, she turned to the open desk beside her.

"While I am waiting I might as well look for those papers mamma wants," she said to herself; and from the pigeon-holes filled with letters and documents she began to take out one bundle after another (most of them yellow with age and tied together with bands of faded tape), and to read the endorsements written upon each in various old-fashioned handwritings. The papers of which she was in search were presently found and laid aside. But since Madame Prévost did not come, and it was necessary to continue to divert her mind as far as possible from the consideration of what was passing in the dreaded interview, Yvonne went on half-absently, taking out and examining documents, many of which had been untouched for years. It was indeed a very slight degree of attention which she bestowed upon them—listening the while for the sound of an opening door, of voices, steps,—until suddenly, having pulled out a drawer which slightly resisted her touch, as if long unopened, she found a package of particularly time-yellowed papers, on which was written in the handwriting of her great-grandfather, "Titles of estates in San Domingo. H. de Marsillac."

She started then, with new interest; for here were the records of a page in the family history with regard to which she had never been able to obtain the

degree of information she desired. She knew that her great-grandfather had been the sole representative of a family of refugees from San Domingo, who, like most of the survivors of the massacre which followed the uprising of the slaves in 1791, had fled to Louisiana; but beyond that fact she had been able to learn very little. Everything available concerning the history of the colony, as well as of the great wave of bloodshed and horror which had whelmed it in ruin, she had read with avidity; but this did not satisfy her wish for more personal information. So it was with a sense of interest, which made her for the moment forget her preoccupation, that she looked at the papers in her hand, tangible links with that far-away past,—that chapter which, for her family as for others, had closed so tragically.

"I wonder nobody ever told me that these papers were here," she thought. "I suppose they were long since forgotten. Probably no one has ever looked at or touched them since my great-grandfather laid them away. Well, they will give a local habitation at least to the fancies I have always woven about the place, the time, and the people. As soon as I have time I shall look over them, and—ah, there is mamma at last!"

Her quick ear had caught the sound of Burnham's exit, of Madame Prévost's last formal words in the hall, and then of the step which came slowly toward the sitting-room. She thrust the package of papers back into their drawer, and, rising, turned eagerly to greet her mother as she entered.

"Well?" she said, quickly; but even the monosyllable died away half-uttered on her lips as she saw the face with which, all need for self-control gone now, Madame Prévost met her.

"Mamma!" and the girl sprang forward. "What is it? What has that man said to you?"

Madame Prévost laid her hand on the young shoulder, as if on a welcome sup-

port, and so stood for an instant. Then she answered, quietly:

"Only what we feared, Yvonne. He wants his money—at once, if possible; if not, within three months."

"It is more than I should have expected of him to give even so much grace," said Yvonne. "Sit down, mamma, and do not look so heart-stricken. Within three months we can at least find another creditor, and so frustrate his intention of finally possessing the place."

"The amount is so large that I fear it will be almost impossible to find any one else to lend it to us," said Madame Prévost. "Mr. Clarke has never encouraged me to hope so. And—I am not sure even of the three months. He yielded that only because I, on my side, yielded something which I am ashamed to tell you."

"Ashamed!—*you*, mamma!" The girl knelt down beside the chair into which her mother had sunk, and softly stroked the delicate hand which lay in her own. "As if it were possible that you could ever do anything of which you would have need to be ashamed!"

"Yvonne"—Madame Prévost suddenly sat upright and spoke with energy,—“has Diane ever mentioned to you that when she was in New Orleans last spring she met this man's son?"

"Burnham's son?" asked the young girl, in surprise. "Certainly not. I never heard before that such a person existed."

"But he *does* exist," replied Madame Prévost; "and he met Diane, and—how can I say it!—he proposes to marry her, and the father proposes that I shall pay my debt with my daughter."

"Mamma, you are not in earnest!"

"Yes, terribly in earnest, my child. It sounds like a melodrama, but it is exactly the proposal to which I have listened. And, being assured by Mr. Burnham that his son has reason to believe that his suit will be favorably received by Diane, I

have agreed to consider the proposal far enough to consult her with regard to it."

Yvonne looked at her mother with eyes full of compassion.

"It was even worse for you than I feared," she said, in a low tone. "I could never have imagined anything like this. But while it is plain that we must face the worst as far as the debt is concerned, you do not think it possible that Diane—"

"No," said Madame Prévost as she paused, "I can not believe it possible that Diane has given this man the warrant for his presumption which he asserts. But do you wonder that I feel degraded in my own eyes, as if I had sunk low indeed, in even considering such a proposal? Yet to refuse—that was to bring ruin upon us at once; and I was not brave enough to face that, Yvonne."

"Mamma," cried the girl, "how can you blame yourself? What else could you do? As if he did not know well—the despicable creature!—that he had to deal only with a woman helplessly in his power! Do you think he would have ventured to make such a proposal to a man? He would have known that he would have been flung out of the house—and, oh, that I had been a man to do it!"

"There are some things certainly for which men are useful," said Madame Prévost, in a faintly whimsical tone. "But let us not waste our energy in futile anger, *chérie*. Go and tell Diane that I wish to speak to her."

"Not at once, darling! Give yourself time to recover from what you have just passed through."

"On the contrary, Yvonne, I must know at once—I can not have a moment's peace until I do know—what Diane will think of this. Go and bring her quickly."

"Shall I return with her?"

"Certainly. This is no secret. It concerns us all, and every one will soon know the result."

“*Miloserdnaya.*”

SONG OF THE RUSSIAN EXILES.*

HAVE pity, have compassion, O ye fathers!
Lagging travellers we and weary;
Hopeless is our mournful chorus,
For the prison yawns before us,
High and bleak and cold and dreary,—
Have pity, have compassion, O ye fathers!

Have pity, have compassion, O ye mothers!

For Christ's dear sake, forget not
Us, whose hearts must soon be broken,
Behind portals clamped and oaken;
Slimy walls our forms enclosing,
On vile heaps of straw reposing;

Food and alms ye will regret not,—
Have pity and compassion, O ye mothers!

Have pity and compassion, O ye people!

Remember we are torn from all who love us:
From our fathers and our mothers,
From our sisters and our brothers;

Journeying on, green earth beneath, blue
sky above us;

Soon in chains and darkness to lie, weak and
weary;

Lagging travellers we, for prison walls are
dreary;

Captives, exiles, hopeless,—pity, O our
brothers!

In the Battle for Bread.

MARY LOYS' STORY.

BY T. SPARROW.

(CONTINUED.)

IF I were writing an imaginary tale, I should end in a few well-chosen paragraphs,—detailing how, after a short absence, husband and wife were reunited, and lived happily ever after. But, alas! life for most of us has no such easy sequel; and in the case of my heroine troubles had but just begun.

* Sung by prisoners while marching through villages on their way to Siberia.

Brought back from the very jaws of death by the devotion of friends, softened by the eager kindness with which the ministers of God welcomed her return to the true fold, Mary Loys was a wonderfully winsome penitent; but those who knew her best feared for her constancy when once more exposed to the scorching temptations of the foot-lights. Tom had specially expressed to me the hope that his wife might give up the play-acting, and in the first fervor of her repentance she solemnly vowed that she would.

But Bohemianism was in her very blood. Her one hope of salvation lay in her love for the baby. Her devotion to it was extreme, and her extravagant notions about what was due to it were a safety-valve for her exuberance of feeling.

“Baby must never know what I know,” she would say, nestling the black-eyed dot in her arms. “We will dedicate it to Our Lady, and it must never know even the shadow of harm.”

And as she lay and cooed to it, her eyes were so bright and her voice so soft that she looked like the Mary Loys of childish days in her best and sweetest mood. With her, as with the generality of the poor, the great difficulty was to find something that she was fit for. It is very little that they can do well; and, with no money in hand, they can not stop to choose. They must take what they can get, and push along somehow; and it is this working against the grain that drives them to such desperate deeds,—many who, but for the strain of an overwrought system, would never know the inside of the prison walls.

True to the vehemence of her Southern nature, Mary Loys pushed her good intentions to the verge of eccentricity. The moment she was strong enough to face the world once more, she made up her mind to be under obligations to no one, but to find work for herself which would not separate her from the child.

While we were endeavoring to excite

the sympathy and interest of those who could place her feet in pleasant places, Mary Loys disappeared one night without a word or sign to any one. Those who had befriended her in her time of trial were loud in their complaints of her ingratitude. The doctor, the Doss House manager, even the gentle Sister of Charity sighed and wondered whether she had any heart. But I knew better than they the workings of the hot, reckless mind of my wild little street Arab.

"Wait a while," I counselled. "In her fear that her baby might be taken from her by force and put into a refuge, she has carried it off to hide. At present it absorbs all her affections. But, in her own erratic way, she *does* care for all who were kind to her, and sooner or later she will let us know what she is doing."

My surmise was correct, but it was *later* before my words came true. In about a month I was having my evening meal when my domestic informed me that a young woman with a baby was in the hall, very anxious to see me. I surmised before she was ushered upstairs who my visitor was. And, sure enough, it was Mary Loys, who entered, looking haggard, but flushed and happy.

She had brought me a letter from Tom, which had been accompanied by some money; and her pride was intense as she displayed her baby's beauties to my admiring gaze. She was neat, but very shabby. An old shawl covered her head; and, though she tried to conceal them, I saw that her feet were bare. Her manner, too, was restless, and she was plainly ill at ease. But no human being could fail to admire the dauntless pride which made the best of her position, and studiously avoided all mention of poverty or hardship.

"I know my conduct must have looked strange," she said, in her pretty, rapid way; "but it really was the only thing to do. I can't explain, but you were all smothering me with kindness; and it

hurt me somehow, for I could never pay it back. Besides," with a sad little laugh, "I need not tell you that I can be good only in my own way. I can not help it if it is not like other people's way."

After due praise of the baby, under the influence of the warm fire and a light refection, Mary Loys brightened up wonderfully, and very soon became more like her old vivacious self.

"I am working in a laundry," she confided. "You know for anything higher they would want a reference, and" (with a quick blush) "none of you with truth could give that. Besides, you know, the labor is healthful; and if the pay is bad at best, I have this compensation—I may take baby with me, and that makes the dreariest toil easy. We are never separated day or night; are we, my wee one?"

It was pathetic to see that slim, girlish creature, wasted to a shadow, bending over her plump, cowering infant, for whom it was too evident she slaved and starved.

"Come and see me at my work," were her last words, as she carefully folded the wee mite in the shawl.

I promised and I went. With no little difficulty I penetrated the maze of dingy, squalid streets which led to the address given; and, arriving at the number indicated, I knocked at the door of a two-storied house, where the parlor casement framed the announcement that "fronts were glazed for a penny each." Soon a young woman answered my knock, and not too willingly allowed me to enter. In the narrow passage above our heads were fixed thin beams of wood at intervals; these were to hold some of the drying clothes. Beetles crawled up the dirty walls.

We went down four steps and reached the wash-house, where some half-dozen young women, Mary Loys among them, stood at old-fashioned dolly tubs. It was a scorching summer day, and a tremendous coal fire increased the virulence of the atmosphere.

This laundress worked (so Mary Loys informed me) for twenty families, and charged a shilling for a dozen articles. She had no convenience for proficiency in her art, and manufactured an ironing-board with a shutter that had been planed smooth. On fine days the clothes were dried in the yard, which was about the size of a dining-table, situated in the midst of one of the grimmest, smokiest districts of London.

I picked my way among baskets with bulging white bundles to Mary Loys, who greeted me with a faint, sickly smile. The room was low and full of a steamy heat, and the strong smell of the disinfectant soap was both noxious and overpowering. There was no covering to the windows; and, the room being half-underground, the glaring sun poured in on their unprotected heads. Sweat was pouring down the faces of the delicate ones, and now and then they wiped their faces with their moist bibs. Conversation there was little, gossip there was none; it took all their strength thus to toil for fourteen hours a day. And for such patient work to get such starveling pay! Like very beasts of burden they strained from dawn till dark, with aching arms and panting breath, in the close, tainted air of saturated boiled linen. No wonder the muscles stood out on the young girls' arms, while the veins on the necks of the older women suggested knotted twine. No wonder their complexions had the clean look which comes from inhaling soapsuds; and no wonder that consumption played havoc among them, when such foul air and incessant labor brought scarce better than bread.

How little people understand the temptations of working girls! My heart ached for pretty Mary Loys, when I remembered the freedom of her happy childhood and the *abandon* of her later days. Now I grasped the cause of her transparent color and feverish eyes. Disease was beginning its deadly work, and would she stand

constant under the trial? Yes, I verily believe she would have done so for the sake of her child if a cruel and unjust persecution had not overthrown her balance.

It was the custom of her establishment, if things were lost or injured, to try and lay the blame on one individual and make her responsible for the damage. It happened that a skirt with some costly lace upon it was lost, and, somehow or other, Mary Loys was connected with its disappearance. The suspicion could not be proved, but she remained under a cloud, and sullenly went about her work, too proud, too wretched to sensibly live it down. Then some miserable busybody who owed her a grudge made it her duty to rake up Mary Loys' antecedents, and before long the secret of her past was common property among them.

Taunted with her early theft, hers was not the character to bear it well; and, after a stormy fire of words, she flung herself out of the place—or was sent away, it matters little which,—the fact remained: once more she was houseless and homeless, and this time with a baby to protect. That terrible warp in her nature, proceeding from pride or mistrust, which made her shrink from her friends when she needed them most, prevented her from acquainting us with her new trouble; and the poor creature paced the streets, clasping her hungry babe to her breast, savagely resenting her unhappy lot.

Accidentally—or shall I say providentially?—her steps strayed in the direction of Holborn; and, almost without being aware of what she did, she found herself in the Italian church, connected, as she had so often been told by the priest who attended her dying mother, with that fond mother's prayers for her. Yielding to her grief, she threw herself at the feet of Our Lady's statue and prayed aloud:

"Dear Mother Mary, too well I know my weakness, and how hard I find it to be good. I am sick, I am hungry; I fead

for my sweet child. I am driven to despair, and do something I must; but save me, help me, protect me in spite of myself."

With the tears still streaming down her cheeks, she turned once more into the cold, pitiless street, and had not gone far before she came face to face with a man who had sung where she had danced. He knew her in spite of her wan cheeks and poverty-stricken appearance. He stopped, for a moment and insisted on knowing half her tale. The other half he guessed, and told her, if she cared to go back to her old work, he was sure she would be taken on at —, naming a low and disreputable music hall.

"I am there myself," he said. "In these bad times, how are we to choose? Accept this—" putting half a sovereign into her hand,—“and take my advice and try.”

She wearily assented. The time had passed for struggling,—it was bread for her babe; and accordingly she presented herself next day at the stage entrance. After a little haggling as to price, which was lowered on account of her altered looks, she was taken on, and for the first time was obliged to leave her baby in the charge of strangers. This fact distressed her unaccountably; and, full of misgiving, she arrived at the music hall at the time appointed.

"It is not my fault," she muttered, recklessly. "Our Lady won't listen to my prayers."

The lights, the beautiful dresses, the sparkling jewels, however, raised her mercurial spirit; and when a companion warned her to avoid the trap-door in the centre of the floor of the stage, she replied, with a touch of former vivacity:

"I am an experienced hand at this work; don't trouble about me."

Indeed the charm of her childhood had not departed, and the audience were loud in their applause. Carried away by their plaudits, she forgot the warning, skimmed lightly over the treacherous

boards,—but not so lightly that the spring acted to her touch, and she fell a great depth beneath, among planks and *débris* of bricks and mortar.

There was a hushed tremor of awe among the spectators; and, though the rest of the programme was carried through, not one left the building before the manager announced the doctor's verdict:

"Not killed, but deformed for life."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Life's Labyrinth.

XXIII.—A PAINFUL DUTY.

LADY MARKHAM had hardly left the castle when a telegram arrived from Lady Alicia Cliffbourne, which Lord Kingscourt answered at once. This was followed next day by a letter, which had crossed that of Mrs. Ingestre on the road. In going downstairs Lady Cliffbourne had wrenched her ankle, and the doctor would not allow her to move for a few days. From that time letters were interchanged daily, as Lady Cliffbourne felt extremely anxious about the Marquis, who was slowly recovering. Lord Kingscourt was now permitted to visit him. Though not yet able to leave his room, he was impatient of confinement.

The health of Constance began to give way under the suspense; but, owing to the tender care of Mathews, the solicitude of Mrs. Ingestre, who could not understand the cause of it, or of the anxiety of Lord Kingscourt, she contrived to keep on her feet. He was waiting to hear from her father before taking further action.

On the fifth day a long letter came from Lord Stratford. It was addressed to Lord Kingscourt, but he and Constance read it together. The strange and sudden turn affairs had taken Lord Stratford could as yet scarcely realize. But his letter was full of praise for his noble girl,

and for him who had been her counsellor and aid. At the close he announced his immediate departure for England. Giving the address of a quiet hotel where they might confer together, he asked the Earl to meet him in London, promising to telegraph him upon his arrival.

On the receipt of this information, Constance felt it almost impossible to preserve a calm exterior. Restless and nervous, she roamed from nook to nook of the old garden, sometimes accompanied by Lord Kingscourt, but more often alone.

Meantime the Earl had a very disagreeable duty to perform, which he thought it best to defer until everything was in readiness for action. Two more days passed. He was resting in his bedroom when a telegram arrived, which read:

"Reached London this morning. Come as soon as possible."

"S."

Having communicated the news to Constance, he said:

"I shall take the first train in the morning. But before I go it will be necessary to have an interview with the Marquis. He is well enough to bear ill news—or what will be to *him* ill news,—yet it seems an ungrateful task on my part. However, there is no alternative; although it is the most painful prospect I have ever contemplated. Pray for me, my darling, with all your heart."

"You may depend on it that I shall," she replied. "I only wish I could save you this unpleasant task."

"Ingestre is not a sensitive man," said the Earl, thoughtfully. "I fancy he will soon be well over it; and he escapes easily. Looking at it from that point of view, I feel an access of courage. And, feeling thus, I believe I will go at once and rid myself of the burthen."

The Earl found Lord Ingestre chafing under the restraint of the sick-room. After a few casual remarks, Lord Kingscourt said abruptly:

"I am not a diplomatist, Ingestre. There

is something I have to tell you, which now that you are strong enough to hear it, you may as well learn at once. Nadand is dead: he lived but a couple of hours after the shooting."

"What!" cried Lord Ingestre, springing to his feet and turning very pale. "Why have I been kept in ignorance of this? Surely there was no reason why the death of my valet, faithful though he may have been, should have been kept from me."

"There *were* reasons," said the Earl,—
"grave reasons. There are many reasons which you will hear in due time. I dislike to have to perform this business, Roland; but it must be done. And later you will not feel bitterly toward me, whatever may be your sentiments now. Read this, and after you have finished I will enlighten you further."

As Lord Ingestre took the paper from the hand of the Earl, he sank back in his chair. Lord Kingscourt turned to the window. When the Marquis had finished reading the confession he buried his face in his hands, remaining thus for some time.

"Kingscourt," he said at length, "this is terrible; but it is the hallucination of a dying man. I am the more inclined to this opinion as it is plain that the relative of the late Marquis referred to in the paper can be no other than myself. Now, you know the story is absurd on the face of it, and may not that of the murder be equally so? Nadand's wound was in the head: it probably had the effect of depriving him of his reason. I can not believe he murdered the Marquis, any more than I do not think it worth while utterly to deny his accusation with regard to myself. The man was mad—simply mad."

Then it was that the Earl, taking a seat beside Lord Ingestre, related, as corroborative of Nadand's confession concerning the diamonds, the conversation overheard by Constance and the housekeeper, which the former had related to him before the tragedy.

Lord Ingestre listened in silence, his head drooped upon his breast. When the Earl had finished his account of the underground adventure, Lord Ingestre arose and began to walk about the room.

"Kingscourt," he said, "there is something behind all this. *Who* is that girl and what was her motive? What did *she* know of the Mountheron tragedy, and why should she have connected me with *that*,—even admitting, which I will not, that the story of the diamonds be true? What, I ask you, was her motive? By what was she actuated? What did she hope to gain?"

"By filial love, to rehabilitate a wrecked life," answered the Earl, looking at him intently.

The Marquis stared a moment, then said:

"I do not understand you. I confess you are an enigma this morning." Then, once more throwing himself in his chair, he said, with genuine emotion: "If it be true, Stratford—poor Stratford—God knows I would restore you to life and honor if I could. But it is too late—too late. Alfred, I am a most unhappy man."

"It is *not* too late, Ingestre," replied the Earl, rising and placing his hand on the shoulder of Lord Ingestre.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Marquis, excitedly. "For God's sake, Kingscourt, tell me what you mean!"

"That she whom you have known as Miss Strange is your cousin, Ingestre; and that Lord Stratford is alive, and even now in London, where I expect to meet him to-morrow."

The Marquis leaned back in his chair, his face of a deathly pallor.

"Thank God!" he murmured, in a husky voice. "I am not as deeply dyed a villain as you thought, Kingscourt. Now leave me. I must be alone."

Without a word—for he could not speak,—but clasping the hand of the Marquis with a pressure that was truly sincere, the Earl arose and left the room.

XXIV.—SUSPENSE AND JOY.

Early on the following morning, after taking leave of Constance, who sent a thousand tender messages to her father, Lord Kingscourt started for London. About ten o'clock Mrs. Ingestre sent for Constance, who saw at once, from the expression of her face, that something had occurred.

"Sit down, Miss Strange," she said, in a low, sad voice. "I have just heard some very disagreeable news, and feel that I must have your companionship. You are so sympathetic, and I can never bear disappointment or sorrow alone. I am confronting both this morning."

"My sympathy is yours," replied Constance, "whether you choose to confide in me or not. But perhaps I may be able to render you some assistance."

"No," said Mrs. Ingestre, sadly: "you can do nothing. Were it not that in every other respect my brother-in-law is sane, as I know from his conversation on subjects foreign to that which has distressed me, I would say that his recent accident has turned his head. Yesterday evening he first learned of the death of Nadand from Lord Kingscourt, and on that seems to hinge the strange resolve which he communicated to me this morning. I can not understand why the death of that poor man should have so affected him."

"It may be something else," suggested Constance, to whom it was not difficult to surmise the true cause of Lord Ingestre's resolution, whatever it might have been.

"No," replied Mrs. Ingestre. "He said that Nadand had undone him, and that he was not sorry; after which he disclosed his plans. I fear there is something wrong with his brain. Miss Strange, the more I think of it, the more I fear it. Fancy his leaving England and going out to the United States for an indefinite time! That is what he is about to do. Meanwhile Mountheron is left without a master, and I without a home. At my time of life

you know, one does not like to change; and I had become so used to being here, and to depend on Roland, that it upsets me altogether. Besides, I feel that the step is ill-advised on his part."

"I am very sorry on your account," said Constance. "And yet I think the life here must have been a lonely one for you; dear Mrs. Ingestre. If you could see more company and have more diversion, I believe your health would improve."

"That may be so," remarked Mrs. Ingestre. "I am not without means, and Roland has promised still further to provide for me. Indeed one would think, to have heard him this morning, that he was contemplating a perpetual absence. It is all so strange that I am hoping his resolution is but a passing whim, which will vanish with the return of the perfect health so habitual to him."

Constance made no reply, and after a moment Mrs. Ingestre continued:

"I have a sister in London. I will go to her for a short visit before making my final arrangements. Lord Ingestre proposes leaving Mountheron very soon."

After some further conversation, Mrs. Ingestre proposed a drive, and thus the morning passed. To the young girl the afternoon seemed interminable. A restless night ensued; and as she watched the first faint streaks of dawn in the eastern sky, she wondered how it would be possible for her to employ the hours which must elapse before the arrival of the Earl and perhaps—O blessed thought!—her father. The steward was closeted with Lord Ingestre nearly all that day. Mrs. Ingestre seemed more and more unhappy. All through the castle there was an air of uneasiness and gloom.

The ladies dined early; and after spending some time in the chapel, whither Mathews accompanied her, Constance went to her own room. She knew that a train arrived at ten, and resolved to remain up, hoping that Lord Kingscourt would come.

About eleven she heard the sound of wheels, and, throwing up her window, saw a fly from the village stop at the side door of the castle. Two gentlemen alighted. It was with difficulty that she restrained herself from rushing downstairs; but her soul had been schooled to patience and prudence, and she sat for some time longer, waiting, her heart full of hope and expectation. Ten minutes elapsed. There was a gentle knock at the door. She flew to open it. Mathews stood outside, her hands trembling, her eyes streaming. "Come!" she said, seizing the cold hand of the young girl. Without a word, Constance followed her. When they had reached the housekeeper's sitting-room, the old woman threw open the door. Standing near the fireplace, opposite the door, with his arms outstretched to welcome her, was her father.

"Father!" she cried,— "dear father!" and sank fainting in that fond embrace.

But youth is strong, and hearts seldom break from joy. It was not long before Constance was sitting beside her father, her head upon his shoulder, his arm around her, while they discussed again and again the marvellous events that had once more reunited them.

The Earl had discreetly retired for a time; but on the stroke of midnight he reappeared, followed by Mrs. Mathews, whose agitation was so great that she was unable to control her joyful tears.

"It is time for bed," observed Lord Kingscourt. "We must be circumspect to-night. Besides, the opening and shutting of doors may alarm the servants."

"And what are you going to do with papa, Mathews?" asked Constance.

"He will sleep in my dressing-room to-night," answered the Earl. "It is not desirable that his presence here should be known until to-morrow, at least. In the morning there will be an interview with Ingestre, and then—"

"Your mother is at Cliffbourne, my

child," said Lord Stratford. "She travelled from London in the train with us, though I did not see her."

"And how long must it be before she hears all?" asked Constance, eagerly.

"Only until to-morrow," rejoined the Earl. "I saw and spoke with her this afternoon. She asked me to request Mrs. Ingestre to allow you to go over in the morning. She had intended coming to Mountheron, if Roland was very bad; although she dreaded the visit. But as I gave a favorable account of him, she decided not to do so."

"And who will tell her?" inquired Constance. "How can I continue the deception any longer? Oh, let me tell her, papa!"

"That is what we have decided," said Lord Stratford, in a voice scarcely audible through excess of emotion. "It is your right; but, O my darling! guard your feelings well. Be my own brave, self-controlled Constance for yet a while."

"Trust me, papa," she replied. "God will help me to do it well. I shall not be precipitate,—I shall not alarm her,—trust me."

"I have no fear," said Lord Stratford. "You do all things well, my darling! Now go, dear one! You need repose. It will be best that we do not meet again in the morning—at Mountheron. Kingscourt will arrange for the rest."

After many blessings and caresses, the father and daughter separated; and Constance returned to her own room, where she soon found deep and dreamless rest.

Mathews was early astir, but found her young mistress ready for departure. She was impatient now of every moment that kept her from her mother's side. After taking leave of Mrs. Ingestre, who was ill in bed, she had a short interview with Lord Kingscourt, who proposed a line of action which she thought it would be well to follow. As soon as the carriage was brought round, she took her departure,

after many tearful embraces from Mrs. Mathews, who could not bear to see her go, even for a short time.

As soon as Constance had gone the Earl went to Lord Ingestre's room, where he remained some time. Returning to his own apartments, he issued thence a few moments later, accompanied by Lord Stratford, and once more sought those of Lord Ingestre. What took place at that interview was never revealed by either Lord Stratford or his companion. A week later Roland Ingestre departed for America, from whence he never returned.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Recent Marvel at Ars.

THE Brothers of the Holy Family have been teaching in Ars since 1849. Brought thither by M. Vianney himself to look after the elementary education of the children of the parish, they yielded to the urgent solicitation of the people and established a boarding-school. Of late years this school has developed to an extent that would warrant its being called, on this side of the Atlantic, a college. The wondrous favor which we purpose recounting—a favor granted to a student of this establishment through the intercession of the Venerable Curé of Ars—furnishes an undeniable proof that its saintly founder still continues from his celestial home to watch affectionately over the interests of the school.

Claudius Odéon is a boy of thirteen, son of a stone-cutter of St.-Maurice-de-Rotherens, Savoy. Having already spent a year at the Ars boarding-school, he re-entered, after the summer holidays, on the 2d of last October. At that period he had every appearance of enjoying the robust health and vigor of the typical mountain youth.

Toward the end of October, however,

he began to suffer from pains in the stomach. At first it was thought that the boy had merely a slight indisposition, which would readily yield to a few days' care; but, as his suffering increased, the Brother Director became alarmed, and on the 24th of October took Claudius to see a physician in Villefranche. Deceived by the insidious progress of the disease, the doctor pronounced it a case of constipation, and prescribed sulphate of magnesia. From the readiness with which the physician diagnosed the case, and the relief afforded by his remedy, it was natural to conclude that the diagnosis was correct, and that Claudius was practically cured. The illusion, however, was brief. On the afternoon of the 25th, while the boy was accompanying a number of his companions on a short promenade, his sufferings recommenced; and, returning to the school with much difficulty, he went to bed. During the whole night (the last he spent in the common dormitory) and all the next morning his pains grew hourly more violent, nor could they be assuaged by any treatment which the Brothers could propose. Pity as well as prudence impelled the Director to pay another visit to Villefranche, and accordingly that afternoon he again took his pupil to the town.

Instead of returning to the doctor first consulted, he went this time to Dr. H., formerly internal physician of the Lyons hospitals. The sick boy underwent a thorough examination, and the result was that the Doctor recognized the presence of appendicitis. The case appeared so clear that he did not hesitate to consign his diagnosis to writing while making out his prescription.

The preoccupied air of the physician, and the critical care with which he prolonged his investigations, banished the Brother's hopes of learning that the case was not really serious. Had he entertained such hopes, they would at any rate have

been dispelled a few moments later, when Dr. H., taking him aside, said: "Watch this boy with the greatest attention. I hope to be able to arrest the disease; but if the suffering has not ceased in eight days, it will be necessary to perform an operation. Notify his parents at once."

On their return to Ars, the patient was put to bed in the infirmary, and the physician's prescriptions were carried out. They produced little effect, the pains continuing all that (Saturday) night and all the next day. Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, there suddenly began terrible spasms, which were to continue until Wednesday. The poor boy, his face all contracted with the intensity of the pain, put his hand to his side to ward off all contact, and exclaimed: "O my God, how I suffer!" These spasms lasted from two to three minutes; and, after an intermission of five minutes, began again with the same acuteness.

The night of Monday and Tuesday had been a very anxious one for the sick boy; the spasms were continuous, and so violent that it was feared he would hardly survive until morning. A few moments of comparative calm were taken advantage of on Tuesday morning to hear his confession.

Dr. H., in company with another physician, Dr. B., arrived at four on Tuesday afternoon. The condition of the patient was notably worse; the tumor had developed, and the temperature had increased considerably. The medical men saw at once how matters were; and as they had been prepared by an urgent appeal of the Brother Director, they had brought with them the instruments necessary for the operation, which, it was plain, should not be longer deferred. However, as the parents had not arrived, and the Brother shrank from the responsibility of having the operation performed, it was decided to defer it till the following day, particularly as the dusk was now gathering. The Brother had already written

twice to the parents, and now sent them an urgent telegram. The *curé* wished to administer the last Sacraments, but it was out of the question to give Holy Viaticum. The boy's stomach would retain nothing. Providence had permitted that the first letter, which left Ars on Sunday, should be missent, and in consequence it reached Claudius' home at St.-Maurice only on Tuesday—at the same time as the second one, sent on Monday. Had the letter reached Mr. Odéon on Monday, he would have been present on Tuesday at the consultation of the physicians, and at their request would have authorized the operation which the Venerable Curé of Ars had reserved for himself. Still, no one suspected the designs of God. The doctors had said that without an operation death was inevitable; with an operation, there was a chance of saving the boy's life; and both were of opinion that delay added to the danger.

Notwithstanding the various remedies prescribed by the doctors, the violent pains continued unremittingly all Tuesday night. Wednesday morning the Brother Director set out for Villefranche to meet the parents; intending, if they consented, to bring back with him Drs. H. and B. and have the operation performed at once. Mr. Odéon arrived at half-past nine; and while he agreed to the operation, requested that it be postponed until the arrival of his wife, for whom he at once telegraphed.

About eleven o'clock Canon Ball, postulator of the Cause of M. Vianney, met the Brother Director.

"How is your patient?" he inquired.

"Very poorly. I wish to apply a relic of the Venerable Curé. I was going to ask you for one."

Canon Ball immediately gave him a small piece of M. Vianney's cassock. The Brother returned to the infirmary, and prepared, with all possible precautions, to place the relic on Claudius' side.

"No, no!" said the boy; "you will hurt

me. Give it to me and I will put it on myself." And, taking the relic, he did so.

The Brother then knelt down, and, with the boy's father and the patient himself, recited an Our Father, a "Hail Mary," and the thrice-repeated invocation, "Venerable Curé of Ars, pray for us!" The effect was instantaneous, although incomplete. The violent spasms ceased and returned no more. The boy no longer cried out and his tears no longer fell; but he still experienced a deadened pain, and occasionally his features were seen to contract.

Madame Odéon arrived about half-past twelve; and, although the case was far less dangerous than a few hours before, she at once consented to the operation. Nothing remained but to send for the physicians. Before they could reach the infirmary, however, a change occurred. About one o'clock Mr. Odéon, who was sitting near the sick bed, heard a rumbling or gurgling noise proceeding from the side of the bed.

"What is that?" he asked anxiously, approaching his son.

"I don't know," replied the boy; "but I feel water running in my stomach just where the pain is."

Could it be that the much-dreaded rupture had taken place at the very time when the operation was to be undertaken? The father's doubt did not last long; for he soon saw his boy's countenance resume its natural expression, and his lips smile for the first time in days:

"I don't feel *anything at all now!*" said Claudius.

And he has felt nothing at all in the way of pain or suffering ever since. The cure was complete and radical. It astounded the physicians, who would not believe in it until they had revisited and examined the boy; but it merely confirmed the good Brothers of the Holy Family in their opinion that among the miracle-workers of heaven not the least potent is John Baptist Vianney, the Venerable Curé of Ars.

Notes and Remarks.

To lie like statistics has become a byword especially among physicians, whose experience teaches them reticence and caution. Many a skilful doctor has ruined his practice by forgetting that "it is better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so." However, making a liberal allowance for exaggeration and inaccuracy, the statistics of suicide and murder for 1895 may well be characterized as "the blackest feature of the year." The increase is out of all proportion to the natural increase of population. In 1894 there were 4,912 reported cases of suicide in the United States; in 1895 there were 5,759,—an increase of 847. In 1894 there were 9,800 murders reported, and 10,500 in 1895,—an increase of 700.

In connection with the investiture of Cardinal Satolli, we are reminded that for many years the proportion of non-Italian members of the Sacred College has been steadily increasing. Before the accession of Pius IX. an overwhelming majority of the Cardinals were Italians, the proportion being fifty-two to nine. At the accession of Leo XIII., twenty-four of the sixty-four Cardinals were of foreign birth; and after the death of Cardinal Persico, a few weeks ago, the number of Italians exactly equalled the number of non-Italians. The recent death of Cardinal Melchers, however, leaves the Italians with a majority of one.

A magnificent church in honor of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary is being built at Patras, near the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto. The edifice will serve not only as a glorious memorial of the celebrated victory due to the aid of the Blessed Virgin in 1571, but also a rallying point for the Orientals who are seeking reunion with the Church of Rome.

The essential immorality of secret societies lies in the fact that they read the great Commandment thus: Thou shalt love Freemasons as thyself. They are also hostile to

faith; on this ground principally the Church has condemned them. That the secular arm has equally good cause to smite them, however, is shown by an incident of recent occurrence in Hartford, Conn. It seems that a leading Mason, Dr. Griswold, was convicted of arson, and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years. The principal witness against him was another Mason, Dr. Johnson. Here was treason against the order; and the offending brother was expelled from his lodge, and deprived of all the rights and privileges of Masonry, because he swore to the truth. We extend our sympathy to Dr. Johnson, but his expulsion may have the good effect of opening the eyes of a few Americans to the dangerous character of Freemasonry. *The Hartford Courant*, apparently a little staggered, asks: "Is it possible that there are reputable citizens of Hartford who believe that any lawful organization can compel a man to conceal his knowledge of a crime that threatens the whole community, to save a man from the punishment that the law prescribes for such an offence?"

The publication of Signor Nitti's study of "Catholic Socialism" furnishes the Rev. William Barry, D. D., with a peg on which to hang some useful suggestions. Dr. Barry asks why this work was not written by a Catholic, and then answers: "Because our laymen have had no university or other training that would fit them for the task; and the clergy who might accomplish it have not the means or the leisure." Hence arises a certain unconscious misrepresentation of Catholics in this work, beginning with the title itself. "Socialism," says Dr. Barry, "is not simply any doctrine which gives the community power to deal with the property of individuals in some measure. If the State is to exist at all, it must have the privilege of taxing; and, in order to fulfil its duties in war and peace, it can not be denied a certain overlordship, or eminent domain, in respect to lands, highways, means of transit, and so on. Furthermore, it is not Socialism which allows, or rather would compel, the State to annul fraudulent contracts, to protect children, women and minors against unjust dealing or chicanery; and to decide, when

called on to do so in a court of law, whether a bargain is fair. Neither are factory acts Socialism, nor sanitation laws, nor the regulation of the liquor traffic. No system, in brief, is Socialism which does not practically or altogether suppress *private capital*. If it goes still further and aims at suppressing *private property*, it is Communism. Granting these definitions, no Catholic is a Socialist, or can be such."

Coming from the *Italia*, which has always upheld the cause of United Italy, the following is noteworthy: "It is not merely the material life of Rome that is unfortunately reduced to the worst conditions, but also the moral and intellectual life. It is the gradual and most lamentable decadence of Rome, capital of Italy. Nominally, it is still the capital; in reality, it (the Vatican excepted) is sinking little by little to the level of a second-rate city. It is painful to say and write this; but one can not always remain silent, at the risk of seeing the disease grow dangerous and become incurable."

To which it may be added that, were it not for the Vatican, Rome would long ago have dropped to the rank of not a second but a third-class city.

The business of writing text-books of theology for the Anglican communion is no sinecure. This church, which we are assured has lived on uninterruptedly since apostolic times, finds itself at this late day without a settled system of theology. Heretofore Anglican theologians have worried along by merely marking a few "errata" in the Catholic text-books; but the necessity for this makeshift exists no longer, since a writer in *The Catholic Champion* (Anglican) has adopted the following method of procedure:

The survival of a doctrine, for example, in the Church of Rome alone, while such doctrine is, and always has been, rejected by the venerable churches of the East, is no proof of its being "fit" at all. But the survival of a doctrine both in the East and in Rome, despite their breach, is so strong a proof of its fitness that nothing short of the direct revelation of Almighty God to the contrary would seem to be sufficient to overthrow its authority. In investigating, therefore, any theological point, the first question to be asked by the student is, What

does the Church of Rome, the largest and most learned part of the Church to-day, teach thereon? The second question will be as to whether the churches of the East agree with the Church of Rome in their teaching on the subject. And then, thirdly, the question will be, What have our own divines taught since the Reformation? This last question can be one only of archaeological interest; since if they have agreed with the rest of the Church, they have been right, and we bless God for it; but if they have taught differently, then, of course, they have been in error, and their error we should try to correct.

This is an ingenious way of disposing of the Pope, but Father Ritchie will admit that the infallibility of a headless church is not easy to determine. There was one for whom Christ prayed that his faith might not fail; and that, being once converted, he should confirm his brethren. Christ prayed also that His followers might be one. The true Church, then, must have the note of unity. If it could be divided as Father Ritchie divides it, it would cease to be one, and consequently be a witness against itself.

The progress of Catholicity in Denmark may be judged from the following statistics: In 1860 the whole kingdom contained only 800 Catholics, attending 2 churches and served by 5 priests. At present the faithful number about 6,000, with 20 churches, 36 priests, and 170 nuns devoted to educational and hospital work. On an average 200 Danish Protestants enter the Catholic fold every year; and while the converts come, as a rule, from the humbler classes, quite a number of the Danish aristocracy have also made their submission to the mother Church. More than half the priests in the country are Jesuit missionaries,—a circumstance that promises well for the still further evangelization of the Danes.

The project of holding a Congress of Religions at Paris in 1900 is not meeting with much favor from the ecclesiastical authorities, as is quite intelligible in view of the Pope's recent reference to such questionable gatherings.

Our Episcopalian brethren in Philadelphia celebrated the silver jubilee of the dedication

of their "Church of the Annunciation" with such pomp and circumstance of ritual as would bewilder a master of ceremonies fresh from Rome. The altars were gorgeous with flowers and candles; and the rector, assisted by deacon and subdeacon, celebrated Solemn High Communion Service, the officiating choir singing Mozart's Seventh Mass. Canon Knowles (a "big gun" in the Episcopal church) preached an eloquent sermon on the text: "Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed!" His discourse evinced fervor of considerable altitude and a genuine love for the Blessed Virgin. He concluded with these words: "I know of no more touching salutation than the one of Gabriel to the Mother of God; none which so unites earth and heaven; none which so links together the seen and the unseen now and at the hour of our death. How beautiful the threefold Angelus—morning, noon and night,—with recital of the mystery of the Incarnation, with its invocation of her whom all generations shall hail as blessed! Such art thou, Holy Mother, the Queen of Heaven, in the Creed and in the worship of the church,—the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion.... O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still, as thou hast led us in the past, through the dark night, across the bleak wilderness, on to the home of thy dear Son! Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

A man of remarkable piety and learning was the venerable Father Cleary, of Milwood, Mo. Before his ordination, which took place when he was almost fifty years old, he had been a distinguished professor in a Southern university. It is seldom that such a man makes the ideal parish priest, but Father Cleary was a model one. His rare knowledge of mathematics and the classics in nowise hindered his patient devotion to the poor, whom he loved so jealously as almost to prejudice him against the rich. Father Cleary died at the age of eighty-three; and until

the last year of his life, says *The Western Watchman*, "when he recited the Divine Office he knelt in the middle of his room, holding the Breviary high before his eyes, unsupported by rest or *prie-dieu*; repeating the psalms, lessons, hymns and prayers as one oblivious of earthly surroundings, and wholly engrossed in communion with God." *R. I. P.*

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. John M. Maurice, of Mt. Read, N. Y.; the Very Rev. Father Fitzsimmons, Camden, N. J.; the Rev. Edward Henchy, Queenstown, Md.; the Rev. John J. Hughes, Spring Valley, N. Y.; and the Rev. Thomas Kirby, San Francisco, Cal., who died some time ago.

Sister M. Bernardine and Sister M. Teresita, St. Joseph's Convent, Troy, N. Y.; Sister Regina, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Giovanetta, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Martin Pulchier, who met with a sudden death on the 31st ult., at Griener, Mich.

Mr. Michael Shelly, of New Orleans, La., who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 19th ult.

Mrs. Ellen Ford, whose happy death took place on the 21st ult., in New York city.

Mr. P. H. McCullagh, of the same place, who died a holy death on the 13th ult.

Mr. Stephen A. and Clarence B. Vetler, Mr. W. J. Martin, Mr. John B. Eyth, and Mr. Henry B. Casey,—all of Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Sarah A. Purcell, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Julia Sullivan, Hollister, Cal.; Mr. Bernard McQuade, David S. Coleman, Mr. Daniel Leddy, Miss Margaret Finneran, Mrs. Sarah Egan, Mr. James and John Delahunty, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Patrick Reardon, Derby, Conn.; Mr. James Sweeney, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Thomas Boland, San Antonio, Fla.; Mrs. Bridget Burns and Mr. David Kelly, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. John Harrington, Waltham, Mass.; Miss Nora Murphy, Ireland; Mrs. Eliza Malone, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. James McGuinness, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Ellen Gallagher, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas O'Herin and Mrs. Ellen O'Herin, Attica, N. Y.; Mr. John Williams, Montreal, Canada; Dr. M. A. Cremin, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Hugh Smith, Perth Amboy, N. J.; and Mr. Edward Vogler, Wheeling, W. Va.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

An Egyptian Legend.

THE cloud-woven shadows of even
Were casting a mantle of gray
Across the bleak sands of the desert;
Afar in the distance there lay
The misty blue line of the mountains,
Just tipped with the evening-star's ray.

The winds seemed to wake with the nightfall,
Then trembled away with a sigh,
That stirred into music the rushes
Which sang to a spring bubbling nigh.
Did Nature behold Mary's Infant,
And whisper a soft lullaby?

For close in the arms of His Mother
Slept Jesus, while Joseph stood near,
His heart full of love and of worship,
When lo! a soft footfall they hear;
And, startled, the group gather closer,
While into the shadows they peer.

A woman approached, and, low bowing,
"Good strangers, I greet you," she said,
"And offer to share my poor comforts:
A storm seems to hover o'erhead;
My tent is beyond in the darkness,—
A welcome, some wine and some bread."

She led them along in the grayness,
Till soon in a warm, lighted tent
They rested secure, for fears vanished;
Then over an infant she bent,
And sighed as she said: "He is dying,
The son that great Allah has sent."

The tenderest love of a mother
Was stirred at the sight of the child,
And Mary looked into a spirit
By grief and by love rendered wild;
For Egypt had banished the mother,
Whose babe was a leper defiled.

At morn ere they left on their journey,
Sweet Mary said, softly and low:
"Thy son do thou bathe in the water
That over my Infant did flow;
And then do thou seek the Messiah,
Thro' whom thou shalt happiness know."

A hope in the dark eyes was kindled;
Her trembling hand eagerly poured
Upon her child's limbs the ablation,—
Her treasure, her son, was restored!
And faith touched the eyes of her spirit:
She worshipped her Saviour, her Lord.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

III.—THE FATE OF LITTLE ANNIE.



LEARNED to read when I
was four and a half years old.
My mother had learned at
four, and thought me very
backward because it took me
a week to master the alphabet. But that
accomplished, I soon redeemed myself, and
made excellent progress in a quaint, old-
fashioned First Reader. This was very
soon discarded, however, for a small Bible
History; the pictures in which, even at
that early age, struck me as irreverent,
because I always had an irresistible desire
to laugh when I looked at them. For
instance, Adam and Eve, of immense
size, were represented as standing beside
an apple-tree which did not reach to their
shoulders. I remarked to my mother that
I thought the picture badly done.

"Yes," she replied; "but in those days people were much larger than now."

"But, mamma," I rejoined, "they never could have been taller than the trees. God would have known better than to have made them so."

My sentiments toward Eve for having eaten the forbidden fruit were rather of pity than anger; though I had nothing except contempt for Adam, who laid the blame of his disobedience upon Mrs. Adam. So intense was it that when an old friend of my mother, passing through our town, made us a visit of a few days, I found it difficult to feel kindly toward her little boy, just a year older than myself, because he bore the name of Adam. His bright red hair, bullet head, pug-nose, freckled face, and small, twinkling eyes of a pale and watery grey, may have had something to do with the aversion I felt for him; but I think the name was responsible for it at the beginning. Subsequent events proved that, whatever the cause, my aversion was well founded. But I am anticipating: my experience with Adam Waterman comes later.

It may seem incredible to my young readers, but it is a fact that when I had once begun to read Bible History—two weeks after I had learned the alphabet,—I was able to read anything that came into my hands, and to spell difficult words without ever having studied them. At the end of a month I began "The Old Curiosity Shop," which was to me as real as my own life. Poor little Nell, dear little Nell! How I longed for some one to watch over her and comfort her as she lay in her narrow cot, alone in the gloomy shop, while her grandfather went abroad in the pursuit of his nightly avocation, the nature of which I could not then understand!

"But Nell was not afraid," my mother would say, in response to my sympathetic plaint. "She had no thought of fear. It was as natural to her to sleep there in

that old shop alone as it is for you to lie upstairs in your own little alcove."

"But, mamma," I would reply, "you and papa are downstairs,—I can hear you talking; or you are in your own room, close to mine. I am not alone as she was. I *wish* some one would know of it and take care of her."

"Sylvia," my mother would continue, "it is only a story,—a story manufactured out of the brain of a very clever man; but, always remember, *only a story*."

Then I would answer nothing, but in my heart of hearts I felt it to be real. I could hear the clang of the door, the turning of the key in the lock of the old curiosity shop as they left it to set out upon their wanderings; and I was rejoiced to know that "the child" was going out among the green trees, far from the noise and buzz of the town, away from the loneliness and desolation of her strange abode. I walked with them many a devious way, sat with them beside pleasant brooks and under shadowy, drooping boughs,—weeping and grieving the while for the sweet child, whom I saw growing paler, thinner, and more halting in her wandering path as the days went by. I knew passages of the book by heart,—learned, because I could not help it, from reading them over and over. At last, after I had become almost sick from the constant repetition of the saddest and most harrowing scenes of the story, my mother judiciously put the volume on the highest shelf of the book-case, where it lay for two or three years. When she gave it to me again to read I was eight years old; and, though I had by that time learned to realize that it was only a story, I reperused it with the same sorrowful pleasure as of yore.

Bryant's poems were the first that came under my hand. My mother had been in the habit of repeating verses to me from my infancy. With Scott and Moore and Percy's "Reliques," fragments from Keats and Shakespeare, I had been familiar ever

since I could speak. But Bryant's poems were the first I ever read, and I have never forgotten the exquisite pleasure it gave me to feel the rhythm and rhyme transferred from the printed page to my own lips.

My father had a large and miscellaneous library, well selected,—consisting principally of the poets, the British essayists, several excellent Catholic histories, many biographies of distinguished men and women, and a number of good novels. There was no trash there. What a blessing it would be to the children of to-day if there were more household and fewer public libraries, more fireside living and less of going abroad!

In the garden there was an old apple-tree with a crooked limb, which I called my side-saddle. My father had made me a ladder, with broad, flat rungs, by which I could ascend and descend. What a delight, when the duties of the day were done, to climb to my perch, and fancy myself riding to all sorts of places, on all kinds of errands! After I had learned to read, it was my favorite cozy spot, where I could lose myself in my books.

One day, while seated in my tree, I heard the gate open, and, stooping down, saw Father C—— leading a little child by the hand. It was Annie, who had been lost a short time before! Without more ado, I hastily scrambled down and went to meet them.

"Oh, how do you do, Father!" I said. "Where did you find Annie?"

"Do you know her, Sylvia?" he asked, wonderingly. "I am just coming to ask your mother to keep her for a few days, until something can be done for her."

Annie smiled shyly and held out her little hand. I took it, and we walked up to the house, Father C—— holding my other hand.

"Where is her mother?" I asked. "If Annie has run away again, I can find her home. She was lost before, and we took her back, Father."

"She has no longer any home, poor child!" said the kind priest. "But your mother will contrive something, I know; she always does."

The child looked up at him; I saw that she had been crying. She appeared to take comfort from what he said.

We had now reached the porch. My mother was sitting in the hall, sewing. She arose to greet the priest.

"Sylvia dear," he said, "I think you and little Annie had better run away and play a while. I want to speak to your mother privately."

I went away, leading the child by the hand. It was not hard to amuse her, yet she looked pale and sad. Her clothes were clean and neat as before, though the little bronze shoes were considerably the worse for wear. Some time later I saw Father C—— going away. Presently my mother came into the garden. Taking the child's hand, she pressed it in her own.

"Annie," she said, kindly, "how will you like to stay with us a few days?"

"Much," answered Annie, briefly.

"And you, Sylvia, will do all you can to make her happy," said my mother. "It will be pleasant for you also, as you have never had a playmate. Annie's father and mother have gone away."

Annie remained with us for nearly a week. She was a nice little thing, docile and gentle, though not very bright; still, I enjoyed having her for a companion. My mother taught her to say the "Hail Mary" and to make the Sign of the Cross. She slept in the cook's room, on a little canvas cot.

One morning Father C—— drove up in a carriage. Annie was made ready, and, accompanied by my mother, they rode away. I felt very lonely without my little playmate, and was entirely ignorant of her destination; however, as my mother had not volunteered any information on the subject, I asked no questions. But I knew, that there was some mystery connected

with the affair, and could not help wondering what it might be. As I sat, a few moments later, sewing on my patchwork, I heard Helen's voice calling me from the kitchen.

"Come away out to me, Sylvia!" she said. "Do your bit of a seam here beside the table while I make the pies. You'll be lonesome without the little one," she went on, when I had taken my seat near the table; "yet I had a strange feeling about the child from the time she came into the house. God forgive me for it, but I'd be that loth sometimes to touch her when I'd be dressing her,—thinking of what hands had been about her."

"What do you mean, Helen?" I asked. "Why should you not like to touch poor little Annie?"

"In regard of what her father and mother were," answered Helen,—“more especially the father; though the mother was as bad, it seems to me, even if he did force her to it. The man was never born that could force *me* to do that.”

"Oh, what did they do, Helen dear?" I exclaimed, laying down my patchwork and looking eagerly into her face.

"And didn't your mother tell you all about it?" asked Helen, in surprise. "I'll engage it was not to frighten you if she didn't, and maybe not to turn you again the poor little thing while she'd be in the house." Then, looking mysteriously about her, as though afraid of unseen listeners, and lowering her voice almost to a whisper, she leaned over, saying: "He was a *resurrection man*, Sylvia darling,—a resurrection man. Oh, but it's terrible to think of it!"

"And what is that, Helen?" I persisted, not in the least awed by her solemnity.

"Maybe I did wrong, child dear, to mention it," she replied. "I might have known you wouldn't understand what it was. I'll tell it to you as easy as I can. Don't be frightened, but 'tis one of them

villains that steals dead bodies from the graves and sells them to the doctors."

"And why do they do that?" I asked, in amazement.

"I don't know, unless for wickedness: to cut them up for medicines, I'm told," continued Helen. "This one was a villain out and out, with his fine horse and buggy, and he and his wife going out riding in it nights when the neighbors would be in bed. That made them be suspected when the bodies were taken."

Once launched on the subject, Helen entered into the fullest details, the horror of which I will spare my readers, but which I can remember distinctly.

When my mother returned from the orphan asylum to which she had taken Annie, she was greatly displeased with Helen for having told me the revolting particulars of the occupation, arrest and imprisonment of "Old Burney" and his wife, who had lived in several different places, and had long been suspected of the crime for which they were now in the penitentiary. Father C—— had been in the court-room during the trial, and offered to take temporary charge of the little girl, as she was utterly friendless. He had hoped that my mother would have kept her as a companion for me. I learned afterward that my father and mother had thought it best not to incur any responsibility for the child of such parents. Subsequent events proved they were right; for although Annie remained under the teachings and example of the Sisters of Charity until she was fifteen years of age, soon after leaving the asylum she became a very wicked girl.

For the time being, while the events were yet fresh in my mind, I thought Annie a greater object of sympathy than little Nell of the old curiosity shop; for I reasoned that the fate of the latter, hard as it had always seemed to me, was by far preferable.

Grandma, Her Day and Her Story.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

II.

Still fresh and beautiful are the wreaths in many windows. And what a pretty idea it is to hang them there, wishing a "Happy Christmas" to every passer-by! Our Christmas was indeed a happy one. What with anticipating, realizing, giving and receiving, we have been so busy the last few weeks that we hardly know what we have, who or where we are. Even grandma glanced up smiling from her writing this morning.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I've dated my letter ninety-five! Dear! dear! what a vaulter and tumbler the last figure of the year is, anyway! If you look away a minute, the little acrobat has turned another somersault, it seems. Here he is standing on his head now as a 'six'; the next thing he'll be on his feet again as a 'nine.' I'm sorry to run my pen through him, he was such a blessed year for us."

"He was, surely," answered Mary. "And that reminds me I haven't yet written to thank Mrs. Roberts for that beautiful calendar she sent me, with the hope I'd find happy days enough in it to fill the whole year. I'll run up and do it now."

"Run, dear!" said grandma, gaily. "We can't be too prompt returning thanks. Remember the Spanish advice: 'A ready foot to render service to others. A ready tongue to acknowledge services rendered to ourselves.' Say all you can. Like all invalids, she enjoys long letters; while reading she forgets her pain."

"Oh, I intend to tell her *everything*!" cried Mary. And we saw her no more till lunch time; then she came down, waving an eight-page manuscript, and declaring she'd been living over Christmas Day for two hours, and had not told half about it there was to be told.

"But you've told the best half," said grandma, when Mary had read her letter aloud. And some of that "best half" I would like, if I may, to tell you, especially about Laura Goldust.

You know, after we have made a start we often stumble and fall on the road, and perhaps turn back despairing if there be not some good angel near to raise, comfort, and lead us on. In Laura's case that angel has been grandma. One afternoon she appeared before any of the others, her face clouded, and, without running up to greet grandma, she stopped behind her usual place at the long table, and looked discontentedly down at the pile of unfinished work there. Laura is not an adept with her needle.

"Mrs. Kennon," she said, "I don't believe I'll be able to come any more, though I enjoyed it ever so much. I don't see that I can be of any use,—the little I can do; and, then, poor people are so very ungrateful and disagreeable to have anything to do with."

"Come here, my child," said grandma, drawing a chair close beside her own. "I see that something has grieved you, and you must not go till I know what."

The next moment Laura was telling "all about it."

"It was those horrid Macphersons," she explained. "The man had been our coachman till mamma discharged him last summer for letting her carriage almost run away; and he begged to be taken back or recommended, because he had a sick wife and four little children. I heard mamma tell him she was sorry, but we liked our new man so much,—a real Englishman, who set off our livery so well, and the other had been so careless. But since I've been coming here I kept remembering the man's face when he went away that morning, and I asked mamma if she wouldn't send him something. I coaxed till she said I might stop in the carriage and leave them a basket.

And I climbed up all those hateful stairs to the room where he lived, and a woman looking like a ghost opened the door; and I said that we'd heard how poor they'd grown since Macpherson lost his place; and, as it was so near Christmas, mamma had sent them some clothes. And, Mrs. Kennon, she looked at me—oh, you can't imagine *how* she looked! And she said if they were poor, it was the rich that were to blame for it. Christmas could be nothing to them now; and if we wanted to ease our consciences we might give our charity elsewhere. They were not beggars, and wanted none of it. And she shut the door in my face."

The tears which filled her eyes Laura was trying to brush away when the other girls came trooping gaily in; and grandma was saying, very gently:

"I'm so sorry it happened, dear. But I can't think that all the kindness in your nature is going to be blighted by one early frost. Suppose, Laura, you stay this one more time? I can't think of losing you. And I'll tell you a story of which your experience reminds me. Maybe you'll find a lesson in it."

Before grandma finished speaking, Laura had thrown aside her hat and wraps and taken her usual place, all smiles. Laura has such a pretty smile! Jack, who is an amateur camera "fiend," says it's a flash-light photograph of her laugh. This is the story grandma told:

"Years ago, when I was in Paris, among my friends there was the young Countess d'Ardonneville. She was the most charitable of all the ladies of the parish of St. Sulpice, and best loved in those humble homes which she made it a pleasure to visit. 'Thou hast been to see thy poor to-day,' her husband would say on her return from such duties. 'Ah! thou art betrayed by the joy in thine eyes, reflection of that thou hast left burning in their hearts.' But if a shadow stole across her lovely brow, like a white cloud over a

summer-day sky, he would add, gently: 'Dear, thou art thinking of that unhappy Jeanne. Let her drop from thy list. She must be only the stone image of a woman to have remained insensible so long to thy kindness; not worth one of thy smiles, much less one of thy tears, and I know she has made thee shed some.'

"Now, Jeanne was an embroidress,—one of the most skilful in the Quartier des Pauvres, where she lived. Most exquisite gardens of silken flowers grew under her fingers, and those fingers were never idle. Up with the lark, to bed no one knew when; always busy; and so long as her tall, strong husband was able to go to his work every day, his tools on his shoulder, Jeanne minded nothing,—a loving, happy wife; a happy, loving mother. But one rainy day there was an accident. André's foot slipped on the roof he was tiling; they bore him home on a mattress, white, limp, and broken-limbed. And it was during those long months of helplessness and pain that Jeanne had lost, first courage, then faith. 'It is not right,' she thought. 'We had done no wrong to be afflicted so, reduced to beggary. No, it is hard!' And by continually repeating, 'It is hard!' she felt her heart gradually hardening against everybody and everything. Instead of manifesting any gratitude for kindnesses done her by those to whom the *curé* had mentioned her case, she accepted all with sullen indifference, if not open rebellion. During those months of misfortune she had passed as 'a worthy object of charity' through the jewelled hands of many fine ladies. Sometimes she would count them over on her fingers: Madame the Duchess This, Madame the Baroness That,—with harsh criticisms for all except the Countess d'Ardonneville, her first benefactress; and now, all the others having grown weary, her only one.

"Perseverance in well-doing, especially in almsgiving, is a virtue we must pray for. It is easy enough, a delightful experience,

to enter a wretched garret, fill the empty stove with warmth, clothe the shivering tenants in discarded garments, and provide them with food. The difficult part is to continue patiently to warm, clothe, and feed, as long as need lasts.

"Is it possible that you still support that miserable Jeanne?" said one of her acquaintances to the Countess. 'It is six months since I went near her, and the recollection of her ingratitude still vexes me. I should think it was time you found some new people to succor, and finish with her.'

"I shall never finish with Jeanne till her need for me is over, my dear," replied the Countess, warmly.

"From the first day of December Jeanne had been working like a hunted thing to finish a certain piece of embroidery. The money from its sale she could devote to the purchase of some toys for her children's Christmas—the first one since the accident to André. 'The rich,' she remarked,—'the rich may keep us from starving, but at Christmas the children will want something more than bread. Then it is only I, you will see, who will remember them.' And there was the day upon her—only to-morrow,—and still a whole corner to finish before her work could be delivered. Her needle flew; tears now and then would fall and impede it. With that sublime confidence of infancy, the children had spent the day deciding on what gifts they would ask for; and as night fell they were disputing as to which side of the chimney they must place their little wooden shoes, that the sweet Child Jesus might be *sure* to see them. For in France, you know, the little ones are taught to believe that it is the Child Jesus who comes on Christmas night to bestow gifts on good children. And, instead of hanging up their stockings, they put by the fireplace their little shoes.

"Come, hush now! It is time to sleep," said Jeanne.

"Yes, mamma, as soon as we have told the dear Child Jesus what we would best like.' And, kneeling in the ashes, they consecrated the fireless chimney. He was so soon to visit by this innocent prayer: 'O sweet and most holy Child Jesus! if Thou wilt bring me a jumping-jack and little Pauline a doll, I will lend her my jumping-jack and she has promised to lend me her doll. That is all we would ask, and that papa may get well.'

"I have told you it is time to sleep!" cried Jeanne, choking back her tears, and dropping her needle long enough to lay the two blond heads on the pillow and cover them with kisses.

"Some time after, her finished work folded to her breast, Jeanne was hastening through the crowded streets toward the great store which had ordered it from her. It was still open and the proprietor at his desk; but just before Jeanne had reached him a clerk touched her arm.

"You are too late, ma'am," he said. 'The master has given the order. No work is received after nine o'clock. Come back with it day after to-morrow.'

"But to-morrow is Christmas!" said Jeanne, sharply.

"That is why we are so busy," replied the clerk, making her a sign to go.

"Ernest will have no jumping-jack and Pauline no doll! Ah, it *is* hard!"

"Already back?" asked her husband, wakeful in his bed of pain.

"I was too late," she answered, flinging her bundle into a corner; and, sinking into a chair, she sat like one really carved from stone, yet keenly alive to two sensations—the sound of the church bells so joyfully pealing over Paris, and the sight of those empty shoes in the fireplace.

"It was just as Jeanne's thoughts grew unbearable that some one knocked at her door; and, finding it open, entered.

"Good-evening, Jeanne!" exclaimed the Countess, softly; but, receiving no reply, she glided across to the sleeping children's

bed, bent over them a moment; then to the fireplace, kneeling down there and opening the basket concealed beneath her cloak. The jumping-jack for Ernest, the doll for Pauline! *All* that the children had asked, and yet only *two* of the gifts the Countess had brought them. On the way out she paused to speak to Jeanne.

"‘There’s something for you in little Pauline’s shoe,’ she whispered, dropping her veil over her lovely, smiling face. ‘And now I must run away. The Count is waiting below, and two little shoes in *my* chimney to be filled. Good-night, dear, and God bless you!’

"She had reached the door when she heard a cry behind her. Jeanne had risen, then fallen on her knees.

"‘O Madame!’ she cried, with streaming tears, ‘He has blessed me in sending me you. If I have been thankless—if it has seemed to you that my heart was hard, remember, Madame, that my life, too, is hard. With the work and the children, and André sick, I have been so tired—so tired, I had not strength to fight against my pride, my evil disposition. That morning of All Souls’ Day, when you brought me the wreath for my mother’s grave, and bade me go with it to the cemetery while you stayed and read to the children, ah! I could scarce keep from falling at your feet. But to-night—to-night, when you filled those empty shoes,—the old hope of my girlhood, the faith in God and all His angels, came rushing back. Forgive me,—O Madame, forgive me! And permit my poor children to follow yours to Mass to-morrow as part of the joy of their Christmas.’

"The poor woman felt herself gently raised from the ground, while warm, soft hands clasped hers.

"‘Jeanne,’ replied the Countess, crying too, ‘what you have just said will make part of the joy of my Christmas. My poor, tried Jeanne!’

"‘Now, I really can’t understand it,’ said the Count to his wife as they walked home through the frosty moonlight from Midnight Mass at St. Sulpice. ‘For eleven months thou hast done all in thy power for these people without the slightest acknowledgment, and now for some poor little toys—’

"‘This is the way,’ interrupted the Countess. ‘Too often our gifts to the poor simply keep them reminded of their dependence. So long as we paid Jeanne’s rent and sent her provisions, she accepted them merely as necessary succor; but when I took the little ones that jumping-jack, she felt I really cared for them.’”

The story touched us all, but Laura most. She found the lesson, and applied it to those “horrid Macphersons.” Perhaps fewer toys for the children, and more food for them all, would have been better; but, then, Laura Goldust did splendidly for a beginner. And I can’t help being proud of a letter grandma received Christmas morning, which she has placed among her royal treasures; though every word in it breathes treason against the King’s English. With all its virtues and none of its faults, here it is:

SWEET AND HONORED MRS. KENNON: I make bold to sit myself down to write, trusting that when these few lines reach you, you’ll be well and able to destroy them. It’s only to say God bless you, ma’am, on this blessed day; for the thoughts of you won’t stay down in my heart. And you may remember Ellen that you met one afternoon with Miss Laura coming out of the big store,—that same Miss Laura I’ve been the nurse of ever since I came from the old country; and that walked by the poor without seeing them, ma’am, till *you* pointed them out on the roadside. Sure it’s *your* motherly teachings that’s put the eyes into her soul.

From your servant, ma’am,

ELLEN O’FLAHERTY.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

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In Remembrance.

MY cup is the cup of sorrow,
And, turn it as I will,
The breath of the myrrh and aloes
Clings to its sharp edge still;
But if ever I fain would leave it
With the bitter dregs unquaffed,
Jesus, I try to remember
Thine was a harder draught!

My path is beset with briars:
They tear my lagging feet;
Dark are the ways I wander,
Cruel the foes I meet;
But if ever I fain would linger,
Then comes that Face Divine,—
Jesus, I try to remember
A wearier road was Thine!

My cross is of fire and iron:
It wounds to the very bone;
But if to the top of Calvary
I needs must climb alone,
When the soul that I would have died for
Turns, ice and stone, from me,
Saviour of all, I remember
A world rejected Thee!

MARY, as the pattern both of maidenhood and maternity, has exalted woman's state and nature, and made the Christian virgin and the Christian mother understand the sacredness of their duties in the sight of God.—*Cardinal Newman.*

A Demonstration of the Primacy of St. Peter.



THE 'Catholic Truth Society in England has done many services to the cause of our holy religion, but none so great as the reproduction of Mr. Allie's "St. Peter, His Name and Office." We are surprised that so important a book was allowed to go out of print. The new edition comes forth at a most opportune time, and is enriched with a preface from the pen of the Rev. Luke Rivington, the eminent and zealous convert.

It is impossible, of course, in a necessarily brief review to do full justice to such a work as the one before us. We have read it carefully, and can only say that it *demonstrates*, over and over again, the fact that our Divine Lord invested St. Peter with a primacy of jurisdiction over the other Apostles, and that He made this primacy *the principle both of unity and of catholicity* to the Apostolic Church.

Mr. Allie has adapted to the English reader the arguments of the learned Father Passaglia in his Latin treatise on the "Prerogatives of Peter." But there is much which is his own. And the book forms an admirable companion to his better known "See of Peter"; while, again, there are many who would fear to

read the latter work till after earnest study of the present one.

Father Rivington says, in his preface: "Nothing is more likely to tend to that reunion for which our present Holy Father has urged us to redouble our prayers than a clear exposition of the Scriptural grounds on which the supremacy of the Pope rests. Amongst the large number of reviews of a recent work by the writer of this introduction" ("The Primitive Church and the See of Peter"), "a considerable proportion made the remark that the historical argument must be taken a step further and *based on Holy Scripture*."

Mr. Allies, in his own preface to the original edition of this work, says of the evidence here presented for the primacy and prerogatives of St. Peter: "This chain of evidence is so strong that when I first saw it completely drawn out it struck my own mind, brought up in the prejudices of Protestantism, *with the force of a new revelation*. I put to myself the question: Is it possible that they who specially profess to draw their faith from the written Word of God would refuse to acknowledge a doctrine set forth in Holy Scripture with at least as strong evidence as the Godhead of Our Lord itself, if they could see it *not broken up into morsels*, like bits of glass reflecting a distorted and imperfect image—according to the fashion of citing separate texts without regard to the proportion of the faith,—*but presented in a complete picture* on the mirror of God's Word?"

Our author says again, regarding this Scriptural evidence: "The importance of the argument, as it affects the Papal Supremacy, *which is but a summary of the whole cause at issue between Protestantism in every shape and the Church of Christ*, can not be overrated. If St. Peter be already set forth in Scripture as the head and bond of the Apostolic College, if he be delineated as the supreme ruler who succeeds Our Lord Himself in the

visible government of His Church on earth, *there becomes at once the strongest ground for expecting that such a ruler will be continued as long as the Church herself lasts*. Thus a *guiding clue* is given to us among all the following records of antiquity."

The work consists of nine chapters. Each of them will repay careful study; but chapter v.—"St. Peter's Primacy as Exhibited in the Acts"—and chapter vi.—"The Testimony of St. Paul to St. Peter's Primacy"—are deserving of special attention. We have never before seen this part of the argument brought out so satisfactorily.

In chapter viii.—the "Summary of Proof Given for St. Peter's Primacy"—Mr. Allies deals with the Protestant concession of a mere *precedency* to St. Peter; a primacy of order and honor, but not of jurisdiction. All Protestants, he says, are willing to concede *this*. "As to which their opinion," he continues, "I consider that it would be much the shorter way to strip Peter utterly of every prerogative than to attenuate the distinctions applied to him in Scripture to a sort of shadowy precedency." Then, a little further on: "He [Peter] is named in Scripture not only *the first*, but comparatively *the greater*, and absolutely *the superior*.* Now, these terms do, of themselves—and far more if you consider the context of the discourse in which they occur,—express a *singular* authority, and *one without a rival*,—an authority *kindred to that with which Christ*, while yet in His mortal life, *presided over the Apostolic College and administered as Supreme Head of the company He had formed*. For we can never sufficiently urge a point which, being in itself most true, is of itself abundantly sufficient completely to set at rest the present controversy. It is this: that Peter's Primacy *proceeds from a singular associ-*

* Πρῶτος, μέζων, ἡγούμενος.

ation with those distinctions in virtue of which Christ is considered the Head and Chief and Supreme Ruler of the Church. So that the more his Primacy is depressed, the more Christ's prerogatives and dignity are lowered; nor can he be confined to a precedence of honor and order, without Christ's superiority being shut within well-nigh the same limits."*

In the same chapter our author gives, for the purpose of illustrating his argument, the three prominent opinions among Protestants concerning the Church's unity. First comes the Anglican notion that "bishops were chosen and made, by the command of Christ, to preside over *particular* churches and be in them *the source and principle of external unity*; but that a Primate was *not* chosen to whom the *whole* Church should be subject and on whom *its* external unity should depend." "At this argument," says Mr. Allies, "one is lost in astonishment how it could have suggested itself to learned men and gained their assent. For what had they to prove, or how could they assure themselves or others, as to either of these two points—that external unity was necessary to *particular* churches, but *not to the whole* Church; or that the institution of bishops presiding over particular churches came from Christ, but *not* that of the Primate whose charge was to rule, administer, and maintain unity in the *whole* Church? Had they texts wherein to trust? But as often as the Bible speaks of the Church's unity it means that Church which is called the 'kingdom of God,' 'the kingdom of Christ,' and 'the kingdom of Heaven'; which is termed the 'inheritance of the Gentiles,' and embraces with a mother's bosom and a mother's love the whole race of man from one end of the earth to the other. Had they creeds to cite? But, in these, unity is attributed to that Church only which is so termed

absolutely and very often has the epithet of Catholic.*... What, then,† was the motive of Anglicans in maintaining the unity of particular churches, and the institution of bishops cohering with it, to be necessary, while they denied the necessity of unity in the Church universal, or of a Primate's institution to effect universal unity? What induced them to assert incompatibilities, and defend them as a matter of life and death? The evidence of the Scriptures, and the unquestionable belief of all Christian antiquity, extorted from them the acknowledgment that unity was a mark of the Church, and the ascription to Christ of the institution of bishops as necessary for the forming and maintaining unity. *But the fixed purpose of defending their schism, and their determination to reject the Primacy, urged them to deny that unity in the whole Church was ordered and provided for by Christ.*"

As to the second Protestant opinion, set forth at length by Vitringa—to wit, that there is a *twofold* unity of the Church: one interior, spiritual, and absolutely necessary; the other exterior and visible, but neither universal nor necessary, save hypothetically,—our author asks what are the authorities for this opinion? "Can they allege the most ancient Fathers in unbroken succession from the Apostles? Nay, they candidly confess that the Fathers thought external and visible unity simply and absolutely necessary; and not only those of the fourth and fifth centuries, but those of the second and third."‡ Then, further on, he inquires again: "Where are we to find the cause which induced so many learned and able Protestants first to imagine this distinction between the necessity of internal and external communion and unity, and then to deceive themselves and others with such a mockery? The real cause was, as

* Pp. 252-4.

* Pp. 267, 8.

† P. 270.

‡ Pp. 271, 2.

I believe, that, *having denied the institution of the Primacy*, and the authority lodged in it for the purpose of forming and maintaining unity, *they were without a criterion or proof*, in virtue of which, among so many Christian societies divided from and condemning each other, *they could safely choose the one* with which they were to be joined in communion and the outward unity of duty and obedience."

So with the third Protestant doctrine on unity. It is derived, says our author, from the same source. "It teaches that we must believe not only in an internal and spiritual, but in a visible and external, unity; for the Scriptures plainly urge its necessity, and Christian tradition fully describes it; so that there is not a truth more patent or established on greater authority. *But* this unity is restricted within narrow bounds, and confined to the articles called *fundamental*—though as to how many these are, no one defender of the system is agreed with another." Here, again, Mr. Allies asks "what *occasion* the Protestants had to get up so unheard-of a paradox and a system so absurd." And he answers: "It was twofold: one theoretical, and the other practical." He then explains that "the crime of heresy, depicted in Scripture and Christian antiquity with colors so dark, had, gradually lost its foulness and its magnitude in the minds of Protestants, who had at length come to the pass of reckoning religious as well as civil liberty among the unquestionable rights of man. As if all other human acts being subject to a law, those alone which proceed from the intellect are exempt;... as if God had laid down a law of justice, charity, fortitude and prudence, but entirely omitted a *law of faith*; as if the will submitted to a law of *good*, but the mind owned no law of *truth*.... But what could Protestants do? Having allowed to all full license of thought, and overthrown the authority which ruled the mind, they were forced, while they kept the *name* of

heresy, to give up the *thing* meant by it, and the effects springing from that thing."

Then, beside this "theoretical" occasion for such a doctrine of unity, "there was a practical occasion," continues our author, "in those schisms which, not merely in later or in inedieval times, but in the first ages also, rent the Christian society." Jurien and Pfaff, he says, appeal to these; then "ask if the true Church of Christ can be thought to consist in one single society perfectly at union with itself. They allege many conjectures against this, but dwell on the argument that, *in defect of a visible external test*, such an assertion could not be maintained without *imposing upon all a most intolerable burden of searching out where is the true doctrine and the legitimate ministerial succession*."

"Now, I profess," says Mr. Allies, "that *I do not see how this argument can be met*, if the institution of the Primacy, and its proper function to form and maintain unity, be rejected. For without this by what visible token, among so many Christian societies divided by intestine dissension and condemning each other, can you distinguish the one which has the character of the true Church and the right to exact communion with itself?" And as to undertaking an inquiry into "purity of doctrine and legitimate ministerial succession," he remarks very truly that such a course is "impossible to by far the greater number of men, and *dangerous to all* without exception"; adding, in a note, his own experience of it. "After having gone through the search for ten long years, I may be allowed to express *how great its danger*; and how great, too, the blessedness of those who are not exposed to it. *It is worth the experience of half a life to receive the truth, without personal inquiry, from a competent authority*. Protestantism begins its existence by casting away one of the greatest blessings that man can have." So, then, "the only conclusion remaining is that the selection

of a Primacy, with the power of effecting unity impressed upon it, *is most intimately involved and bound up in the visibility and unity of the true Church.*"

We have quoted largely from our author's pages for the benefit of non-Catholic readers; and because there never has been and never can be a clearer or a more cogent demonstration than is to be found in this book, of St. Peter's Primacy, in the first place, as instituted by Our Lord; and, secondly, of the *necessity* of that Primacy to the *very idea* of one visible and universal Church. ■

E. H.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

IV.

LEAVING the sitting-room to do her mother's bidding, Yvonne crossed the hall, and, running lightly up the wide, shallow and dangerously polished steps of the great, curving staircase, reached the second floor, where, passing noiselessly by the door of the chamber in which her grandmother was taking her *siesta*, she entered another chamber containing two pretty, white-draped single beds, which proved a double occupancy. It was, in fact, the chamber shared by herself and Diane; and, while large and lofty as all the apartments of the mansion were, the room was sparingly furnished with the same quaint, old-fashioned furniture which, with scarcely any modern additions, filled the rest of the house.

And seated at this moment before a Louis-Seize toilet-table was a girl who, from her appearance, might have been one of the gay group who played at blind-man's-buff with Louise de la Vallière on the *tapis-vert* of Versailles; or one of those who shared the rural simplicity of

the Petit Trianon with Marie Antoinette. For if the peculiar revival or survival of a type which made Madame Prévost so "like an old picture," as people always said, was only slightly to be perceived in the personal appearance of Yvonne, it was strikingly reproduced in Diane, the second daughter and beauty of the family. Like her mother, she resembled not so much the Frenchwomen of to-day as those of the past, whose charms have been resolved into dust for nigh upon two centuries. Here in undimmed freshness were all the traits which the countenance of Madame Prévost now only suggested—the curling tresses of sunny hair straying so lightly across the fair forehead; the brows delicately arched over eyes sometimes tender, sometimes sparkling, but always full of possibilities of disdain; the lips which well deserved the old simile of Cupid's bow; the exquisitely rounded cheek and chin; the complexion of milk and roses.

No wonder that Diane had made a sensation when she entered society for the first time the winter before in New Orleans; or that the grandson of her grandfather's overseer, struck by her patrician loveliness, conceived the idea of reaching at a single bound the social height toward which he painfully toiled, by an alliance so desirable from every point of view save that of the money which he had no need to consider. Yet so much wisdom had he learned in the course of his struggles for social recognition that he made no attempt to approach Diane in the character of a suitor while she was shining in those elevated regions where he was barely tolerated; but, patiently biding his time and keeping in mind her beauty and distinction, he waited until the moment was ripe for proposing to unite his father's ambition and his own.

As Yvonne entered, her sister looked around with a bright smile. She had just finished arranging her hair, and was

contemplating the result with satisfaction.

"How do you like this Psyche coiffure, Yvonne?" she asked. "I think it is very becoming. Look at the effect in profile."

She turned her graceful head—than which Psyche's own could not have been more charming—as she spoke. At another time Yvonne would have appreciated the effect as much as herself, for she was the first and foremost of Diane's admirers; but just now she gave only an indifferent glance at the coiffure as she replied:

"It is very pretty. But I haven't time to admire it just now, Diane. Mamma has sent me for you. She wishes to speak to you."

"Why, what about?" asked Diane, with some surprise; for such a summons was unusual.

Yvonne hesitated an instant. Then, deciding that there was no reason why she should not be frank, she answered her sister's question by another:

"Diane, when you were in New Orleans last winter did you meet a man named Burnham,—a son of the Mr. Burnham to whom, as you know, mamma is in debt?"

"Burnham!" repeated Diane, opening her pretty eyes a little wider in growing astonishment and the effort to remember. "It is likely that I may have met him if he is in society, but I don't recall him at all. Why do you ask?"

Yvonne uttered a low, unmirthful laugh as she answered:

"Because you made so deep an impression upon him that he has sent his father to make a proposal for you."

"For me! A proposal of—"

"Of marriage—yes."

"Yvonne, you are surely jesting!"

"Jesting!" Yvonne's dark eyes gave a flash. "Do you think I would jest on the subject of a proposal from such a person?"

"But it is so astonishing!" said Diane, leaning forward in her chair and regarding her sister. "I am not sure that I ever saw the man,—I certainly don't recall

him; and that he should have seen me, and been sufficiently impressed to make a proposal months after the meeting, is almost incredible, you will admit."

"It would not be incredible if he had never seen you," replied Yvonne; "for although he must have admired you, as everyone who sees you does, there is more in the proposal than admiration for *you*: there is a question of the gratification of envious ambition. But never mind that just now. Come to mamma, who wishes, as a matter of form, to speak to you before replying to this insult."

"I should not call it an insult," said Diane dispassionately, as she rose. "It is a presumption, perhaps—"

"How great a presumption you don't understand," Yvonne interposed, impetuously. "This man, whom you can not even recall as an acquaintance, asserts that he received encouragement from you which led him to confidently expect a favorable answer to his proposal."

"That is certainly most extraordinary," said Diane. "Let me think if I can not possibly recollect him." She paused in an attitude of consideration, her brows knit, her finger pressed to her lip. Then suddenly she looked up and laughed. "Why, certainly I do!" she exclaimed. "I met him at one of the Mardi Gras balls, and later once or twice at some large entertainment. He is one of the people who are not exactly in society, you know,—only on the outskirts. I had forgotten all about him, for he made no impression at all upon me; but I do remember now that, as far as could be observed on such a limited acquaintance, he seemed rather smitten by my charms. But that was not sufficiently uncommon to be remarkable," added Diane, with inimitable frankness.

"Then that accounts for the matter," said Yvonne, with something like a groan. "I know how you treat people—how you smile in every man's face, no matter how insignificant or even odious he may be, as

if he possesses your most favorable regard; and how they are all fools enough to believe that you mean something by it, not knowing that you forget them as soon as they are out of your sight."

"But if I do," said Diane, "that is no reason why I should not be pleasant to them while they are in my sight. In fact, I don't know how to be anything else."

"That is true," replied Yvonne, recognizing the perfect sincerity and simplicity of this assertion. "You really don't know how to be anything else, so I suppose one should not blame you. And you don't allow for the manner in which vanity and presumption may misinterpret your pleasantness, or you would endeavor to discriminate a little. But I think I could manage without much difficulty to be unpleasant to such a person as the son of this Burnham. But come! we positively must not keep mamma waiting longer."

They left the chamber together, and ran lightly downstairs to the sitting-room, where they found Madame Prévost pacing up and down the floor. She paused at their entrance, and looked first keenly at Diane, then interrogatively at Yvonne.

"It is as we supposed, mamma," the latter said in reply to the look. "Diane is barely able to recall having met the man once or twice, and of course gave him no ground for the presumptuous confidence he has expressed."

Madame Prévost breathed a low sigh of relief, then answered:

"I did not think that Diane could possibly have encouraged him as his father represented, but I feared there might be some ground for—misapprehension."

"I never dreamed of encouraging him," Diane said, quietly. "Such an idea is, of course, quite absurd. But perhaps he was foolish enough to think that I did. As Yvonne was saying a moment ago, it may be that my manner is sometimes misleading—though I'm sure I haven't the least intention of making it so,—and

an underbred man does not always understand these things."

"Of course he does not," said Madame Prévost; "and it is something you will do well to remember. You can not treat an underbred man with ease and informality. He is certain to presume upon it, as this man has presumed."

"But there will at least be no difficulty in answering him, mamma," said Diane, with unruffled calmness. "You need only present your compliments to his father and decline the honor of the proposed alliance. It was hardly necessary to send for me for so simple a thing as that."

Madame Prévost looked again at her eldest daughter, as if inquiring whether she might not accept this decision as final, and not trouble Diane with any consideration of the consequences which would flow from the refusal thus unequivocally stated. There seemed no reason why she should be troubled, since the last thing either of them desired was that she should give any other answer. But, with her love of frankness, Yvonne answered the look by saying:

"I think Diane should know everything, mamma. I have no fear of her changing her mind."

"Neither have I," said Madame Prévost "but is there need to pain her by a knowledge of difficulties which can not be averted? However, it is perhaps better that she should understand the situation. Sit down, my dear" (this to Diane), "and I will explain to you the whole matter."

She sat down herself as she spoke; and Diane, with a surprised expression, threw herself in a careless attitude on a chintz-covered lounge, and drew Yvonne down beside her.

"Come, counsellor," she said, smiling. "Nothing can be decided without your help, although it does not seem to me that there can be anything further to decide in this case."

"Not to decide—of that I am sure,—

but to know," said her mother, as she looked at the two faces before her,—one so spirited and resolute, the other so flower-like in its beauty, so charming in its sweetness. "Briefly, then, my dear: what Mr. Burnham came here to propose to me was this—that a marriage should be arranged (in the fashion of our old French families, he was good enough to say,) between you and his son, for and in consideration of which he would cancel my debt to him, and I should be left undisturbed in possession of this place for the term of my life, with the condition that it would pass to you and his son at my death. In other words, he proposed that I should pay my debt—which he had already satisfied himself that I could not meet—by selling *you*. I answered, as you may imagine, by requesting him to leave the house. But then, Diane, he asserted that his son had reason to be hopeful of a favorable reply from you, and insisted that I should at least refer the offer to you. It was a bitter humiliation to me to entertain it even for the length of time necessary to observe such a form; but much depended on my making this concession, and so—I agreed to do so, and leave the decision to you. Thank God you are able to tell me that the man's presumptuous hopes had no foundation."

"Not the very least," replied Diane, with unmoved quietness, "as far as they rested on anything that occurred in our very slight acquaintance. But he probably reckoned on something else, mamma—on the possibility that I might be willing to do even this to help you."

"Diane!"

It was a simultaneous cry from mother and sister,—a cry of astonishment, of appeal, of something like fright. Diane in reply looked from one to the other.

"Why not?" she asked, still quietly. "Since I can do nothing else, why should I not do this?"

(To be continued.)

A Heart's Tribute.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

ALL who have vanished before me
 Into the gloom,
 Leaving for me to remember
 Each in a tomb;
 All whose affection has lightened
 Wearisome days,
 All whose large sympathy strengthened
 Better than praise;
 All whose calm wisdom has guided
 Safely my feet;
 All who have solaced life's tempest,
 Its battle and heat;—
 All in a holy procession
 Rise to my eye
 As, in repeated petition,
 Daily I sigh:
 Rest, Lord, and peace everlasting,
 Light evermore,
 Grant to these dear benefactors
 Vanished before!

In the Battle for Bread.

MARY LOYS' STORY.

BY T. SPARROW.

(CONTINUED.)

CRUSHED, bruised, maimed, and in agonizing pain, poor Mary Loys tossed about in a hospital bed; her long, beautiful hair cut close to the head, and her body tightly swathed in bandages. The physicians shook their heads over the case. There was a compound fracture, a serious injury to the spine, an internal disruption, and, worse than all the rest, the riotous, rebellious temperament, which always worked against the doctors and never with them.

"It's an exception, but her youth is not in her favor," remarked a physician

to me one day. "An older person would accept it more quietly. She is fretting her little strength away."

It was very well to talk in cold flesh and blood like that; but who of her own sex would not comprehend what the loss of her beauty was to her? And poor Mary Loys was exceptionally vain. She was full of winsome airs and caprices that had their offspring in personal conceit. A theatrical life fosters an extravagant opinion of outward attractions, and she had so much more than the average actress. And it was all gone—gone forever! At first a merciful stupor had deadened somewhat the full revelation of what her accident entailed; but the time came, and came all too soon, when the quickened, throbbing brain gathered what the kind nurses and doctors would fain have withheld; and with an intensity born of apprehension and fear she saw in the future her husband shrink from her with loathing, and her child regard her with disgust.

She was essentially a creature of the affections; and it was this distorted picture of the imagination more than her actual sufferings which made her rend the air with piercing shrieks night after night, till those in charge feared that her brain was permanently distraught. Her baby had had to be taken from her, and she raved at this apparent cruelty in words that made one's very blood run cold. Twice a week visitors were admitted to see the patients for an hour, and on these occasions I made a point of going and taking the child with me. They also allowed me to come a third time when they saw how my visits calmed the distracted patient, who lay with burning eyes in their hollow sockets fuming at every restraint. She would not hear a word of God or religion; she would see neither priest nor nun.

"I love *you* because you love my little one," she would say, taking my hand in

her wasted, feverish ones; "but everybody else drives me wild."

There was nothing to be done but to commend her to the Mother Most Merciful, and soothe her with loving words and kisses.

Still, the baby was a factor that had to be dealt with. My profession as a journalist prevented my looking after it properly; and I was loath to let it into paid hands, where it would have to run the chance of being neglected or ill treated. Nothing would induce Mary Loys to send it to an orphan asylum or refuge of any kind; for then she would not be able to see it two or three times a week. After all, the child was her own, and we had no right to dispose of it without her consent. It would be months before she would be about again, and meanwhile there were funds to find somewhere for the maintenance of both.

While full of perplexity I chanced to meet our late saintly Cardinal Manning at a reception, and a few kindly inquiries from him as to my work made me pour out the tale of Mary Loys' woes. He listened with benevolent interest.

"I think the good Sisters of —" (naming a convent in the suburbs), he said, "would find room for the child at a letter from me, and the payment they and I would arrange."

My delight and gratitude were beyond all words.

"If we could persuade her to part with it," I replied. "But her selfish love seems like that of an animal for its young."

"Yet it has probably saved her from a life of crime," he said, rebukingly; then added, with the kindest of smiles: "But do you think she would listen to me?"

A few days later it was whispered that his Eminence Cardinal Manning was going to visit a certain hospital. Wards were swept, flowers brightened the corridors, and the whole atmosphere was pervaded

with a pleasant thrill of expectation. Only Mary Loys lay sullen and defiant, with her white face turned to the wall; for this was the day on which she ought to have seen her child, but the ordinary rules were suspended in order that due deference might be paid to the august visitor.

He came, and passed down the ward, making each one feel, whether Catholic or atheist, that he was in the presence of one who walked spotless before God. I was not there, but I was told it was a sight never to be forgotten when the aged prelate, on the brink of eternity, with those clear, far-seeing eyes that seemed as if they came straight from gazing on God to look at you, stopped by the side of Mary Loys, and placed his hand in benediction upon her head. What he said no one heard save her to whom he spoke; but as he talked the fevered heart grew still, and the tears that rolled down the wan cheeks were tears of trustfulness and sorrow.

Who can tell what passed in the minds of the child of seventeen, with her whole life of pain, humiliation, and trial before her, and him whose earthly work was so well-nigh over that he could look with almost the same compassion as the angels on the sorrow-stricken ones of this world? Before he left he gave her a small crucifix and a pair of beads; and two days afterward I received a communication to make arrangements to take the baby to — Convent, at my own convenience.

When I brought the child to Mary Loys to say good-bye, she parted from it very quietly.

"Whatever he says is best," she said, with pitiful bravery, though the white lips quivered with repressed pain. "It is for baby's good. He says it, and of course he must know."

I hurried the *adieux*, and left her pale but tearless, clasping the beads that never left her sight. From that day she changed

for the better. Her wild restlessness had gone, or only returned at distant intervals; it was seldom she murmured, and still less often did she breathe her fears of the future. All the bright bravery of a naturally high spirit was concentrated on keeping some promise to the Cardinal, and no one ever tried harder than she did to fight against the impulses of her ardent nature. She read pious books with avidity; she listened with a childlike pleasure to the conversation of the chaplain and the Sisters.

"I always thought that religion was dull," she quaintly remarked; "but it's full of pretty ideas when you come to understand it properly."

She had much to bear in the way of pain. Iron weights were suspended to her limbs; at one time she was encased in a steel frame; she was even hung up for hours a day with leaden balls attached to one side, in the hope of reducing the crookedness. But science was of no avail. The muscles of one leg soon became so contracted that it was visibly shorter than the other; the curvature of the spine also was most pronounced, and the rising between the shoulders became more and more marked.

Yet Mary Loys bore her sufferings with invincible fortitude, and the sweetness in her eyes enhanced her charms a hundredfold to those who looked beneath the surface. She had so endeared herself to all the inmates of the hospital with whom she came in contact that there was scarcely a dry eye when she took her departure for a convalescent home. Doctors, nurses, patients, sorely missed the sportive individuality which made itself felt as a distinct item of pleasure in the dull routine of their lives, when things went smoothly with her; and when they did not, there was something about the wistful compression of the soft, tightened lips that always brought out sympathy and forbearance from those

whose daily vicinity to pain deadens a superfluity of either.

A month at the sea-side braced the invalid, bringing color to her cheeks, and restoring tone to the whole system. At the conclusion of that period a great treat was in store for her. She received an invitation from the convent which sheltered her child to stay there a fortnight; and we well knew what benefactor had generously brought that about.

Mary Loys had an undefined fear that her deformity would alienate her baby; but when once such childish notions had been set at rest, she gave herself up to the intense happiness of the reunion. Wandering about under the trees, gathering the flowers for the various altars, or listening to the children's sweet voices raised during Benediction in the tiny, devotional chapel, she realized for the first time, the full benefit her little one would derive from an education so free from all harmful influence.

"It is just what I have dreamed for baby," she said, with grateful tears, to the Rev. Mother on the day of her departure. "I would not take her away for anything. How good the Madonna was to me all the time though I did not know it!"

So the "Cardinal's baby," as they loved to call it, remained, to keep its innocence unsullied, and to be brought up as Mary's child from the first.

Meanwhile friends had not been idle with regard to Mary Loys. As was natural, she was more sensitive to her deformity than one who had been born that way, and we wished to save her from the trials incidental to her lot. Allowing for her praiseworthy independence, it was decided, with her hearty co-operation, that she should take a room and make a livelihood by type-writing. During her convalescence she had been taking lessons, and had proved a very apt pupil. She enjoyed the work, and, being more than fairly intelligent, set herself diligently to acquire

sufficient knowledge to supply for an erratic education. The keen interest she took in her own self-improvement distracted her thoughts from her personal infirmities. Soon she was making £1 a week; and on this sum she contrived to save for baby's future, to dress decently, and to live in tolerable comfort. The resources of a free library and frequent excursions to the convent provided the recreation she required; and I never saw a brighter little body, or one more contented, than Mary Loys when I went to visit her in her neat little abode, with the Cardinal's crucifix hanging over her bed.

And now the time drew near for her husband's return, and peace, I knew, was giving way to tumult in his young wife's breast. She had never told him of her accident, not being glib with her pen; nor would she let any one else tell him. It was her whim that he should learn the truth at sight of her; and, loyal though I knew the young man to be, I dreaded such a sudden test as this. He wrote regularly, and sometimes sent her money. From the chaplain we knew that he had joined the Church, and was most exemplary in every way; but she was exposing him to a terrible shock, and I feared for her own sake.

However, nothing would dissuade her from her purpose; and one snowy night in December she had a bright fire ready, the red curtains drawn, the kettle on the hob, and the tea-things ready, in expectation of Tom's arrival. There was only the flame from the fire to light the cozy little room, and this fact alone showed how she shrank from the ordeal. I could almost hear the beating of her heart as she restlessly flitted about, moving a teacup or dusting a chair.

"Don't go!" she implored when I wanted to leave. "If I see disgust in his eyes I shall come home with you."

Her agitation increased until it was painful to witness; and taking her rosary

—the Cardinal's rosary—I put it into her hands, whispering: "Let us say a Sorrowful Mystery together."

We had just begun when a thundering knock sounded at the door. Mary Loys could not move. I ran down and let in a great, bronze-faced young fellow, who shook me heartily by the hand as he tossed the snow from his shoulders.

"Where's my wife?" was his eager question; and I noticed the trace of disappointment in his tone that she was not there to welcome him.

"Upstairs,—she is not very well," I contrived to say; and, while he bounded up three steps at a time, I, like a coward, ran home.

It was Tom who called on me next day.

"I want to thank you myself for what you have been to my poor little wife," he said, in his shy, boyish way. "I am proud of Mary Loys, she has been so plucky; but she would never have pulled through without your help."

"And you don't mind?" I could not help saying; for he looked overflowing with triumph and happiness.

"Mind! For myself, not a bit of it," he replied, stoutly. "I am sorry for her, poor girl! But I must take all the more care of her, as she has only me to look to. One can't have everything, you know; and, as I tell her, she has the prettiest eyes in the whole world,—they are so holy looking. She made us say our beads last night in thanksgiving to Our Lady, and she looked so sweet and holy I—"

But I need give you no more of his honest rhapsodies. Our prayers have been answered; and, as far as her husband is concerned, Mary Loys has little to fear in the future.

(The End.)

A Life's Labyrinth.

XXV.—A GLADSOME DAY.

ON arriving at Cliffbourne, Constance had gone at once to her rooms. Felicia was awaiting her, saying that Lady Cliffbourne seemed unusually depressed that morning, but wished to see her as soon as she felt rested.

"I am not tired," replied Constance. "I will go to her now."

"Very well," said the maid. "She will be pleased, I know."

With a heart beating so wildly that she feared its every throb must be heard, Constance knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said the voice she had learned to love so well.

Lady Cliffbourne was lying on a lounge; she looked pale and sad.

"Do not rise," said Constance; and she quickly crossed the room and fell upon her knees beside the couch, to hide her emotion.

Lady Cliffbourne clasped her hand, kissing her on the forehead.

"Ah, Constance," she said, "you can not know how glad I am to see you once more! You seem to embody youth and hope and love, and all things good and beautiful. I shall not lend you to any one again. You must stay with me always; for I am very, very lonely. Fetch a cushion and sit here beside me."

Constance obeyed. "I will stay with you, Lady Cliffbourne," she said, simply and naturally; although it was with a great effort she preserved her self-control. "I wish never to leave you."

"And your father?"

"He is in England, and will remain," said Constance, smiling.

"In England did you say, dear? Can it be that it was he of whom I caught a glimpse yesterday? Was he with Lord Kingscourt?"

AN unprovided, not a sudden, death
We fitly dread, and pray we may be spared:
Too swiftly can not come our latest breath,
If but its coming finds us well prepared.

"Yes," replied Constance. "He is at Mountheron."

"At Mountheron, child!" repeated Lady Cliffbourne. "If I had known it I should not have summoned you so soon. And you came so sweetly! Constance, you are a dear, unselfish girl."

"He will be here some time to-day, with Lord Kingscourt," said Constance. "When he comes you will see that I have reason to be proud of my father."

"But he will not let me keep you," observed Lady Cliffbourne.

"I think he will," said Constance. "It can be so arranged."

Lady Cliffbourne made no reply. She closed her eyes, and when she opened them Constance saw that they were filled with tears. Lifting the young girl's hand, she pressed it close to her cheek, saying:

"My child, after Lord Kingscourt had left me, I saw that he had a companion, with whom he entered another compartment. He seemed to be middle-aged, for his hair was streaked with grey. His collar was so close about his throat that I could not discern a single feature; and he was gone in an instant. But as he came and went, almost with the swiftness of thought, across my sight, the poise of his head reminded me of one long lost, long dead, but never—oh, never forgotten for a single hour!"

She covered her face with her hands. Constance, leaning forward, pressed her cheek against her mother's, and there were tears on both. After a moment Lady Cliffbourne turned toward the young girl. Rising from the couch, she said:

"It was your father, dear Constance,—it must have been."

"Yes," was the reply. "I think there can be no doubt of that, as he was with Lord Kingscourt."

Lady Cliffbourne now went to a cabinet, and, opening a drawer, drew forth a key.

"Come," she said, holding out her hand to Constance. "I have a secret chamber

to which I sometimes go. No one has ever entered it save myself, but I am minded to show it to you; for there are times when all the floodgates of my soul seem deluged with sorrow and remembrance, and this is one of them. O my child, I crave your sympathy, your love! Come, let me show you the dearest relics of a happy past."

Opening a door which had been hidden by a heavy *portière*, she led Constance into a small octagon room. It contained a child's crib, a miniature table, with two or three little chairs and rockers. Various pretty toys and books were strewn about the floor and on the mantel-shelf. Opening a closet door, Lady Cliffbourne showed her several little frocks and coats, looking as though the wearer had but just laid them aside.

"These were my dear baby daughter's things," she said. "The bureau drawers are full of her clothes. I never could bear to give them away. Here are her lovely baby toys, and her books with their colored prints; she was so fond of the bright pictures. At that nursery table she used to sit and eat her supper. In this little chair how often I have seen her rocking in her pretty, childish way!"

Seating herself on the broad window-seat, she drew Constance down beside her, seizing her hands with a strong pressure.

"O my dear, my dear!" she continued, "you know—all the world knows my miserable story. But none can know or even half suspect the bitterness of soul that all these terrible years have failed to conquer. And as the time goes on, and I can look backward on the days of my life even as one gazes into a looking-glass, and see the reflection and the consequence of my own acts, I call myself a coward and a faithless wife, in that I could have endured to see my husband go into exile and not follow him, sharing his fate,—a fate so undeserved and terrible. But for me to have taken one step at the time

would have proved his utter ruin. And when, sometimes, I come to this room for consolation, I fancy I can see my child reproaching me,—the child that God in His anger would not permit me to keep or cherish."

Constance made an effort to speak, but Lady Cliffbourne checked her and went on:

"I have his picture locked away, but I never dare to look upon it; it would kill me, I think, to see him as he was in our days of peace and happiness. Nothing that was his, no souvenir he ever gave me, have I kept where I might ever look upon it. But, oh! my prayers have never been wanting to him. My baby's little toys and frocks and pretty books,—these I have treasured; and often, when my heart has been strained to breaking, I come here and weep till I can weep no more. Wait!" she continued, releasing Constance and going toward the bureau. "Let me show you something." In a moment she returned, holding in her hand a little shoe. "See!" she said, kissing it passionately again and again. "Here is the shape of her tiny foot; there the toe is worn from dragging it along the floor, as babies do. It is the very dearest, sweetest thing I have of hers; and I have only one. But she—my baby—she is dead, and her father, long, long ago!"

Constance could refrain no longer,—the moment had come. Springing to her feet, she drew from her bosom the mate of that little shoe, which she had carried there since the day Mathews had given it to her keeping.

"And I—I have the other shoe!" she cried, falling on her knees before Lady Cliffbourne and gently clasping her waist. "It was mine,—I wore it once. I am your Constance—your own Constance,—*mother, my darling mother!*"

"Oh, she is mad!" cried Lady Cliffbourne, lifting her tenderly. "She is mad, poor girl! I have unhinged her mind with the unreason of my own. Constance,—yes,

Constance dear!" she added soothingly, lifting her up. "I will be your mother, sweet one! and you shall be my daughter."

"Mother! mother! mother!" pleaded Constance, covering the pale face with kisses. "I am your own, your very own,—your little Constance. Soon you shall know all. He is alive and well; he will soon be here—"

"He *is* here," said the voice of Lord Kingscourt, as, lifting the *portière*, he motioned to some one behind him.

Constance rushed forward; while Lady Cliffbourne, slowly turning to the doorway, uttered a low cry, and would have fallen had it not been for the clasp of the strong, loving arms that quickly folded her in a long, silent embrace.

"Such a meeting is too sacred for other eyes," murmured Lord Kingscourt, quietly dropping the curtain as he passed from the room, leaving them to their new-found happiness—husband and wife,—father, mother, and daughter.

A year and a half passes quickly when hearts are united and happy. The nine days' wonder of Lord Stratford's romantic story has long since run its course. Society has ceased to crane its neck to see and admire and rave about and comment upon the beautiful and heroic Lady Constance Stratford, who has cared so little for its admiration and mingled so little in its pleasures.

It is Christmas—a white Christmas—at Mountheron, where there is to be a Midnight Mass preceded by a wedding. The interior chapel, which was formerly a picture-gallery, has been converted into a beautiful oratory, as a thanksgiving offering, by Lord and Lady Stratford. It has been frescoed and adorned by means of a sum realized for that purpose from the sale of some diamonds found, after great difficulty, in the ruins of the old chapel of Mountheron.

To-night the altar is a blaze of light;

flowers are everywhere, the chancel a mass of living green. On one side of the aisle the family servants are gathered,—Mathews at their head, her new black satin dress the admiration of her humbler companions. On the other, there are many vacant seats, for but few guests have been bidden to the ceremony. There is Mrs. Ingestre, now *châtelaine* of Cliffbourne; and beside her Lady Markham, who still makes it her abode when not occupied in visiting about from house to house in the county; for, although somewhat subdued, she is still keen for gossip and eager in suspicion. From her own account, repeated with additions and sundry changes at every temporary stopping-place where she has elected to linger, she was the first to discover the identity of Lady Constance, whom she knew at once to be 'other than she represented herself to Lady Alicia.' Indeed, she even feels herself entitled to the larger portion of any credit which may be due for the final *dénouement*. Constance has long ago forgiven her, and strives to conquer any natural aversion which may exist in her mind against her by being particularly kind to the meddlesome but lonely woman. There are also present Bertin Rollis and Captain Wilbraham, both of whom declare the Earl to be the most fortunate man in England. These are the only guests.

And now there is a little stir in the background, and a moment later the bride walks slowly up the aisle, leaning on her father's arm, clad in white from head to foot,—the filmy veil which envelops her half concealing, half disclosing the beauty of her round, softly flushed cheek; her wondrous eyes almost hidden by their downcast lids. They are followed by Lady Stratford and Lord Kingscourt. Then Father Pittock, having previously obtained the needed dispensation, emerges from the vestry; the pair approach the altar rail, and in a few moments are made one. After

a brief and impressive silence, the priest kneels and offers a beautiful prayer for the newly-married; and then Lord Stratford leaves his seat beside his wife, followed by Rollis and Wilbraham.

The clock is on the stroke of midnight. The priest, in sacred vestments, returns to the altar, and the first Mass of Christmas begins. Soon the organ, played by Lord Stratford, pours forth a noble voluntary, taken up by violins in the skilful hands of Rollis and Captain Wilbraham. Anon it changes to the slow, solemn, fascinating air of an old *Pastores*, and the three voices blend in unity; all in the chapel joining in the *Gloria*—one well known and always sung on Christmas Day in Cornwall. Again a pause, and at the Offertory the prayerful silence is broken by the voice of Lord Stratford and his daughter in the *Venite Adoremus*, all again taking part in the jubilant chorus. At the Communion the bride and groom, with Lord and Lady Stratford, approach the Holy Table, followed by Rollis, Wilbraham, and the greater part of the congregation,—for the servants are nearly all Catholics.

At length the service is ended, the prayers of Thanksgiving said, and the party pass from the chapel into the hall, where kisses and congratulations are long and loud. Without, on every craggy height great fires are burning; while the waits are jubilant with carols below,—old-fashioned English Christmas carols that fill the air with their quaint and touching melody. Never was fairer bride than she who, lifting the curtain of the broad window, looks out into the courtyard, illuminated by countless torches in the hands of the singers; never nobler bridegroom than he who, standing beside her, lifts her small hand to his lips.

"Constance, mine at last!" he murmurs. But she is silent.

The snow has ceased falling. "The stars shine out, and the night is holy."

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE DECAY OF A VIRTUE.

THIS is a hurrying age; and in the dire confusion consequent upon the scramble on the highway of life many valuable things which impede the progress of the travellers have been thrown away, like ballast from a balloon, or bags of lead when the ship is sinking. Ancient virtues, old customs, forgotten courtesies, strew the roadside, and the caravan speeds on. Respect for one's elders, the pleasant frugalities of an early day, the wholesome employments with which the young once filled the hours, the love which survived in hearts when people had time to mourn their dead, simplicity in the daily life and conversation,—all, alas! are now disappeared; and underneath the heap is buried, deep and sure, the shining virtue of hospitality.

It died hard. Perhaps in our own country it survived longest in the South, where, indeed, it still lingers in localities which withstood the benumbing ravages of war. In the West it disappeared with the passing of the pioneer, the frontier marking its movable limits. In California it departed with the *hidalgos*. There is, to be sure, a certain and spontaneous friendliness pervading the air of the Pacific coast; but it differs from the abounding hospitality of the Spanish days, when each chance guest found in his room a pile of silver, which was his own to take or leave; and a horse saddled, with an escort if there was need, to help him to the next station on his journey. But, strange as it may seem, the occupation by the *Americans* changed all that.

Even from the most unpromising soil this beautiful virtue once sprang; and (we have it from one who speaks whereof he

knows) in the days when Puritanism still had a tenacious hold upon New England, hospitality flourished bravely. There was, perchance, but small variety in the ladder; but Sister Breuster and Cousin Abijah and Brother Ezekial, and the rest, were royally welcomed to that little. The feeling of kinship was universal. To be a friend meant self-denial for that friend; and simply to be homeless was a passport to a seat by the fire and a pewter plate at the long table.

One might naturally hope that with labor-saving inventions there would be more leisure time for the neighborly amenities which are akin to religion; but is this true? People are too busy to love their neighbors as themselves. The random visit is sure to interfere with a pressing engagement; and the chance dropper-in with a bit of needlework, or for a quiet hour of friendly converse, is by no means sure of a welcome. Our lives are too full. There is the Art Club Monday, and the Browning lecture Tuesday, and appointments with the dentist and gown-maker Wednesday, and Mrs. Lofty's luncheon Thursday—or perhaps that is our reception day, when the world crowds in and old friends are crowded out; and so on and on, until the week begins again.

To give a dinner to those at whose table we have endured two or three hours of gastronomic humiliation, or to invite to a reception the persons whose names figure on our visiting list, is not hospitality. Hospitality—from its very name—asks no return; it takes no note of where the obligation lies. It is extended without question, and is measured only by the suppliant's need. It is humble, true, and ungrudging, and it brings its own reward; for, strangest of all, the more of that sweet thing one gives his fellowmen, the richer he grows in that happiness which is the only true wealth, and without which the richest is poor indeed.

The Importance of the Catechism.

THE end of Catholic education being the training of the will and the heart upon the motives and principles set forth by the Christian religion, it follows that the most important of all text-books for the young is the one embodying the doctrines of Christ's Church, and that the noblest work in which any one can be engaged is the inculcation and application of the saving truths of His Gospel.

The last instructions of Pope Pius IX. to the clergy of Rome were that they should redouble their zeal in teaching the Catechism to little ones; for "the child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of man." All the evils of the day may be traced to the ignorance of Christian doctrine. If many fall away from the Church or abandon the practice of their religion, it is because they were never carefully instructed in the faith, or because their lives and conduct were not seasoned with Christian principles. Weak faith and lack of faith, worldly lives and corrupt lives, are generally the consequence of apathy or criminal neglect on the part of parents or religious guides.

If the importance of the Little Catechism were everywhere recognized, and the obligation of parents and pastors to impress its lessons on the minds of children were fully realized, the folly of considering this an easy task, to be accomplished during an hour's teaching in a Sunday-school, would be less general than it is. The decay of faith in the present generation of Catholics, the elasticity of conscience, impiety, indifference, and other evils so widely spread, are the bitter fruits of this folly, which is by no means restricted to our own country.

A young man who has been well grounded in his faith may be trusted on leaving the paternal roof to live up to

it; or, should he yield for a time to the seductions of the world, to return to the faith once dear to him. But in the case of one whose religious instruction has been neglected little is to be hoped for. Renegades of this class swell the ranks of unbelievers everywhere.

About forty years ago a number of families, related and living in the same neighborhood, emigrated—some to the United States and others to certain of the British colonies—from one of the most Catholic of all countries. Of the former band not one remains a Catholic. The parents had never been taught the Catechism, and they did not teach it to their children. The faith has simply died out among them, to the surprise and scandal of their relations in Australia and the mother-country. There are thousands of Italians in South America who not only never go near a church, but are among the avowed enemies of the Catholic religion. Their ignorance of Catholic doctrine is such that it was an easy matter for infidels and sectarians to seduce them; and as soon as they began to neglect religious practices they were lost.

There is one happy sign of a more general appreciation of the absolute necessity of teaching the Catechism thoroughly as a safeguard of the faith. We refer to the attention at present bestowed upon the production of this important little book. It is now more carefully edited than formerly; and there are editions in all languages, some with words of one syllable for the youngest children. A happy sign indeed.

Those conscientious priests, devoted Catholic teachers, and dutiful parents, who teach the Catechism to children, trying to impress its lessons deeply on their minds and hearts, are doing more to stop the leakage of which we hear so much, and to bring about the conversion of non-Catholics, than all the authors, editors, and lecturers with whose doings everyone is

made acquainted. Religious books, papers, and lectures are important, of course; and all rejoice to see their influence extended. But what is of incomparably greater moment is the religious instruction of our children, and to provide teachers trained in a Catholic spirit, as well as in the knowledge of their religion, to impart it.

Let us be persuaded of the paramount importance of the Little Catechism, recalling the words of a great Pontiff: "The child that grows up unconscious of the duties of religion will ignore the duties of man."

Notes and Remarks.

At a time when the air is so heavily laden with rumors of war, there was a special appropriateness in the great pilgrimage to Lajun, whose object was to invoke the Immaculate Mother of God in favor of international peace. It was, perhaps, the largest pilgrimage ever held on this continent, there being at least 25,000 strangers present at the shrine. The sermon by the eloquent Chilian orator, Canon Jara, has been widely commented on; it was a strong plea for devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "In the name of Mary," said he, "the American continent awoke from its slumbers. It was she in whose name the intrepid Genoese ventured upon the unknown main. With the prayer of *Salve Regina* Columbus inspired and encouraged his crew; and *Santa Maria* was the first barque that brought to our shores the Cross of Christ and the blessings of civilization. *Ad Jesum per Mariam.*"

The Protestants of Manitoba, who still think that the minority have no rights which they are bound to respect, are now engaged in the undignified rôle of prosecuting by fraud a policy condemned alike by simple justice and the highest tribunal of the British Empire. Seven members have resigned from the Cabinet because the Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, was determined to redeem his party pledges by restoring to the Catholics

of Manitoba their own schools. The object of these conspirators is to force Premier Bowell to resign, and to supplant him by Sir Charles Tupper, who is avowedly opposed to remedial legislation. It is difficult to understand how the Protestants of Manitoba can flaunt this flagrant injustice in the face of modern civilization; and it is still more difficult to foresee what effect their action will have on the unity of the Dominion. We have often wondered how the great injustices of history could have been publicly done without protest from the representatives of religion. No doubt many good Protestants are humiliated by the reflection that the ministers of Manitoba have *not* been silent. They have clamored most vigorously against the just claims of Catholics.

The Holy Father seems to have been particularly happy in his choice of the new French Cardinals. The humility of Mgr. Boyer, who has emblazoned his father's carpenter tools on his new coat-of-arms, has already been widely noticed. The other new Cardinal, Mgr. Perraud, is an unpretentious Oratorian. When his brother, the Abbé Charles Perraud, died in Paris four years ago, and, at his own request, was buried almost like a pauper, the new Cardinal followed the humble hearse on foot through the streets of Paris. One of Mgr. Perraud's characteristics is his great devotion to the Sacred Heart at the famous shrine of Paray-le-Monial, and he is said to be connected with the family to which Blessed Margaret Mary belonged.

It will surprise many to know that the founder of the widespread Little Sisters of the Poor has just died at Rome, in his eighty-third year. The rapid growth of this humble and mortified community would have been marvellous in any epoch of the Church, and is doubly so in this age of selfishness and materialism. During the forty-five years of its existence the Order has spread over the United States, France, England, Belgium, Spain, Africa, Asia, and Australia. The number of its houses is 260, supporting 33,000 infirm men and women; while the Poor Sisters of Nazareth, an offshoot of the

Order, already count 20 houses, with 800 inmates. Surely the last hours of Father Le Pailleur must have been sweetened by the thought that the Order he founded has already been the agent of God's Providence to innumerable souls. After the celebration of his Golden Jubilee, the venerable Father went to live in Rome at the invitation of Pope Leo XIII., who said of the Order of the Little Sisters: "It is the glory of the Church, and a miracle in itself." May he rest in peace!

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We learn on the best authority that the despised and persecuted Jews are among the most generous and constant benefactors of the Little Sisters in some of our large cities. The charity of these devoted religious disarms prejudice, makes people forget religious differences, and draws all hearts to God. They have done more for the Church than will ever be realized in this world; their influence extends immeasurably beyond their appointed sphere of action. A religious Order of men with the spirit of these Little Sisters, to labor among the poor in our country—who have strayed from the fold whom Christian influence does not reach, who know no parish and acknowledge no pastor,—is a great need of the time. In the highways and byways of all our populous cities there are innumerable strayed sheep and abandoned lambs, that must be sought out by pastors who will preach to them and instruct them in season and out of season, and bring to them what they will not go after.

Speaking of the baleful effects of alcohol upon the system, the late Sir Andrew Clarke said: "I do not desire to make out a strong case. I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and tell you that I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that, in the rounds of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten owe their ill-health to alcohol." "Here," comments *The Casket*, "are the words of one of the most eminent medical authorities of this century. They furnish a motive for taking the total abstinence pledge at the beginning of the new year and keeping it. But there are yet stronger and higher

motives. Science points out the physical evils that flow from alcohol, but who can estimate the depth and the extent of the woes it brings upon society and the havoc wrought by it in the souls of men!"

We have only to add that the numerous pledges taken no doubt within the past few weeks are likely to be kept only in those cases in which the pledge-takers, wisely diffident of their own powers, seek in prayer and the reception of the Sacraments the superabundant strength which God never fails to grant to all earnest solicitors thereof.

We rejoice that a representative Catholic layman like Mr. H. J. Desmond, of Milwaukee, was invited to address a body of ministers in favor of religious tolerance. So able and judicious a speaker could hardly have failed to impress them; but the discussion aroused by Mr. Desmond's discourse shows how hard is the crust of prejudice, once it is formed. When he set forth the Catholic view of religious tolerance, his audience said it was beautiful—but not Catholic; and what would the Pope say if he were to hear Mr. Desmond? That is the puzzling thing about so many Protestants. If you remain silent under misrepresentation, they believe you have nothing to say; if you speak out, they question the truth of your declarations.

A glimpse of the beautiful inner life led by the late Cardinal Manning is afforded by the concluding instalment of the pathetic story of Mary Loys, appearing in our present number. The large-heartedness of that saintly prelate, his devotion to the poor, his zeal for souls, his ready sympathy, kindness and tenderness, are all illustrated by what the London journalist so graphically relates of him. The Cardinal's fatherly interest in a lowly and unfortunate woman, and his tender solicitude for the welfare of her child, show how deeply he was imbued with the spirit of his great patron, St. Charles. The best and perhaps the most beneficial life of Cardinal Manning has yet to be written, and it will abound in such memories. The readers of THE AVE MARIA are

probably of our opinion that a more pathetic and edifying narration than "Mary Loys' Story" has never appeared in its pages.

There is much to interest thoughtful readers in the annual bulletin issued from St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys in Philadelphia. The institution is happily directed by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who thoroughly understand their young charges. Few boys, they admit, are fit for canonization; and, on the whole, homeless boys do not differ essentially from others. Too often, however, they are not treated like other boys, being packed away in public institutions like so many plants of the same kind,—“merely units in a big sum of human arithmetic.” In St. Joseph's House, boys, instead of being “institutionized” until every suggestion of individuality is crushed out of them, are normally developed in an atmosphere of kindness, culture, and religion. They do such intellectual or manual labor as accords best with their native bent, under the eyes of masters who love them and believe in them. It is refreshing to note the enthusiastic optimism of Father Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., after years of experience with these boys. It speaks well for the directors and inmates of an institution which richly deserves support.

A Dominican friar, professor in the Catholic University of Fribourg, has published a monumental work of history and criticism dealing with the tomb of St. Dominic. The art treasures of this famous shrine have made it a place of pilgrimage for esthetes as well as devotees. Speaking of Père Berthier's new history of the shrine, the London *Tablet* observes:

It has often been asserted by historians of art that the tomb of St. Francis at Assisi was the cradle of Christian painting. No one will deny the accuracy of this contention; but what is less generally known is that the tomb of his brother saint, Dominic, in Rome has no less claim to be called the cradle of Christian sculpture. It is little less than amazing that for six centuries so little attention should have been paid to this marvel, absolutely unique in its character and perfection, of Catholic piety and genius. It is the work not of one but of many of the princes of Christian art. All the periods of art

history, from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, are represented. Niccolò Pisano, who has been styled the Dante of Italian art, began the glorious work with his six bas-reliefs of the life of St. Dominic, all masterpieces. Niccolò di Bari (surnamed “Dell' Arca” on account of this very shrine, at which, says Vasari, he worked *divinamente*), Michael Angelo and Coltellini contributed no less than twenty statues. Alfonso Lombardi—whom Michael Angelo dubbed “Il dio della terra” on account of his extraordinary power of manipulating the clay,—added three famous bas-reliefs from the legend of St. Dominic. In the last century Boudard and other notable artists completed this treasury of masterpieces.

The letter-press of the history, which is a remarkable specimen of typographical art, is the work of the order of nun-printers known as the “Œuvre de St. Paul.”

That the forces of disintegration are at work in the Church of England is patent to all but the wilfully blind. The Protestant Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, on a recent occasion acknowledged as much. He asserted that Episcopalianism is in so desperate a condition as to need another “Reformation,” but avowed also that in his judgment it is hopeless to expect a remedy for the present “most unhealthy and dangerous condition of things.” Bishop Ryle is a Low Church Protestant, and would fraternize far more readily with Dissenters pure and simple than with the Ritualistic branch of the Church of England, whose “Romanizing” tendencies he abhors. Before England becomes wholly Catholic, a split will probably occur between the High and the Low Church parties. The latter will become Dissenters; the former, Catholics in truth and deed as well as in name.

Father Elliott has resumed in New York the missions to non-Catholics which were so successful in some of the Western States. These missions are conducted in a broad Catholic spirit, which will commend itself to all who believe that misunderstandings or lack of knowledge keep many outside the Church. “Everything religious, nothing controversial,” says Father Elliott, “is the motto of this mission to non-Catholics. The devotional exercises are such as can be joined in by all who believe in God and Christ, and every-

thing will be calculated to set at rest the doubts of sensible inquirers. While done under Catholic auspices, and every whit Catholic in form and substance, the sensibilities of our non-Catholic brethren are scrupulously respected. Some explanations of peculiar Catholic doctrines are offered. Of course the Paulists are in the field to make converts,—everybody knows that. But we have other purposes in view besides increasing our membership. We have a great and splendid Church; we are Americans, and we love the entire people. So, whether we make converts or not, we shall bring religious non-Catholics to a better understanding of our position, abate prejudice, and especially show them new ways and old for attaining fuller enlightenment of conscience and great fidelity to its dictates." It will be remembered that the Holy Father himself took occasion to commend Father Elliott's work, which is admirably adapted to assist honest Protestants, and to destroy native or imported prejudice.

These be troublous times in Canadian political circles. Although the Orange Premier, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, has been deserted by seven of his cabinet (all seven Protestants), he apparently does not intend to allow the bolters to glory in his downfall. He reaffirms his determination to see that justice is done to the Catholic minority in Manitoba, as was promised in the speech from the throne at the opening of the present parliament; and has won the sympathy and respect of even his political opponents by the sturdy honesty of his course throughout the present crisis.

In closing a speech on the subject, the other day, Sir Mackenzie said that, although he was not now going to pledge himself publicly to the details of any measure which may be proposed in parliament, he wished it distinctly understood that whatever government is formed, if he was to be the leader, it must be formed on the basis of the principles enunciated in the speech from the throne; otherwise he said he would not consent to be connected with any body of men who were not prepared to carry out and hold inviolable the pledges which were then solemnly made to parliament.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. William Sex, of San José, Cal., whose happy death took place on the 7th ult.

Mrs. Jane Reynolds, who departed this life on the 30th ult., at Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Samuel McKenzie, of Circleville, Ohio, who passed away on the 9th inst.

Mr. Frederick Nolan, whose life closed peacefully on the 20th ult., in St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Francis Wadsworth, Mrs. Catherine Wadsworth, Mr. John Bascome, Mrs. Mary Toohey, and Mrs. Mary Welch, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Ellen Poland, Mrs. Mary A. Nichols, Mrs. Sarah Keefer, Allegheny, Pa.; Miss Mary Dooly, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. J. W. O'Brien, Mrs. Jane J. O'Brien, and Mrs. Ellen O'Mara, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Frederick Laninger and Mr. Daniel Hurley, MacKee's Rock, Pa.; Miss Mary O'Mara, Ferndale, Cal.; Miss Alice McCourt, Stockton, Cal.; Mr. Patrick McCormick, Mr. John Lyden, Mr. Anthony Cooney, Mrs. Eliza Souldard, Mrs. Frances Gorman, and Miss Catherine McLaughlin, Galena, Ill.; Mr. William Furlong, Sinsinawa, Wis.; Mrs. Charles St. Louis, Mr. John Devilbiss, and Mr. — de Chene, Woodland, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

For the Ursuline Indian mission, Montana:

A Friend, \$1; V., Illinois, \$3; M. C. and M., \$2; A Friend, San Francisco, \$1.25; A Friend, St. Francis, Wis., \$1; Mrs. A. Murphy, \$1; P. B. and J. B. Q., \$5; A. R., \$1; A Friend, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, \$1; Anonymous, \$1; Mrs. H. V. Jewel, \$5; A Friend, in honor of St. Anthony, \$5; Mary, in honor of St. Joseph, \$2; B. M. Curley, \$2; J. McN., \$2.50; Mrs. Huskinson, \$5; A Friend, Astoria, Oregon, \$15; Mrs. S. F. Shenk, \$13; Mary J. Corvill, \$2.

To supply Catholic literature to public institutions:

W. J. M., \$10; Rev. J. H. G., \$1; Mrs. M. M. R., 50 cts.; A Friend, Austin, Texas, \$2; J. W. [C., 5 cts.

For the Cause of the Venerable Curé of Ars:

Teresa Bouchard, \$1.





UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Frown and Smile.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

WHEN the cares of manhood so burdensome grow

That our trials bid fair to weigh us down,
When Dame Fortune deals us a stunning blow,

'Twill be plenty of time for a darkling frown;

But as long as we're decked with boyhood's crown,

And our hearts are free from deceptive guile,

As long as Hope whispers of fair renown,
The face's best garb is a sunny smile.

When the waters of life with bitterness flow,
And the world seems a desert all bare and brown,

When nor friendship nor love sets the heart aglow,

'Twill be plenty of time for a darkling frown;

But as long as we deem dull Care a clown
Whom Joy can o'ertake and outrun a mile,
As long as content is the soul's fair gown,
The face's best garb is a sunny smile.

ENVOY.

When we're deep in the mire and like to drown,

'Twill be plenty of time for a darkling frown;
But as long as we float and have hope the while,

The face's best garb is a sunny smile.

No one can avoid his own company, so
we had better make it as good as possible.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

IV.—A FALSE SUSPICION.

COMING in from school one afternoon, I learned that my mother had just received a visit from an old friend whom she had not seen for years,— a Mrs. Waterman. She had brought with her her little son Adam, my aversion to whom I alluded to in the last chapter. It seemed strange to me to hear them call each other by their first names—Fanny and Margaret; and I remember that something like a feeling of jealousy manifested itself when I found that for a whole day my mother could find herself happy in reminiscences in which I had no share. I had never played with a boy, but resolved to be as kind to this new friend as I could; both for my mother's sake, as well as on account of the feeling of kindness and hospitality which I had already been taught to cultivate, and which was in reality an inheritance from both father and mother.

Adam was probably nine years old, but seemed much older to me. I was about six. The first day passed pleasantly enough; although the necessity of my repeated inroads on the apple bin and nut barrel, as well as frequent appeals to Helen for a "hunk" of gingerbread to help appease the insatiate appetite of the boy in the interval between dinner and

tea, excited my own disgust as well as the ire of Helen.

"Hunk"! Where did you hear the word, Sylvia?" she asked. "'Tis the first time ever you said it. I'll be bound that greedy, redheaded boy will teach you much you never heard before. 'Hunk' indeed! Don't let your mamma hear you say it, dear, or she'll be going into the spasms. The mother looks like a lady, but I'm thinking the boy isn't much of a gentleman."

When tea was announced Adam could not eat,—he felt ill, he said. But as soon as the quince preserves and pound-cake were passed he recovered his appetite. I thought him odious as it was, but more was to follow.

The next morning I was roused very early by my mother, who told me that we were going to spend the day in the country, at the house of a dear old friend of Mrs. Waterman. It was a three-hours' drive from town. We started at seven. I enjoyed the ride very much, even though Adam sat beside me. About ten o'clock we reached the farm,—a beautiful, old-fashioned place, with long, wide piazzas, and large, cool rooms. Mrs. Everett and her daughter received us with a warm welcome. Mrs. Everett was the oldest-looking person I had ever seen; her face was a perfect net-work of wrinkles. Her daughter, Miss Caroline, had grey hair; she must have been about twice as old as my mother.

After we had taken off our wraps, and had a drink of fresh, cold buttermilk, the ladies proposed that Adam and myself should go into the garden and play. On the way out Adam confided to me that he was hungry. As he had been eating sweet crackers all the way, I wondered how such could be the case; but tried to comfort him by saying that I thought dinner must be nearly ready, as I smelt the odor of pies in the oven. In a short time the fragrance became perceptible to

Adam's nostrils also. In passing under the grape arbor we saw six delicious-looking pies set to cool on a small table near the entrance. Adam eyed them hungrily, even going so far as to touch one with the tip of his finger.

"O Adam," I said, "you must not do so! It is very rude. What if the ladies should see you?"

"Get along!" replied my companion. "I was only doing that to see what you would say."

Soon I lost sight of him, and wandered around by myself for some time. After a while I heard him calling me; and, going in the direction of his voice, saw him peeping out from under the barn, which was built on props about three feet from the ground, allowing a clear passage through on every side.

"Come, Sylvia, creep under here," said Adam, when he saw me. "It's nice and sandy, and we can make forts."

Adam proved to be quite an expert at this amusement, and I lay back on the sand watching him. It was not very long before he put his hand under a box near him and drew forth a piece of custard pie, which he broke in two with his grimy fingers, offering me half.

"No, thank you," said I, having no fancy for the tidbit under the circumstances; adding: "Where did you get it, Adam?"

"She gave me two," he replied, pointing toward the house. "Will you have a piece of plum? There's half of each left."

I again declined, inwardly commenting on the kindness of our hostess; while Adam speedily disposed of both halves.

Soon after this we heard the dinner bell and hastened to the house. After we had washed our faces and hands we entered the dining-room, where we found a feast of good things. After the solid part of the dinner had been disposed of, the maid entered with the dessert, which consisted of custard and plum pies, with a glass

pitcher of delicious milk and a plate of yellow crumbly cheese. I saw her touch Miss Everett on the shoulder, and that lady at once arose and followed her into the pantry. As I was seated with my back to the little window, I could hear every word that was said. The maid began:

"Two of the pies—a custard and a plum—is missing, ma'am; and I'm of opinion them young ones took them."

"Why do you think so, Arley?" asked Miss Everett.

"I saw them looking at them as they passed by, just after I put them on the arbor table to cool; and I saw the girl passing that way twice after."

"Sh, Arley!" whispered Miss Everett. "It does not matter." And she returned to the dining-room.

Her eyes fell directly upon me as she entered. I blushed fiery red—no thief could have looked more guilty. I saw a look of disappointment and reproach pass over her face. She glanced at Adam. He sat erect, whiffing the air like a young pony scenting its oats from afar. There was no consciousness on *his* face; no shadow of guilt in his small, bright, twinkling eyes. Miss Everett looked at me again, and sighed. I could have choked with shame and mortification.

At this juncture my mother looked toward me.

"Are you ill, Sylvia?" she inquired.

"I do not feel well," I replied. "May I leave the table, mamma?"

"She's probably eaten too much," said the pert maid, then in the act of placing a dish of nuts and raisins on the table.

This was the last straw. I rushed from the room, followed by my anxious mother, in whose arms I related my pitiful story. She remained silent for a moment.

"We can do nothing, Sylvia," she said, at length. "I am afraid you shall have to bear this injustice; for, as things are, it will be impossible that I should tell the truth to Miss Everett. I can do so only

at the expense of wounding the feelings of Mrs. Waterman, my dear friend, whom I shall probably never meet again. And yet," she continued, clasping me to her bosom, "it seems too bad that my own little girl should be allowed to suffer under so false an accusation."

Soothed upon her breast, I cared little for the rest. So long as I knew *she* did not believe me guilty, my suffering grew less keen.

"Pray, my darling," she said. "It is your first encounter with evil and injustice. Pray, my child, for a forgiving heart, and remember that Our Lord endured a thousand times more from His enemies. And this, after all, is not your enemy,—only a selfish, greedy, thoughtless boy, who has not been well taught; or, if so, has not profited by it."

Then she took me upstairs to the room where we had laid our hats; and, bidding me lie down a while, she returned to the dining-room.

Weary and sick from crying, I soon fell asleep. When I awoke all was silent in the house. I went to the window, from which I could see three female figures seated at the top of a small hillock on the other side of the road. They were Mrs. Waterman, Miss Everett, and my mother. After washing my face, I passed softly downstairs into the garden. Near the summer-house, which was deeply shaded by trumpet vines, I saw Adam playing with a toad, which he had tied with a string. At sight of him all my former disgust returned, this time mingled with anger. I was about to turn away, when he caught sight of me, and beckoned me to come to him. I shook my head.

"I've got some cookies," he whispered; "she gave 'em to me," pointing toward the kitchen.

This aroused my pent-up indignation. I went quickly toward him.

"I believe you stole them, as you did the pies!" I said, half crying; "and the

girl will think I took them. She told Miss Everett that I stole the pies, and Miss Everett believes it. I saw her look at me when she came in. She thinks I am a thief,—oh, oh!" Once more I burst into a passion of crying, not loud but bitter.

"She *did* give 'em to me, too!" said Adam, unabashed. "She came down to the barn, that girl did, and peeped under, and said: 'Here, little boy,—here's two nice pies for you. We don't need but four. We make fresh ones every day. And after dinner she came out of the pantry, and she gave me six cookies and a whole pocket full of nuts and raisins. See!"

So saying Adam drew forth a quantity of nutshells from his pocket, where no doubt he had placed them for fear of detection, and flung them in my face.

"Oh, you are a wicked boy!" I cried. "But I dare not tell of you. It would not be kind to your mother, when she is visiting us, and mamma may never see her again. But I want to tell,—I *do*; for I can't bear that those kind ladies should think me a thief."

There was a little rustle in the branches that shaded the doorway of the summer-house; and I turned quickly, to see the little old lady with the wrinkled face standing close to me, holding out her arms. Adam slunk away. Mrs. Everett caught and held me close to her.

"You poor darling!" she said, in her quivering, feeble voice, that sounded to me like that of an angel from heaven; "I heard every word, but I did not believe it before. I told my daughter it was the boy. I did not like his little twinkly eyes. Ah, no, my precious! the daughter of *your* mother could not lie or steal. Don't cry any more; it is all over."

But I *did* cry—this time for joy; and then the old lady took me to the house and showed me her treasures—antique jewelry laid away in tiny cabinet drawers, bits of pretty silk and satin, strings of

pearl beads, and two sandal-wood fans from spicy islands far away.

When the others returned we were seated side by side in Mrs. Everett's room, chatting as though we had been friends for years. An early tea followed, before which I had an opportunity to explain to my mother what had occurred. And I knew by the kiss Miss Everett gave me as we got into the carriage that she, too, had heard the truth. As for Adam, he was very silent during the homeward drive, causing his indulgent mother to fear that he was ill. Moreover, he preserved this silence to a great extent during the remainder of the visit, which terminated next day. Later I had many pleasant visits with Mrs. Everett and her daughter.

For a long while after the thought of a boy was repugnant to me. Vainly did my mother represent to me that all boys were not alike; that my father had once been one, and probably a mischievous one. But, like most children, I always set my own parents apart from the rest of mankind,—on a plane above comparison with any others in the world.

Regarding Adam, I believe I will say a few words more, which the wise editor of THE AVE MARIA may, however, decide to omit. But I can not resist the temptation to relate the following:

When, in a confiding hour, after his departure I told Helen the story of Adam's greed and duplicity, she said:

"'Tis what I knew and what I said to your good mother. That boy will go from bad to worse, with his red, bullet head and ferret eyes, till he'll end his days as a Methody class-leader. He has the cut of it on him this day, young as he is."

As a matter of fact, Adam Waterman—whose parents were not Catholics—became a missionary in Japan, where he has been located many years, with a good salary, a small congregation, and a large family of children.

Grandma, Her Day and Her Story.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

III.

Jack told us such a pretty thing about the Abyssinians, as we were all gathered in grandma's room the other day, "needling, threading, and scissoring," as Uncle John calls it; while the snow came softly floating down outside, and a bright fire danced at our feet.

The Abyssinians are, as perhaps you know, a brave, industrious, hospitable people; good agriculturists; and, though their cities are sparsely settled, some of them, especially Gondar, can boast of churches quite as grand and richly embellished as any in Europe. But the "pretty thing" was that with them love of mother is so great that their veneration of the Blessed Mother is beautiful to behold.

"With us," they say, "it is the mother who rules the family. God entrusts us to her when we are helpless; before we can express our needs, she divines and supplies them. In strength and wisdom we should endeavor day by day to grow, but in submission and dependence toward our mothers we must always remain little children. And as we know that God is all-perfect, so do we know that anything His Mother asks Him He will grant."

Hence it is to her they address their supplications; and the best passport for a traveller in their country is a simple blue silk scarf worn about the neck on the outside—Our Lady's colors,—which throws open to him every door, wards off every danger, and ensures him a brother's welcome. Oh, what a sweet thought of that dusky, far-off land, whose whole people are gathered "under the mantle of our Blessed Mother"!

"If only we might all wear a blue scarf like that, in a spiritual sense!" said Mary.

And grandma remarked that the blue scarf and the falling snow recalled to her a lovely Norwegian legend of our Blessed Mother which had impressed her as a child. As the Wagnerian chorus of "Tell it to us,—tell it to us, grandma!" ended, her gentle voice began:

"When, on the death of his father, Count Orlaf came into his vast estate, its retainers trembled. 'The old Lord's hand was heavy on us,' they whispered; 'but the young Lord will grind us beneath his heel.' But Orlaf's aged nurse said: 'Patience! Orlaf the boy is wild and wayward. He is drinking the health of youth now from the golden cup of pleasure. But deep draughts will empty the deepest glass; and Orlaf the man, the husband of fair Dagmar, will be a different being. His marriage-bells will ring in glad new years for us all, you will see.'

"The wedding of Orlaf and Dagmar was celebrated with great splendor. Her presence flooded the gray old castle with sunlight; but, alas! after a few months the Count returned to former companions and amusements; and the faithful nurse whom he had often made weep over him now wept over his beautiful, neglected bride. She, however, gave no outward sign of the sorrow that veiled her soul in darkness; and she passed her time in visiting the sick and sorrowing,—consoling herself in consoling others. And so a year sped, each day of which she grew dearer to her people; and at last, on one of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, there lay on Countess Dagmar's breast a beautiful boy baby.

"Now," thought the young mother, 'no one can forget even for a moment that he is a father. Yes, my angel, we will win thy father back to God and to ourselves.'

"Indeed for a time there was a change in Orlaf. Beneath the stroking of baby fingers his passion-furrowed face relaxed; tiny sparks of light began to glow in his

dark, cold nature. And then all was overthrown by the revelation of a grievous secret—little Ivan was dumb! If before Orlaf had been cruel and morose, he was now tenfold more so; and it was long ere he could look on the innocent child's face with even a glance of pity.

"But the mother, like all mothers, clasped the afflicted one closer, and sought to interpret his every thought and feeling. Her many virtues—gentleness, beauty, and devotion to the Holy Virgin, to whom she had consecrated him—he inherited; and as an infant he reached up his tiny hands to a pictured Madonna on the wall, and manifested every sign of delight in gazing upon it. He grew fast, and at eight his skill in drawing and modelling was the wonder of all. But it was only images of Our Lady that the little artist fashioned; and the Countess, anointing his busy fingers with her tears, murmured:

"Glory to God! Some day my Ivan will deliver his message to the world,—will utter the thoughts of his soul in marble. He will be a great sculptor, and his father will be as proud of him as I am."

"Meanwhile the Count's people groaned under the cruel taxes he levied on them to supply his extravagances, and a winter of more than usual inclemency was now closing over them. The charities of the good Countess multiplied. One morning, accompanied by trusty old Jarlman, she sent Ivan to the village on an errand of mercy. The day passed without their return; and it was dusk before Jarlman, half frozen with cold and sobbing bitterly, staggered in—alone! To please Ivan, he said, they had taken the forest road homeward. Constantly the boy had wandered away, hiding here and there behind the trees, as though the pine spirits were whispering to him; and at last, looking round, it was as if the earth had opened and engulfed the child. He had called, searched in vain; and now, in despair, had returned for assistance.

"The enraged master felled the servant to the ground. 'Dared you leave my boy to perish?' he cried; and while some bound poor Jarlman, the Count bade others follow him.

"All night torches flamed through the forest, all night the oratory of the Countess blazed with light. When near dawn she heard the sound of returning steps, she rose from her knees and went down to the gate to meet them.

"Not found yet?" was all she said.

"At sight of her calm, white face the Count cried, wrathfully:

"Woman, can you, his mother, look, speak, thus? Yet do you not know that ere this the snow has covered from sight all that the wolves have left of his frozen body? It is Jarlman who has forsaken him,—Jarlman, to whom you dared entrust him on some of your wild errands of charity. Well for him he has but one life. I go now to take it. But, ah! nothing can restore to me my heir—my son. Stand aside!" he said, indignantly; for the Countess, tall, beautiful, majestic, had placed herself in his path. But despite himself he paused.

"Listen!" she commanded. "Ivan, the poor dumb boy, can pray,—his mother taught him that; his mother has prayed for him. And our Blessed Mother will hear these prayers. I fear no more for my child's life, but for my husband's soul. As yet there is no stain of blood upon it. Orlaf, sheathe your sword. And' (as the sound of lamentation reached them from the villagers gathered in the courtyard) 'hark also to those who come to sorrow with us! They have much to pardon, but they bring you their sympathy and forgiveness, unasked. Go, return with them to the forest, and let Jarlman lead you. Our Ivan loved him, and will know his voice better, alas! than his father's."

"The hand of God seemed already laid upon Orlaf. He hastened to obey, and once more they penetrated into the depths

of the forest, Jarlman leading, the Count close behind.

"‘Call him,’ he cried,—‘call aloud, Jarlman!’

"And the old servant called Ivan by all his dearest names—‘sweet birdling without song!’ ‘white wing of an angel!’ ‘little brother in God!’

"Suddenly they saw Jarlman throw up his arms and fall prone upon the ground; and, stumbling forward, they beheld a vision that did not fade. There, beneath a canopy formed by a lofty pine, stood a life-size statue of the Holy Mother of God, all of snow; dazzlingly white, except her lovely veil, which, of lace-like transparency, was blue—blue as though torn from a summer sky. No Infant Jesus filled her arms, which were extended in sheltering love and blessing above the fair boy sleeping at her feet, his head resting against her knee, one corner of her mantle drawn about him,—sleeping, and sweetly smiling in his sleep, until that piercing cry of his father woke him, and *he spoke*.

"‘O good Jarlman! O papa!’ he cried, all unconscious of his miracle-granted speech and clasping his hands in ecstasy. ‘Look!—look at the beautiful, beautiful Mother! How tall she has grown! I can not reach her face. And yet *I* made her—I molded her out of the snow, because it was so pure and white and *warm*, just like her.’

"When ere sunrise the glad villagers came to worship at that forest shrine, the statue still stood in its niche of pines; but hour by hour they, marvelling, saw it grow smaller; the exquisite outlines, in which angel hands had helped the little one to mold his melted marble, remaining unchanged. And, lo! at last where it had stood there was only a square of soft green grass, sprinkled with tiny star-shaped blue flowers, as though her veil in dissolving had left its pattern there; and from that green oasis in the desert

of snow gushed a rill of crystal water full of healing power.

"Upon that spot, after the early death of his wife and son, Count Orlaf reared a beautiful chapel, in its shadow dwelling a hermit, truly repentant for his manifold sins, his lands and wealth distributed among his people. And in that chapel he had placed young Ivan’s statue, finished only some hours before he died—Our Lady of the Snow.

"Still, in certain parts of Norway, mothers catch the first snowflakes of the year, and, as with holy water, make upon their children’s foreheads the Sign of the Cross; at the same time murmuring a prayer, touchingly appropriate in their bleak climate, so full of winter perils, which, translated from their poetical language, reads thus:

"‘Light, warm on thine upturned face, O my little one, fall the snows of heaven and of life, by the grace of Our Lady of the Snow! May the breath which utters her sweet name melt frost to dew, and blow a thought of summer into the Northwind’s heart!’"

(To be continued.)

A Deaf and Dumb Artist.

Hernandez el Mudo, a singular artist, who was deaf and dumb from his infancy, having displayed sufficient tokens of an earnest desire to learn the art of painting, was placed as a disciple with Titian, and soon arrived at a high degree of perfection in coloring and design. He successfully imitated the manner of his master, and gained considerable reputation; so that for a number of years he was employed by Philip II., King of Spain, to work in the Escorial. His performances in that palace procured him a noble recompense and distinguished honor. His principal work is the representation of the four Evangelists, which he painted in fresco.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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In Peace Established.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

© HEART, my heart! if far beyond these shadows,
 Out past all pain or dread of hollow dream,
 While stars would bloom and fade on azure meadows,
 I dwelt established in the Peace Supreme;
 Through upper deeps if one of God's white angels
 Should stoop to-meward after countless years,
 And say, "Amidst the Light she now forgets thee!"
 Would grief then rise from hell, and heaven know tears?
 Nay, caught forever on the first full gladness
 Surging ecstatic from the flame-dim throne,
 Tears I shall keep, but not the tear of sadness;
 Christ will suffice,—we need not know our own.

Notre Dame du Laus.

BY GEORGE PROSPERO.



LPINE sanctuaries of the Madonna are indeed numerous. One of them might well be called Our Lady of the Blessed Valley. All fresh and fragrant with its mountain beauty and simplicity, it is like an humble violet amongst Mary's shrines. Time, it would

seem, has only strengthened the people's faith in her intercession and brought generation after generation to her blessed feet. "I have asked my Son and He has granted me this favored spot for the conversion of sinners," said Mary to the chosen object of her celestial apparitions; and for the fifty-four years during which the visions continued, the Laus valley, all impregnated by the presence of the Queen of Heaven, seemed to the inhabitants of the Hautes-Alpes like a corner of Paradise.

No busy crowds from far and wide come to disturb the tranquillity of this happy spot: Laus* has ever retained its simplicity by ever remaining unknown to the general public; so, no doubt, it will continue to the end of time. Heaven had made of it a place of exquisite beauty,—lying in one of the most lovely valleys of the district, the snow-crowned mountains around being covered with vast forests, and adorned with choicest flowers, together with quantities of fragrant hyssop. And thither Our Lady came, crowning all the natural charms of the spot by her celestial presence; leaving after her what in all the country round has ever since been

* The name Laus is from the old Provençal patois word, *lahous*—a *lac*,—the valley extending over the dried-up bed of an ancient and extensive lake. Many Druidical souvenirs were found here, clearly proving the passage of the Druids through this country. Perhaps they worshipped in this spot, as at Chartres, the Virgini Pariturae, thus consecrating the valley to Mary even before the Christian era.

known as *les parfums du Laus*,—fragrant odors pervading all the valley, and for which no natural explanation can be found.

In this peaceful solitude dwelt the Rencurel family; and there, in the village of St.-Etienne-d'Avançon, lying in the Laus valley, Benoite Rencurel was born on the 29th of September, 1647. The girl's name, Benoite, was in itself a predestination, being the old form of *bénite*, or blessed. Poor indeed was the cottage in which this future servant of Mary first saw the light,—the sole ornament of the room in which she was born being a rustic image of her Heavenly Mother. Once, when she was only five years old a mysterious and beautiful Lady drew her aside as she was at play with other children, and sprinkled her with water; whilst later on the same Lady appeared to her and her younger sister when they had missed their way on the mountain, and set the frightened children in the right path.

Benoite lost her father at the early age of seven; and on his death-bed the good man impressed on his little daughter's mind the necessity of frequent prayer, of obedience to her mother, and goodness toward everyone. "Never forget the *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Credo*, *petite*!" said the dying man. And Benoite replied: "With those prayers I can say my Rosary, and that is all that is necessary." To the chaplet the child ever remained faithful.

After her father's death dark days fell on her mother, and the poor woman was obliged to sell the plot of ground around her cottage; whilst Benoite sought work with a neighboring farmer, earning her living by tending and guarding his flocks, and finding consolation for this daily separation from her mother, by visits to a wayside chapel dedicated to Notre Dame de Bon Rencontre. Tranquilly the years glided away in this peaceful occupation,—years of preparation for the young shepherdess destined to become the glory of her Alpine valley; destined

perhaps in God's good time to be raised to the dignity reserved by the Church for her favored servants. She had almost attained the age of seventeen when the intentions of Heaven toward her became manifest.

One day, in the early spring of 1664, Benoite was wending her way toward a grotto hollowed out in a large rock, called the Roche-aux-Fours from its vicinity to limekilns, when a light coming from the grotto attracted her attention. She stopped, and, looking again, beheld a beautiful Lady smiling at her from the grotto. Benoite, greatly delighted at the apparition, drew near, no fear of the unknown Lady falling on her innocent heart, and simply inquired if she wished to buy lime. The Lady gave no answer, continuing only to smile at the young shepherdess. Until the 29th of August of that year these apparitions continued almost daily, all the country around knowing how favored Benoite was, and all feeling certain the *belle Dame* could be no other than the Immaculate Virgin, although she had never spoken.

M. Grimand, the judge of the district, took upon himself the task of questioning Benoite, and enjoined on her to speak to her mysterious visitor. The following day the apparition had scarce appeared before her when the young girl cried out: "*O belle Dame*, we are so troubled to learn who you are! Deign to tell me. May you not, perhaps, be the holy Mother of God? If it be your good pleasure that we should build a chapel in your honor and for your service, tell me and it shall be done." And then the Blessed Virgin answered: "Yes, I am Mary, the Mother of Jesus. My Son wishes to be specially honored in this valley, but not on this spot." With these words Mary vanished, leaving Benoite consoled and happy.

Sorrow, however, soon followed joy. The next month no vision came to delight Benoite. But again, on September 29,

as she followed the Avenge river, she suddenly beheld a dazzling light on the other side, on the top of the Pindraux rocks. The young shepherdess crossed a rustic bridge; but scarcely had she done so when the light disappeared, though a delicious perfume pervaded the spot. Guided by it, Benoite soon found herself at the little thatch-covered chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Rencontre; and, entering, saw the Blessed Virgin standing over the altar, while a bright flood of light inundated the sanctuary. Benoite, seeing the dust lying on the altar, wished to remove it with her apron; but Mary stopped her, saying: "Soon nothing will be wanting here—neither vestments nor altar linen, nor anything necessary for divine worship. On this spot I wish a church built,—a privileged sanctuary, wherein many sinners will repent. Here I will often appear to you. Means will not be wanting, despite the poverty of the country-people around. Besides, I wish only the money of the poor."

Each day Our Lady came to converse with her chosen servant; and in these celestial confidences she made known all her wishes, giving the exact dimensions of the future shrine—its length, breadth, and height. So it can truly be said that if ever earthly sanctuary was designed in heaven, and its plans drawn up by a celestial architect, Notre Dame du Laus enjoys that distinction. "And now," Mary said, as she gave the last directions, "tell the people my wishes, and may my sanctuary quickly rise in this valley!"*

But Laus, all valley as it is, stands high up on the mountain side; and, being entirely surrounded by wild and rocky hills, up which no horse can climb, the task of conveying thither the materials for the church seemed well-nigh impossible. Mary, however, had said it was to

be; and, with hearty good-will, the pious peasants of the neighborhood carried the stones up the mountain,—the pilgrims, who came in large numbers from the towns and villages of the department, rendering cheerful aid.

No sooner was the church begun than a miracle took place—the cure of a young man, Antoine de Caseneuve, the son of a doctor of Gap, who had been ill from his birth. The second miracle was the cure of M. Grimand's daughter; and during the first two summers as many as sixty cures were effected at the humble Alpine sanctuary,—all of which were carefully affirmed as miraculous by official documents. Still-born infants when placed on the altar came to life, and received baptism.

Four years were spent in building the church; during that time Sœur Benoite—as the young girl was now called—aided the workmen, prepared their meals, prayed with them, and encouraged them.

How all the difficulties of the task were surmounted and the work happily concluded can not be better described than in the words of an old document in the archives at Laus: "This edifice had its origin almost in nothing. The hands of the poor brought the material, and their alms dug the foundations. Providence raised its walls, and confidence in God completed it." An eminent pilgrim of our day has declared that the greatest miracle ever wrought at Laus was the erection of the lovely sanctuary, as it now exists, in such a place.*

* A little wayside chapel now stands on the spot, erected in memory of this episode of the apparitions, under the title of Notre Dame de l'Erable.

* Until 1856 gold had almost *never* been found in the money-box at Laus. The superior of the missionaries, wishing to purchase a new Benediction cope, opened the alms-box to see what sum it contained; and, to his astonishment, found a roll of gold pieces amounting to 500 francs—the exact sum required for the cope. It has never been known who placed the money there; besides, the slit in the box being very narrow, it is impossible for the roll to have been passed through. Hence at Laus the belief has ever remained that it was deposited there by angel hands. On other urgent occasions also mysterious money help has unexpectedly come, as to the Venerable Cure of Ars.

One can not say that the Laus sanctuary belongs to any particular style of architecture; each stone is an *ex-voto* to our Heavenly Mother, carried to her blessed feet by willing hands prompted by loving hearts; but the *ensemble* of the building is so religious that it possesses a beauty which is rarely found anywhere; a curious feature being that the rustic chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Rencontre, in which Mary first made known her wishes to Benoite, is enclosed within the church. Over the high altar we read the invocation, *Refugium Peccatorum, ora pro nobis!* The walls are decorated with large paintings representing some of the marvellous episodes in Benoite's life.

The heavenly apparitions continued for fifty-four years, Benoite conversing with her celestial Mother as familiarly as with her earthly one. The most authentic historians of her life* declare that on the feast of the Assumption, 1698, she was ravished to heaven, where Mary showed her all the blessed, and unveiled for a moment the throne awaiting her favored servant. After this ecstasy Benoite remained fifteen days without eating, and only revealed the great favor she had received by the express command of her confessor. On the 15th of March, the following year, she suddenly found herself enveloped, as it were, in the most delicious perfumes; and Mary told her that the odors would ever hover, especially on certain days, throughout the Alpine valley and in the church.

Like St. Hilary, St. Philip Neri, and St. Bridget, Benoite received the gift of discovering all kinds of sin by the sense of smell. The hidden secrets of many lives stood out clear as daylight before her. She was thus able to warn sinners, who, terrified at the enormity of their crimes, dared not approach the tribunal

of penance. She brought back countless souls to the practice of virtue.

Angels were Sœur Benoite's constant companions, often warning her of coming dangers. Such crowds of people came to seek her advice that she finally built a room near the church, that her mother might not be disturbed by their incessant visits. The room was simply furnished with a bed, table, and chairs; and thus it may be seen even to this day. The bed is enclosed in a glass case to preserve it from the pious depredation of pilgrims. Here also is her portrait, painted by an Italian artist as a thank-offering for his miraculous cure at the shrine. She is represented kneeling before Our Lady, clothed in the habit of a Franciscan Tertiary.

If faith filled the hearts of many in regard to Benoite, incredulity, on the other hand, sought to bring discredit on her, by accusing her of pride and hypocrisy; and, strange as it may seem, her most bitter enemies were priests. Some of these went so far as to have her cast into prison; but, after fourteen days spent in fervent prayer and without tasting food, Benoite was released, her persecutors then declaring their doubts unfounded,—the prison cell having been filled with the most heavenly perfumes during all that time. M. Foresta, Vicar-General of Marseilles, incredulous like others, expressed a desire to speak to Benoite, who, by the advice of her confessor, went to see him. Scarce had she entered his presence than she warned him against pursuing some project he had formed, and of which Heaven disapproved. M. Foresta, thunderstruck by the warning, declared Benoite must surely be animated by the spirit of God, as he had never spoken of the project to any one; and he blessed Mary who deigned to warn him by her chosen servant.*

* During Benoite's lifetime four historians wrote her biography daily, one may say. Scarce a day passed without some marvel taking place.

* Three official commissions came to Laus at different times, each composed of twenty personages of high rank. They questioned Benoite separately, and went away perfectly convinced of her sincerity.

Not only did Heaven permit Benoite to be persecuted by men: the devil likewise was allowed to torment her in every way. Nothing which the infernal spirits could invent was left untried. Morally, they left Benoite no peace, and physically there was no danger into which she was not cast.

Often Our Lady appeared to Sœur Benoite, accompanied by the Infant Jesus; and many times she beheld the Divine Child in the Sacred Host. At Embrun, whither she had been obliged to go by order of M. Javelly, the Vicar-General, who was anxious to assure himself of her perfect sincerity, she was consoled, as she prayed in the old Embrun basilica, by an apparition of the Child Jesus on the high altar.

From her childhood Benoite had been accustomed to pray before a large wooden cross—such as is frequently met with on the roadside in country parts of France,—called the Croix d'Avançon, standing on the road leading from Avançon to the blessed valley of Laus. As the Alpine shepherdess grew older, her visits became more frequent and no doubt more fervent. She always made them barefooted,—sometimes in the day, often at night, neither the winter snow nor ice daunting her piety. The old manuscripts at Laus declare that more than twenty times her feet were completely frozen after these icy pilgrimages. There, at the foot of this Alpine relic of piety, whose origin was forgotten by all, Benoite received celestial favors which God deigns to accord only to His most cherished servants.

While she was praying before the cross one day in the beginning of the year 1673, angels came beside Benoite, gently telling her she was to behold what our dear Lord had suffered for us. Instantly raising her eyes, she saw our crucified Saviour on the cross, blood flowing from all the wounds of His sacred body. He then spoke to His servant, saying that from that time she would be permitted

to suffer the dolours of His Passion. And each week, from Thursday at four o'clock until Saturday at nine,* Sœur Benoite lay on her bed, her arms extended in the form of a cross, her feet crossed one on the other; her whole body, says an old document, "as rigid as an iron bar."

Her suffering during these long hours were excruciating; but the more she endured, the greater her desire to be more closely united to our Blessed Saviour's sufferings. After some time she received the impression of the sacred stigmas; and from that moment her sufferings were intolerable, and blood flowed continually from the wounds. The pilgrims seeing these marvels, Benoite became an object of the deepest veneration; all regarded her as a saint, and her humility took alarm. She implored of our Divine Lord to increase her sufferings, but to hide their exterior manifestation. Before long the wounds on her hands closed entirely, but blood continued to issue from her side; her sufferings being always incessant.

The Blessed Virgin had predicted to Sœur Benoite that she would ever be engaged in all that took place at the sanctuary during her lifetime. The building of a monastery for the missionaries having been decided upon, her sufferings ceased in order to permit her to take an active part in the work. During the two years the building lasted she enjoyed perfect health, aiding the workmen in their most fatiguing labors. When at length all was finished, Benoite's agony recommenced, and lasted without intermission for twenty years; during which time Our Lord frequently appeared to His servant, consoling and encouraging her.

No illness preceded her death: she simply "languished and pined away," say the chronicles. On Christmas Day she received a warning that she had but three days to live; on the morning of the feast

* Later on this crucifixion, as it may be called, lasted from noon on Thursday till noon on Saturday.

of the Holy Innocents she announced that she would die that evening. She remained perfectly conscious till the last moment; and she whose life-agony had been so awful knew no agony at the hour of death. Before the prayers were finished the angelic soul of Sœur Benoite had passed peacefully away, into everlasting happiness. Two days later her precious remains were laid to rest at the foot of Our Lady's altar. Despite the snow-covered mountains and the Alpine glaciers, the people flocked to Laus: never before had such a crowd assembled in that valley.

The marble tablet covering the tomb of Sœur Benoite bears the following simple inscription:

TOMBEAU DE LA SŒUR BENOITE,
MORTE EN ODEUR DE SAINTETÉ,
1718.

In 1788 a workman named Jullien, repairing the sanctuary, let fall a heavy stone in passing over the tomb. The marble tablet fell in; and, least some injury might have been done to the coffin, the tombstone was raised. A portion of the lid was found broken, the splinters having caused a wound on Sœur Benoite's cheek, from which issued blood as fresh and red as if she were still alive. When the lid was removed, the body was disclosed perfectly preserved. This marvel greatly increased the veneration felt for the memory of the saintly shepherdess. In 1854 the coffin was again opened, and Benoite's habit found intact, though of her precious body nothing remained save the bones.

The cause of Sœur Benoite's canonization was introduced at Rome by Mgr. Bernadon, Bishop of Gap, and later Cardinal Archbishop of Sens; and on the 7th of September, 1871, Pius IX. declared her Venerable, signed the decree introducing her cause; and, "struck by so many heroic virtues," ordered it to be expedited. May it yet attain a happy termination!

The sanctuary of Laus has known many

guardians. The Jansenists even watched over this favored shrine, their sojourn there being looked on by the enemies of Laus as a sure destruction to the pilgrimage. The celebrated Père Bertet, generally known as the Apostle of the Alps, banished them from the spot, the Pères de Ste.-Garde replacing them. At the time of the Revolution these devoted religious were at their post. Unhappily, they were dispersed, Père Jouvent alone remaining hidden in the neighborhood, and returning to the sanctuary as soon as the revolutionary blast had passed. Later on the shrine was confided to the Oblate Fathers, and is now under the care of diocesan missionaries.

The mountains around the valley of Laus are studded with chapels, erected to perpetuate some of the most remarkable events in the life of Sœur Benoite; and these scattered oratories give to this part of the Alps an aspect of piety rarely seen anywhere. They are always open, and many are enriched with precious indulgences applicable to the souls in purgatory.

The most beautiful of these oratories is the Chapel of the Precious Blood, the gift of the brothers Tulasne, the celebrated botanists and members of the Academy of Sciences. This chapel, built in 1859, contains the Croix d'Avançon, on which Sœur Benoite's saintly eyes so often contemplated her crucified Saviour. On the Avançon road another cross was erected to mark the spot on which the original cross stood.

On the anniversary of the taking of Sebastopol by the French troops—the 8th of September, 1855—Notre Dame du Laus was solemnly crowned, Pius IX. sending a beautiful golden diadem for our Blessed Mother's venerated image. The ceremony was presided over by Cardinal Donnet; nine archbishops and bishops assisting, together with about six hundred priests and forty thousand pilgrims. A year later Mgr. Depéry offered a splendid cross to

the Queen of Heaven in remembrance of the coronation. This cross is always carried by the missionaries as they go to meet a procession on its way to the shrine; the custom at Laus being, as soon as a pilgrimage is descried on the mountain side, for the priests to go forth to bid the pilgrims welcome in Mary's sweet and hallowed name.

Few pilgrimages have ever inspired so many religious vocations as Notre Dame du Laus; and surely no sanctuary of our Blessed Lady has ever inspired musician, artist, and poet as this Alpine shrine.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

V.

THERE was a moment of silence, so much were Madame Prévost and Yvonne confounded by Diane's unexpected question. Then her mother answered, in grave tones:

"Because, my dear, there are some things which can not even be taken into consideration. And this is one of them. Not to save Beaulieu—not to save our lives if it came to that—would I consent to such a sacrifice. Perhaps the man *did* count on this generous impulse on your part; and thought, too, that I might play the rôle of the parent who in fiction, and sometimes in real life, makes such bargains. But he has only shown his utter incapacity to understand anything elevated in character or motive, and we need not consider him further. There only remains to decline his proposal, and forget it as soon as we can."

But Diane shook her Psyche-like head.

"I can not consent to that, mamma," she said. "The proposal is made to me, and I have a right to accept it. It will be my act."

"Your act—but, Diane, you are mad! I will not permit it."

Diane smiled. "Oh, yes, you will," she said, "when you consider that you should not stand in the way of my making so advantageous a settlement in life!"

"Diane!" It was Yvonne who now seized her arm and shook her angrily. "How can you jest on such a subject? It is shameful!"

Diane turned and looked at her sister, and certainly there was no jesting in her glance.

"I am in earnest," she said. "As far as I can perceive, it rests with me to relieve mamma of her debt and to secure her home to her. Do you think I would hesitate over that? Because I have never said much about our difficulties, you can't suppose that I have not been aware of and felt them. There is no good in talking of disagreeable things when one can do nothing; but when the opportunity comes to do something, then one should act. I have always thought that there would never be an opportunity for me, since I am such a useless creature; and I confess that I have often envied you, Yvonne, your power of helping. But now my opportunity has come, and I shall take it. I will accept this man's offer."

Again there was a moment's silence; for neither Yvonne nor her mother knew what to make of such an attitude as this on the part of Diane,—of such totally unlooked-for resolution as her last words expressed. A gentle and charming docility had been so entirely heretofore one of her chief traits of character that they were wholly unprepared for any determination to act according to her own will and in opposition to their wishes. Obstinacy, self-assertion, in Hélène or Ninon they would have understood and reckoned upon as possible; but in Diane—they looked at each other with a consternation which was speechless, until Madame Prévost presently spoke:

"My dear child, you mean this most generously; but I must say again that it is absolutely out of the question for me to allow anything of the kind. Understand once for all that to see you sacrificed in such a manner would be far worse to me than anything else which could possibly happen. It is not even a subject to be discussed. Let me hear no more of it."

Generally, when Madame Prévost spoke in that tone her children yielded implicit obedience; but on this occasion Diane broke the rule.

"I think, mamma, we must speak of it a little further," she said; "for I am quite in earnest and quite resolved. I shall be sorry to do anything which you disapprove; but when it is a question of gaining so much by a single sacrifice, I am bound to make the sacrifice—even against your wishes. You are thinking of *me*, but I am thinking of how I should feel when I saw you driven from your home after I had refused to help you."

"And do you think," asked Madame Prévost, "that I would not rather be homeless, and if need be penniless, than let you marry the son of that man?"

"Perhaps you would," replied Diane; "but it is for me, not for you, to make the choice. And let us look at it reasonably, mamma. I am a French girl, and we know that a French girl is expected to make *un mariage de convenance*."

"Because you are a French girl," said Madame Prévost, almost sternly, "you should know better than to confound *mariage de convenance* with what the gross English mind calls a marriage of convenience. *Convenance*, my dear, as you are perfectly aware, is not convenience, mercenary or otherwise. It is propriety, suitability,—all those things which wise parents endeavor to secure in arranging anything so important as a marriage for a child. But where is there any propriety or suitability in a marriage between you and the grandson of my father's overseer?"

"It is possible that there might be more than you think," replied Diane. "Of course, it is very bad that his grandfather should have been what he was, and that his father should be what he is. One must shrink a little from these things"—despite herself a shudder crept over the girl's delicate frame;—"but, until we know to the contrary, we may suppose that the son is an improvement on his father and grandfather, as we so often find to be the case in the sons of self-made vulgar men. The sons have had advantages of wealth and education which their fathers did not have, you know. And don't you think we should give this Mr. Burnham the benefit of the doubt until we know to the contrary? It is a point in his favor that he made no impression of any kind on me. I did not even remember having seen him; and, you know, if he had been *very* objectionable in appearance or in manner I should have recollected him."

There was something humorous, had any one been in the mood to perceive it, in the seriousness with which the girl advanced this plea; glancing appealingly from her mother to Yvonne, as if sure that they must acknowledge the force of it. But the aspect of neither was encouraging. Plainly, they were not prepared to accept the fact that he had not been able to impress himself upon her recollection as evidence in the suitor's favor.

"Diane," said her sister, "it is simply revolting to hear you talk in that manner. You know you don't think it; you know you don't feel it; you know that there is no one who would shrink sooner than yourself from any connection, any association, with people of such atrocious antecedents and such shocking vulgarity and brutality. For this proposal proves a vulgarity and brutality so hopeless that it leaves nothing more to be said or done. The men—father and son—who are capable of *this* would be capable of anything. And the son is no better than the

father. How could he be? And for you to endeavor to make us believe that you think he might be, is really worse than nonsense—it is a false pretence of which I would not have believed you capable.”

“Poor Yvonne!” said Diane, patting her sister’s arm, and quite unvexed. “You are angry because, like mamma, you are thinking of me. But what I have said is quite reasonable, and it is best to look at matters reasonably; for, even if all you say were true, it would not alter the necessity of the case. And, since I must marry the man, it is surely better that I should think well than ill of him.”

“You shall *never* marry him!” cried Yvonne, fiercely. “We will never allow you to do so!”

“My dear,” replied Diane, almost pityingly, “you can not prevent it. I see clearly that it is the thing appointed for me to do,—a necessity of fate against which there is no good in struggling, and I shall not struggle. I shall simply make the best of it, if there be any best in it; but, in any event, I shall do it.”

Again the note of clear, inflexible resolve in her voice struck on both the mother’s and sister’s ear, and again they looked at each other with that strange sense of utter helplessness which the unexpected, especially in manifestations of character, usually produces. Then, the imperative mood being proved clearly useless, they tried remonstrance and appeal. But Diane was unmoved. In her own playful, gentle way—a way so associated in their minds with her customary docility that its effect was now bewildering—she answered the appeals, but yielded nothing. And when Madame Prévost finally and positively refused to communicate her answer to the Burnhams, she only said, quietly:

“I am sure you will not force me to act for myself. That certainly would not be very *convenable*.”

“Diane,” exclaimed her mother, “I do not know you!”

“No, mamma, she answered, “I do not think you do. I have been so purely ornamental hitherto that you have never thought of me as possibly useful, or as possessing any will or character of my own. But I really do possess a little, and I am quite determined to do this thing. So write to Mr. Burnham and tell him that we accept his proposal.”

“I would rather die!” cried Madame Prévost, passionately. “Diane, you think that you are self-sacrificing, but you are really cruel.”

It was a thing so almost unexampled—at least in the knowledge of her younger daughters—for Madame Prévost to lose her self-control, that Diane stared for a moment at her mother, and then suddenly dropped upon her knees beside her.

“Mamma,” she said earnestly, “I would rather die than cause you any pain which could be avoided; but it seems to me that in this I am bound to disregard your present pain for your lasting good. And not yours only. Think of *grand’mère* and of the girls! But I don’t desire to be obstinate, and it is not necessary for me to say that I don’t desire to marry Mr. Burnham. Tell me, therefore, mamma, is there the least—the *very* least—hope of your being able by any other means to pay your debt?”

This was a crucial question indeed; and, confronted with it, Madame Prévost could only gaze helplessly into the face uplifted to her.

“We can sell the plantation,” she said, desperately, at last.

Diane rose to her feet, smiling a little—a rather sad and hopeless smile.

“And if the plantation were sold, where would be your means of support?” she asked. “No, I see clearly that this which is offered is our only resource. Mamma, Yvonne”—she looked at them appealingly,—“let us make up our minds to what *must* be and face it bravely. It seems absurd for me to offer such advice

to you who have already faced so much which you spared the rest of us. But I knew of it all the time; and, now that my turn has come to take my share of the burden, you should not refuse my help. This one thing has been reserved for me to do, and this one thing I alone can do. Therefore, if you love me, accept my resolution as final, and let us talk of it no more."

And then Yvonne, forgetting her anger, sprang forward and put her arms around the slender young figure standing so upright in its resolve.

"Diane, dear Diane," she cried, "it is I who never knew you! Much as I have always loved you, I did not know that you have the soul of a hero. But you shall not be sacrificed—that I solemnly swear! There must be *some* means to pay this debt, and I will find it. Only give me a little time. Don't insist on letting these people know your decision at once. The man has offered mamma three months' grace: let us accept it. Let her write to him and say, if you insist upon it, that his offer will be taken into consideration, and that three months hence he shall have his answer. Meanwhile I will move heaven and earth to save you; and if I fail—well, then I promise to accept your decision and say nothing more against it."

Such a proposal as this from any other girl would have seemed the mere expression of a passionate protest, if not wildest folly; but from Yvonne it had a more serious significance. Her thorough knowledge of the family resources, as well as her business-like qualities, were well known to every member of the family; and she had already been able to do so much toward practically improving their fortunes that it was no wonder Diane looked at her now with a gleam of hope in her eyes.

"O Yvonne!" she said, "do you really think there is the least possibility of your succeeding?"

"How can I tell until I try?" answered Yvonne. "Heaven helps those who help themselves. I can only say that I will leave *nothing* undone to gain success. Only give me three months."

There can be no doubt that Diane was glad of any excuse for delay, brave and resolute as she had appeared; added to which her faith in Yvonne was so great that she agreed willingly to the compromise suggested. So it was settled that Mr. Burnham should be answered in the manner indicated.

"And for three months," Diane stipulated, "we will not speak again of the obnoxious subject. I shall try to forget it, and also try not to hope too much; for not even you, Yvonne dear, can accomplish impossibilities."

"I feel," said Yvonne, "as if, for the end I have in view, there were no such things as impossibilities."

(To be continued.)

Maria Ging Geschwind.*

MARY, that Mother mild,
Sped with her heavenly Child;
From Bethlehem to-day
To Salem-ward her way;
Needs to the Temple there
Babe Jesus would she bear,—
Would at the Law's behest
Present her First-born blest;
And to the priest full fain
Then offer turtles twain,
And thus redeem thereby
The world's Redeemer high.
Hard by, by God's command,
Good Simèon did stand;
That old man fondly pressed
The Youngling to his breast—
The Christ expected long,
The burthen of his song:

* This translation from the German, by George R. Woodward, will form a portion of the Second Series of "Carmina Mariana," in course of compilation by Orby Shipley, M. A.

Lord, suffer now Thy thrall
 To fare in peace withal,
 Because mine eyes have seen
 My Saviour Christ, I ween;
 To be the Gentiles' light
 And Israel's delight.
 Set is the Child Divine
 A stumbling-block and sign
 For fall and rise again
 Of many a Jew certain.
 Thy soul, too, Mother dear,
 Shall hurt be by a spear.
 A prophetess then came,
 Saint Anna was her name;
 Of Mary's gentle Boy
 She spake with holy joy,—
 E'en so, Christ-Child, draw near
 Our souls in such wise cheer.

A Mean Advantage. -

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

PATRICK induced Raoul to get out a huge coach, because he did not care to go by the much-travelled road from the Ville d'Eu to the little watering-place where Mrs. Weathersby lived. The coach was almost as heavy as those golden vehicles one sees in the circus processions. It was not gilded, but there was a coat-of-arms on the panel, which was said by the family to be that of the Grande Mademoiselle; and the equipage looked old enough to justify such a tradition.

Raoul had been busy since daylight, and he did not mount the box with special cheerfulness. There were the oats to be thought of, and other things relating to the fields, which he grumbled about. The horses were needed at the farm, and Raoul was needed himself.

Patrick laughed at first.

"My guest and I must pay our visit, Raoul," he observed; "and the light carriage is being repaired. It is too hot to walk."

"It is too hot to ride inside of the coach, Monsieur le Vicomte," said Raoul, gathering up the reins; "and the fleas are bad this time of year."

The guest started, and looked apprehensively at the worn green cushions of the coach. He knew the Norman fleas, and those cushions were full of comfortable crannies that might hide legions of them.

Patrick frowned.

"As you will," Raoul said, resignedly. "But the harvest—"

"It is always this way, Raoul: you are always opposing everything!" burst out Patrick. "You are using *all* the horses. One can not ride, and you will not drive; and what does my guest think of a house so mismanaged as mine?"

"Well, they have only red Indians in America," Raoul replied; "and he knows no better."

"Pardon!" said Patrick, and he turned appealingly to the guest. "He is most peculiar. He, as you know, brought me up. He still looks on me as a little boy."

"Why can not we ride outside?" the guest asked. "You can drive?"

"Certainly," Patrick said, much relieved.

Raoul descended as quickly as a man of sixty years of age could descend, and Patrick and the guest took his place on the box.

"It is better," Patrick said, with a sigh; "and, the worst of it is, Raoul is always right. When I think of marriage I tremble. Knowing Raoul, I can well fancy what a horrible thing it would be to marry a woman who is always right."

The guest smiled. A family council had been held recently, and it was decided that Patrick d'Orsay should offer himself to Mademoiselle Marthe Pasepeur, of Dieppe. She was wealthy, handsome, of a family eminent in the commercial affairs of that port; but decidedly a young woman, who never spoke without serious thought,—slow, deliberate, and always right.

"I was thinking," Patrick said, as the

horses trotted between the tall trees that arched over the road—a luxuriously good road,—“that the little Miss Jennie Brown is so different. She is bright, she is gay, she is *gentille* too.

“But not rich,” the guest remarked, sarcastically.

“Oh, you misunderstand!” said Patrick, as he skilfully guided the horses around a quick turn. “My marriage,” he went on, “is not a question of money. I am only a farmer, after all. There is enough,—oh, yes, there is enough! The houses at Mers bring me ten thousand francs a year. I shall always live here—except when I shall go to Ireland or America to see my cousins. I shall spend nothing. There is enough. I *must* marry, you know. I am twenty-eight; I have served my term in the army. There is nothing left now but marriage,” he added, with a sigh. “I must settle down. I can not always live here *en garçon*.”

There is nothing so delightful as match-making; and, in spite of all the proverbs, there is no other form of minding other people’s business so generally adopted by the benevolent.

Now, there was Jennie Brown,—Genevieve Loreto Brown. She had been at the convent school when the guest had gone there years ago as a lecturer; and afterward she had “gone into literature,” as her friends expressed it, and had broken herself down by turning out “copy” for devouring Sunday papers. Jennie had once thought of going into the dear old convent, but the Sisters would not have it: they said she had no vocation. Like Patrick d’Orsay, she was alone in the world. She had come abroad to bind up her shattered health and to pick up more copy. Jennie’s face clouded when she mentioned copy; she hated the sight of a paste-pot or a pencil, blue or black.

A girl may find a pleasurable independence in her daily work, and Jennie almost swore she did; but here was

Patrick d’Orsay, unspoiled, good, honest, kind; and, as Raoul said, *bon Catholique*. Moreover, Patrick had too much Irish blood in him—his mother was a Limerick woman and his great-grandfather from Thurles—to mate contentedly with the practical, matter-of-fact, somewhat stern Mademoiselle Marthe. And Jennie Brown was one of the best types of the American girl,—you can not say anything more than that. She spoke French decently, and dressed better than any Frenchwoman on the *plage* at Mers.

Jennie was an orphan too, and poor, and she liked Patrick. The guest could see that; for they had met in one of the rooms of the school-house, and they had played a *suite* of Weber’s for the flute and piano. Of course Mrs. Weathersby would never allow them to have a single minute together. She was a Scotchwoman, living in Kensington. Her daughter had married an American, and the American’s wife had given to Jennie a letter of introduction. And Mrs. Weathersby, who lived in seclusion with two English maids near the *plage* of Etoile-sur-Mer, took a fancy to her; for Jennie read well, and told jokes which gave dear Mrs. Weathersby food for thought. She asked Jennie to stay with her; and this was a good thing for the poor girl, who had very little money.

But Mrs. Weathersby did not approve of ill-assorted marriages; she had met the first hint that Patrick *might* like Miss Brown with decided disapproval.

“It wouldn’t do at all,” she had said. “In America, family doesn’t count. One of us would marry any of your girls if she were rich enough. But the Vicomte couldn’t possibly marry Miss Brown; she isn’t rich.”

“Neither is he.”

“No, but he ought to be, to support his title.”

The guest laughed.

“He doesn’t want to support it. He is content to stand well with his neighbors, drink good cider, and till his farms—as

the old D'Orsays did before Louis XIV. spoiled them. Oh, come, don't let us put on airs!"

Mrs. Weathersby tightened her lips, and Jennie was dragooned—not chaperoned—more closely than ever. As the D'Orsay family council consisted of an uncle and five maiden aunts, the guest did not worry much about that assemblage.

Mrs. Weathersby did not approve of Americans; but Jennie was so useful, and the only human creature, except the two maids, who spoke English well. She hated France,—she despised the French; she detested Normandy; she disliked the sea. But here she was, for the benefit of her health, enclosed in a little villa called "La Corbeille des Fleurs," with too maids whose sense of propriety was every day outraged by people who would bathe in the sea without the sacred enclosure of the queer little houses the English love so devoutly.

Mrs. Weathersby had asked Patrick and the guest to *déjeuner* at one o'clock. It was kind of her; she wanted to speak English with the guest, though she plainly said she hated his accent—hers was a mixture of Glasgow's best and Kensington's worst,—and she liked to call Patrick "the Vicomte."

The drive was past a hunting lodge or two, past the Café du Temps Perdu, and through a sunlit country, full of rich green tones, with a patch of poppies here and there. As the carriage approached the old manor-house of the D'Orsays, with the coat-of-arms deeply cut in the door-posts, the guest, who, like all Americans, grew sentimental, sighed:

"It's too bad that the old place has gone to pieces!"

"Not at all," said Patrick, cheerfully; "it was cold and damp. France needs no longer the barons and the coats-of-arms. The republic has changed all that."

A chill touched the sentimentalism of the guest. Alas, to what a sad condition

things had come in France! A Catholic Vicomte who was not a royalist!

"One must go to America for real aristocrats," Patrick said, with a laugh.

The getting of that coach up hill was a trial; and there was another hill half a mile beyond. The only reasonable thing was to drive back to the Café du Temps Perdu, to leave the carriage there, to be refreshed with cider or a glass of orange syrup, and to walk the rest of the way. It was a stiff walk; and when Patrick and his guest had climbed the hill that faced the sea like a wall, they were weary of life.

The older of the maids, in the neatest of caps and aprons, opened the door leading into a hall, the pine walls of which were tastily ornamented with Japanese fans and the pictures of the Duke and Duchess of York.

"And how do you like France?" the guest asked, while both maids dusted him and his friend with besoms of peacock's feathers.

"It's no place for respectable people," said the elder maid. "Look at that!"

The guests turned, though Patrick did not quite understand what this exclamation meant. A slim young priest, in his hat and *soutane*, had kissed an elderly matron several times on both cheeks. She was evidently about to descend to the beach, as they both stood at the intersection of the paths.

"Ah!" said Patrick, "he is so *gentil*—the young *curé*! He loves his mother so much! She comes every day to Etoile to see him. Ah, the maternal love!"

"It is real scandalous?" said the British maid, who did not understand Patrick's sympathetic words. "And he a clergyman too, and in public! I don't see how any decent people can respect themselves in this country."

Two francs restored the proprieties, and the maid said:

"Perhaps you'd like a bath, sir? There is a big tub, just filled, off the room Mrs.

Weathersby said I was to show you to. There's only one tub—but," she added, with a glance at Patrick, "I hear Frenchmen don't care for their tub."

The guest accepted the suggestion with great pleasure; and, while Patrick refreshed himself as best he could, got rid of a great deal of dust.

Mrs. Weathersby's *déjeuner* was indeed excellent; though she filled the air with complaints of the absence of vegetable marrows in France, and the vileness of French tea.

When the little cups of coffee had disappeared *she* did not disappear, though it was evident that she needed her usual nap. Her shapely head, crowned with its elaborate white cap, nodded several times.

Patrick went out on the porch, and then wandered toward a patch of marguerites and poppies which shone out against the brown soil. The guest kept his eye on him. With a chaperon like Mrs. Weathersby, the way of the matchmaker is hard. The guest reflected that he had only another week in Normandy, and became desperate.

Jennie, who had been particularly bright at luncheon, went upstairs, book in hand. The guest felt the need of a *siesta*, but he remarked:

"A sweet girl, Mrs. Weathersby."

"Yes, but she is a Romanist; did you know that? She wears charms about her neck, really! How dreadful it is! I did not know there were many Romanists in the States, except among the lower classes."

"Poor child!" the guest said, after a flash of thought. "Don't you think that she and the Vicomte—"

"No," said Mrs. Weathersby, decidedly. "They're both Romanists, to be sure; but what do I know about *her* family. I'm a conscientious woman."

"She's a nice girl."

"Oh, I know!—I've seen it; you've been trying your best to make a match. But I haven't given them much of a chance, have I?"

"No, you haven't," the guest said.

"I do not approve of matchmaking. Everything should be suitable. When my late husband was in Guiana, with the twenty-second Lancers—"

"In this case," the guest continued, noticing through the open door that Patrick had reached the clump of flowers, "you are perhaps not aware that Jennie had nearly entered a convent,—that there is yet a chance,—I don't say anything *but* a chance—"

Mrs. Weathersby was wide awake in an instant.

"A convent! The poor, dear child! And they allow that in the States!"

"The Vicomte d'Orsay is standing in the sun; it is very hot," the guest said—"and dangerous! If somebody would take an umbrella to him!"

Mrs. Weathersby was not quick at the American joke. She could never be made to see the comicality of the little boy's death from eating green apples in the spring; but she was not unintelligent when her feelings were aroused. The guest was sure that Patrick was thinking dolorously of Mademoiselle Marthe, who was "always right."

"Jennie!" Mrs. Weathersby called out; "Jennie, the maids are busy. Take an umbrella to Monsheer the Vicomte."

Jennie, amazed by this request, for Mrs. Weathersby seldom spoke beyond the conventional tone, appeared almost immediately with a white umbrella lined with green.

"That poor boy will be sunstruck," she said. "Run quick!"

Jennie hesitated for a moment. The guest turned away his face. It did not look well for a full-grown man to remain seated at his ease while Miss Jennie Brown prepared to run out through the blazing September sun; but—there were extenuating circumstances.

Jennie, probably obeying a look from Mrs. Weathersby, passed out. The hostess

and guest went to the window and watched Jennie's slim figure, in its gray skirt and lilac shirt-waist, going quickly toward the clump of poppies and late marguerites.

"A convent!" said Mrs. Weathersby, turning with a sigh of relief when Patrick and Jennie were safe under the same umbrella. "A convent! The superstition of the Romanists! Some of my relatives are so jolly Irish that they don't seem to mind in the least. There is something in the Irish character that adapts itself to Romanism. And that poor Brown girl, who ought to know better, as she is an American, is a dupe,—that's all. A convent! It's perfectly awful. And do you know Jennie is just hung around with charms—Romanish charms,—reliquaries or scapularies or rosaries, or something? Oh, the superstition of it all!"

"Well, if she marries Patrick—" the guest began.

"Oh, call him the Vicomte!" said Mrs. Weathersby. "'Patrick' is so jolly Irish."

"That's what makes him so fond of his name. If he should marry Miss Brown—"

"She will be a Vicomtesse. That doesn't count so much here as in England; but the marriage will be unequal,—anything to keep that nice girl out of a convent. She will be in a new sphere."

"Patrick is a good republican; he is quite willing to be a Norman farmer. And Jennie is a good American. She will read to him the New York *Sun* and the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence, and teach him how France should be governed."

"She will, will she?" asked Mrs. Weathersby, whose cap had been pushed rakishly aside in her attempt to follow the young people, who had gone beyond the flower-bed. "Will he propose?" she added, apprehensively. "Oh, that convent! And the nuns really want her! And the Pope—"

"Of course he'll propose," said the guest. "He has nothing else to do,—and

there is a young woman at Dieppe who is *always* right. But will she accept?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Weathersby, "unless the Jesuits have poisoned her mind against matrimony. Catch any girl, especially an American, refusing to be a Vicomtesse—if it is only a French one. Why, she will put the coronet on her prayer-book the moment she is engaged."

For a moment the guest was speechless.

"Jennie Brown is not a snob," he said. "she cares no more for titles than I do."

Mrs. Weathersby simply shrugged her shoulders. She thought she would take her usual *siesta*. Would the guest knock on the wall when the Vicomte and Miss Brown returned? The guest promised; and, stretching himself on the divan, began *Le Petit Bleu*.

Mrs. Weathersby had come down, with her best false front on, and a fresh bunch of purple ribbon in her cap; and tea-things were on the table when Patrick and Jennie Brown came back. They both looked as if the world was a pleasant place. Mrs. Weathersby actually winked at the guest.

The guest rose to shake Patrick's hand.

"And Mademoiselle Marthe?"

"Mademoiselle Marthe does not exist," said Patrick, radiantly. "That lady there is the only one for me."

"And you will not go into a convent!" exclaimed Mrs. Weathersby. "And, Jennie, do take off those heathenish reliquaries. Your friend here, who knows the ways of Romanists and who *hates* the idea of your entering a convent, just remarked—at least he agreed with me—"

"Please, Mrs. Weathersby," said the elder of the maids, entering with the guest's damp Scapular held at arm's-length, and with an expression of highly respectable horror on her face, "I just found the gentleman's charms in the bath-tub!"

Mrs. Weathersby turned and looked at the guest—once.

"I am very happy," said Jennie Brown, not noticing the interruption; "I am frankly happy. The Vicomte is *so* good! It will be a great privilege to help him restore his ancestral glories too, and help those dear Orleans princes against this vulgar republic."

"Oh, but Patrick is a republican!" the guest said. "His family have always been Orleanists; I read all about them as soon as I heard the Vicomte was here."

Patrick smiled beatifically. It was evident that America had lost a republican and France gained an aristocrat. Well, as Raoul would have said, *Que voulez vous?*

"I really do not believe," whispered Mrs. Weathersby hoarsely to the guest, as she gave him the hottest cup of tea, "that the Pope wanted the girl at all for his monasteries. When I heard your name mentioned I ought to have been upon my guard. There is *something* in the Irish character—thank Heaven I'm not jolly Irish nor yet American!"

The Order of the Garter.

BY ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

THE apt reply of a gallant monarch and the graceful act of a courtly King have so often been quoted as the origin of the Order of the Garter that the world has lost sight of the religious zeal that founded it, and the extraordinary valor it commemorated.

On the eve of the battle of Crécy, Edward III., having passed the Somme, found himself five leagues from Abbeville, in the countship of Ponthieu, which had formed part of his mother's* dowry. Here he halted with his marshals, Froissart tells us, and said to them: "I will go no farther till I have seen the enemy. I am on my mother's rightful inheritance,

which was given her on her marriage; I will defend it against mine adversary, Philip of Valois.' And he rested in the open fields—he and all his men,—and made his marshals mark well the ground where they would set their battle in array."

Philip was then at Abbeville, having moved thither on learning of the defeat of Godeimar du Fay and his handful at the ford of Blanche-Tache; and all his men joined him there, so the old chronicler further tells us; and thence he sent out scouts "to learn the truth about the English. When he knew that they were resting in the open fields near Crécy, and were awaiting their enemies, the King of France was very joyful; and said that, please God, they should fight him on the morrow [the day after Friday, August 25, 1346]. He that day bade to supper all the high-born princes who were at Abbeville. They were all in great spirits and had great talk of arms. After supper the King prayed all the lords to be all of them, one toward another, friendly and courteous, without envy, hatred, and pride. And every one made him a promise thereof. On the same day of Friday the King of England also gave a supper to the earls and barons of his army, made them great cheer; and then sent them away to rest, which they did. When all the company had gone, he entered into his oratory and fell on his knees before the altar, praying devoutly that God would permit him on the morrow, if he should fight, to come out of the affair with honor; after which, about midnight, he went and lay down. On the morrow he rose pretty early, for good reason; heard Mass with the Prince of Wales, his son; and both of them received Holy Communion. The majority of his men confessed [their sins] and put themselves in good case. After Mass the King commanded all to get on their arms and take their places in the field according as he had assigned them the day before."

* Isabel, daughter of Philip the Fair.

The story of the battle is a very great temptation, with its wealth of incident, its splendid color and action, its moments of chivalry, its hours of valor, and its imperishable glory. But it is the occasion and not the theme; so I turn my face away from its magnificence, and cite only the preliminary moment, when the English Edward "gave his own garter to be the signal in that battle, and 'St. George' to be the watchword of the day,"* and that other moment, the final one, when God permitted him "to come out of the affair with honor."

Just how much later the new Order was formally instituted I can not say; but that much time and attention were devoted to its erection is manifest in every line of the requirements and rulings. The King reserved the sovereignty to himself and his successors forever; and out of that host of champions who made Crécy an English victory, he chose twenty-five—"nobles and others whose great characters and stations in the field or cabinet had merited his favor."

The first members of the Order of the Garter were: King Edward III.; the Black Prince; Henry, Duke of Lancaster; Thomas, Earl of Warwick; Ralph, Earl of Stafford; Peers, Capitow de la Bouch;† W. Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March; John de Lysle; Bartholomew Bursghesheim; John de Gray; John de Beauchamp; John de Mohun; Hugh Courtney; Thomas Holland; Miles Stapleton; Richard Fitz Simon; Thomas Wortesley; Nele Loring; John Chandos; James de Audeley; Otho Holland; Henry Eam; Sanchet Daubricourt; and Walter Paveley, *alias* Pevrell.

It was an unusually democratic Order for its day; nobility being non-essential, and manliness, sobriety and virtue the

touchstones. Doctor Heylin, in his valuable old work, says: "No person is capable of being admitted a member thereof that has not been a gentleman by name and arms, both by father and mother, for three descents.* He must have no spot nor foul reproach; neither convicted of heresy nor attainted of treason, nor decayed by prodigality and riot; and he must be one that never fled in the day of battle when the sovereign or his lieutenant was present in the field."

Reverence for the Order was jealously maintained, and every possible care was taken to guard its integrity. The King made Windsor its centre,—that Windsor so dear to the post-conquest sovereigns that in less than half a century it grew from the Norman William's hunting-lodge to the stronghold of Henry I., who held the first great "drawing-room" when he summoned all his nobility to attend him there at Whitsuntide in the tenth year of his reign. Then it became what a palace rarely is—a home; for Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, lived there, and four of their children were born under its roof-tree. The hero of Crécy was also born there, and loved it so well that his other title was Edward of Windsor. His enthusiasm led him to enlarge and beautify it; and this was done so perfectly, under the direction of the famous Bishop of Winchester, William of Wickham (at that time architect of the court), that, with the exception of a few minor alterations at the entrance of the great staircase, and in the kitchen and below-stairs offices, nothing was added to or taken from it for centuries.

Of course the expense was enormous; and, equally of course, the King's dear Order was provided with an oratory as well as a home—the Chapel of St. George, which was richly endowed before it was

* "Berkshire," *University Magazine*, July 17, 1747; pp. 53, *et seq.*

† I follow the old spelling.

* The origin of the saying, "It takes three generations to make a gentleman."

so set apart. For instance, "the Duke of Suffolk gave it 3,000 acres of land, 19 manors, 170 messuages and tasts, and several advowsons of churches and other gifts, to the amount of £1,000 a year."

In an article on the architecture of this chapel, published in the reign of George II., we are told that "the choir contains a throne for the sovereign and twenty-six stalls for so many Knights, and each has the banner of his arms above his stall. In the middle of the choir there are stalls for eighteen poor Knights Pensioners, who have their residence together in the building on the fourth side of the square, or court, in which the chapel stands. The poor Knights were about twenty-six in number; but about the twenty-second year of Edward IV. they were separated from the college and their pensions withdrawn, until Queen Eliza reunited them and established them. Now there are but eighteen. They wear a red cloth cassock and a purple mantle, with a St. George's Cross on the left shoulder; and are obliged to go, dressed thus, twice a day to pray for the sovereigns and the Knights of the Order.... When a Knight dies his banner is taken down, and the proper coat-of-arms set up in the place allotted for those arms over the same stall, for a living record of all the Knights and of their succession from the first institution of the Order."

The picturesque uniform of the Knights Pensioners was a revival; for the habits and ensigns, or insignia, of the Order were at first only the garter, the mantle, surcoat, or kirtle; and the hood and cap (for the "George and collar" were added by King Charles I.); the garter was worn buckled above the calf of the left leg, and the George on the breast pendant at a sky (?) colored ribbon about the neck.

I had the curiosity to look up the list of Knights in the time of George II., and felt a distinct pang when I saw, as against

the first three in the original list, the names of George II.; Frederick, Prince of Wales; and that Duke of Cumberland of cruel name and murderous fame. The rest were as distressing—old titles, but strange names, nationalities, and notorieties. But, then, alas! the great founder himself fell away from his early zeal and pious habits at the end!

So I turned down the page with a sigh, and would have quoted "*Sic transit*—" if it had not fallen to pieces long ago from over-use. And I tried to comfort myself with the indisputable fact that, instead of being a gallant vagary and a whimsical compliment to the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, the Order was one of those chivalrous institutions designed in the Ages of Faith for the honor of God as well as the service of the King, and which the love and reverence for Our Lady turned into bulwarks of defence for the womanhood of that day.

In Memoriam.—M. B. C.

AH! why shed tears for a sweet child
who dies,
Like a fair flower, ere yet the sun has faded
Its spotless loveliness? No pain, no strife,
No aftermath of bitter memories,—naught
To mar her perfect rest, by patient suffering
wrought.
The angel came and touched her innocent
eyes,
She opened them again in Paradise,
By God's eternal Peace forever shaded.
Yet, stricken mother, weep! God loves those
tears,—
Tears that are prayers; born of a faith
supreme,
Of which the worldling does not even dream.
Thine no despairing sighs, no darksome
fears.
Weep on! Be comforted in thy sweet sorrow;
Parted but for a day,—to meet to-morrow.
M. E. M.

A Prevalent Mania.

A LITTLE observation will convince any unprejudiced person that the late Prof. Boyesen's strictures on American humor were well taken. It is remarkable how widely the plague of jocularity has spread,—killing conversation, causing eloquence to languish, and blighting all kinds of literature. The conversationalist is all but obsolete; the most renowned speakers are primarily humorists; and the best known authors are those who can be most grotesque. The editorial writer is not allowed to be altogether serious on the most serious subjects: his articles must be seasoned with humor, or he will be considered dull and heavy-handed. Even preachers are necessitated to be humorous if they would preserve their popularity, and sly jokes and funny phrases are heard from the pulpit as well as the rostrum.

No wonder that foreigners consider jocularity the most pervasive trait in the American national character. The only contemporary American authors who have really an international fame are Bret Harte and Mark Twain. With very few exceptions, American speakers are men whose highest claim to the title of orator is the power to tell stories standing. The most renowned of these "orators" is so chary of his anecdotes, knowing them to be the essence of his oratory, that in relating a story to some friends recently, he asked that it be considered his property for one week. Meantime he would be obliged to make an after-dinner speech, and of course he wanted to be prepared.

Some men can not help being witty any more than others can help being stupid; but it is a great pity when a good man's reputation for humor obscures his reputation for virtue, lessens the influence of his life, and weakens the force of his example.

The late lamented Father Fulton, S. J.,

was a great priest, but he has been represented rather as a great wag; and to those who did not enjoy a personal acquaintance with him, he is known as a Jesuit with more of the spirit of Dean Swift than of St. Ignatius. We have heard much of his drolleries; his *bon-mots* are in circulation everywhere; but of his distinguished services in the cause of Catholic education, of his admirable conferences, of his labors for the Catholic Union, of his lifelong devotion to young men, his kindness to the poor, tenderness to the unfortunate, and friendliness to the sick and suffering, next to nothing has been told. It was the same with the eloquent Dominican, Father Tom Burke. A mistaken life of him—a collection of anecdotes many of which give a false impression of his character—has appeared; but there is no adequate inner life, telling of his piety, his austerities, his humility, etc. Now comes a life of Father Healy, the famous priest of Bray, from the pen of the same *raconteur*. We had expected a biography of much interest, but instead we have another collection of humorous anecdotes, some of which are neither good nor new, of interest nor unto edification. But, then, it was incumbent upon the biographer to prove that Father Healy was at least a wit and a wag, and he himself a teller of tales.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," and only a prig or a hypocrite will object to any species of fun that is proper and innocent; but a pronounced and universal tendency to take a facetious view of life, a habit of always looking at things from the jocular view-point, a blunting of the sense of reverence which hedges certain subjects with sanctity, guarding them against the shafts of wit,—these are faults which Prof. Boyesen did well to reveal in all their odiousness, and of which Catholics have no excuse for not being less guilty than others.

Notes and Remarks.

People would be very much shocked if sacred pictures were to be removed from our churches and replaced by such as adorn parlors and dancing-halls; but we have become so accustomed to hearing profane music in the holy place that little is thought of it. Its effect on the worshippers is anything but beneficial. The notion that music of this character attracts outsiders is altogether mistaken. Mendelssohn, we believe, was a Jew,—here is his opinion of the figured and florid music now so prevalent in Catholic churches. After complaining in one of his letters of the constant prevalence of superficial ornamentation in the Italian Masses, from Durante and Pergolesi down to the present day, he adds: "Were I a Catholic, I would set to work at a Mass this very evening; and, whatever it might turn out, it would at all events be the only Mass written with a constant remembrance of its sacred purpose." The grand Masses of Palestrina, which have ceased to find favor among Catholic musicians even in the old country, are now heard in the Protestant churches of Berlin! Those for whom Palestrina composed prefer Masses which are written for display rather than to inspire devotion.

Major H. F. Brownson, of Detroit, makes a serious charge against Catholic colleges in his recent work on "Faith and Science." He declares that a large proportion of the students who reach manhood in safety under college discipline and the influence of religious teachers lose their faith when removed from the religious stimulants of college life. Major Brownson's charge is thus set forth:

"A serious defect in the education given is that too great a burden is imposed on the feeble faith of our age, and the reason of the pupil is not sufficiently pressed into its service; or, in other words, the professors fail to show the relation between the great universal principles which underlie all the dogmas of faith and the universal principles of reason, of all science, of all knowledge, and of all human belief. The philosophy they teach is not an adequate exponent of human reason, and therefore does not harmonize it throughout with the principles of faith; and the harmony asserted is rather asserted

than shown. The physical sciences taught are oftener theories, hypotheses, than sciences; and when not antagonistic to revelation are nowhere shown to be in dialectic harmony with it. So, in fact, the graduate goes forth into the world loving his religion, it may be, and determined to hold it fast, but with no reason for it but an external authority. The moment he finds it questioned he has no resource but to repeat the teachings of the very authority that is questioned and he is called upon to vindicate. His mind is distracted by an unpleasant dualism that bisects it; and he is unable to use the same universal principles in defending supernatural truth that he does in defending the truths of the natural or rational order. He may have been told, but he has never been made or enabled to see, that the natural and the supernatural reciprocally demand each the other, and are in reality but two parts of one dialectic whole."

We have heard this statement before, but the college statistics accessible to us hardly justify it. We believe the picture is overdrawn, though it is quite probable that the philosophical courses in our Catholic colleges are not all that they should be. It is regrettable that there should be even a shadow of ground for so serious a charge, which, in any case, deserves the attention of Catholic parents as well as Catholic teachers.

Women criminals fare well in Austria. Even in the official reports they are set down not as criminals, but as "erring sisters"; and the aim of the law is rather to reform than to punish them. They never endure capital punishment, the severest penalty meted out to them being a term of years in a comfortable sort of prison attached to certain convents. Culprits are given in charge to the superior, who enjoys the widest liberty in the treatment of her charges. Their quarters are, of course, distinct from the cloister; but they are so bright and cheery, and the prisoners so docile to the Sisters, that one might imagine them voluntary workers in a large factory. There are frequent religious exercises at which the women gladly assist, and the rest of the day is spent in making buttons and match-boxes, or in needlework and embroidery. In the convent of Neudorf, to which Vienna sends its "erring sisters," there are thirty-three religious in charge of one hundred prisoners. The discipline of the house, and indeed the safety of the nuns, depend on the

affection which these unfortunate women feel for their kindly jailers.

The account of these convent-prisons should have more than curious interest for Americans. A great need of the day is a prison system which will separate youthful and incipient culprits from those who are hardened in crime, and punish female prisoners without degrading them. The Austrian system also presents the Christian idea of civil punishment, which should aim at reformation of the criminal as well as the vindication of the law.

We do not enter into the details of this quarrel between England and Venezuela, as to which we are sure there is much to be said on both sides. But we say at once that we could have wished the Catholic prelates to declare, with the rest of the religious leaders of America, that a recourse to arms by England and America over a boundary dispute would be a scandal so great that neither America nor England ought to be able to survive the shame of it.—*Weekly Register (London)*.

War is always terrible, but a just war is the grandest act of a nation. The glory of that act is the greater when a principle, and not mere selfish aggrandizement, inspires it. War is not the greatest evil that could befall a nation. Love of ease, religious persecution, loss of national self-respect and unchristian supineness in the presence of injustice,—these are greater evils than war. Irrespective of racial antecedents, American Catholics, followers of that Prince of Peace who lashed the traffickers out of the Temple, are proud that their Bishops are not like "the rest of the religious leaders of America." They value peace, but love justice.

In a recent article on "The Danger of Compromise," the *Sacred Heart Review* calls attention to some lamentable tendencies of a portion of our Catholic people. Having instanced the fondness for mixed marriages as one such tendency, the article goes on: "In nothing, perhaps, is the spirit of compromise more deplorable than in the disposition shown by many Catholics to ignore Catholic schools and colleges, and to have their children educated in Protestant institutions. Look, for instance, at the large number of

Catholic students now attending Harvard, Yale, etc. They are counted by scores, while Catholic institutions are deprived of the benefit of their presence.... The young people themselves, perhaps, have taken a fancy to go to some Protestant institution where the discipline is not so strict,—where there is liberty; and the parents weakly yield to their entreaty, when every consideration of loyalty, of consistency, of regard for the best interests—the eternal salvation of their children,—requires that they should by all means put them under the mild but firm discipline, and watchful care for their moral and religious character, to be found only in a Catholic institution."

The point is one on which we have frequently insisted, and each succeeding year shows additional ground for urging it with greater force; because our Catholic institutions of learning are becoming more thorough in their equipment, more on a footing to challenge comparison, even in purely intellectual advantages, with their Protestant rivals.

The Transvaal Republic, which has been lifted out of obscurity by the international entanglements of the past month, has received more sympathy from Catholics than it deserves. Like Manitoba, another province of Great Britain, it has yet to learn one of the primary lessons of civilization. Religious tolerance is popularly supposed to obtain in the Transvaal, but the truth is that neither Catholics nor Jews are allowed to hold office under the existing laws.

Mrs. Trollope, mother of the prolific Anthony, wrote some things which Americans do not like to read; but her reflections on our country need not interfere with our enjoyment of a letter published in her new biography, in which she gives a charming glimpse of Father Faber. Writing from Florence, she said:

By far the most brilliant person with whom I have made acquaintance is Faber. He is, I think, the most eloquent person I ever heard talk. I dined with him at Mr. Sloane's last week, and on Thursday he dined here. On both occasions I sat next him, and have rarely listened with such *wonder* and, I must confess, with such admiration to any one. I

did not know until he told me that his education began at Mr. Gibson's, near Penrith. Then he was at Harrow while Anthony was there, and then at Oxford. He told me that Mr. Cunningham [the Vicar of Harrow] gave him his earliest religious thoughts; but that he always had a sort of misgiving that he occasionally talked nonsense. The first sermon he heard at Oxford was from Newman. He says the effect of it upon him was equally sudden and profound. All this, and a great deal more in the same strain, was exceedingly interesting.

Faber was then thirty-one years old; but he looked much younger, despite the troubles that attended his conversion. Mrs. Trollope's description of him is interesting. "He is fair, with light hair, and has a lively good humor that is very pleasing. But the charm and power of his countenance is in his mouth, which is not only peculiarly handsome, but has a variety of expression that is quite extraordinary."

An incident which occurred to Bishop Hanlon and one of his priests during their journey to Uganda leads us to observe that a course in physical culture might profitably be added to the curricula of missionary colleges. While the good Bishop and Father Plunkett were crossing the Nzoia river, two native slave-raiders, armed with spears and carrying chains and manacles for their intended victims, appeared. They dragged after them a child between six and seven years of age, who bore on her poor little body two ugly spear-wounds, inflicted by her captors in order to secure her without a chase. The outrage aroused the indignation of Father Plunkett; and, having attacked the slave-raiders, he disarmed them and rescued the child. The scoundrels afterward escaped, but the little girl was carried in safety to the Uganda mission.

That the life of a frontier missionary is no mere butterfly existence is well known to Western priests; but it was much more arduous when the late Bishop Junger, of Nesqually, took up the burden of the episcopate, nearly a quarter of a century ago. There were no railroads in the State of Washington then, and the rich mountain ores had not begun to allure the hardy miner. When the venerable Bishop Blanchet resigned

the See of Nesqually in 1879, there were scarcely enough Catholics in the diocese to make one good Polish congregation. Bishop Junger possessed youth, however, as well as zeal, and he bore no small part in "developing" the territory covered by his diocese. At the time of his lamented death, which occurred last month, the Diocese of Nesqually numbered sixty-two priests, secular and regular, who attend over two hundred churches and stations. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. IIEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. B. A. Goodwin, rector of St. Mary's Church, Ellenville, N. Y.; and the Very Rev. Philippe Beaudet, C. S. C., Montreal, Canada, who lately passed to their reward.

Brother Robert, C. S. C.; Sister M. Felix and Sister M. de Chantal, of the Sisters of Charity, New York; Miss Mary Moffitt and Miss Josephine Griffin, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, whose happy deaths are of recent occurrence.

Dr. James Webb Rogers, whose life closed peacefully last month, at Bladensburg, Md.

Mr. Edward Dunn, of Los Angeles, Cal., who died a holy death on the 29th of December.

Mrs. Mabel Wotherspoon, who departed this life on the 17th ult., at S. Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Anna E. Heffernan, of Cortez, Colo., who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 24th ult.

Mrs. Mary A. Mulligan, who calmly breathed her last on the 16th ult., at Leadville, Colo.

Mr. Leo A. McKernan, of Indianapolis, Ind., who died on the 16th ult., fortified by the last Sacraments.

Mr. Dominick Toy, who yielded his soul to God on the 1st ult., in Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Catherine Brown, of Vallejo, Cal.; who passed away on the 29th of December.

Dr. Louis C. Boisliniere, of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Elizabeth Balfe, Lafayette, Ind.; Mr. William A. Gorman, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Anthony M. Fratinger, Mr. Thomas Nelling, Miss Mary Griffin, and Mrs. Hannah Gibbon, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Francis Trainor, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. William Doherty, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Lawrence Nolan, Orange, Conn.; Mrs. M. McGrath, Lost Creek, Pa.; Francis Fogarty and Mrs. — Guinion, Kings Co., Ireland; Mrs. Hanora Keleher, Easton, Pa.; Miss Mary Gorman, Mr. Hugh Hand, Mr. Hope Hand, and Mr. Patrick Murray, Braddock, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

For a Feast.

BEHOLD the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world—
Our Lord, the King of kings;
And in her heart the while
All silently she sings!

Ah, with what thrills of love
The Mother's heart is teeming,
To think the new-born Light
That o'er the world is beaming,
At His own Mother's hand
Should stoop to need redeeming!

Then to thee, Mother, now
All rightful honor be;
For thou hast ransomed Him
Who first did ransom thee.
Oh, by thy Mother love
Pray Him to ransom me!

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

V.—MY FIRST CONFESSION.

BOTH of my parents were of Irish birth, though they had been in America since childhood, retaining scarcely a memory of their native land.

However, they were intensely patriotic, and instilled into my mind the feelings which animated their own. On the other hand, they felt themselves to be as true Americans as any; and

early taught me to revere and love the country of my birth, and to admire the history of its struggle for independence. I can not remember the time when the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" did not send a thrill of joy and pride through my veins. It was far otherwise when I thought of Ireland, the home of my ancestors,—that loveliest island under heaven, doomed for so long to poverty and persecution. My maternal grandfather had left the country because of politics; my father's family had done likewise on account of an unjust lawsuit, which deprived them of a home that had been in their possession for hundreds of years. I had often heard my father tell of two cousins who had been executed in the struggle of '98, then long gone by; but the thrill of sorrow, not unmixed with pride, that warmed my veins whenever I heard the incident related seemed deeper and more fervent at each recital.

It was thus that I became familiar with both ancient and modern Irish history while still a very young child. And it was thus that, longing for a sight of those heroic souls, the remnant of the "Young Irishmen," who, exiled from their own land, came to this New World of promise, I touched the hands of John Mitchell, Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, and D'Arcy McGee; shrining them all in my heart with a devotion unrealized by those about me. Once, too, Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, laid his hand upon my head, as my father held me up above the multitude gathered round the altar-rail to receive the pledge

"God bless you, my little one!" he said; and I feel that I have carried the benediction with me always.

My father had a book of old Irish ballads, one of which I would learn every week, reciting it to him on Saturday evening. In this way I also committed to memory many others—Scotch, English, and various translations from the German poets. Ah, those were happy days! I had few, if any, young companions; but I did not feel the need of them. Indeed, I was not at home among children of my own age. Of course, I must have been what is called "old-fashioned," but it did not hurt me later.

One day, when I was about seven years old, my mother said she thought it about time that I should be going to confession. I had already learned some of the catechism, and that with understanding; for both my parents possessed the faculty of explaining what I studied. After three weeks of preparation we set forth, my mother and I, on one bright Saturday afternoon. I wore my best clothes, my mother thinking a decent and careful attire a help toward a proper reverence for the Sacrament; although not one in my case, as I could not yet receive absolution.

I wore a gypsy hat trimmed with pink rosebuds and white gauze ribbon. It set well back on my head, and was tied under the chin by narrow strings of ribbon, similar to those outside. A short black silk "Josie," or sacque, trimmed with lace and tied at the back with black satin ribbon, was worn over a green and white silk tissue frock, very short and full; beneath the hem of which could be seen a pair of cambric pantalets falling almost to my shoe tops, and trimmed with fine, embroidered, nicely fluted ruffles. I had dark green shoes and a green sunshade, the color of the stripes in my frock. On my hands I wore black silk mitts reaching to the elbow. The sleeves of my dress were short and the neck low. When at

home I was accustomed to wear a white pinafore, also low in the neck and with short sleeves. In those days, in summer, children always dressed so; and even in winter they wore no flannels,—for which, I must acknowledge, they had to pay dearly later. I carried in my hand a beaded reticule, of which I was very proud. This contained my handkerchief and any other small article I wished to use.

My mother wore a changeable green and purple silk,—the same as is worn at present, though for many years that style was relegated to the antiquities. Her deep lace collar and cuffs would also be considered treasures and "all the style" to-day. Her outer wrap consisted of a scarf of the same material as the gown. It was about two yards and a half in length, and perfectly plain and straight, with purple and green fringe at each end. This was worn about the shoulders and loosely knotted just above the waist. Her bonnet, a very fine, soft straw, trimmed with pale pink roses and silk "illusion" puffs, extended far over her face. It had also a plaited inner lining of very pale pink Florence silk; the sides flaring outward left room for a couple of large, soft roses at either side. She also carried a reticule; and over her arm was thrown a heavy white Canton crape shawl, richly embroidered, in case it should grow cool before our return. Dear mother! how very beautiful I thought her that day in her best attire, although she was to me always the loveliest and most charming of women! She had glossy, dark brown hair, clear olive complexion, with a pink tint on the cheeks. Her eyes were a soft, melting brown; when she smiled her whole face was illuminated.

I was by no means frightened at the prospect of my first confession, which I made at my godfather's knee, in his own sitting-room. I hope my young readers will not consider it egotism when I say that I was an innocent child. After it

was over, the good priest gave me a tiny turquoise rosary—which I still have,—and together we went across the yard to the church, where, at the foot of the altar of the Blessed Virgin, I made my simple thanksgiving.

On our way home my mother wished to visit a sick woman who lived in a large tenement house in some dark court, or alley, the like of which I had never before seen. It was like entering another world. After climbing three pairs of dirty stairs, we passed along a dark, narrow corridor, with doors at either side, until we came to one which was half open. There were a number of half-clad, grimy-looking children on every stairway, who stopped their noisy play, or quarrelling, as we passed to stare at us. I was quite saddened by their apparent poverty, and embarrassed by the cool manner with which they regarded us. The room of the sick woman was very scantily furnished, but clean,—kept so by the kindly hands of neighbors as indigent as herself. It was there I learned for the first time of the incomparable charity of the poor.

As we descended the stairs on our way out, I noticed a strange-looking little girl gazing at me intently. She had separated herself from a group of children in the passage the moment we left the room of the sick woman, and followed us slowly down to the door.

"Mamma," I whispered, "that girl is following us; perhaps she is hungry."

When we came to the foot of the stairs, my mother looked around, waiting for her. She was indeed a miserable-looking object. Her hair seemed as though it had never been combed, and hung in straight, ashen-colored locks about her thin, pallid face. She was crosseyed and freckled; her hands were almost black with dirt. She wore a woman's dress, the waist of which was much too long and wide for her. The front breadths of the skirt were entirely missing, exposing a short red petticoat

which extended to her knees; while the back portion swept in a kind of ragged train along the floor.

"Can I do anything for you, my little girl?" asked my mother, tenderly.

For answer the child knelt on the dirty floor, and extending a forefinger of each hand, she laid it gently on my mother's frock and my own, saying:

"I jist wanted to touch these, Missus; they're so pretty!"

I felt my eyes fill with tears, and my mother said:

"Have you no other dress than this?" pointing to the ragged garment which gave her such a forlorn appearance.

"No'm," was the reply. "A woman was throwin' it in the dust heap, and I axed her for it, and she guve it to me; but Sarah Norton got mad the other day and tore the front off it, so she did. It was pretty wanst."

"And who is Sarah Norton, my child?" inquired my mother.

"She's the old woman what cares for me and Will. She's awful when she's drunk, so she is."

"And you have no mother?"

"No, Missus. Will's my brother."

"What is your name?"

"Mamie Jeffers. Will, he keeps that bar-room at the corner."

"Oh!" said my mother, quickly. "Well, we will see if we can't find a better gown for you. I will call this way again very soon, Mamie. Come, Sylvia."

"That's so pretty!" said the poor child, touching my reticule, the bright steel beads of which seemed to fascinate her.

"Yes," said my mother. "But we must go now, dear. To-morrow, perhaps, you may see me again; and when I come I will fetch you a pretty gown."

We hurried away, my childish heart aching at the glimpse of poverty and misery I had seen in that last hour. Many were the questions with which I plied my mother as we walked homeward in the

fast gathering twilight. Were there many people as poor as those we had seen? many ugly houses where whole families lived in one room? many little girls who had no mother, and only drunken old women to take care of them? What was a bar-room, and what kind of bars were kept there? Why did God let little girls' mothers die, when they had no one to look after them but drunken old women? Why were some people so very poor? And why did they not mend their clothes and wash their hands?

Some of these questions were answered to my satisfaction, others were not. But I was very glad that the little girl was going to have one of my old frocks; and wondered whether it would be the green, which I had outgrown; or the lavender, which had faded in the sun; or the red, on which I had spilled a bottle of ink, destroying the front breadth. I finally decided that it must be the latter, as it had always been somewhat long and large for me, and she was taller and stouter than I. But there was the difficulty of the front breadth, which if removed would leave her in the same odd predicament in which she now was.

So I puzzled my small brain through the remainder of our walk homeward, confident through it all that my mother would be certain to do what was best. As we turned in at our own gate I saw a small figure suddenly disappear around the corner.

"Mamma," I whispered, "that was the poor little girl. She has followed us all the way!"

(To be continued.)

IN a little town in Austria a quaint and beautiful custom still prevails. At five o'clock each morning the public watchman knocks at the door of each house, at the same time repeating these words: "The clock has struck five. Beloved Christians, arise and praise the Lord."

Grandma, Her Day and Her Story.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

IV.

Father Connelly had recently brought to grandma's notice a very sad "emergency case,"—a brakeman's sick wife, left a widow with four little children, in want of everything. The good Father says there is no one he loves better to apply to in such cases than grandma. "On errands of mercy she doesn't walk, she flies,—catching up and tying on her bonnet while I'm giving her the number of the house, and never stopping even to look for her gloves."

When other immediate necessities were supplied, there remained four little wardrobes, in the replenishment of which we could all take a hand, or rather a stitch; and every otherwise unoccupied moment of the last week has been passed around the long table in our spare hall room—if you remember.

When Mary asked Laura Goldust if she wouldn't come and help us a little on Saturday—"finishing day,"—nothing could have been prettier than the way she answered:

"Indeed I will! I was thinking only this morning how much I meant to do this year; and here's a whole month of it gone, and I have done nothing."

Yesterday, when Laura had taken her place in our circle, and was cheerfully pricking her finger on the hem that Mary had turned down and then passed over to her, she expressed the same thought in different words.

"I think," she observed, laughing, "that where those lovely people you tell us about live the days must be longer than they are here in Washington."

"I fancy their days are all twenty-four hours long," said grandma, smiling. "It's we who have to learn how to make the

best use of those hours. One of Marguerite Bourgeoys' biographers declares that two centuries of improvement for the world were compressed into the eighty beautiful years God permitted her to live in it."

And by the way grandma adjusted her glasses we knew that she was going to tell Laura something from that life.

"We need not travel very far back to find the birthday of this pearl among Our Lady's dear children," she began. "Our Marguerite was born in the city of Troyes, France, in 1620. Her parents were not wealthy in worldly goods, but incalculably so in Christian virtues, and most ardent in the practice of their faith. Her childhood was distinguished by a certain grave piety and a most fervent and particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin. On the feast of the Holy Rosary, passing in the procession usual to that day before the grand Cathedral of Notre Dame, lifting her reverent eyes to the statue which stood over the portal, she thought she beheld a wondrous light enveloping it as in a veil, and the eyes of the image turn wistfully upon her. From that moment the child resolved to dedicate herself to that sweet Mother, keeping her soul as pure as the snowy robe she then wore in her honor; laying aside every ornament of dress, even the most innocent, and thinking only how she might become wholly hers.

"While waiting to be admitted to a Carmelite convent, she enrolled herself in a community of young girls, who—under the supervision of the Sisters of Notre Dame, while still in the world, living in their own families, united only by an agreement, not a vow,—found the 'days long enough' to do in them a little of everything that was good. These were called the Outside Orders of the Congregation of Our Lady.

"The sanctity of Marguerite's life won her rare graces. Once, on the feast of the Assumption, the principal festival of her

Order, our Lord is said to have appeared to her at Holy Communion in the form of a little child, incomparably beautiful. In memory of that vision she chose in religion the name of Marguerite of the Holy Sacrament. It was to the instruction of the young, the 'sanctification of little children,' that she devoted her own life and that of all the sweet Sisters of the Order which she founded.

"Oh, I could never tell you all that wonderful woman did! 'Nourishing and warming herself only with prayer'; never sleeping on a bed; quenching her thirst but once a day, in memory of our Saviour's thirst upon the Cross. You must read about her sometime, Laura,—her privations, her ceaseless labors among the Indians and early Christians of Canada; hearing of whose sore needs, spiritual and temporal, she journeyed alone over miles of land and sea to anticipate and supply. And her death partook of the sublime self-negation of her life.

"Summoned one morning to join in prayers for the dying at the bedside of a young nun of the Congregation suddenly stricken down in the fulness of strength, our dear Marguerite clasped her poor, worn hands and lifted her dim eyes to heaven. 'O Father!' she cried out, 'may I not be taken in her place—I who am so old and useless,—and let dear Sister Catherine be spared to serve Thee long?' It is recorded that soon after Sister Catherine rose up cured, the pain which had left her body entering that of Marguerite. And so, a truly accepted sacrifice, she died on the feast of the Epiphany, 1700.

"She has been called the St. Genevieve of Canada. But, sweetest of all," concluded grandma, caressingly stroking the gathers of the tiny flannel skirt she was finishing, "is the way they annually commemorate the anniversary of her holy death at the mother-house of the Order which she founded at Ville-Marie. For some months previous all the wealthy young girls of the

place devote their leisure to the making of a complete wardrobe for some poor child. And on the day all assemble in the grand hall of the convent, where the gifts are laid at the feet of Our Lady's statue, beside the bust of Marguerite, which is always kept there. When the other exercises are finished each young girl leads up her little *protégée*, presents her with the roll of clothing, and adds something in money with which to make a feast at home 'in honor of the Blessed Mother and Sister Marguerite.'"

For a moment Laura sat silent, looking down. Then she cried, with that new note of earnestness in her voice which has come since grandma 'set her heart to thinking,' as she calls it:

"Dear Mrs. Kennon, it must be very, very beautiful to be a Catholic! I only wish mamma had been one: then I should have been *born* so without any trouble."

The Father has His own good time to call His scattered and stray lambs home to the Fold,—some at the noon hour some at evening; but grandma thinks—hopes that He will call Laura while it is yet morning.

(To be continued.)

A Concert not on the Bills.

Jenny Lind, whose singing used to delight the grandmothers of our young people, was noted no less for her kind heart than for her wondrous voice. At one time she was visiting at the house of a friend who lived in rural England, and was taking her accustomed daily ramble in the green fields. Suddenly it began to rain; and the songstress, being unprovided with an umbrella, sought shelter in a picturesque little cottage near by.

The good woman of the house came forward with her best chair, and gave her unknown guest a hearty welcome. The rain was slow in ceasing, and Jenny Lind

tried to divert herself as best she could. A cage hung in the window, and a canary was singing with all his might.

"What is the name of your bird?" questioned the chance visitor.

"Jenny Lind," was the reply.

The *prima-donna* smiled—perhaps at the thought that Dick or Billy would have been so much more appropriate; for the lady bird never sings.

"Why do you call him Jenny Lind?"

"Because," said the old woman, "he is the finest singer in the world."

Jenny Lind's smile deepened.

"O you dear creature!" she thought, "you shall be paid for this sweet compliment." Then she asked: "Have you heard Jenny Lind sing?"

"Oh, no, no, Madam! Such a great pleasure is only for the rich."

"And would you like to hear her?"

The mistress of the cottage sighed:

"I wish to hear her so much, my lady, that it seems as if I could die happy if I could listen even once to her sweet voice."

The singer put forth her hand and answered:

"I am Jenny Lind, and you shall hear me sing. Send for your neighbors and we will have a concert; and if it isn't as fine a one as the rich people hear, it will be no fault of mine."

And this is why Jenny Lind's friend, searching for her with umbrellas and mackintoshes, found her singing "Auld Lang Syne" to a row of happy peasant women. He told her afterward that she never sang so well in all her life.

"It was because I did it out of love, not for money," said the songstress.

A TABLET to the memory of Mary Queen of Scots has recently been erected in Petersborough, England, at a cost of five thousand dollars, every cent of which was contributed by Englishwomen named Mary.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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The Grotto of Lourdes.

WHAT were the feet of centuries,
O Pyrenees,
Unto thy rocky heart, so cold and still!
The Gallic soldiers and the men of Rome,
The Vandal hordes that pillaged hearth and
home,
Left thee unmoved.

But 'neath the touch of Maiden Mary's feet,
Triumph complete!
Thy heart knew glad creation's primal thrill,
And every vein that laced the mountain side,
In throbbing pulses of a living tide,
Our Lady's presence proved.

O happy Grotto, happy stream, the dower
Of Mary's power!
With healing dost thou soul and body fill.
Would that our hearts were her sweet resting-
place,—
Our rock-bound hearts the shrine of peerless
grace
For Mary, our Beloved!

Some Relics of the Past.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN the more remote and less frequented parts of England there still exist many relics of the Ages of Faith,—relics unheeded and almost unknown in the present day, unless, perchance, they become

objects of interest and of inquiry to the antiquarian. Amongst these are the holy wells of Cornwall,—miraculous springs whose waters have not yet lost their healing virtue, although in the case of some all recollection of the particular gift of the well has vanished and all respect for its sanctity has died out. A considerable amount of information concerning these wells, collected during pleasant wanderings in the ways and byways of the county, has lately been published under the title "Ancient and Holy Wells of Cornwall,"* and from this volume we venture to give some interesting extracts.

These wells are of great antiquity and very numerous. In Cornwall, more than anywhere else, they retain the structural surroundings with which the piety of the Middle Ages enshrined them. "Some," we are told, "have suffered greatly from neglect; others have entirely disappeared. It is curious to note how, in some parts of the county, little trace is left of these small buildings, except a shaped stone or two which may be seen in a farmer's outhouse or a cottager's garden; while in other localities they are jealously guarded from decay. Again some springs still have traces of a lingering superstition and veneration, shown in the offerings of pins,

* "Ancient and Holy Wells of Cornwall," by M. and L. Quiller-Couch.

which may be seen shining at the bottom of the clear water; and in the visits paid to them for health or divination, usually on Holy Thursday or some time during May. With comparatively few exceptions, it is found that where there is now a holy well to be seen, either with or without a building to cover it, there are always some remains of a chapel near by also to be seen, or heard of in old records,—generally the latter, unfortunately; for the chapels of the saints fell into ruin long ago, not one complete structure of the sort remaining, though many are the well-buildings yet to be seen standing by the ruins.”

In some instances these well-buildings, for the most part of great architectural simplicity, have in recent years been repaired and restored. “Several of these wells were doubtless used as baptisteries pertaining to the chapels; but they were also, in all probability, used by the saints and their followers for domestic purposes. These holy men built their chapels and hermitages near a perennial spring, consecrating the waters and endowing them with special virtues. Many and wonderful cures were performed at these springs, aided by the unquestioning faith of the simple folk.”

A large proportion of these wells still have the name of a saint attached to them; some, on the contrary, bear only the title, Holy Well, with the name of the place where they are situated. To most of them tradition ascribes some special healing virtue. The waters of one are reputed to possess the power to cure lunacy; another was formerly resorted to by persons afflicted with eye diseases; to a third weakly children were carried to be bathed,—and still are, if a recent writer of Cornish birth may be credited; a fourth was noted in bygone days for restoring to health the lame, decrepit, etc. In some cases the name of the patron saint is lost and the properties peculiar to the

spring are forgotten. The water of these springs used to be, and in many instances still is, fetched for baptisms; it is also considered to be excellent and salubrious drinking water.

But while the simple faith of the peasantry in the curative power of these ancient wells has almost entirely vanished, a superstitious belief in the powers of prophecy possessed by these waters still lingers in many parts. The custom of dropping pins, buttons, or some small coin into the water, with a wish to note, by the rising of the bubbles, whether good or ill is to be expected, is most common in Cornwall. The author whom we have quoted, speaking of a certain well, says that, whereas in olden times numbers of people resorted thither for profit to their health, so the credulous country-people in these days go thither, “not only to drink the waters, but to inquire after the life or death of absent friends.” Bending over the well, they ask whether the person they name is living or dead, sick or in health. If he be alive and well, the tranquil waters will, as soon as the question is asked, bubble and boil up, the water remaining clear and crystalline; if he be sick, the water will be muddy and troubled; if he be dead, it will neither bubble nor show signs of disturbance, nor will its color be altered. In the basin of one the writer says he observed a great number of pins, thrown in by those who consulted it for intimations of the future. “I was curious to know what meaning the unlettered peasantry attached to this strange but common custom; and on asking an old man at work near by, I was told that it was done ‘to get the good-will of the pixies,’ who after the tribute of a pin ceased to mislead them, gave them good health, and made fortunate the operations of husbandry.”

The flow of water from these springs is simply inexhaustible. Even where there is no longer a building over them, but

only the open spring, with no masonry about it, nor even a sign to show that there has been any, by night and by day, in the hottest and driest season, the supply of cool, crystal water is equally copious, ever flowing and never failing. Generally some building, more or less graceful, more or less ruinous, covers the well: a rude arch of stone-work, perchance, on which time and weather have worked their will, half overgrown with ivy and creepers; or a picturesque little structure composed of blocks of granite, the interior adorned with a luxuriant growth of ferns and grasses, the whole sheltered by spreading oak or drooping willow.

A stone cross, some seven feet in height, appears usually to have been erected beside these wells; this confirms the idea that they were formerly places of pilgrimage. Only in rare instances are these crosses still standing, as at St. Cleer's Well, of which three charming little sketches are given by Mr. Quiller-Couch, showing it* in its former state, a pretty group of shapely ruins; and in its present condition, since its restoration—that is, in 1891. The name Cleer is evidently a corruption of Clare; the well in question is said to have belonged in early times to a nunnery of Poor Clares, once existing either in the immediate vicinity or at Liskeard. Tradition says that some of the stones of St. Cleer's Well were at various times carted away to serve other purposes; but were invariably brought back again during the night by some mysterious agency.

An interesting account is given of the Jesus Well at St. Minver. It is situated on a bleak, bare spot, exposed to the storms which devastate the coast, where its position would have been hidden and lost beneath the drifting sand if it had not been for the protection afforded by the humble but solid, square superstructure erected over it. The waters of this spring

were believed to possess great healing qualities. "People came from far," we are told, "to pay their devotions and use the waters, which were celebrated for many cures, and for the evils which befell scoffing unbelievers."

This well has not lost its virtues, though the people around have lost their faith, and the visitors to it are few in number—mere pleasure-seekers, or at best lovers of antiquities. Yet, as the author goes on to relate, no longer ago than 1867 Mary Cranwell, the wife of a boatman, who for a considerable period had suffered severely from erysipelas and could obtain no relief from medical treatment, fully believing from the repute of the well that if she bathed in the water with faith she would be cured of her disease, went to the place, and, kneeling beside the well, recited the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus and bathed the diseased parts in the waters. She received relief from the first application; and, repeating it, the prescribed number of times, she became perfectly whole, and has never since suffered from the malady. The author, who, like other Protestants, believes the age of miracles to be long since past, adds that he can not venture to say whether this remarkable cure, which he admits to be as a fact fully verified, arose from any curative qualities in the waters or was the result of the woman's faith.

The little book from which the details we have given are taken has, we are glad to say, been instrumental in awakening interest in the holy wells of Cornwall, both as to their material structures and the legends attaching to them. It is hoped that the preservation and rebuilding of these Christian antiquities may not be neglected; and that the early faith, which at the period of the Saxon invasion was carefully sheltered and guarded in Cornwall, and which is not yet wholly extinct, may once more be rekindled in the hearts of the simple, honest Cornish folk.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VI.

"YVONNE, Yvonne!" cried out a gay young voice, "what *are* you doing, poring over those dreadful old papers, instead of coming out on the gallery with us?"

It was Ninon—a tall slip of a girl, but still in short frocks,—who, standing in one of the open windows of the sitting-room, with a background of soft, purple night behind her, looked in on Yvonne, who, seated at the old *escritoire*, was examining, by the light of a student's lamp, the package of yellow papers which had roused her interest in the afternoon, and which she had then laid aside for future examination. The recollection of them had come to her some hours later as a welcome distraction from other thoughts; and it was for this reason that she had gone into the sitting-room to look over them at this unusual time.

"Presently, Ninon," she replied, without looking up. "These papers are not at all dreadful: they are very interesting, and I will come and tell you about them in a few minutes."

Ninon shrugged her shoulders.

"As if musty old things like those *could* be interesting!" she said. But she knew Yvonne too well to persevere further; and, turning, she went back to the two white-clad figures she had left seated on the gallery in the faint, fairy-like radiance of a young moon,—a golden crescent hanging in the western sky. "There is no good in trying to tempt her," she reported. "She is absorbed in some old papers, which are so interesting that she promises to come presently and tell us about them."

"Poor, dear Yvonne!" said Hélène, the third sister, with a laugh. "She thinks

that because they interest her they will interest us. It's a great mistake. But we must pretend to be interested, because she is really so good in helping mamma look after our affairs."

"Yvonne ought to have been born a boy," said Ninon, in the tone of one who can not but remark a mistake of Providence. "It would have been so much better for her, as she likes business and things of that sort; and so much better for *us*, since she could then look after our affairs to more advantage, and perhaps *make* money instead of just saving it. I hate saving money!" added this young person, in a quiet but very decided voice.

"Do you suppose anybody likes it—except, perhaps, misers and people of that kind?" inquired Hélène. "It would be a satisfaction, however, to know that we were even saving money, because then there would be a chance of some day spending what was saved; but I fear we are not even doing that. It goes to my heart to see how worried poor mamma looks sometimes; and Yvonne is beginning to have a careworn expression after the Committee of Ways and Means has been in session."

There was a soft sigh from where Diane sat, leaning back in a low wicker chair, and gazing at the golden crescent in the violet sky.

"It is true," she observed; "but they have both always been so anxious to keep their worries from us that it seemed a pity not to gratify them, especially since there was no good in knowing unpleasant things if one could not help them."

"One might prefer to know them, all the same," said Hélène, who was afflicted with a full share of the failing of Eve. "I don't think we ought to be treated quite so much like children. There was a man here to-day to see mamma," she added, after a moment's pause. "Do you know what he came for?"

"I suppose you mean a man who came to see her on business," Diane answered,

quietly. "His name is Burnham. He is from New Orleans."

"Oh, the son of grandpapa's overseer! I have heard of him. What business could *he* have with mamma?"

"She owes him some money, H  l  ne,—if you must know."

"And did she pay it?"

"Not yet," replied Diane, still calmly regarding the sky. "But she has made arrangements to pay it—in three months."

"It was a pity she could not pay it at once. It must be very disagreeable to owe that kind of person anything."

"Very disagreeable indeed; but sometimes even owing is preferable to paying when the sacrifice to be made in order to pay is very great."

H  l  ne looked sharply at the speaker.

"You are growing mysterious too," she said. "What sacrifice must be made?"

"There is always a sacrifice involved in every debt, which somebody must pay, you know," answered Diane, vaguely.

"That may be," returned H  l  ne, pertinaciously; "but what I want to know is whether any particular sacrifice is to be made for this debt. Does mamma, perhaps, think of selling the place?"

"No," replied Diane, with sudden energy: "she does not think of it; and I beg you, H  l  ne, not to trouble her with any questions. It is, of course, annoying to owe anything which one can not pay; but she has arranged, as I have said, to meet this debt within three months; and that is all there is about it. Since she is so anxious to keep such annoyances from us, the least we can do is to respect her wishes by not prying into them. *Knowing* is not *helping*, and if we all worried together it would not help matters in the least: it would only make them worse."

"Yvonne ought to be a boy!" reiterated Ninon. "Then there would be one of us to go and *do* something."

"You are quite right, Ninon," Yvonne said, drawing near. "I have always wished

that I were a boy; but never, I think, so much as to-night."

"Why to-night especially?" inquired Ninon. "Has anything happened?"

"Yes, something has happened," said Yvonne. "I have found an old paper which seems to me—don't laugh, all of you!—as if it may contain a faint, wild, distant hope of fortune for us."

"Fortune!" they all repeated, in different tones of surprise and incredulity. "For *us*, Yvonne?"

"A fortune as distant as if it were yonder," said Yvonne, pointing to the crescent moon hanging like a fairy boat in the sky before them; "yet perhaps—mind, I only say *perhaps*—existing for all that."

"But where, pray?—where?" cried Ninon, eagerly.

Yvonne sat down in one of the chairs scattered about. Even in the moonlight they could see that her eyes were shining strangely.

"Those old papers which I was reading when you spoke to me, Ninon," she said, "interested me very much, because they are the records of things that seemed to belong to another world. They are title-deeds of the vast estates our great-great-grandfather lost at the time of the insurrection of the slaves in the island of San Domingo."

"But there can be no hope of a fortune in them, Yvonne," observed Diane; "for you know we have always heard that the estates were totally lost."

"I am not so foolish as to think of the estates," replied Yvonne. "But I have found a paper which says that, being suddenly forced by the uprising of the slaves to fly for his life, Henri de Marsillac, our great-great-grandfather, buried at his home a large amount of gold and other valuables which he was unable to take with him."

There were quick ejaculations from three young voices.

"A buried fortune! How exciting!" cried H  l  ne.

"Yvonne, you are dreaming!" said Diane; while Ninon flung herself on her knees at her sister's feet, put her elbows in her lap, and looked up, with her eyes gleaming out of the mane of loose, dark locks she tossed aside.

"O Yvonne!" she exclaimed, "do you believe it?"

"I *must* believe that there was such a thing," answered Yvonne; "for the memorandum I have found is in the handwriting of Henri de Marsillac; and relates that, being taken by surprise in the uprising, and obliged to escape hurriedly, he buried, in a place which he describes, both gold and jewels. Now—be quiet, Ninon dear!—you know it is possible that this fortune was long since discovered,—perhaps by his son, perhaps by others; but again there is a faint possibility that it may be there buried yet."

"Gold and jewels!" repeated H  l  ne, in an awed tone. "And there all this time—buried, waiting for us! O Yvonne, what a romance if it should prove true!"

"I am afraid there is no hope that it is there yet waiting for us," said Diane. "If Yvonne found this memorandum, of course others have seen it; and no doubt the fortune was unearthed long ago."

"In that case," returned Yvonne, "would the paper be there at all? Or is it likely we should never have heard of such a thing? You know how often *grand'm  re* has talked of the stories of San Domingo, which her father-in-law—who was a child when the insurrection occurred—had told her. Among them all would she have forgotten such a thing as the recovery of a buried fortune?"

"No," the girls agreed. "*Grand'm  re* would know. Let us go at once and ask her about it."

There was a simultaneous movement; and the next moment four young figures, with Yvonne at their head, entered the

drawing-room, where Madame Pr  vost and her mother, Madame de Marsillac, sat reading by the light of a shaded lamp. The corners of the large, foreign-looking room were shadowy; but the centre of radiance about the table at which both ladies were sitting brought out with a picture-like distinctness their figures,—especially that of the elder lady, herself a picture in every sense, and one which an artist would have delighted to paint. The delicacy of her regular features, the fine, clear pallor of her skin, were admirably contrasted by her silvery hair, arranged in a series of puffs on each side of her face—an arrangement eminently becoming; and rendered more so by a Marie Stuart coif of fine lace, which, just touching with its point the ivory-like forehead, left exposed the puffs of silvery hair, but fell in two lappets on each shoulder, thus framing the face in the softest drapery. It was a work of love and of artistic pleasure to Denise (the lifelong maid of Madame de Marsillac, who had laughed at the idea of freedom parting her from her mistress), to dress that beautiful hair, and arrange over it the fine lace which she guarded so carefully.

A queen all her life long had been this stately old lady,—from the days of her beautiful, petted youth, when parents had idolized and suitors fought for her glances, to the present time, when her subjects had narrowed down to a few faithful hearts, all of whom, however, were absolutely loyal. *Grande dame* she was to the tips of her slender fingers, and so rigorous and punctilious in her ideas of the proprieties of life that her granddaughters mingled much awe with their love and admiration for her. This was evident in their manner whenever they approached her; and at the present time even impetuous Ninon held back and allowed the eldest sister to explain their errand.

They were a pretty group—all so girlish, so simple, so high-bred in manner and dress, and all more or less preserving

in the third generation the beauty of the mother and grandmother. If this beauty lost in them something of its distinction of aspect—save in the case of Diane,—it was at present replaced by the ineffable, exquisite bloom of youth; and they formed a band to gladden a mother's eyes and heart with their fair, sweet young looks.

"*Grand'mère*," said Yvonne, advancing into the circle of lamp-light, "we have come to ask you a question."

"I hope that it is one which I can answer, *mes enfants*," replied the old lady, lifting her eyes with a smile. "It is easy to ask questions, as you know; but to answer them—that is sometimes very difficult."

"You can answer this, *grand'mère*," continued Yvonne. "It is only to tell us whether you ever heard of such a thing as a buried fortune on the De Marsillac estates in San Domingo."

"I have heard," replied Madame de Marsillac, without the least hesitation, "that my father-in-law's father, your great-great-grandfather, buried some amount of money—how much I do not know—on the eve of his flight from his estate. This is certain; but"—the girls drew nearer in breathless eagerness—"the sum was never recovered, because he died at the Cape from his wounds; and even if it had been safe to search for it, no one but himself knew where he had concealed it."

"Did he not leave some memorandum—some description of the place?" asked the eldest sister, restraining the others by a gesture.

"Not that I ever heard of, and I should have heard of it if he had," answered Madame de Marsillac.

"But he did, *grand'mère*,—he did!" cried Ninou, unable to restrain herself longer. "And Yvonne has found it."

"Yvonne has found it!" repeated Madame de Marsillac, looking at Yvonne with an expression of surprise. "When and where?"

"Half an hour ago, *grand'mère*, in a package of old papers which I was examining out of curiosity," Yvonne replied. "Here is what I found."

She made a step forward and placed in her grandmother's hand a yellow, stained sheet of paper—a single sheet, which, folded closely, might readily have lain concealed between other and bulkier papers for more than the century which had elapsed since it had last seen the light. There was a pause of intense silence as the old lady opened and placed it immediately beneath the lamp, then slowly read the lines of faded writing within. All eyes were bent upon her face, as if to judge by the manner in which she received this communication from the past how far they were to credit it. The silence was long—or seemed long to the excited fancy of the young people grouped around her—before she lifted her eyes and, looking across the table at her daughter, said, in the voice of one who is deeply impressed:

"This is very strange! How often I have heard my father-in-law say that his father had died leaving no clue to the place where he had concealed everything of value which he could lay his hands upon when forced to fly for his life! And yet here, in the writing of Henri de Marsillac himself, is a full description of the spot where he buried both money and jewels."

"How could it possibly have been overlooked so long?" asked Madame Prévost, in an awed tone, as she held out her hand for the paper.

"It was within another paper," said Yvonne,—“an old deed, which was passed over, no doubt, as of no value, and might have been even partly opened without revealing its enclosures. But I read it on account of its quaint phraseology, and when I turned the page I found this folded within."

"Read it, mamma!—read it aloud!"

cried Hélène. "Let us hear what it is."

"Yvonne should read it, since she was its discoverer," said Madame Prévost, with a smile at her eldest daughter.

And so Yvonne, standing beside the table, and holding the paper within the radiance of the circle of lamp-light, read aloud the following words, which may be thus translated into English:

Having learned, through the warning of my faithful servant Jacques, that an insurrection of the slaves is hourly to be expected, I have determined to join my family at the Cape without delay. And since it would be rash to attempt to carry valuables with me in the disordered condition of the country, I have concealed everything of the kind—to wit, the sum in gold which I have recently received from M. Brissot-Saget in payment for the estate of La Coupe, my wife's jewels, and all our plate—in the place which I now describe, for the benefit of my children, should I myself be prevented from returning to secure them:

On the second terrace of the garden, at the east side of the sun-dial which stands in the circle containing the statue of the nymph, I have buried everything. Should I not reach the Cape alive, Jacques will convey this, with my other papers, to my wife.

HENRI DE MARSILLAC.

BEAULIEU,
August 22, 1791.

Profound silence followed for a moment upon the reading of this document, now first seen by other eyes than those of the writer since the night it was penned in distant San Domingo. Everyone was conscious of a thrill of something like awe in hearing this message of the dead, delivered at last to the third generation of his blood, after the lapse of a century. It was the voice of Madame de Marsillac which finally broke the silence.

"Jacques was faithful indeed," she said. "He accompanied his master on his flight to the Cape; and, when they were met

by the insurgents, died defending him. Thanks to the speed of his horse, M. de Marsillac escaped; but he was desperately wounded, and died a few days later. So it happened that, although he reached his family and saved his papers, he failed to tell them, or to make them understand, where they would find *this* paper. At least so we may conjecture, for we know very little. My father-in-law's mother never recovered from the horrors of that time. She died soon after they reached Louisiana, and two of her children followed her; so that he, a child of six years, was left sole survivor of the family."

"And he never thought of reading valueless title-deeds," remarked Yvonne; "so this one scrap of value among them escaped his knowledge. The question now is, has it yet any value?"

No one felt able to answer this question, and all eyes turned again toward the grandmother, whom, in French fashion, the children had been trained to regard as the head of the house, as if seeking an oracle there.

"Who can say?" replied Madame de Marsillac. "A century has passed; the land has been in the hands of the revolted slaves from that day to this; no one can tell whether the money M. de Marsillac concealed has not long ago been found and taken."

"But," said Yvonne—and what emphasis her clear young voice lent that potent word!—"if by any chance it should still be undiscovered, that money is *ours*, and *ours* alone."

Her grandmother nodded. "There can be no question of that," she answered. "You who are gathered here—your mother alone in her generation, and you four girls in yours—are the only living descendants of Henri de Marsillac."

Yvonne's glance passed over the persons thus indicated—over her mother's noble, careworn face; over the delicate, girlish aspect of her sisters, dwelling longest on

Diane; and, as if she drew inspiration from the sight, as if in that moment she saw all the struggles of the past and all the hopelessness of the future, she spoke as not one of those present had ever heard her speak before, with a passionate earnestness and decision that seemed for the moment to transform her.

"Then," she said, "with the help of God, I will find that money if it still remains where Henri de Marsillac placed it!"

(To be continued.)

Her Father's Creditor. -

BY HAROLD DIJON.

I.

"IF you doubt my word, what is there for us in the future, Helen, but—" he hesitated, and left the sentence unfinished.

She finished it for him in the one word she uttered as an interrogation:

"Separation?"

He gave her a startled look, rose from his chair, walked the length of the apartment and back, and, standing before her where she sat holding an unread book, he said:

"What do you mean by that, Helen?"

"Nothing so vulgar as a divorce: a separation of hearts, minds, interests—everything, Arthur, that should be one with husband and wife," she replied.

"And we have been married only six short months!" he said, sadly.

Her face was distressed, but she did not speak; and he went on to exclaim:

"You never loved me!"

"Love you!" she cried, paused, and continued rapidly: "I do not believe a woman's heart ever went out more wholly to a man than mine did to you. But lies and deceit! I would not have condoned them in my father."

He shuddered when she pronounced the name of father, and said:

"But you would have forgiven them in your father, for you loved *him*."

"And why not?" she exclaimed. "He was a worldly man, but he was all he could be that is good to me; and it was not his fault that he was not a Catholic. I think he would have followed me had he lived." She paused, and wiped her eyes with a handkerchief that had a bordering of black for him, and half sobbed: "No one ever said *he* was dishonorable."

"And you think *me* dishonorable? But you have not answered my question. Would you have forgiven falsehood and deception in your father?" he asked.

"If persisted in, how could I?"

"I have never attempted to deceive you in the manner you seem to think, and I have never lied to you—"

"That is what I mean by persisting in it," she interrupted.

"Denying one's guilt?"

"Yes, when one *is* guilty," she replied, incisively.

"And I am not—"

"Stop!" she broke in almost violently, and let forth on him an excited torrent of words, saying: "When you first knew me I was a happy girl, and I think I was a good one,—I tried to be. My father loved me; he was a rich man, and you *represented* yourself to be a man of wealth too. We were married, and then everything seemed to go wrong with father. His bank broke; he died—poor father! And now you tell me all your money is gone, that we are very poor. I do not mind poverty,—you know I do not. It is not that that worries me. But why have you deceived me, why did you deceive father?"

He opened his lips to speak; but instead of speaking heaved a sigh of despair, as if any attempt to prove his truth to her must be of no avail.

"You won't speak? Have you nothing to say for yourself, Arthur?" she asked quietly, but with the undertone of a wail in her voice.

His face twitched nervously, then he said, with an effort:

"No, nothing—about a separation—of course you do not mean a divorce; divorce is not so much as to be named among Catholics—"

"Nor untruth of any kind," interposed the other.

"Nor untruth of any kind," he repeated. "I was about to say that if you wish to go on a visit to your Aunt Julia—" his voice faltered, and she shook her head in disapproval.

"Father buried but a week!" she exclaimed. "I think I defined my idea of a separation. We will go on the same, but I no longer believe in you."

The clock on the mantel struck the hour; and, taking up his hat, he said:

"I have an engagement with Tamarisk presently."

"Tamarisk?"

"Yes, Tamarisk, the fruit dealer on the wharf. He has promised me the place of his book-keeper, who is leaving him for a better post."

She sprang from her chair, and cried, pitifully:

"O Arthur! is it as bad as that?"

His face flushed with gladness, and he ran forward and clasped her in his arms.

"You *must* love me, wife, or you could not call my name so."

For a moment she rested content; then slid herself from his grasp, and said:

"Does any one know how you lost your money—if it *was* yours, and not father's?"

"Helen! Helen!" he cried. "Yes, one man—Father Curtis."

"I will ask him."

"But he knows it only through the confessional."

II.

The rooms which Helen Leeds went to live in with her husband were in a dingy house, in a still dingier street that led to the wharves. They might have rented a

pretty cottage in the suburbs for no more money than they paid for the rooms, but the car-fare that would then have to be expended would have made too big a hole in the meagre income Arthur derived from keeping the books of the fruit dealer. There was soon prospect of his bettering his condition, for he was a man ever on the alert to seize an advantage for his employer; and from book-keeper he was promoted to a post with the manager of the store,—a promotion that put him in comparatively easy circumstances. When this change for the better took place he made haste to tell his wife; for now they would fare more pleasantly.

Helen received his good news quietly, determined that there should be a marked change in the bill of fare she and her one servant provided for Arthur. She did not say so, but she thought that men are made better by a rich diet. She never referred to her husband's loss of fortune, neither did her trust in him revive, and she avoided him as much as he would permit. Not that he forced himself on her, only he would not allow her to see that he knew her to be cold and estranged in her manner toward him. But he was painfully aware that so much of his wife's love as he believed he still possessed was fast slipping from him, and he doubted the wisdom of the course he had pursued in concealing from her the cause of his loss of fortune. He would have consulted Father Curtis, but the good priest was away from the city, and would not return till the summer season.

"Neither of us supposed she would find cause to doubt me," he thought, going over the advice Father Curtis had given him under the circumstances he had innocently misrepresented.

Helen found her life irk some. She loved her husband—even if it was a love given somewhat to calculation,—and it wearied her to show continually her hatred of deceit, as she believed it to be her duty

to show it. So when her aunt repeated a request that she come to her for a few weeks, she would gladly have gone, only that Arthur fell ill, and she remained home to nurse him.

She was an admirable housekeeper, and no trained nurse could have ministered to his wants more carefully. But her ministering was that of a nurse, not that of a devoted wife. Not, however, that any one could have found fault with her; for no one but a husband would have detected the want of heart in her ministrations. Arthur instinctively felt that she treated him much as she would have treated a guest who was thrown on her hospitality. She was not a wicked woman, by any means: she was one who did her duty as she knew it to the utmost; but she was a mistaken woman, whether her husband was right or wrong.

Arthur's illness was not of a serious nature, the doctor said; and he thought it to be more mental than physical. "You have been working too hard, and worrying over your work," he added. "You must rest at home for a week or so."

He was forced to remain at home, though he was much needed at his place of business; for he had now risen to be manager of the house of Tamarisk. He did not get better, however, and finally took to his bed. One day he said to Helen that he wished he could see Father Curtis, and asked her to ascertain whether he had returned home.

"Gladly!" she replied. "I am thankful, Arthur, that you are going to see a priest."

She spoke very strangely, he thought. Did she imagine that he neglected his religious duties? Then, with a heart-pang, he remembered that they now went at different hours to Mass, and to wonder whose fault that was.

Father Curtis came that afternoon, and was soon seated by Arthur's bedside, commiserating and consoling him. Helen was there when he came, but early found

an opportunity discreetly to leave the room. As the door closed on her the sick man raised himself in bed, and, in a cry agonized with the pent-up suffering of months, he exclaimed:

"Father, she is killing me!"

The priest thought him delirious, and pressed him back on his pillows with gentle force, uttering such words as he thought best fitted to soothe him.

"I have no fever,—I am not mad, Father!" cried Arthur. "But," he went on in a broken voice, "if this continues I *shall* be mad."

"What is it, my boy?" asked Father Curtis, and patted the young man's hand. "Don't take it so to heart, whatever it is."

"You know how I lost all my money; you do not know what Helen thinks," returned Arthur. "She believes that I deceived, robbed, and ruined her father."

"What!"

"It is true, and she does not forgive."

"But why have you not told her the truth?" asked the priest, amazedly.

"You know when I told you the whole miserable story, we both thought it best she should be kept in ignorance. We did not suppose that she would believe me guilty of crime."

"But when she did, why did you not tell her?" persisted Father Curtis.

"Because I thought it would kill her if she were to hear the truth," he replied. "I saw then that she cared more for him than for me."

"I doubt it," remarked Father Curtis, bluntly.

"And afterward," said Arthur, "when I saw her beginning to hate me, I thought she would not believe me if I *did* tell her; and I made up my mind to sacrifice myself. But, Father, it is killing me."

"A foolish sacrifice!" said the priest; and then, after a short pause, he interrogated: "She would believe me?"

The sick man nodded his head, but said: "Don't tell her, Father."

The priest smiled. "When you were a boy at college, Arthur, did I ever advise you wrongly?"

Arthur pressed his hand.

Shortly after this the good priest sat with Helen in her little drawing-room.

"I have asked to see you, Mrs. Leeds, in order that I might tell you a story," he began.

"Before you tell it, Father," said Helen, "remember that I love my husband, and forgive his faults; but *he* should have asked my forgiveness."

"I must beg you, Mrs. Leeds," said the priest, gravely, "to reserve any remarks you may have to make till I have finished my story. You will then be in a position to make them more appropriately." He was a mild man, but he could not deny himself that little thrust. "There was once a young man, handsome and rich, who came to woo a banker's daughter,—a good girl, but of a very undiscerning character." (Helen reddened and her eyes flashed under their drooping lids.) "The banker was a speculator as well; and he speculated—speculated unwisely. He welcomed the young man when he came to ask for his daughter's hand, and gave his consent, at the same time borrowing a large sum of money from his daughter's lover—"

"Do you refer to my dead father?" cried Helen, rising from her chair.

"Be seated, Mrs. Leeds," said the priest, with gentle imperativeness. "You *must* hear the story to the end. The banker speculated with the borrowed money, and lost it. The young man married his daughter; and the daughter was surprised that her husband, so reputedly rich, did not grant her demand for a large sum of money to be used for her pet charity. It was then she began to doubt her husband, for she did not know that half of his fortune had been made away with by her father. Five months after his daughter's marriage the banker forged a draft to cover

an enormous deficit." (Helen was again on her feet, staring in horror at the priest, who also was standing.) "The forgery was discovered; and the young man, to screen the dishonor of his wife's father, paid the amount of the forged draft with the remainder of his fortune. Two weeks later the banker died, and I think you are aware of the manner in which the daughter paid back her father's chief creditor."

Twice Helen essayed to speak, and from between her pale lips was emitted only a husky whisper. Father Curtis led her to a chair, and brought her a glass of water from an adjoining room.

"I have been too blunt," he said, as he took the glass from her.

Her head dissented vigorously.

"I deserved it," she replied. "Now let me go to Arthur," she added; and dragged herself from the room, assisted by the priest, who left her at the door of her husband's room.

"Arthur, how can I ever atone to you?" she cried, from her knees beside him.

His eyes gazed into hers and his hands held hers tight, and from that time his recovery was rapid.

Vesper Song.

(*Te lucis ante terminum.*)

WHILE fades the sunlight in the west,
And ere we take us to our rest,
Look down, O Lord, from heaven, we pray,
And bless us at the close of day!

Oh, bless our home and bless our rest!
No phantom wiles our sleep molest;
But, lulled in peace and purity,
Our dreams may be of heaven and Thee.

Great God, whose word made all we see,
And giveth life to all that be,
At holy twilight, free from blame,
May we forever bless Thy Name!

R. O. K.

Nuestra Señora de la Leche.

BY THE REV. T. J. JENKINS.

THOSE familiar with the detailed history of the Dominican, Franciscan, and Jesuit missions in the Floridas and Mexicos, know that the year 1540-41 was signalized by two events of unusual importance. One was the establishment and confirmation of the Society of Jesus before their beloved shrine of the beautiful Madonna della Strada; and the erection of the first church, temporary though it was, at Tiguex, New Mexico, by the Franciscan, Father Padilla, afterward martyred, was the second event.

We may call the shrine of Our Lady of the Milk—the meaning of our Spanish title—the oldest on the continent of America, save possibly that of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico. Visiting the actual spot of its first erection outside the city of St. Augustine, Florida, we search with avidity for those beloved landmarks of the faith, especially those connected with the first adoration of the Majesty of the Altar and Mary's sweet worship. They were ever united, ever subjects of joyous affection. Father Cancer, the Dominican, to be sure, made a brave and hazardous attempt to plant a Jesu-Maria mission near the present shore of Tampa Bay as early as 1549. But the new *Santa Maria*, on which he and his companions sailed, was beaten off by the Mobilian arrows.

It was only when the fiery-hearted Peter Menendez was commissioned by Philip II., of Spain, to reattempt the colonization of unfortunate Florida, that the famous first parish priest of St. Augustine, Mendoza Grajales, finally landed with the forces; and on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1565, said the first Mass at Nombre di Dios, and erected in the chapel the touching statue of Nuestra Señora de la Leche.

The allusion to "the milk" it is impossible to trace to its veritable source. No records seem to have been found by the burrowing genius of Gilmary Shea to resolve us this sweet riddle. Suffice it to advert to the gracious office of Mary toward her Divine Babe, and her evident taking to herself of this new land as her new inheritance, to cherish at her virginal breast as the chosen offspring of her Son in these latter blest times. This town and chapel existed on its original site at the head of the bay of St. Augustine proper, until, on account of the frequent desecrations of the spot and pillaging of the coast and town, outside the strong walls of the Fort (now called Marion), the Spanish authorities ordered the building demolished.

The second chapel of Nuestra Señora, still under the same tender invocation, was rebuilt inside the walls of the northernmost fortification, and no great distance from another Lady Chapel in an Indian village protected by the guns of the Fort, and to the south of the parallel wall running across the north end of the peninsula on which was built the city, and around whose circling shores forts frowned and villages smiled.

Hard by these ancient chapel sites, and indeed in almost a direct line out the St. Nicolas road, which passed directly north through the still extant square city gates, there exist to-day three successive cities of the dead. In the one incorporated in the present city lie the bodies of some of the Spanish heroes of religion, Father de Corpa's tomb being conspicuous. He was but one victim of the many hecatombs offered on Florida's blood-stained coasts. Another, the famous Father Rodriguez, seeing his end near, begged his Indian captors to allow him to celebrate Mass. This they did, and tomahawked him at the foot of the altar.

To come down to our own times, Bishop Verot, the former zealous pastor of this

poor flock, erected a chapel at the old bay point, and in the midst of the ancient graves, to perpetuate the memory of the regretted chapel. This was in 1870. But, unfortunately, a gale of wind blew down the structure; and its hoary ruins are sometimes yet taken for those of the original chapel of Grajales. Two walls stand; the site is desolate, as this and the two other former cemeteries have been abandoned. Now no one but those wise in history know when they kneel there that it is the site of the beloved shrine of Our Lady of the Milk.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

WHAT NEXT?

A GENTLEMAN of New England has taken the trouble to make a study of the different ways of raising money employed by various religious bodies, and has presented the result of his researches in a recent number of *The Forum*. His sources of information can not be questioned, and his burning and indignant words must appeal to everyone whose conscience is not fatally asleep, and whose sense of the fitness of things is not distorted by irreverent vulgarity in high, and presumably holy, places.

The mild and comparatively innocuous strawberry festival and the commonplace and delusive church fair have long since ceased to be satisfactory methods of filling the empty coffers of ambitious congregations, and something more stimulating has been provided. This course is by no means restricted to those whose non-interference in matters strictly social has placed them under Puritan ban; for those sects which are the lineal descendants of *Mayflower* theology have done their full share in startling quiet people with thinly disguised

variety shows and the latest thing in skirt dances.

The following partial list of entertainments, compiled from that in *The Forum* and from my own observation of about two years, includes: clam-bakes; baby shows; female negro minstrels; society circuses, with side-show attachments; mock weddings; moot divorce courts; Mrs. Jarley's waxworks; the Midway Plaisance; Casey at the Bat (whatever that may be); toboggan *matinées*; a beauty congress; pink teas; football contests; cake-walks; broom drills; tramp sociables; living pictures; a raffle, with barrels of beer the prize; comic operas; every variety of transient restaurant; and an auction sale of pictures conducted in a meeting-house on Sunday morning! The one redeeming feature is the gradual disappearance of the lottery; although at present the law involved is oftentimes eluded by schemes serving the same purpose.

There are not wanting those who declare that these nondescript and vicious entertainments promote sociability, and are desirable even when they do not replenish a demoralized exchequer. And there are those, too, who do not hesitate to maintain that when a religious organization becomes a society prop it should wear the garments of the mammon which it serves.

There is no way of contributing to the various financial needs of any body which professes to be Christian except to put the hand in the pocket and give of an honestly acquired hoard. Those who hold this opinion are sadly in the minority; but minorities are occasionally respectable and often right.

When the cake-walks and the female minstrel shows and the living pictures become as tiresome as the despised strawberry festival and the neglected oyster supper, it is appalling to reflect what sort of attractions may replace them as a means of "raising the wind."

Notes and Remarks.

The important announcement is made that the Holy Father has established a new Congregation in Rome, whose duty it shall be to treat all questions having reference to the reunion of Christendom. The Congregation is a permanent one, its membership including cardinals and patriarchs of both the Eastern and Western Churches. This announcement will be of the greatest interest not only to Catholics, but to multitudes outside the Church. It is the culmination of the Papal policy reiterated in the encyclicals to the Orient and to England; and it establishes a strong probability that the course, at once aggressive and conciliating, of the Holy Father will be continued by his successors. The vigorous "Motu Proprio" in which the new Congregation is proclaimed hints that it will have abundant work to do,—most accessories to the administration of Leo XIII. have.

Seventy-eight years is not a very long period in the existence of a country, even a colonial country such as Australia, but it is quite long enough to bring about some very remarkable changes. In November, 1817, the first missionary priest to Australia was bidden to leave the colony in the ship that brought him. In November, 1895, at the opening of the second National Synod of the Catholic Church in Australia, there were present five archbishops and sixteen bishops, representing hundreds of priests. Evidently the original missionary did not obey the order to "depart from this colony"; or if he did, he was soon replaced by others, who increased and multiplied.

San Francisco has never been considered puritanical—not even fervently religious; and it is rather amusing to know that in the City of the Golden Gate the A. P. A. movement seems finally to have come to a head. The newspapers, with a few exceptions, encouraged the movement by printing the diatribes of clerical bigots; but when the Catholics were thoroughly roused, the papers became frightened, and made some deliciously

naïve remarks about the unseemliness of brethren not dwelling together in unity. Then Father Yorke, who had been moved to take up the cudgels by the petty persecution of Catholic work-people, undertook a single-handed war against the press of San Francisco, which deserves to be historical. He wields a remarkably vigorous pen, and he crushed his antagonists. At last accounts, the cowardly *Chronicle* was detailing reporters to gather influential opinion against "the stirring up of religious strife." There is use for a priest like Father Yorke—zealous, learned, literary and gentlemanly—in every large city of the Union. More power to him, and may his kind increase!

There are good grounds for believing that a new campaign has been decided upon against the Church in France. A number of episcopal sees in that country are now vacant; and it appears that the Ministers, irritated by the Vatican's opposition to some of their candidates, have determined to disregard such opposition, and to name bishops who have not been declared acceptable to Rome, or have even been set aside by the Holy See. Should this be the case, a more serious conflict than has yet arisen between the Church and France is inevitable. Rome will assuredly never allow her bishops to be nominated, or at least installed, without her consent to their installation having been previously obtained; and should any candidates be found who are un-Catholic enough to forego Rome's acceptance of their candidacy, excommunications will be the natural result. The right of investiture was not vindicated by the Popes of the Middle Ages to be given up by Leo XIII.

Good definitions are not so common that one can afford to slight them. We have long been on the lookout for an essential definition of the Church,—one that would convey an exact idea of what we conceive it to be. Such a definition is afforded by *The Catholic Universe*,—a paper which is constantly presenting good things to its readers. In a recent issue it published a communication from the Rt. Rev. Monsig. de Concilio, referring to a

controversy on the subject of Christianity and the Bible, which contains these golden words:

Christianity is not a system of doctrines, whatever they may be, or of opinions laid down in a book, to be interpreted by any one who chooses to do so. Christianity is an organized and living body, absolutely and utterly independent of any book, even the Bible. Hence the Apostle said: *Omnis scriptura divinitus inspirata utilis est ad docendum*.—"All scripture, inspired of God, is useful to teach." *Useful*, but not necessary.

We venture the remark that if definitions like this were more common there would be less danger of heterodox opinions spreading among Catholics. The path of inquiring Protestants, too, would be rendered easier and more direct.

The late Cardinal Meignan, Archbishop of Tours, was the first French prelate to applaud Cardinal Lavigerie's announcement that the Holy Father had declared in favor of the French Republic. Cardinal Meignan was a prelate of broad sympathies, quick to perceive the spirit of the time, and to place himself in touch with all that was good in it. His early manhood was given to higher educational work, in which he was remarkably successful; and he was called to accept in quick succession the most exalted and onerous ecclesiastical offices. His pastoral duties, however, did not consume all his vast energies: he found time to write such a series of learned works, chiefly on Scriptural subjects, as would have been a life-work for an ordinary man. *Requiescat in pace!*

The foresight of Leo XIII. and his solicitude for the Armenians of the Turkish Empire are made evident by some recent articles in the *Missions Catholiques*. In December, 1894, and in January, 1895, Cardinal Rampolla made proposals to the ex-Grand Vizier, through Mgr. Azarian, with the view of ameliorating the condition of the Armenian provinces, and of improving the situation by pacific means, while at the same time safeguarding the independence of the Ottoman Empire in its interior affairs. The reforms proposed by the Sovereign Pontiff were: the nomination of some governors

and lieutenant-governors chosen from among the Christians, and the formation of a mixed militia for the Anatolian provinces, wherein the Armenians are most numerous. "If the imperial government," wrote Cardinal Rampolla, "spontaneously gives to the Christian element of the Eastern provinces a greater participation in the administration of public affairs, it will put an end to all difficulty and banish every peril." The advice was not taken, and shortly afterward began the massacres which have horrified the peoples of Europe and America.

It is not worth while to expose all the calumnies and forgeries that originate in the fertile brains of bigots. Many of these impostures are too preposterous to be credited by any who are not disposed to accept false testimony; besides, it is bad policy always to be acting on the defensive. Bishop Montgomery did well, however, to interrogate Mr. Gladstone as to the following calumnious statement industriously circulated by the A. P. A. in California, and attributed to the great English statesman:

No more cunning plot was ever devised against the intelligence, the freedom, the happiness and virtue of mankind than Romanism.

The Bishop felt assured that in repudiating this forgery Mr. Gladstone would also condemn the *animus* of it. And so it happened. The Grand Old Man replied: "It is hard to answer for a period of sixty years in active life; but to the best of my knowledge and belief I never wrote, and never could have written, the words which you cite. I disapprove of them highly."

The conception of Paris as a vast picnic ground, the paradise of pleasure-seekers, is so widespread among English-speaking peoples that Virginia M. Crawford deserves our gratitude for giving us a glimpse of the Catholic side of the French capital. Writing in *The Catholic Magazine*, she says that the feverish atmosphere of the city is a mist which hides from strangers many solid virtues of the Parisians.

Few indeed know, and least of all the casual visitor to Paris, how many of the elegant, well-

dressed women who may be seen driving in the "Bois" in the afternoon have spent their morning hours in the service of the sick and needy,—not in the easy-going benevolence which consists of sitting at home and filling-in cheques, but in personally visiting the homes and relieving the wants of the working classes, who are too often housed in foul and repulsive garrets. Still less do they realize that among the rich young men who frequent the race-course and the Jockey Club a certain proportion at least fulfil well-defined charitable duties as brothers of the wide-spreading Society of St. Vincent de Paul. And although the feelings of many a Catholic traveller may have been stirred by the number of religious belonging to the active Orders—Sisters of Mercy and of Charity, Little Sisters of the Poor and of the Assumption—who may be met on the crowded boulevards, he can have no adequate conception of the size and the number of the convents scattered about Paris,—mother-houses for the training of novices, who are sent from thence to every part of the globe.

Thoughtful Catholics, who know how many of the charitable institutions of the Church were originated in France, will be slow to credit the aspersions which American "globe-trotters" sprinkle so freely over the Catholic countries of Europe. Neither the unspeakable government nor Freemasons nor anarchists properly reflect the moral status of the Eldest Daughter of the Church.

Less than fifty years ago the cross was exclusively a Catholic symbol. There was a storm of opposition from ultra-Protestants when the sign of redemption began to be raised over "meeting-houses," as they were called in those days. But the cross has won its way everywhere, and now there are none found to oppose it. Of late years the innovation has extended to cemeteries from which the cross was banished utterly. No crosses can be seen among the old tombstones of New England. The natural symbol of every Christian denomination is to be found now adays even in rural cemeteries; and the form that occurs most frequently is the Celtic—the combination of the cross and the circle,—the emblem of Christ and the emblem of eternity. This, by the way, is one of the very earliest of Christian gravestone-forms reduced to its simplest elements. The day is probably not far distant when the stone-cutter's clumsy and mechanical wares will cease to be in demand; and the Celtic

cross, with some simple inscription, will find favor everywhere. Nothing could be more expressive in its meaning or more attractive to the eye. There is a Christian humility and dignity and a simple pathos in a gravestone like this, altogether lacking in the clumsy monuments usually erected over the graves of rich men who have died without the last Sacraments.

Mr. J. A. Schweinfurth, a well-known architect of Boston, who deserves the credit of introducing appropriate and artistic designs in tombstones, holds that "gravestones should be at once unobtrusive yet artistic, plain yet beautiful. Good taste should speak not only in the restricted use of ornament, but in its tasteful application and skilful designing."

Even in autocratic Russia, it seems, the idea of the reunion of the churches is making its way. The *Novoye Vremya* declares that whereas a quarter of a century ago the thought of reunion was quite strange, at present it is earnestly entertained everywhere, and stands in the front rank of interest. "We are firmly convinced," it adds, "that reunion in faith is a real necessity, and that the efforts which are being made in this direction will sooner or later bear fruit." The reunion of the Russian church with our own would surprise us a good deal less than the submission to the Roman Pontiff of sects that, on the face of it, appear closer to Catholicism.

The crass ignorance and pertinacious prejudice that characterize the A. P. A. are recognized by all save the members of this infamous organization. In view of the fact that ex-President Harrison is credited with being one of its supporters, we can not help being surprised that he should hazard the opinion that the Constitution of the Catholic colony of Maryland suggested the method adopted for choosing our Chief Magistrate. This he does, however, in an article on "The Presidential Office" contributed to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It may be worth while to quote his words. "The origin of the Electoral College," he says, "has been

the subject of much speculation. The only American precedent is found in the first Constitution of Maryland, where provision was made for the choice of State senators by electors chosen by popular vote in specified districts.* In the Massachusetts convention Mr. Bowdoin said: 'This method of choosing the President was probably taken from the manner of choosing senators under the Constitution of Maryland.' An attempt has been made by some to find the suggestion of the Electoral College, as we have come to call it, in the method then in use of choosing the German emperor, and by others in the method of choosing a Pope by the College of Cardinals. Sir Henry Maine thinks that the members of the convention 'were to a considerable extent guided by the example of the Holy Roman Empire.' And as Maryland, where the Electoral College was first used, was a Catholic colony, the suggestion seems plausible."

Mr. Harrison should know that it is not the custom for members or abettors of the A. P. A. in good standing to acknowledge any service rendered to this country by its Catholic citizens of the past or the present. His chances of re-election will be lessened by this expression of opinion.

The recent death of Joseph Hubert Reinkens, at Bonn, has awakened some slight renewal of interest in the seat of "Old Catholics," of the German branch of which he was bishop. Dating from 1870, when Döllinger published his protestation against the dogma of Papal Infallibility, the new religion never had any vitality elsewhere than in Germany and Switzerland; and even in those countries a quarter of a century has proved more than sufficiently long to manifest the impossibility of maintaining a Catholic Church independent of Rome. Doctrinal and disciplinary unity never existed among the Old Catholics, even in their most flourishing days. The different synods held for the purpose of formulating a common symbol always resulted in "confusion worse confounded." As to discipline, some of the leaders advocated, while others condemned, the marriage of the clergy; some wished

the Mass said in the vernacular, others exacted the maintenance of Latin; some were partisans of national and independent churches, others held that the Catholicity of the Church should be sustained as above all national distinctions. Disintegrating forces were at work from the very inception of the movement, and it has naturally resulted in a lamentable—or rather, from our point of view, a most gratifying—failure.

On one occasion, when the Protestant Mission Boards were unusually despondent because the harvest was so small and the laborers so many, Canon Farrar was moved to remark that it was shocking to hear people talk about the failure of missions, because "they started with one hundred and twenty despised Galileans, and now there are one hundred and twenty million Protestants; and they have in their power almost all the resources of the world." Whereupon *The Christian Advocate*, one of the most influential of Protestant journals, comments in this wise:

If he goes back to the Galileans, why does he not include the Catholic and Greek Christians? If he includes all the Protestants, why does he not remember that the Catholics and Greeks, after their manner, had Christianized all the countries of Europe, except Turkey, before the Protestants were heard of; and that the majority of Protestant nations *were transferred bodily by civil governments to Protestantism* in times of the arbitrary union of Church and State?

Here, in a few italics, is told the whole elaborate story of the "rapid spread of Protestantism" and the "general revulsion from Rome," of which so much is said and written. We opine that *The Christian Advocate* numbers a real historian among its contributors. If so, he will be sure to cause trouble.

A sister of the late Lady Gregory, better known as Mrs. Stirling, is subprioress of the English convent at Bruges. Mrs. Stirling, who retired from the stage ten years ago, at the age of seventy, had the almost unique distinction of having enjoyed a half century of favor before the footlights. Her death was most edifying. May she rest in peace!

Notable New Books.

INEBRIETY. By Dr. Norman Kerr. J. Selwin Tait & Sons.

One of the most significant and hopeful phases of the modern temperance crusade is the change in the attitude of medical science. An unbiassed view of its present position, as compared with that held fifteen years ago, will convince any one that the feeling against the use of alcohol has grown much stronger. Medical men are eminently conservative. The fanaticism of the "temperance crank" has never found favor with the physician. It is for this reason that the present slight shifting of position, caused by a gradual accumulation of facts carefully ascertained and thoroughly proved, is in the highest degree significant.

Any one who wishes may find abundant evidence of this in the learned and interesting treatise of Dr. Kerr. He has had almost a lifetime of experience in the study of inebriety, and for many years has been attendant physician in the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates in London. His book is a complete and masterful treatment of the subject of inebriety from the standpoint of the physician—its etiology, pathology, treatment, and jurisprudence. It is more than that: it is an encyclopædia of reasons why the use of alcohol, in any form and amount, under ordinary healthy conditions, is from a strictly scientific standpoint indefensible.

Dr. Kerr defines alcohol to be a poison in the sense in which arsenic, prussic acid, and chloroform are poisons. Whether small doses of such substances can be regularly taken without injury is a question which he does not directly discuss; but there is a strong undercurrent of argument running all through the book against even the moderate use of alcoholic beverages. The pathological study of the drama of intoxication, from the paralysis of the vaso-motor nerves, with its attendant feeling of exhilaration, in the first act; to the complete and universal paralysis of the bodily and mental faculties in the final act, is especially interesting and thorough.

Few will be found to dispute the author's contention that "the abnormal condition

designated as inebriety, the most characteristic symptom of which is an overpowering impulse to indulge in intoxication at all risks," is a true disease, either inherited or acquired. It has long been known that the tendency to intoxication, like insanity or consumption, can be transmitted by heredity. Some new and startling questions are raised, however, if it be true, as he appears to prove, that the inebriety of a parent may be transmitted to his grandchildren, even when the children are strictly temperate. Dr. Kerr easily explodes the popular superstition that the use of beer is free from the objections against the use of the more alcoholically potent liquors. It is shown by experience and statistics that beer-drinking is not only not conducive to health, but that it is one of the most potent generators of inebriety and fatal disease.

Though a Protestant, Dr. Kerr pays a handsome tribute incidentally to the noble work of Catholic total abstinence societies. A comparison of statistics bearing on the religion of the inebriates with whom he has had to do induces the conclusion that inebriety is less frequent among Catholics than among their Protestant countrymen. For this he can find no other reason than the influence exerted in favor of total abstinence by men like Father Mathew and Cardinal Manning.

As a complete scientific analysis of the disease of inebriety, this book should be of great service to the practising physician. As a storehouse of carefully ascertained information on all that relates to intoxicants and their effects, it will be invaluable to all those who, whether rigid abstainers or not, are sincerely anxious for the elimination of the foul stain of intemperance from the escutcheon of Christian civilization.

THREE KEYS TO THE CAMERA DELLA SEGNAURA IN THE VATICAN. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the Author, Chicago.

We have already given expression to our sense of the importance of this sumptuous work, and of the personal gratitude which every cultivated Catholic must feel to its author. Miss Starr is to our art what Dr. Shea was to our history. Her life has been given with the devotedness of a confessor of the

faith to the cultivation of artistic sense and feeling among us. Happily, her influence will be continued for succeeding generations by her written word.

The present work gives the four ceiling and the four wall pictures of the Camera della Segnatura, in half-tone reproduction of photographs taken from the original frescoes. For obvious reasons the ceiling pictures and the "Jurisprudence" need no scheme of identification, but the keys to the three other paintings are of great value. To every lover of "Raphael the Divine" they should be precious; to instructors and pupils in Catholic institutions they are simply invaluable. Without Miss Starr's key even the learned will have only a partial and inadequate appreciation of the immortal "Disputa." Better than a whole theological library it shows what the Blessed Sacrament has been to the world; and priests, professors, nuns and catechists will do their work immeasurably better when once they have drunk in the full meaning of this marvellous painting. For students of poetry and philosophy the same may be said. Raphael had the aid and advice of the most learned men of his age in the composition of his "Poesy" and his "School of Athens."

The text of Miss Starr's work is beyond all praise. It could not be made more instructive or interesting. Her devotion to art and the spirit of faith which breathes in her pages is worthy of the artist who inspired it. The form of this work is absolutely perfect—the paper, type, and binding. It fills us with hope for the future of Catholic literature. We trust that intelligent Catholics will enrich their homes with this book, and that at least one copy of it will be placed in every convent and college.

SISTER-SONGS. An Offering to Two Sisters.
By Francis Thompson. Copeland & Day.

When Mr. Francis Thompson's first volume of poems appeared the critics flew to (literary) arms. There was much verbal tilting between the friends and opponents of the new singer,—the first group stoutly maintaining that he was of the royal lineage of song, the others as vigorously denying it. It was finally conceded by all fair-minded

critics that behind this verse was a new and rare poetic force to be reckoned with. Hardly has this stir in the literary world ceased when Mr. Thompson again commands public attention by publishing "Sister-Songs."

Like all true poets, he loves children; and in this volume he sings the praises of two little sisters, evidently enshrined in the inner sanctuary of his heart. Departing from the typical style of such verse, in which simplicity and sweetness are the accepted characteristics, he sings these little maids in what may be styled the grand manner. A wealth of imagery, ornate language, and high thought go to the making of these poems. A less florid offering would perhaps be more in keeping with the simplicity of childhood; but a poet must sing as God has given him to sing, and Mr. Thompson's style is one of sustained grandeur. His verbal richness is unquestioned. As in the first volume, the archaic words are again pressed into service; but the reader, now grown accustomed thereto, is inclined to resent it less than when the fault was new to him. The writer makes his language do the bidding of his thought in a way that is at times startling. There is a freedom, even a daring, in his choice of words,—the poet saying what is in his mind and heart, in the language that seems to him most fitting.

In Part I. the imagination has been given loose rein. We have here elves, elfin music, dancing dryads, the Hours, floating in the aerial sea,—all painted in vivid and glowing word colors. In connection herewith lies, we think, a blemish. The poet calls upon all these to sing the praise of the child Sylvia; and this invitation, occurring after each stanza with but slight verbal change, grows not only monotonous, but irritating.

In the eighth stanza the personal note is distinctly heard; and because of its suggestiveness, its sincerity and its simple pathos, it seems to us quite the finest in the poem. Dropping his stately manner, the poet speaks out of the abundance of a heart that has tasted suffering almost akin to death in bitterness. These lines evidently touch upon that unhappy period of his life when, for the fault of being a poet, he wandered,

despairing and homeless, an outcast from a father's love.

In our poet's readiness of resource lies his greatest danger. The thronging thoughts seem to press for expression, resulting at times in overcrowded pages, and obliging the reader to bring to their perusal an alert mind and a close attention; otherwise it is a chance that he will be bewildered amid a prodigality of images and verbal beauties.

The high purity of thought characterizing Mr. Thompson's poetry is something for which to be devoutly thankful. He has shown that fervor and glow and poetic rapture may inform verse that does not sing the regulation theme, Eros. As to the melody of his work; if at times the poet's polysyllabics and archaisms rob his lines of music, it is not for long. Often in a musical composition the harsh chord is made to dissolve into one of dulcet sound. In some such manner, these rough lines are followed by others than which the most fastidious ear can ask nothing more rhythmically sweet. As regards the spirit of this poetry, it may be said that deep feeling and high thought are here, but that gayety of heart one would expect in the productions of a young poet is distinctly lacking. However, by one acquainted with the poet's history this is easily understood.

To quote even a small fraction of the fine lines that go to the up-building of these poems would be to exceed the limits of this notice. It need only be said that the reader who delights in lofty thought, in the carven phrase, and in stateliness of verse-movement, will here find his taste gratified. In a word, this volume must convince the most skeptical that Mr. Thompson is gifted with the "staying power." While the high quality of his verse may, perhaps, render it "caviare to the general," he is essentially a poet for poets. To say that his future work will be eagerly looked for is a foregone conclusion.

ÆTHIOPUM SERVUS. By M. D. Petre. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. Benziger Bros.

This book is a study in Christian altruism, if we may adopt the author's needless circumlocution for charity. The beautiful and laborious life of St. Peter Claver furnishes the writer with a gauge by which to measure

the work of modern philanthropists, whose efforts to relieve human misery are soulless and barren because lacking the vitalizing influence of religion. The book might be described also as a study in contrasts, so opposite are the methods and effects of Christian charity to the methods and effects of philanthropy. "Altruism can not yet boast a century of existence. In the course of some years we shall perhaps be able to judge whether the end of modern philanthropy is such as to justify and sustain its labors; whether its conquests will recompense it for its combats; or whether its ambition and aspirations are higher and nobler than its aim." The work is not remarkable for literary skill, but its serious purpose and the earnestness of the author should win for it many readers.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Meinrad Menke, of Washington, D. C., whose happy death took place on the 7th ult.

Mr. James Connaughton, who departed this life on the 10th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Frederick A. Crowther, of Mt. Airy, Ohio, whose life closed peacefully on the same day.

Miss Mary Gill, of Lawrence Station, N. Y., who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 14th ult.

Mrs. Anastasia Smith, who breathed her last on the 18th ult., in Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. A. J. Slevin, of Plainfield, N. J.; Mr. Henry Henny, Carnegie, Pa.; Anthony, Indian Mission, Pryor, Mont.; Pauline Marum, Oakland, Cal.; Mr. Thomas Kenney and Miss Catherine Kelly, Derby, Conn.; Mrs. Marcella Dunn, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Patrick McNamara and Mr. Francis McLamey, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. James Sherry, Elkhorn, Wis.; Mrs. Mary Sheerin, Mrs. Esther Haley, Mrs. Clare Barrett, and Mr. David Belden,—all of San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Nora O'Brien and Mrs. Mary Driscoll, Cohoes, N. Y.; Miss Ellen Ryan, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. James Keefe, Kiltelly, Co. Limerick, Ireland; John Hickey, Emily, Co. Tipperary, Ireland; Mrs. Catherine Cullen, Centretown, Mo.; and Mrs. Bridget O'Brien, Galbally, Co. Limerick, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



★ UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. ★

The Boyhood of a Saint.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

SOMETIME in the twelfth century, when the great and powerful Emperor Frederic Barbarossa was reigning in Germany, there was born at Cologne a child called Hermann Joseph, to which names the Church has since authorized the prefix Blessed. His parents had been wealthy; but evil times had seen their riches take wings, and Hermann Joseph was consequently brought up in the strictest poverty.

His parents, aware of the many dangers and temptations to which the very poor are exposed, impressed upon him daily the duty of putting his confidence in God; and warned him against taking anything whatsoever, were it only an apple or a nut, belonging to others. They trained him to make a virtue of his necessity by always contenting himself with a little. He was especially bidden to keep away from bad boys, or those who frequented such company. Every night he gave his mother a full account of all he had done, seen, and heard during the day.

Hermann was an obedient child, and his sweet temper and modesty lightened considerably the hardships under which his parents labored. He early manifested a tender devotion for the Blessed Virgin, and almost as soon as he could speak asked his mother how best to honor the gracious Mother of God. He was taught

in reply the spirit, if not the letter, of the Church's prayer, *Sub tuum*—"We fly to thy patronage, O Holy Mother of God! Despise not our petitions in our necessities, but deliver us from all dangers, O glorious and ever-blessed Virgin!"

Full of ardor for study, he attended school joyfully; but daily made a visit to a church, which was on his road to the school-house, to kneel for a few minutes before a statue of Our Lady. He greeted Mary and the Infant Jesus, and spoke to them with childish frankness and confidence. He told them of all his trials and his needs, and made the Divine Infant the confidant of all that happened to him. Often his talk took this form: "Dear Jesus, I had nothing for breakfast this morning but a little piece of dry bread, and I am still hungry. But, all the same, I am content; for Thou art the Son of God, and Thou didst hunger voluntarily. And, any way, Thou canst make the least crumb of bread nourish and strengthen me as much as the most generous meal."

Then he would impart to his Divine Friend what he had studied for the day, and what he wished to do during its progress. Finally, he would take leave of Mother and Son in this fashion: "I should like to stay much longer with Thee and Thy Holy Mother, but it is time for me to go to school. Give me Thy blessing, and don't forget me till I come back."

What a pity all scholars do not follow little Hermann's example in this respect! Surely our young folks could enter a church and greet Jesus and Mary more frequently than they do. A few minutes

of genuine prayer, such as Hermann's, would prove of inestimable help to them in getting through the duties of the day.

In the summer time Hermann always carried flowers to the church and laid them before Our Lady's statue. One day he brought an apple and offered it to the Blessed Virgin, holding it toward her. Immediately she reached out her hand, took the apple, and smilingly thanked him.

On another occasion Hermann left the playground to spend a few minutes in the church. His little sacrifice was well rewarded. As he approached the altar he saw the Blessed Virgin floating in the air above him. She was accompanied by St. John, and was playing with the Infant Jesus. Hermann stopped and gave himself up to the contemplation of this beautiful spectacle. Suddenly the Blessed Virgin said to him:

"Hermann, come and join us!"

Hermann stretched out his arms; and Mary, taking his hand, raised him up into the air. The boy was all confused, but Our Lady smilingly said to him: "Don't be ashamed; you may play at your ease." So he took courage and began playing with the Child Jesus. When he had amused himself for a good while, the Holy Virgin took him down again to the floor. These recreations with the Divine Infant were often repeated.

Hermann Joseph was often obliged to go barefooted in the most bitter winter cold, because his poor parents had no means of procuring shoes for him. One very cold day he went to the church in his bare feet and began praying.

"Hermann," said Our Lady, "why do you go barefooted when it is so cold?"

"I haven't any shoes, Holy Mother," he replied.

"Go to that stone," said the Blessed Virgin, pointing with her finger, "and you will find all the money you need to buy a pair of shoes. Whenever you are in want of anything all you have to do is

to go to that stone. There you will find all that is necessary; only you must always go to it with the fullest confidence."

Hermann obeyed, and found the price of his shoes as Our Lady had told him; but he never went to the stone except in extreme necessity. His companions soon discovered that he found cents on the stone, and they frequently went to it to get some money too; but they never found any. The stone proved a bank to Hermann alone.

When only twelve years old Hermann entered a monastery of religious called by the long name of Prémonstratensians, from Prémontré, the place where the Order was first established. He lived a long and edifying life in the cloister, and died on the 7th of April, 1241.

This brief account of his childhood has been told to our young folks in order to fill them with confidence in the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother. No boys or girls can ever discover so kind, so gracious, or so sympathetic friends as they already have in Mary and her Divine Son, if only they will keep up the friendship by frequent intercourse, by real sincere praying, genuine open-hearted conversation with their Heavenly Mother and the Blessed Saviour, who was once a little child like them, and understands all their wants and longings.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

VI.—WHAT FOLLOWED.

I rose very early the next morning and ran out to the garden to gather mushrooms for my father's breakfast; closely followed by Helen, who had no faith in my ability to distinguish between the edible and poisonous *fungi*. But my father had taught me to do so, and was never afraid to eat the delicious adjunct to his

morning meal which I was always so proud to lay before him.

"The thought of it, Sylvia!" she said, keeping as close to me as possible as I plucked the dewy mushrooms just lifting their heads from the grass, though she occasionally added one to my little basket. "To take me from my biscuits this-a-way of a morning, and them in the oven, and the fire just ready for the steak!"

"Do go in, Helen!" I pleaded. "Papa is not afraid to eat them, and *you* need not be."

"'Tis the master's life I'd have on my soul if I didn't watch ye," she replied.

"Well, that's true," I said; "and mine and mamma's, and your own too; for you are very fond of mushrooms, Helen."

The basket was full, and Helen lifted herself to her feet. Spying a few still peeping through the sward, I ran to get them, when I heard her exclaim:

"May the Lord preserve us!—what a forlorn creature!"

"Who?—where?" I asked.

"Peering through the fence beyond. Don't you see her?" was the reply. "And she having hardly a tack of clothes on her. Has she a frock on her at all?"

Eagerly looking in the direction to which Helen pointed her finger, I saw my new acquaintance of the previous day standing outside the palings.

"It is Mamie Jeffers," I said. "Can't she come in and have some breakfast?"

"And where did you get to know the like of her, Sylvia?" asked Helen, in horror. "She's the worst-looking heathen I saw yet, and I'm in the country a long time. I'll bring out a bit of bread and butter to her, and maybe a baked apple."

"No, Helen," I said, decidedly. "I am going to run in and ask mamma if I may not bring her into the kitchen."

And so I sped away on my errand, pausing as I ran to say, "Don't go, little girl. I'll be back in a moment."

She had evidently not intended going;

for on my return with the desired permission she was standing in exactly the same position, one finger in her mouth, looking intently into the garden. Opening the gate, I took her by the hand and led her to the kitchen, where the kind-hearted Helen gave her a good breakfast. After we had finished ours, my mother brought down both the lavender and the red dress, with a complete outfit of underclothing. Both frocks fitted her very well. A wash-tub in the outer or summer kitchen was filled with warm water, and "old Mammy Skeats," my mother's reliance in all emergencies, was summoned from her cottage on the common behind the house, and directed to give the child a thorough scrubbing from head to foot."

While this operation was going on my mother sat down by the table, ripped off the skirt of the red dress, which was very full, took out the stained breadth, which had caused me new apprehension when I saw it in her hand; and by the time the child emerged from her improvised bath-room, fresh and shining, clean and smiling, arrayed in my old lavender gown, the frock was reconstructed. When she went forth from the house half an hour later, a discarded cape and scarlet hood of mine added to her costume, and a small basket containing the red frock and a change of underclothing on her arm, she was the most radiant, happy, grateful creature you ever saw or imagined. I accompanied her to the gate, whence she darted down the street with the swiftness of a young fawn. But the end was not yet.

Every day for a fortnight—sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon—Mamie returned to her post at the palings, where she remained until I went out and had a few words with her. She spoke but little, limiting her remarks to assurances that 'she was a-goin' to gi' me somethin' some time when she got a chance.' Young as I was, this struck me as ludicrous; the poor child was so miser-

able and forlorn. But she evidently made a daily attempt at washing herself, and the clothes remained intact.

For reasons which I did not then understand, but which I learned soon after, my mother did not wish me to encourage Mamie's visits. One day they were suddenly put to an end in this wise: I had just finished my morning lesson when I heard a knocking on the fence, and a familiar voice calling:

"Little one! Sylvioo!"

"Go, dear, see what she wants," said my mother. "But do not stay long. I think I shall have to speak to the child and tell her not to come again."

I ran out. Mamie was *inside* the gate this time, the skirt of her dress—the red one—uplifted. She was in the act of unfastening a bag which hung around her waist. On the grass in front of her stood a basket filled with a curious collection of pins, needles, ribbons, clay pipes, tobacco, and cheap candy.

"Here," she said, in a loud whisper, looking anxiously about her as she thrust the bag into my hand. "Take this. I told ye I'd brin' ye somethin' for them pretty clothes ye gi' me. It's chuck full of gold. I seen Will slip it under the board las' night when I was in bed, an' I got up early an' tuk it. I jist tuk out one of them gold pieces, an' bought them things in the basket for ye and yer pa an' ma. I got some change in me bosom; but if I don't hide that somewheres, Will, he'll find out."

I was so frightened and surprised that I did not know what to say, though well aware that I would not be allowed to keep these souvenirs of gratitude with which my strange little friend wished to load me. But she did not wait for thanks or protestation.

"Ye can keep that for the one ye gi' me," she said, pointing to the basket, and ran quickly out of the gate.

The astonishment of my mother can

better be imagined than described, when, a few minutes later, I appeared in the sitting-room with the basket in one hand and the bag of gold in the other, and related my strange story.

"That must be stolen money, Sylvia," she said. "I must go to your father at once and see what it is best to do."

"O mamma! will they put her in prison?" I cried. "Poor little thing, she did not know any better!"

"No, no," replied my mother. "She will not be punished, but very likely some one else will. I will tell you now, dear, what you did not know before. Mamie Jeffers' brother is one of the worst men in town—a thief and a murderer; but he has always escaped his deserts."

The upshot of it all was that, through me, indirectly of course, as the object of his little sister's gratitude and affection, this man, who had long eluded justice, was sent to the penitentiary; while Mamie was placed in an orphan asylum, where she remained several years. My mother never lost sight of her. When she was about fifteen she was taken by a prosperous farmer to assist his wife.

My conscience had reproached me keenly during the time of my slight intercourse with Mamie. As in the case of Mary Jane, I reproached myself with hypocrisy, because I so disliked to talk to her, or even to see her, and yet forced myself to be kind to her. My mother soon lifted this burthen from my soul; but I was treated by Helen to more than one lecture on the subject of "walking vagabonds." Still I was never vexed by her kindly-meant, if severely clothed, remarks.

It may interest my readers to learn that Mamie Jeffers afterward married the son of the farmer who took her from the asylum to help his wife with the housework; and it was under her hospitable roof, cheered by her kindly care, that Helen spent the last days of her life,

when, grown too old to work, she was able to lead a comfortable existence on the savings of many years. I may as well add also that when the old woman died she left three hundred dollars to the three little girls of Mrs. Jones (born Mamie Jeffers), kindly creatures like their mother, with faces as freckled, hair as ashen-colored, and eyes as uneven as her own.

(To be continued.)

Grandma, Her Day and Her Story.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

V.

The music of our house is hushed,—grandma is so hoarse that she must needs borrow one of our voices to speak with to-day. Her throat trouble has been aggravated by a cold caught that rainy evening when she and Jack went to the depot to—but if I am to tell the story in grandma's place, perhaps I'd better begin nearer the beginning.

It might be called "a story of two purses": one of snake-skin, a combination card-case and pocket-book affair, in the latest shade of green, with gold corners, and large filigree letters, "L. G.," in the centre; rather showy, but just what (if acquainted with her) you might be sure Mrs. Goldust would select as a present for her daughter. Inside, as you might also be sure, a roll of crisp greenbacks. And the other pocket-book, an old-style, well-worn morocco, with a broken clasp, found lying in the frost-brown grass at the foot of the convent steps, by Laura as she came tripping down from her lessons to the carriage,—the first thing she had ever found; for that reason, or maybe some others, brought to be shown us. Inside, nothing but a bent silver cross that seemed to have belonged to a rosary, a medal of Our Lady of Sorrows, and a tress of soft

white hair tied with faded blue ribbon, folded in a half-sheet letter.

This letter, opened in the hope of discovering some clue to the purse's ownership, contained a few lines of delicate handwriting, dated January 1. The address and signature, of course, were all grandma read. The first, "My darling, 'my precious gift of God'" (from the quotation marks we might infer that "darling's" name was Theodosia); and the last just a noun covering a class of beings nearly as numerous, fortunately, as the sands of all the seas; one word, the most suggestive, comprehensive in Love's universal language—"Mother."

"Theodosia, a beautiful name," said grandma. "Not quite so common as Eliza. It may be a great help in our search for its bearer."

"I know!" exclaimed Jack, brilliantly. "She'll advertise. I'll look every day in the 'lost' column of the papers."

"And I'll send a 'found' notice to them all," added Uncle John, the ever-helpful.

But Mary's suggestion was the first to be carried out.

"Let us tell the Sisters about it," she said. "It must have been dropped by some one coming out of the convent."

"Yees, yees," answered gentle Sister Genevieve, her charming French accent rendered more acute by excitement. "I know. It was Theodosia's—Theodosia Ridgely's. She came to see me yesterday just before Vespers. I have not seen her since before she was so high. She have left her widow mother somewhere in Tennessee while she come here to try and get a place in ze Government. Oh, it ees sad, sad! They were rich, very rich once; and now they have of all left but one Friend—our Blessed Lord."

"And don't you know where her home in Tennessee is, Sister?" asked Mary.

"Non, non: she have not tell me. She have only said the waiting was breaking

her heart. Her head will never stop aching since she pass that examination till she can rest it on her mother's shoulder, she say. And when I ask the poor child why she not go home to wait till her appointment come for her, she answer the journey twice she could not afford to make. Her place might come any minute, and that same morning it come she want to send for her mother."

"Can't you tell me, Sister?—didn't you ask her where she lives?" said Laura.

"I have not thought to," replied Sister Genevieve, sadly. "But," brightening, "if you leave ze purse here with us, dear—she have promised to come and see me again soon, and I will pray to St. Anthony to make her come sooner. It ees good St. Anthony, you know, who finds for us everything that ees lost."

"Mrs. Kennon"—Laura lowered her voice to a whisper,—“do you believe that those lovely saints of yours, like St. Francis and the rest,—do you believe they'd listen to anybody that wasn't a Catholic?"

"Yes, I believe they would," answered grandma, gravely.

"Well, I'm going to pray to St. Anthony about that purse," said Laura, decidedly. "It really isn't worth anything itself,—so shabby and the clasp broken," she added, with the air of a connoisseur in pocket-books; "but you don't know how terribly I want to get it back to the poor girl, because of the letter and the hair. Then, too, if I could find out where she is, I could put some money in the purse before I sent it back. I haven't yet used half of what I received at Christmas in my new pocket-book; and it would be a chance to do something for somebody who had been rich once, like us, as Sister said. And I think," she added, with a dainty toss of her head, "it's ever so much nicer to help people like that than real common poor people, who live up horrid flights of steps,

with such lots of children, who don't seem to mind how dirty their faces are. Don't you think it is, Mrs. Kennon?"

"N—o," replied grandma, "I mustn't say I do. It's sweet to help everybody and anybody, for the sake of the soul inside; and when we remember, too," grandma concluded in repeating the conversation to us,—“when we remember that the poor child has to work out her problems all alone at home, without the least sympathy from her mother."

Mrs. Goldust said to me during her last call here that Laura's birthdays seemed so slow coming round. If she were only old enough to make her *début* in society! Such a pretty girl as she promised to be, and her "coming out" party she meant to make the "grandest affair of the season." "Then," she confided to me,—“then we could go to Europe stylishly; and, with all the money I can settle on her, Laura would be sure to make a sensation, and during her very first winter marry a titled foreigner."

"Marry!" cried Jack. "*Little Laura!*" as though his two years' seniority had been twenty. And, springing up, he came round behind us. "Grandma," he went on, leaning over her chair, "you don't think Laura's mother would ever make her marry a foreigner just for his title, or anybody else that she hadn't known a long time and—didn't love? If she'd do such a thing I'd—"

At that instant there was an arrival of visitors. The boy didn't say what he'd do; but he drew himself up to his full, prematurely acquired height, and, in the character of champion of the oppressed, looked tall and strong enough to do anything.

Jack is a handsome, dark-eyed fellow, with his mother's tender, sensitive mouth, and his father's broad, white forehead; and as fine an athlete, intellectually and physically, as dear old Georgetown College will ever send forth equipped to fight

"the good fight" with Life for an adversary. And now we believe that should danger, real or fancied, threaten Laura, it will be our Jack "to the rescue."

The "lost" and "found" pocket-book seemed a "closed incident," as they say in affairs of state, when grandma, coming out from early Mass, heard her name called, and there was Laura's "Ellen" beside her.

"O Mrs. Kennon!" she panted, "it's the glad, joyful news that I'm bringing you, who make everybody's trouble your own, ma'am. Sure, and I've found the poor girl with the white-haired mother that Miss Laura was telling us all about. It was one of those blessed accidents of Providence that just seem to happen on purpose. It was visiting a friend that I was, for the first time in months, ma'am,—a friend that's got up in the world from dressmaking to marry an engineer, and live in her own brick house on 23d Street. And she told me about a sweet young lady—a born lady,—a stranger to the city, that had rented a room in it. And it would be a whole week on a Friday since she'd fallen sick, and lay out of her head, and moaning 'Mother, mother!' till Kate says she couldn't help watching the door to see it open and the 'mother' walk in. For it's far that a mother can hear, you know, when her own child's voice is calling in pain. 'But indeed,' says Kate, 'it's out in Tennessee somewhere that she's left the poor soul, to come here and try for a place; and if I knew where I'd write her, though it's three weeks' board that is owing me.' And when she says 'Tennessee somewhere,' 'What is her name, Kate?' says I.—'Ridgely,—Theodosia Ridgely,' says Kate. And then, ma'am, it was just as if Miss Laura stood there beside me, crying: 'We've found her, Ellen,—we've found her!' And I couldn't get home fast enough to tell her we had. So Miss Laura will fetch that purse to her to-day."

"Tell me Kate's number, please," said grandma. "I'll go there this morning. Since the strange girl is sick, there must be something I can do."

That was Saturday, "grandma's day." We missed her from home; and when Laura and Ellen reached Theodosia's bedside they found her seated there, reading aloud, her bonnet off, just as though she had always lived in that little room, which her mere presence so transformed. With the sick she was always very successful.

The registered letter dispatched to Tennessee was answered by a telegram. Then one chill, rainy evening Laura went to stay with Theodosia; while grandma went with Jack to the depot to meet some one due by a "five-forty" train. When a slight, shrinking lady in black glided out on the platform, and, raising her mourning veil, showed a sweet, sorrow-marked face, there was a beautiful, grand old lady waiting to greet her like a friend, with warm hand-clasp and a kiss, to anticipate her first anxious question with: "She's better, better, dear Mrs. Ridgely; and I, Mrs. Kennon, am to have the privilege of taking you to her."

A moment later they were speeding on their way to Kate's house.

"Dear," said grandma that night in the carriage, as she was taking Laura home, "how astonishing to think that, just because they have money, there are thousands who could, if they only *would*, make hundreds as happy as we have made Theodosia and her mother! What a torrent of joy and thanksgiving!"

"Yes, wasn't it *all* beautiful?" replied Laura, beginning to cry. Then, throwing around dear grandma the warm arms that were concealed somewhere under those huge, preposterously fashionable sleeves, "I wonder," sobbed Mrs. Goldust's heiress,— "I wonder if mamma loves me like that!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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Beati qui Lugent.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

"BLESSED are they that mourn!" The bitter tears
Have dimmed our eyes, the joy of life hath fled;
Those whom we loved the most, dear Lord, are dead;
And day by day, throughout the lengthening years,
Beset by vain regrets, by doubts and fears,
Thy children mourn, and are not comforted.
"Blessed!" we listen; for 'tis Thou hast said—
Thine the sweet promise which the mourner hears,—
"They shall be comforted." Thou knowest how,
Thou knowest when; for Thou wilt wipe away
The tears from ev'ry eye. Sweet Lord, we bow
Humbly beneath Thy chastening hand, and say:
"Master, Thy will be done in us!" For Thou
Wilt surely comfort us in that glad day.

Martyr Memories of Wales.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

DURING the long and bloody period of the religious persecution throughout Great Britain, the principality of Wales, like its sister kingdom, was a battle-field where the powers of evil waged war against the devoted adherents of the ancient faith. The Welsh Catholics, both priests and laymen, bravely held their own in the unequal struggle, and proved their fidelity to the Church no less nobly than their fellow-sufferers in England.

Within the last few years a number of interesting papers have come to light, which reveal to us the details of the struggle. They tell of the heroic agony and death of several Welsh martyrs; and also of the petty persecutions, the daily and hourly vexations, to which the Welsh Catholics of the lower classes patiently submitted rather than forsake the religion of their fathers. Yeomen and tradesmen, peasants and laborers, men and women alike,—all steadily clung to the mother Church through long, dreary years of persecution; encouraged in their upward path by the devoted priests who, under false names and strange disguises, carried the grace of the holy Sacraments to their scattered flock.

THE Blessed Virgin is called by the holy Fathers a second and a better Eve, as having taken that first step in the salvation of mankind which Eve took in its ruin.—*Cardinal Newman.*

The "Records" published by the English Jesuits, and other papers edited by the late Father Morris, bring before us in terse and simple phrase a vivid picture of these humble sufferers. We read, for instance, in the "Records" how, at the end of the sixteenth century, two Catholic prisoners, John Thomas and Roger Price, were whipped at the assizes, "which they took so patiently that they endured it with silence; whereat the justices said: 'If we whip rogues, we shall hear them cry all over the town; but these make no noise.'" And again how a "gentleman's worldly goods were taken from him," and his children reduced to beggary; how a poor woman living in Dean Forest was pillaged of all she possessed merely because she was a Catholic; how a glover was condemned to die because he refused to attend the Protestant worship. The poor man, we are told, "with fervent constancy most willingly yielded himself to their torments," and was put to death "as butcherly and bloodily as ever any," adds the ancient record.

The Catholics who were not executed were reduced to absolute destitution and often exposed to die of want. We hear of a certain Thomas Flood who "had a goodly farm taken from him, with one hundred and sixty sheep, besides other cattle." In a neighboring county a noted priest-hunter himself drove away herds of cattle from Catholic landowners. In many cases the householders themselves were turned out of their dwellings, of which their persecutors kept possession. A young Welsh lady, having become a Catholic, was "cut off by her father from a large fortune"; in 1672, says our historian, "she was leading a poor and humble life, but with great joy and consolation and a courageous heart."

Besides being thus unjustly deprived of their possessions, the Catholics often suffered imprisonment; and such was the state of the jails in the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries that long imprisonment always entailed loss of health, and very often loss of life itself. Even in their brevity, the contemporary records are harrowing when they tell us of the sufferings of the Catholic prisoners; the dry mention of facts are pregnant with untold horrors. We read that a certain William Griffiths, in Carnarvonshire, "was committed by his keeper to a dungeon in great misery; removed thence a fortnight later, he died as soon as he came into the fresh air." A woman, Ursula Forster, was imprisoned in Shrewsbury jail in July, 1590; loaded with irons, ill used by her keeper, and "not an hour before her death threatened with the dungeon."

Our Lord seems to have rewarded the constancy of the persecuted Catholics by signs of special protection. In Pembroke-shire, on one occasion, a sick woman was suddenly cured by the application of holy water. A Protestant girl in danger of death was cured when Mass was said for her. A lunatic was restored to reason after drinking some holy water.

At other times God's wrath openly manifested itself against the persecutors. A noted enemy of the Catholics, Sir Walter Aston, having died, terrifying signs were seen around the spot where he was buried. A priest and several Catholics who were passing that way saw flashes of lightning, such as they had never seen before; "much like squibs flying upward violently, but with greater light and terror." Another Protestant, who delighted in breaking chalices and crosses, went during the night to destroy a wayside cross which he had been prevented from breaking during the day. Some weeks later, when passing the same spot, he was stricken with a sudden illness, and died in great suffering on reaching his house.

The pious Welsh Catholics, who kept the light of faith steadily burning in their wild mountain homes, were strengthened by the exhortations and the example of

their priests, both secular and regular. If the Catholic laymen were oppressed and persecuted, their priests had to endure still greater perils and sufferings. Ever to the front, they led their spiritual children through thorny paths which they themselves were the first to tread; and they enforced the lessons of self-sacrifice which they taught by examples of heroism even unto death. It would lead us too far to give a complete history of the Welsh confessors and martyrs, and we must be content with selecting from the group certain figures of peculiar interest to present to our American readers.

One who was actually executed in England, but whom his mere name reveals to be a Welshman, is Roger Cadwallador, a secular priest, who was put to death under James I., amidst circumstances of particular cruelty. He had been a student of the English College of Valladolid, and was well known as a good classical scholar and an able controversialist. In 1594 he was transferred from his peaceful home in Spain to the battle-field of the English mission, where he labored for sixteen years, chiefly among the poorer Catholics, to whom he devoted himself with untiring zeal. He was arrested on Easter Sunday, 1610, and carried to Hereford jail, after having been examined by the Protestant bishop, to whom he acknowledged that he was a priest.

Then began for the brave confessor a long period of cruel sufferings. He seems to have been seriously ill at the time of his capture; and his illness was soon increased by the barbarous treatment he met with at the hands of his keeper, who loaded him with chains, which he had to wear by day and night. Moreover, at night the keeper used to chain his helpless captive to his bed. Bishop Challoner tells us that this man, who seems to have taken a fiendish pleasure in tormenting his victim, once took him into an "obscure and loathsome place," where he chained

him to a post in such a manner that he could not sit or lie down. The keeper's wife, moved to pity, at last loosened his chain, so that he might rest his weary limbs. This is, alas! the only instance related to us of the woman's kindness toward her husband's prisoner; as a rule, she showed herself hard and cruel. Father Cadwallador's sister-in-law, having heard of his sad condition—that, although dangerously ill, he was deprived of every comfort,—came to the jail to bring him food and remedies. She was received with a volley of abuse, and the keeper's wife protested that all she brought should be flung into the street rather than benefit the captive priest.

At other times, not content with tormenting his body, Father Cadwallador's keeper wounded him in the honor of his priesthood by reporting that the prisoner had apostatized and taken the oath of allegiance, hoping thereby to shake the faith of the Catholics by destroying their confidence in their priest. On another occasion he was called upon to take part in a public controversy at a time when, exhausted by suffering, he was hardly able to speak. When the news came that the Protestant bishop of Hereford required his presence at a public discussion, the devoted priest rose, weak and trembling, from his bed; but before leaving the prison he fainted away. He was actually carried before the bishop; and, when he had recovered, was ordered then and there to take part in the theological discussion. But Roger Cadwallador's brave spirit was equal to the occasion; and, although in a dying state, he nobly and skilfully held his own and defended the faith.

At last orders came to transfer the prisoner from Hereford to Leominster, and he was forced to perform the journey on foot. His extreme weakness and the heavy irons with which he was still loaded made it improbable that he could reach his journey's end; and, as a great favor,

he was allowed to be accompanied by a boy, who with a string supported some of the weight of his irons. We may imagine the strange procession wending its way through the Herefordshire lanes on that fair summer day,—the captive priest pale and wan, on whose brow the crown of martyrdom was soon to descend; the little child the unconscious Cyrenian of that *Via Dolorosa*, to whom the gift of faith may perchance have been given as a reward for the service rendered to one of Christ's confessors.

Roger Cadwallador seems to have endured his sufferings with unflinching patience, not unmingled with a touch of playfulness. We are told that a person of note having entered his prison, found him lying on his wretched couch, loaded as usual with heavy chains. When the visitor drew near, the prisoner, shaking his irons, said with a bright smile: "The high-priest of the Old Law had little bells round the hem of his garment; and I, when I move my legs, say: *Audi, Domine, hæc sunt tintinabula mea!*—'Hear, O Lord: these are my little bells!'"

Another touching incident is connected with Father Cadwallador's last days on earth. During his missionary career, the good priest seems to have felt but little sympathy with the Jesuits. Human nature is everywhere the same; and, although united by a common devotion to the cause of truth, the seculars and the regulars, even on the battle-field of the English mission, occasionally differed in their views. At times these differences went so far as to cause some displeasure among soldiers serving with equal courage under the same banner. By a singular dispensation of Divine Providence, after Roger Cadwallador had been condemned to a cruel death on account of his priesthood, a Jesuit missionary chanced to pass through the town. He was told that a priest lay in Leominster jail, awaiting his execution; and he contrived, closely disguised, to

enter the prison and hear the captive priest's confession. This proof of brotherly love deeply affected Father Cadwallador's heart. Perhaps, too, on the threshold of eternity, he saw more clearly the vanity of human jealousies and the beauty of peace and charity. At any rate, he warmly thanked the visitor who had risked his life for his sake; and, says an old writer, "entreated that whatever he or any of his brethren had ever said or done against the Fathers might be buried in oblivion with all religious charity."

On the very day of Father Cadwallador's execution he was visited by another zealous Jesuit, Father Jones, whom he welcomed with loving gratitude. Many Catholics were admitted into the prison at the same time; and, observes Bishop Challoner, "their streaming eyes gave evident signs of their compassion." The prisoner's perfect composure contrasted strangely with his visitors' deep emotion. He made no secret of his happiness, and insisted on putting on a new suit of clothes, with which a friend had provided him, in order to mark that the day was to him a day of great and solemn joy. Before leaving his prison he gave away the little money he had left to the prison officials, keeping only two shillings, which he meant to bestow on the man who should drive the hurdle.

The execution took place late in the afternoon, on the 27th of August. At about four o'clock the sheriffs arrived to fetch the prisoner. They were accompanied by two masons, who were to act as executioners, and whose faces were covered with black masks. We shall see how cruelly our martyr's tortures were prolonged by the unskilfulness of these men. Before leaving the prison the sheriffs again offered Father Cadwallador life and liberty if he would but take the oath of allegiance; and upon his refusal the mournful procession set forth.

Another attempt to shake our hero's

resolution was made on reaching the place of execution. One of the sheriffs deliberately pointed out to him the gallows upon which he was to be hung, the block on which he was to be quartered, the two fires that were already lighted,—one of which was to burn his heart and bowels, and the other his head and quarters. He then repeated his proposal, and urged the martyr to avoid the torments that awaited him by taking the oath. But the good priest, who had so bravely endured long months of suffering, was not one to turn back, now that he was in sight of the haven for which his soul yearned. He replied that he died a loyal subject of the King, whom he revered as his lawful sovereign; but that the expressions of the oath were such that, in conscience, he must decline to take it. He added that he freely forgave all those who had any share in his death; in particular the Protestant bishop of Hereford, Robert Bennet, who had been the direct cause of his execution. "I wish him," he said, "a higher place in heaven than I wish for myself."

By this time the shades of evening were gathering fast, and the sheriff hurried on the execution. The halter being placed around the victim's neck, "he seemed," remarks Bishop Challoner, "to receive it very patiently, as the yoke of his Master." When he was turned off the ladder he was heard to murmur: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!*" And again: "*Domine, accipe spiritum meum!*" But before his prayer was granted and his spirit welcomed by the Lord, to whom he commended it, untold tortures were to be endured. In all the bloody records of the English martyrs we find few passages more harrowing than those where Roger Cadwallador's fearful agony is related.

As we have seen, the executioners were common workmen. They fastened the knot of the halter so awkwardly that,

when the confessor was thrown off the ladder, it was observed to be under his chin instead of behind his neck. He hung thus for a long time, perfectly alive, but in evident torture. At one moment he even raised his hand and touched the halter; "as if," says Challoner, "he either meant to show how his case stood or else to ease himself." Some of the spectators then drew near, "and, desirous to rid him of his pain, lifted him upward by the legs twice or thrice, letting him fall again with a swag." At last, thinking that he must be dead, they cut him down, and pulled off his clothes in order to quarter him, according to the barbarous sentence; but gradually he revived and seemed to recover consciousness. At this sight the crowd, already greatly excited at the poor sufferer's prolonged agony, began to murmur loudly, and urged the heartless executioners to make haste and put the victim out of his pain.

The excitement of the multitude, no doubt, increased the nervousness and the unskilfulness of the wretched men; and when they cut open the martyr's breast to draw out his heart, Father Cadwallador was fully conscious. At last the horrid butchery came to an end,—the brave and patient spirit took its flight to the courts of heaven. The impression caused by the horrible scene was a deep one. When, according to custom, the hangman held up the martyr's bleeding heart to show it to the people, instead of the usual shouts of applause, dead silence prevailed; and many spectators were heard to remark that this priest's death would greatly strengthen the Papists of the country,—which, according to Challoner, proved to be the case.

(To be continued.)

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If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.—*Thoreau.*

The Man of the Family. •

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

VII.

IT was two or three hours later, and the entire household was wrapped in silence and stillness, when Yvonne and her mother—the Committee of Ways and Means, as Hélène called them—were alone together in the chamber of the latter. Through the open windows a soft breeze from the river entered, wafting back the light curtains; while Madame Prévost, reclining in a low, deep chair, looked and listened to Yvonne, who, seated before her, erect and eager, was talking earnestly; the shaded lamplight from the dressing-table beside which they sat falling on her picturesque head, her animated face, and her girlish figure in its simple gown of white muslin.

“There is nothing else to be done,” she was saying. “The matter must be looked into; the money must be sought, and there is no one but myself to seek it.”

“But, my dear,” said her mother, “such a thing, when one comes to consider it practically, is madness. How is it possible for you to go to that island to look for money concealed a century ago? It would be a wild and hopeless expedition if you were a man, but for a young girl to undertake such a search is out of the question.”

“Mamma,” was the grave reply, “nothing is out of the question which *must be done*. And there is not anything more certain than that this must be done. It seems to me no less than a miracle that I should have found that old paper, which has lain hidden from all eyes so long, just when our need is most desperate. And because I have found it at the time when it means most to us, I believe firmly that the money buried by Henri de Marsillac is still to be found where he concealed it.

At least, you must admit there is a strong probability that it is still there; and so would it not be madness indeed if we failed to look for it?”

“It might be worth while perhaps,” Madame Prévost answered, “if there were a man to go—”

“But since there is no man, I must go.”

“Yvonne,” said her mother, “you have played the part of a man so long in our affairs that I believe you half forget that you are not one. This fancy may be harmless here at home, where, although you undertake many tasks which I am sorry should be laid upon your shoulders, you are in reality as sheltered and protected as every young girl should be. But if you attempted to carry this fancy into the world outside, the consequences would be such as your ignorance does not dream of. There is nothing more impossible than that you should go on this wild quest. The mere thought of such a thing is absurd. You are dreaming, my dear,—dreaming a fairy tale.”

“Is there much that is suggestive of a fairy tale in the condition of our affairs?” asked Yvonne, dryly. “Is there much encouragement to dream in the reality of our debts, or in the resolution of Diane to sacrifice herself? Do you understand that, gentle as she seems, Diane is immovable in her resolve? As certainly as she lives she will marry Burnham’s son if we can not pay the debt at the expiration of three months. And do you know any means by which we can obtain the money to pay the debt?”

Madame Prévost shook her head as she looked at her daughter’s intensely earnest face.

“Did you hear me swear to her,” Yvonne went on, “that if she would defer the expression of her decision I would move heaven and earth to find the means to save her? It must have been an inspiration which made me say this; for I knew there was no hope,—that we had

already tried every possible means of raising money to pay the debt, and failed. But when I looked at Diane and thought of what she was resolved to do—what we could not prevent her from doing,—I felt that there was nothing impossible except to permit such a sacrifice; and so I pledged myself—wildly, desperately, hopelessly, one might say. I would ‘leave nothing undone,’ I said; although I felt that there was nothing to do. And then—then, mamma, there came into my hands, by a chance so strange, the old paper, written as if it were to meet this need by that man standing on the verge of his death a hundred years ago. And what it says plainly is that if I will go to a certain spot in the island of San Domingo, I shall find the means to save Diane, to pay your debt, to give us all peace and independence. Do you think I can hesitate? Do you think *anything* could keep me back? No,—not lions, not devils in my path, far less considerations of what is or is not proper for a young girl to do.”

“Yvonne, you astonish—you almost frighten me!” said her mother, startled by this passionate vehemence. “I do not know what to make of you. These are new ideas indeed.”

“Not more new than the needs which draw them forth, mamma,” said Yvonne, leaning forward and taking her mother’s hand. “If I wished to do this merely as an adventure, or even merely for the money *as* money, you would be right to have no sympathy with me and to refuse your consent. But when you consider what it really means—that I *must* go, however painful or difficult it may be, since there is no one else to go, in order to find Diane’s ransom, your freedom, peace for dear old *grand’mère* in her last days; and security from indigence, the worst trouble, the worst temptation of existence, for poor Hélène and Ninon,—you will see as I do, that it is one of the supreme occasions of life, when mere

proprieties must be cast aside, and one must act without regard to what the world may think or say.”

“But the practical difficulties seem insurmountable,” Madame Prévost yet protested. “Even if we could raise the money—”

“The money *must* be raised,—there is no question of that.”

“Still, how can you undertake, alone and unattended, such a journey? How can you secure yourself against robbery and violence on that horrible island? You do not know of what you are talking. If you were a boy now, it might be possible—”

“Then,” cried Yvonne, springing to her feet, “*I will be a boy!* We will remedy the mistake of Nature. Don’t look at me as if you thought I had gone mad, mamma. What I mean is that I will put on a boy’s dress, and no one will suspect that I am anything else.”

“Why, Yvonne, this is most wild, most insane of all!”

“No, mamma,—no! Instead of that, it is a happy inspiration. Why did I not think of it before? How it simplifies everything! Mamma, you *must* consent. This removes every objection. It is not I, Yvonne Prévost, who will go, hampered by petticoats and proprieties; but a boy, a delightful boy, who need be troubled by neither. What shall we call him? Oh, Henri de Marsillac of course, after his great-great-grandfather!”

“But there is no De Marsillac living,” said Madame Prévost, bewildered.

“And he will not be living except in a dream, a masquerade. Oh, I am perfectly enchanted with the idea! Mamma dear, don’t you see how charming it is? It is not for nothing people have called me the man of the family,—even that odious Burnham. I will *be* the man of the family, and do all that a man can or dare do, so help me God!”

What a picture she made at this moment, standing so straight in her slim, young

grace; her face flashing eager resolve from every eloquent feature; her voice dropping over the last passionate, earnest words! Madame Prévost gazed at her as one fascinated. The contagion of such self-forgetfulness, such courage, such resolve, was irresistible. She felt herself carried away, so that all power of objection failed her. And it was not only that the need was desperate, the occasion supreme, and the hope almost miraculous in its opportuneness, but it was not an ordinary girl who proposed to do this wild and daring thing, but Yvonne,—Yvonne, who had won the right to assume such duty and such risk; who had proved her capabilities, her judgment and her resource; so that the positions of mother and daughter were often reversed, inasmuch as the latter supported while the former depended. And the habit of dependence asserted itself now. In her heart Madame Prévost felt that Yvonne was capable of anything, even of sustaining such a part as she proposed. Besides, since it was impossible that she could go properly protected and attended, the mother, bred in French traditions, and shrinking with horror from the new code of independence for girls, was much more ready to consent to her masquerading in male attire than to her going alone in her own character. And so after a moment she said, almost in a whisper:

"If I consent to this, Yvonne, it must be a profound secret. No one must know it but ourselves—you and me—"

"And one more—me, mamma!" cried a voice which made them both start. "You can not leave me out of the secret, whatever it is."

It was Diane, who, having noiselessly entered in time to hear her mother's last words, now advanced across the dark, polished floor, a vision of ghostly fairness in her clinging white night-robe.

"You must excuse my interrupting you," she went on; "but I have been

waiting so long for Yvonne that at last I thought I would come and find out why the consultation was so prolonged; although of course I know that you are talking about this romance of a buried fortune."

"It is no romance at all, but a simple reality," said Yvonne. "No one can doubt the evidence of that paper, together with *grand'mère's* testimony of what was always known. There is nothing of which we may feel more certainly assured than that our great-great-grandfather buried his valuables in the place he describes. The only doubt is whether they have been left undisturbed until now."

"And that doubt is equalled only by the greater difficulty of finding out anything about it," said Diane, curling down on a rug at her mother's feet. "In fact, as far as I can perceive, the fortune, even if undisturbed, might as well be buried in the heart of Africa, so far as we are concerned. It is all very well for Yvonne to declare that she will find it, and for the rest of us to cheer her resolution; but when it comes to considering the matter in cold blood, as I have been considering it for an hour past, one perceives that we are dreaming of impossibilities."

"On the contrary," said Yvonne before her mother could speak, "it is settled that I am going to seek it."

"Indeed! When?"

"Immediately. There is no time for delay, as you well know. At the end of three months the Burnham debt must be paid. Within that time, therefore, I must go to San Domingo and find this money, if it is to be found."

Diane looked up at her sister in silence for a moment; then, in a voice altogether changed, she asked, gravely:

"Yvonne, are you in earnest?"

"Perfectly in earnest," said Yvonne. "How can you imagine otherwise?"

"But it is impossible. You can not go alone."

"I *must* go alone. Do you think for a moment, little sister, that considerations of *les convenances* are for those whose situation is as desperate as ours?"

"I was not thinking of *les convenances*," said Diane; "although of course they are to be considered, and no well-brought-up girl would wish to be unprotected if she could avoid it. But in this case I was thinking of danger—real danger. You are as brave as a lion, Yvonne; but you are only a girl, all the same; and I don't see how it is possible for you to undertake such an expedition as this alone. It would involve risks for a man."

"And I shall be a man—for the time," said Yvonne. "That was the secret which you overheard us discussing, and which you must strictly keep. Since we have no man even remotely belonging to us to do this thing—no brother, uncle, or cousin,—and since you are so far right that, setting *les convenances* aside, I fear a girl could hardly encounter all the difficulties and risks involved, we have decided that I shall cease to be a girl for the time being; that I shall put on masculine dress, and become the boy I have always desired to be."

"O Yvonne!"—Diane's tone was full of horror and consternation—"suppose you were discovered?"

"I shall not be discovered, Diane. Don't frighten mamma by such suggestions. I am confident of my ability to support the part; and not less confident because it will give me a sense of fearlessness such as a woman can never know. It will be your brother, not a helpless sister, who will go to find and bring back your ransom."

"Yvonne, Yvonne!"

Even as Yvonne had done in the other scene between these three, Diane now sprang to her feet and threw her arms about her sister.

"I would rather have *you* than a hundred brothers!" she cried. "It is for me that you are going to do this reckless

thing,—I know it. But you must not. Mamma, tell her that she must not. There is no saying what may befall her, and it is better that I should be sacrificed than that we should lose Yvonne."

"Diane, be silent!" exclaimed Yvonne, fearing that her mother's hardly extorted consent might be recalled. "You have no right to interfere. Mamma, don't listen to her."

Poor Madame Prévost sat motionless and silent, torn by a struggle such as only a mother could know. Diane's words seemed to make more real to her the dangers surrounding the wild enterprise to which Yvonne had pledged herself; but, then, Diane's presence also intensified her consciousness of the other danger—more real, more menacing, more pressing—which threatened the girl herself. Was it not well to dare any risk which might result in rescuing this self-devoted victim from a fate against which every fibre of the mother's heart revolted? Yes, it was hard to make the choice; but since it must be made—

"Diane," she said suddenly, in a low, clear tone, "Yvonne is right. As there must be one sacrifice or the other, hers is best. She will undertake a difficult, even perhaps a perilous, task; but she can hope for the help of God, because her motive is absolutely unselfish. She is also right in thinking that, since she must go alone, the attire of a man will be a protection, and enable her to do many things which she might not otherwise be able to accomplish. Extraordinary emergencies require sometimes extraordinary exertions to meet them, and we can not always look at things in a conventional light. It will almost break my heart to see her go away on such a wild and hopeless quest—"

"Not hopeless at all, mamma dearest!" cried Yvonne, as her mother's voice broke down in tears. "Call me fanciful if you will, but I do not believe I found that paper at such a time for nothing. I shall

come back to you with Henri de Marsillac's buried fortune. I am sure of it."

"But, O Yvonne, are you not frightened to think of all you must go through to reach it?" Diane asked, looking at her with wide eyes.

"Frightened! No," Yvonne answered. "I had no feeling of the kind when I thought of going as a girl; but as a boy—how *could* one be frightened as a boy?"

"I think I have heard of boys and even men who were sometimes frightened," said Diane. "But if no one is to know of your transformation—and indeed I am sure *grand'mère* would die before she would give her consent to such a thing,—how are you going to accomplish it? Where will you cease to be a girl and become a boy?"

This was a practical difficulty, in the face of which Yvonne remained silent a moment or two. Then, her young mind being accustomed to rapid reflection and decision, she said presently:

"There is little doubt but that I shall have to go to New York to find a steamer for Hayti; so it is there the transformation shall take place. Cousin Alix lives there, and she will help me. We must take her into our confidence, but no one else. *Grand'mère* and the girls must know, of course, that I have gone to the island; but not *how* I have gone; while our friends and acquaintances had better not know even that. They would only laugh at the idea of my going to seek a buried fortune. So *they* must only be told that I have gone to New York to visit Cousin Alix. It is really nobody's business where I have gone, but we don't want to create an unnecessary mystery."

"By no means," said Madame Prévost. "It is very necessary to account for your absence, and I am glad I can truthfully say that you have gone to visit Alix."

"It seems really providential that Cousin Alix should have gone to New York to live," remarked Diane. "Without

her assistance, you would find it hard to meet the practical difficulty of changing from a girl into a boy and back again."

Yvonne smiled. "I wish there were no worse difficulty in my path than that," she said. "But there is yet one more person to be taken into our confidence, as far as the mere fact of the journey to the island and the object with which I go is concerned. That is Mr. Clarke. We must go to New Orleans to-morrow, mamma, to see him. It will be necessary to borrow more money on our sugar crop, for I must have enough to enable me to meet any extraordinary demands that may arise."

"And if you fail?" observed Madame Prévost, whose heart sank at this.

"If I fail we shall be ruined," replied Yvonne, calmly. "But we shall be that if I do not go. And I shall not fail."

(To be continued.)

Degenerate.

BY MARION MUIR.

THE days of the bold Lion-Heart were
rude;
States in their childhood, petulant and
crude,
Struck through thick darkness, wailing out
their pain,
For every land had sons untimely slain.

But yet when England's hearty fires at Yule
Blazed in her forests, and her infant rule
Was scarce one shaggy island's compass, Fear
Held not her hand; but, strong with axe and
spear,
Her children dashed to combat as a feast,
When Christians called them from the burn-
ing East.

Can she, the Lady of the Rose, be silent still,
To-day amid her pleasure places; free from
ill,
Strong in a thousand thousand arms of steel,
Throats of swift flame and ships of mighty
keel,

While Christ's tormented people at her gate
Cry for the word that now must come too
late?

Then surely canker slumbers in her heart;
Her dying glory hastens to depart,
Leaving her sorrowful among the seas,
Murmuring alone of mighty memories;
While in the West, across the sunset skies,
The young Republic's watchful eagles rise!

Led by Mary.*

IN an old colonial mansion, in one of the counties of a State that has given many illustrious men to our beloved country, there dwelt, and still dwells, a man whose name shall be called Theron in this narrative,—for he was a seeker. He was the possessor of a fair share of this world's goods; he was blessed in his wife, and was the father of two promising children: a boy on the verge of manhood, and a girl some two years younger. He was by no means of a gloomy cast of mind—rather he was of a jovial nature,—and yet he was not a happy man. The cause of his unhappiness was that, while he believed devoutly in God—that the Son of God came on earth to redeem and save mankind, and that He then returned to heaven,—he also believed that Christ left here on earth a guide to that Paradise whose gates He opened by His death upon the cross; but where that guide was he did not know, though he had searched sedulously.

He had been bred in the Episcopalianism current in his native State,—an Episcopalianism which professes much the same tenets as those of the sect called Calvinistic Methodists. The dread doctrines of Calvin were abhorrent to his nature, and they were never absorbed by him. He knew that the guide he sought

must teach the truth; that truth is one and undivided. And, knowing this, he speedily rejected the sect in which he had been bred; for in it he found professed almost every phase of belief and unbelief—from Ritualism, which teaches much of the truth, down to agnosticism, which repudiates it all. But, with a lack of logic shared by thousands, he trusted to find the guide in one of the two hundred and nine conflicting and warring sects of Protestantism, and never once turned his thoughts to the divine unity of the Catholic Church.

The Church he revered as the grandest of historical figures. She had always been, she was and is; but, for no reason that he could give, he believed her days to be numbered. "I saw that she progressed and constantly spread; that, unlike other institutions, she grew stronger with age; and that she flourished most where men are free. I saw men of the highest rank and intellect, sometimes at a great sacrifice, daily enter into her; that the converts to her teachings were tens and tens of thousands; that men revered more and more her head on earth when their love for the Head in heaven was intensest. I knew that every civilized nation owed its civilization to her missionaries; I knew her to be the mother of purest men and purest women; the only guardian on earth of the family tie; and yet, with a blindness I can not account for, I failed to see that she is the sole guide Christ has appointed to lead men to heaven." These are Theron's own words.

Theron's rejection of Episcopalianism as a belief was not formal; neither did he formally adopt the tenets of any other body professing Christianity, but went hither and thither to sermons, "protracted meetings," "revivals," and "gospel unions." He is not to be smiled at, though he smiles at himself; for he was intensely in earnest, and his earnestness led him to make what to him was an appalling

* This story is true in every particular; names only are suppressed.

discovery,—a discovery which shall be related by himself.

"I had always believed it to be an indubitable fact," he says, "that Catholics make little gods of their priests; and that the extraordinary efforts they use to attend the services of the Church, in all weathers and under the most adverse circumstances, are due solely to their wish to hear a man talk who has something special to say to them. This foolish belief of mine was entirely destroyed in this manner. Last winter I spent some months in Blank; and a young man, a Catholic, came to visit us for a week or so. Every morning before breakfast he was off to a church a few blocks from the house; and this annoyed me, for I could not bear to think of the bright young fellow sacrificing a part of his rest for the sake of hearing a man talk. One evening I asked somewhat sharply: 'Why on earth do you go to St. Joseph's so often?'—'To say my prayers; for what everybody goes for: to worship God,' he replied. I smiled incredulously, and the next morning at breakfast said: 'Well, John, what had Father So-and-So to say to-day?'—'You had better come with me to-morrow and find out,' he answered. 'By George, I will!' I shouted. And I did go, though my wife disapproved with her 'Now, Theron!' as you know she always does when our ways diverge, as they do sometimes.

"I had never been inside of a Catholic church before, and need I say that I was impressed? I was more than that: I was what I had never been before in any building called a church—I was mentally comfortable. *There was no sermon to attract a congregation. There was a service of worship and sacrifice in which man was nothing, God was everything.* I followed as well as I could, helped by my young friend; and I understood much more than you would readily believe it possible for one so ignorant of Catholic doctrine as I was." But I had made my

discovery. Catholics go to church to worship God and to hear the truths taught by Christ. Protestants go to church to hear a sermon and a prayer read, or 'offered up.' I do not wish to be harsh, but think how long I had been putting the boot on the wrong foot. I had accused Catholics of what I and mine were guilty, not they."

Theron dates the beginning of his conversion from that Mass, heard with so much attention and not entirely understood. He heard other Masses, and then came his return to the country, where there was no church within many miles of him. He read much of what the Church has to say for herself, and searched into her history and doctrine as she earnestly desires them to be searched into. The reasonableness of her teachings gained on him rapidly; but there was one devotion fostered with loving care by the Church that appeared to him to be exaggerated, to be carried to an extreme not compatible with a perfect love of Christ—our devotion to the Mother of God.

His misapprehension of a devotion without which there is no perfect love of Christ arose from no want of good-will, but from ingrained false teaching that led him to read incorrectly the writings of certain Catholic authors on the prerogatives of the Mother of God, and that obscured to his vision the glories of Mary revealed in the Word of God.

At the time he met, as he calls it, "this stumbling-block put in my way for the perfect chastisement of my errors," Theron's wife and son had become deeply interested in his inquiry; so much so that the son had outstripped the father in his journey to the Church. The mother and the son had had their difficulties, but of all the practices of the Church nothing seemed to them more reasonable than to ask Mary to pray for them. "Protestants ask one another to pray for them: what objection can there be to asking the

prayers of Christ's Mother?" said the son. And when the son, and then the mother, decided, by the grace of God, to seek admission into the Church—which they so decided while Theron still hesitated,—they were unceasing in their petition to the Help of Christians, that she procure from her Divine Son the destruction of that prejudice which prevented Theron from seeing the truth as it is.

At that time many Catholic periodicals came into the hands of Theron—*THE AVE MARIA*, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *The Month*, and others. Many clouds of prejudice were dispelled by the articles on the Blessed Virgin in *THE AVE MARIA*,—particularly by one on the Holy Rosary from the pen of Mother Drane; and he began to perceive clearly that devotion to Mary leads only to Christ, and that it exists only because of Christ.

"It has always seemed to me that Catholics put Mary in the first place," said Theron one day to a Catholic friend. The friend smiled quizzically; and, taking up a Protestant version of the Bible that lay on a table by him, he opened it at the beautiful first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, a portion of which at least all Catholics know by heart, and replied: "You remember when Mary went to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth, that her babe, St. John the Baptist, leaped in her womb for joy at the sound of Mary's voice? And then 'Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and she spoke out with a loud voice and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb.'* The Church does not put Mary in the first place any more than did the Holy Ghost by the mouth of St. Elizabeth." Then, after a pause, he asked: "Have you ever read *understandingly* the first chapter of St. Luke?" Theron replied that he had read it often, and proposed that they read

it together. This they did, and the friend was not a little surprised to find that Theron rejected the Protestant version of the Angel's salutation as a false and corrupt translation,—“Maliciously corrupt,” he said.

On another occasion he remarked, thoughtfully: “The erection of a monument to Washington's mother does not mean that Washington is less revered because his mother is honored. I am beginning to see my way.” And again he said: “The prophecy is that henceforth all generations shall call Mary blessed. Protestants have no part in that prophecy. Who ever hears a Protestant say *Blessed Mary*, *Blessed Virgin*?” Shortly before his baptism he was heard to remark: “Honor Mary as much as we can, our honor falls infinitely below the honor God has done her in making her His Mother. Mother of God! Nothing above her except God Himself, and He infinitely above her.”

The day came at last when he told his wife and son that he was going to be a Catholic; and they revealed to him the state of their own hearts and minds, and how they had been incessant in asking for him the prayers of the Blessed Virgin. That night together they said, with their other prayers, the Litany of Loreto; and their happiness would have been perfect only that one of their household is still belated.

Some little while ago they were baptized and made their First Communion; and it appears to the writer of this article that nowhere are there more devout children of the Church than this trio of gentle country folk whom Mary led to her dear Son.

THE one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one always doing considerate small ones.—*F. W. Robertson.*

* St. Luke, i, 41, 42.

Three Pastels.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

I.—THE MYSTERY.

TEN million æons after his creation, as we count time, Gabriel the Archangel began to contemplate a second perfection of God. He had drifted outward upon the ocean of God's Beauty, and he knew that he was forever beginning; but the agony of delight had waxed too keen, and he sought relief in the study of another perfection—Love.

After other cycles of ages he came upon the world of stars. He found these stars in groups, and he picked up one of the world-chords and set it in the hollow of his palm, to gaze upon it as we gaze upon the bell of a lily. "I see here strangely a dim reflected ray of our Father's Beauty," he said.

Michael the Archangel had begun at his creation to go out toward the Love-Ocean, and he knew thoughts different from Gabriel's thoughts. Gabriel spoke across the immensity to Michael, who was drifting slowly beyond the universe where one day would be the Rose of the Blessed: "My brother, what is this flower of His Love?" Michael answered: "Thou hast in thy hand, beloved, a star He calleth the sun, and with it its group." Then Michael stooped into the world, and he pointed to a dark grain in the system of the sun. "That is the earth," he said. "When He will become man He will have made Himself small enough to dwell thereupon, and the grain will be a world unto Him."

Then Gabriel stood silent amidst the exceeding ravishment of melody welling from the singing spheres, and he pondered for other cycles of centuries with all the force and the subtlety of his archangelic intellect. At last he looked into Michael's face and said: "My brother, I can not understand!"—"Nor can I," said Michael. "Only He can understand that word."

II.—MINE KNOW ME.

Io son fatta da Dio, sua merce, tale,
Che la vostra miseria non mi tange. —*Inf.*, ii., 91.

A mother had two sons, and after these men had loved her they went with Death.

Often the winter came, and she would tell her heart: "Now the Father will give us sleep." And she and her heart sat waiting, but ever would the spring return and the Resurrection of the flowers.

At that time the mother would ask: "Heart, why doth the spring leave our snows?" And her heart would reply: "Our Father wills it." Then would she whisper through tears, brokenly: "Blessed be His Holy Name!"

At last the foreordained winter came; and our Father called His dear angel Death, and He said: "Give My beloved sleep." And the mother slept; and year after year the flowers arose again, but there was no more snow forever.

For a thousand years the mother stood within the gates—low gates, because only children enter there,—caught in the first quick rapture of the vision of God's face. Then she took thought to ask her angel: "My babe,—where is he?"

Her angel turned not his eyes from the Heart of Christ, but he made answer after an instant of ten hundred years: "Thy babe also is here, before our Father's face." The mother said: "I am contented. Blessed be His Holy Name!"

Now, after the last star had burned to nothingness and there were no worlds more, the mother spoke again to her angel: "My first-born,—where is he?"

Her angel took not his eyes forever from the Heart of Christ, but after ten hundred years he replied: "Thy first-born is in hell." The mother said: "I am contented. Blessed be His Holy Name!"

One day this parable was told to a poet; and she, reading deeply, dissented: "Nay, that is not a parable: it is false. The mother did not even ask for her children: '*In la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*'"

III.—IN THE CHAPEL SHADOWS.

The tide of brown shadows is at flood. Through the western oriel the moon sifts, sifts. There are dim crimson sea-anemones and hinted emerald mosses shimmering along the aisle-pavement, and clinging to the niched walls, and floating where pillars are. The shadow-tide is very still. I hear afar off, up in the blue roof-arches, the thronging angels, the subtle hush of their winnowing pinions.

One light, small and fed with hearts of rubies, and rayed, is steady near the tabernacle. (Thank God for the beauty of flame!) He is there. I am glad the tabernacle gate is shut; for I at least can not see through that; and I know of stains that are better hidden. He can enter, the door being shut; but that thought is not painful. I like to feel the shut door.

There she comes now! The rosary at her girdle clicks very softly. No: I fancied it clicked. There is a fragrance of lilies from beyond many low lake-ripples; an image of lilies held yester-year. Her sandal is upon the marble of the altar-table, but it awakens no tone. I know she is breathing as I breathe, but more quietly. Her hand is warm, and there are azure veins inlaid along its pearl. If she held her hand out to me (such a thing has happened to other men!) could I touch it? One does not touch the chalice-lip when the Blood is thereunder. The priest has been given the grace of dulness.

Her eyes turn toward me, yet are they as eyes remembered in weariness. Now her face dawns clearer. The eyes are dark and long-lashed, violet in the light that is no light. The face—no, it fades.... There chime the clock-bells,—seven, eight, nine! The moon must be beautiful to-night above the yellow trees.... I am a friend—I mean God does not prick my conscience.... Negative.... But thank God for the glory of the moon!

The Sense of Obligation.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

"I AM under obligations to everyone," said little Mrs. Humility. "I am sure I never can get all my social debts paid."

"You under obligations!" exclaimed her friend,— "you who entertain people in season and out of season; who keep open house the year round; whose home is a refuge for the distressed, a retreat for the sick in mind or body, a place of relaxation for the weary, a haven for the storm-tossed, and even a parade ground for certain social butterflies! You under obligations! Are you losing your wits or are you jesting?"

"Neither," said the other. "We look at the word *obligation* from different points of view,—that is all. Let me explain. If it gives me keener pleasure to bestow a favor upon a friend than to receive one from her, am not I the one who is obliged? I arrange my little entertainments. What would they be if those I invite to them should not come and help to make them successful? It is they who brave wind and weather, not I. They are asked at my convenience, but come unhesitatingly at my summons. The old-timed fashion of 'begging the honor' of a friend's presence has more in it than empty words. It is my friend who honors me."

The season of universal and often ill-judged gift-giving has once more come and passed. Mrs. Humility declares that, it is upon the givers, not the recipients, that the burden of obligation rests. She herself went without a much-needed new cloak in order that she might buy dolls for the little girls in a children's home, and thinks she was highly favored. She found the purest joy in depriving herself of a necessity for the sake of giving another a luxury, and the orphans' delight was mild compared with her own.

One of the most distorted views of the

proportion of obligation is held by those singular people who fancy, or appear to fancy, that they actually confer a favor upon mother Church when they give her of their time or strength or wealth. Miss Starr in one of her lectures tells us that once the façade of a famous church in Florence was in dire need of restoration. "I," said one man, "will supply the money for this work if my name may be cut in the marble where all may see it." The building committee, or what answered for it in medieval Italy, declined his offer; no man's pride, they said, should be ministered to upon the marble face of their dear Lord's dwelling. "I," said another man, "will restore this façade without asking that my name be known." "And," adds Miss Starr, "they *permitted* him to do it."

Ah! but that took place in the days derided as the superstitious Middle Ages, when faith was proved by works, needing no man's praise and fearing no man's blame.

It is a far cry from Florence to Kyōtō, from Christianity to Buddhism; and will it be believed that the Japanese have just finished a temple that cost eight millions of dollars, which was contributed in copper coins by hard-working peasants? Most of the actual work of building was done for love alone; and the great beams for the roof were hauled from the mountains far away by enormous cables, hundreds of feet long, made out of the hair of peasant women! Much of the recent sentimental laudation of Eastern religions is looked upon with disfavor by far-seeing eyes; but surely this lesson in heathen giving must be a reproof to those who fancy that they confer any favor upon the Church, the mystical body of Christ, by parting with any portion of that which they hold only upon suffrance, through the goodness of God.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

A Brace of Bad Books.

A CATHOLIC editor is under no obligation to write a condemnation of every objectionable book that comes under his notice. A wise man will not do so. Silence is often the most effective censure. Many bad publications receive good advertisements from those whose unenlightened zeal prompts them to warn the public against dangerous or damaging literature rather than to recommend such as is safe and profitable. The greater number of mischievous books would soon run their course and be forgotten were it not for the notice they receive at the hands of those who are conscientiously opposed to their circulation. With censurable works by Catholic authors, whether intended exclusively for those of their own faith or for general reading, the case is different. It is a duty to condemn them, particularly if the writers are known to be Catholics.

Two books that come under this classification have lately appeared;* and as they are likely to be widely read and are calculated to cast discredit on the Church, it becomes a duty to denounce them without delay. It will be seen that both are alike inexcusable. Their faults are so flagrant as to nullify any good in either. The more important of the two may be dealt with first.

The late Cardinal Manning was no doubt a man of prudence and discretion, but in consigning a portion of his private papers to his latest biographer he committed an imprudence which no one who examines that biographer's production will fail to deplore. Had a Protestant written this life of Cardinal Manning, there would be some excuse for him; but

* "Life of Cardinal Manning." By Edmund Sheridan Purcell. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. "Memories of Father Healy, of Bray," Richard Bentley & Son.

coming from a Catholic—one who received many favors at the hands of the great English prelate, and who claims to have known him intimately—it is not easy to find words to express one's censure. Many a non-Catholic would have written of Cardinal Manning more sympathetically than Mr. Purcell has done. Instead of a finished portrait, attractive and lifelike, he has presented a caricature that is repellent and false in every feature.

The first part of the work, relating to Cardinal Manning's life as an Anglican, is satisfactory enough. We should be glad to give Mr. Purcell full credit for it; but there is reason to think that his Eminence personally revised this portion of the biography, or perhaps even dictated it; so different in every way are the chapters that follow.

We know Cardinal Manning to have been a man of God, a saintly prelate—zealous, just, unselfish: he gave constant proofs of these and other noble qualities. He was both a great man and a good man. But his biographer represents him as an ambitious, self-seeking, double-faced, quarrelsome, popularity-loving ecclesiastic. He was not without faults, and he had weaknesses like other men; though why these should be accentuated to the neglect of his virtues and many deeds worthy of commemoration it is impossible to conceive. Mr. Purcell has the impertinence to tell us that the Cardinal was quite wrong in many of his actions. The biographer constitutes himself the judge in such matters. His volumes afford ample proof that Cardinal Manning made a great mistake indeed when he gave this gentleman the opportunities of learning the story of his life, and that he was guilty of supreme folly in entrusting some of his most private diaries and letters to one possessed of so little discretion.

We must do Mr. Purcell the justice to say that his regrettable performance is to be attributed to over-conscientiousness

and utter lack of judgment and taste rather than to any disposition to misrepresent the character, the acts, and the motives of the man whose memory he has commemorated in this work. Mr. Purcell felt obliged to make use of all his material, and to guard against extenuating the faults, probable or proved, of his subject—passing over nothing. Unfortunately for him, there was any amount of data for an adequate life of Cardinal Manning of which he seems to have known nothing; and, not being capable of appreciating his subject's greatness, he has depicted his weaknesses. Instead of a reliable book, he has produced a false one; instead of a narrative which would have interested and edified everybody, we have a dreary record of petty ecclesiastical squabbles and jealousies. What might have been a work of lasting historical value is rather a collection of sordid narratives and worthless letters. The petty controversies in which Cardinal Manning was forced to engage, his relations with nobodies, his opposition to the Jesuits, his unpleasantness with Cardinal Newman,—all these are carefully set forth; while important services which he rendered to the Church, and interesting scenes in which he moved with so much dignity and honor, are unrecorded.

It is not in the aspect of a great statesman, wise religious leader, friend of the working-people, peacemaker,—not as a distinguished apologist, a zealous reformer, an able writer, an earnest speaker, a father of the poor, a great guide of souls—he was all of these,—that Cardinal Manning is shown to us. The impression left by this biography is that, though there was much to admire in the character and public acts of its subject, there was much more to pity and despise.

In his preface the author quotes Cardinal Manning as having said on one occasion: "To write my life while I am still alive is like putting me into my coffin before I

am dead." We refrain from saying what the writing of such a life as Mr. Purcell has produced is like.

If the new biography of Cardinal Manning puts him and the Church of which he was so distinguished a leader in an unfavorable light, the recently published life of Father Healy, of Little Bray, not only misrepresents that good priest, but gives a wrong impression of the bishops and clergy of Ireland in general. We have considered the two books together, because both have the same serious faults, and are equally calculated to do harm, though not in the same measure.

The priest of Little Bray, it is evident, was a worthy ecclesiastic, conscientious and dutiful—"the model of what a priest should be." He was distinguished for wit as well as for virtue. But it is with the joker who made fun of everything and everybody, whose "hard rubs" spared no one, that the biographer is concerned. He has snipped up every trifle that he could find, to the neglect of things serious and edifying. Here are a few of the chapter-headings of this regrettable book. They are an index to its frivolity: "Father Smith and His Practical Jokes," "Dean Myers' Dinners," "A Budget of Stories," "More Bon-Mots," "The Expected Canonry," "Loreto *versus* Roulette," "The Dinners at Little Bray," "A Toss-up for the Mitre."

There are stories told which, we like to believe, Father Healy would have cut off his right hand rather than consign to print. Prudent though he may have been in public, he would indulge in indiscretions in private; and these his biographer has thrown to the public,—not to be received everywhere in the light of qualifying circumstances, but as impressions of Father Healy and his reverend and right reverend friends. The references to "rude speeches," "chastising retorts," "festive habits," "fondness for society," "want of

cordiality," "jealousies and quarrels," "ambitions," etc., are so frequent throughout the book that one who did not know better would suppose that the Church in Ireland needed "another Hildebrand to shake and purify it like a mighty wind."

A book like this, dealing with the private life of ecclesiastics, in which nothing indiscreet is passed over, and everything—or nearly everything—that is unto edification is ignored, in which spiritual leaders living and dead are freely criticised and ridiculed by name, deserves the severest condemnation at the hands of the Catholic reviewer.

We do not hesitate to characterize both of the books under consideration as bad reading. They are calculated to cast discredit on the Church; and, being the product of Catholic pens, their power to do harm is increased a hundredfold. A Protestant reviewer observes of the first-named that it deserves a place among "Hindrances to the Spread of Catholicism." The same might be said with equal truth of the second. There are salutary lessons which the hierarchy and clergy might learn from these books; but, of course, it is not for us to point them out.

Happily, the author of "Memories of Father Healy" has ceased to write. Let us hope that when Mr. Purcell takes up his pen again to write the biography of a man like Cardinal Manning he will be persuaded that an equipment of knowledge, sympathy with his subject, literary taste, painstaking, and ordinary judgment are essential for the task. He would have been a thousand times better employed in saying his beads than in writing the present biography.

WHAT we will is more important than what we know; and the importance of what we know is derived largely from its influence on the will or conduct.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Notes and Remarks.

We have no overweening love for the public schools, but the fact remains that they are supported in part by Catholic purses, and they are the schools in which a large majority of American children receive their whole education. It is not pleasant therefore—though such complaints are not new—to read these words in *The Critic*:

The public schools of the city of New York have been a byword for nearly a generation. Inadequate, ill-ventilated, and poorly lighted, a large number of the school buildings were worse than some of the tenement houses from which the children in them came. The discipline received there was mechanical and rigorous; while the instruction given varied all the way from good in a few schools, through fair in a few more, to positively bad in the majority.

It would be interesting to know whether any system of State schools ever attained the highest efficiency. To the shame of Americans be it said that political favor, and not merit, is the presiding deity in the little red school-house. Catholic as well as Protestant tax-payers should demand a rigorous reformation. Meanwhile those who criticise the parochial schools because they do not achieve impossibilities would do well to paste *The Critic's* words in their hats.

One of the most interesting experiments of the century—if a movement so notably successful may still be called an experiment—is Léon Harmel's factory near Rheims. "To organize with wisdom and prudence and to govern with justice and charity" are the words in which this great Catholic philanthropist sums up his duty as a "patron." He believes that the payment of just wages to his employees is only a portion of that duty; therefore he allows them extraordinary opportunities for the discharge of their religious duties, shields them carefully from immoral influences, disseminates wholesome literature among them, provides healthful recreation, superintends the training of apprentices, encourages thrifty habits, and renders assistance in all cases of illness, accident, and misfortune. Young girls especially are protected by a system of sanitary and moral precautions which is beyond all

praise,—the whole plan of organization, in short, is a perfect realization of the Holy Father's encyclical on the "Condition of Labor." It is essentially Catholic, and could not, we think, be perfectly reproduced in non-Catholic communities. Certain features of the Harmel establishment *could* be reproduced in American factories, many of which, in their present condition, are a menace to souls and a source of anxiety to parents and pastors. Mrs. Crawford has done a noble work by acquainting English-speaking Protestants with M. Harmel's methods through her article in *The Fortnightly*. If Catholic newspapers would reprint this important paper, and if our reading circles and debating societies would take up the subject enthusiastically, we should soon witness the beginning of an important reform.

Speaking of the part which the newspapers played in fomenting the widespread war-spirit recently, the author of "The American Commonwealth" said: "The newspapers fan every spark of annoyance into a flame. They are as great a danger to peace in our hemisphere now as the jealousies of kings and queens were in earlier centuries." It is not the peace of the State alone which is disturbed by these modern knights of the quill, who are thus rebuked by Mr. Bryce: the Church, too, has suffered from the newspaper itch for things sensational. Strange to say, our not too reverent people have not yet lost their superstitious respect for the printed page; though they have been shown by painful experience that newspaper men can evolve a mighty fabric from the slenderest thread. The cry for a free press was well enough when the old-time rulers sought to throttle legitimate discussion; now, when the multitude wrest the printed word "to their own destruction," that cry has lost its meaning for all sane men. There is need of a strong breakwater against the flood of newspaper sensationalism.

The *Walla Walla Union* tells an edifying story of the late Bishop Junger, of Nesqually, which shows what hardships and privations were endured by the early missionaries

of the Far West. The anecdote is related by Judge Guichard. "The Bishop came to Walla Walla in 1862," he said to the reporter, "when I was keeping a store on the corner of Third and Main Streets. At that time he had just come over from the old country, and was sent here to build a church. He could speak but a few words of English; he was a linguist, however, and readily learned the language. He chanced to see the sign Kolhoff & Guichard above my door; and, recognizing that they were German names, came in and introduced himself. I offered him a glass of wine, which he drank, remarking that it made a pretty good breakfast. 'Why,' said I, 'have you not had breakfast yet?'—'No,' he answered, with downcast eyes.—'What time did you have supper?'—'I didn't have any at all,' the young priest replied.—'How long has it been since you have eaten anything?'—'Two or three days,' the priest at last confessed." The good Bishop witnessed a great change in the State of Washington during the twenty-five years of his episcopate; but there was no change in his simple, self-sacrificing life. To the end he was the same single-hearted missionary that entered the territory in the early Sixties.

Of many important services which the Rev. Charles Starbuck has rendered to reputable religious polemics, we believe the greatest is his paper on "Popular Protestant Controversy," published in *The New World Review*. He smarts under the humiliation which many noble non-Catholics feel on account of the ignorant or malicious methods of Protestant controversialists. Reverting to the general religious toleration promulgated by the Fathers of the Republic, he asks: "What has befallen us that a movement is on foot for shutting out Roman Catholics, in absolute opposition to our past national policy, from every civil office, from constable to President? Which has changed, the nation or the Roman Church?" He answers his question by the trite truism that Rome never changes; and charges that, if disloyalty there be, the disloyalty lies with Protestants. He treats these people to a lesson in moral and dogmatic theology, quoting the Protestant Harnack's declaration that Protestants,

as a body, ignore the Eighth Commandment in their dealings with Catholics. And in concluding his article he says:

Surely we might well believe in gnomes and sylphs, and other invisible creatures supposed to people our world, when millions of men of our own flesh and blood, speaking our own language, live among us, whose books are open to our study, whose history is luminous in the light of two thousand years, and yet to whose fundamental ideas and expressions we so often, in matters of vital moment, give erroneous and sometimes exactly inverted meanings; occasionally, it is true, securing them thereby an unmerited praise, but much more frequently an exaggerated or utterly undeserved, and sometimes a practically pernicious, blame. It is certainly time that this thing came to a stop. The real teachings of the vastest of Christian churches, and the eldest of all the churches of the West, are certainly as well worth studying as Confucianism, Buddhism, or Brahmanism.

These are honest words from an honest man, but we must not expect an immediate result from them. Alas! we, too, are reluctantly persuaded that many Protestants, in the words of Dr. Starbuck, "do not know the truth simply because they do not wish to know it."

To learn from one's opponents is practical wisdom; and two priests of the Diocese of Southwark, England, have apparently been learning from the unenviably notorious Dr. Barnardo. The Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas and Father St. John recently paid a long visit to Canada, where they have secured a house and an estate in the Lake Dauphin district. The young Catholic waifs and strays of South London are to be sent thither and reared as practical farmers. It is safe to predict that an appreciable measure of success will reward the efforts of these devoted clergymen; and it is certain that the waifs, not the priests, will be benefited by the enterprise,—in which respect said enterprise will differ very materially from that of the Rev. Dr. Barnardo above mentioned.

One of the healthy signs of the times is the passing of the "escaped nun" and the "converted priest" as cards wherewith to draw crowded houses of sympathetic Protestants. The supply of "ex-Fathers" and "ex-Sisters" is now largely in excess of the demand. A good idea of the manner in

which sane-minded and respectable non-Catholics look upon these real or pretended renegades may be had by reading the following response of a Canadian woman journalist to one of the "escaped" clan:

I utterly disbelieve your impudent charges against nuns, priests, and convents. I have the most profound respect and reverence for the good women who consecrate their lives to religion. I will not allow these columns—so long as I have charge of them—to be utilized for the purpose of attacking any form of religion. I have the contempt of an Irishwoman for a "turn-coat" who tries to justify himself by throwing mud on the form of faith which he has cast off.

The interminable discussion of the Manitoba school question is effecting one good—that of disclosing the fact that there are some Canadian Protestants consistently logical enough to be willing that Catholics should enjoy equal privileges with themselves. A. R. Dougall, Q. C., a Protestant, writes as follows to a Canadian contemporary:

In the face of all the arguments I have heard and read, if guided by my own judgment on this most important question, I should think every member of the House of Commons would vote to have the privilege granted to the minority of Manitoba re-establishing separate schools there similar to our Catholic separate schools in Ontario, although he might think that at another election he would be rejected. Are educated men so anxious to be members of Parliament that they will vote against granting a just right, and one, too, claimed by themselves—that of educating their children in schools of their own choosing?

Mr. Dougall truthfully states the one reason why Catholics can not, and will not, accept the common schools:

These schools in both provinces, Ontario and Manitoba, are manipulated, ruled and governed by Protestants; they are Protestant schools under the misnomer of public schools and national schools.

Perhaps a certain recklessness of epithet is to be looked for in our age of violent literary activity. Americans, especially, are credited with a weakness for superlative; but, for the present at least, the palm rests with an Englishman—one George Smith, LL. D.,—who recently published a biography of "Bishop Heber, Poet and Chief Missionary to the East." That literary oracle *The Athenæum*, though itself not always true, is so frank as to say that Heber was a good

poet; but if Mr. Smith wishes to write about the "Chief Missionary to the East," his proper subject is not the Protestant Bishop Heber, but St. Francis Xavier.

The Arrow (Anglican) refers to an article on the "Higher Criticism" in *The Presbyterian* (London) which computes the number of theories applied to the Old and New Testaments since 1850 at 746. "Of these theories," observes *The Arrow*, "603 are defunct, and many of the remaining 143 are in the last stages of degeneracy and dissolution."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. J. W. Siemers, who departed this life in St. Louis, Mo., on the 31st ult.

Mr. John F. McMenemin, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 5th ult.

Mrs. Esther Grey, who yielded her soul to God on the 7th ult., at Adams, Mass.

Mrs. Catherine Murphy, of Savannah, Ga., who passed away on the 8th ult.

Miss Johanna Toomey, whose life closed peacefully on the 30th ult., in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. James F. Swanton, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Eugene Farrell, Williamsport, N. D.; Lovell Nichols, Aptos, Cal.; Mr. Hugh Mullen, Mrs. Catherine Mullen, and Mr. Henry O'Donnell, Mt. Carbon, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Ryan, Logansport, Ind.; Mr. Patrick Higgins, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Kieran Murray and Mr. William White, Sinsinawa, Wis.; Mrs. G. M. Grant, Plymouth, Ind.; Miss Mary Hayley, Miss Frances J. Sullivan, Richard D'Arcey, Miss Mary L. Rivers, and John McDermott,—all of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. M. J. Faivre and Mrs. Margaret Hughes, Wilmington, Del.; Martin Fitzmaurice, Wonewoc, Wis.; Mrs. T. J. Myer, Pikesville, Md.; Mrs. Mary J. Parkinson, Baltimore, Md.; Miss J. M. Ball, Hopeside, Va.; Mrs. Margaret Galvin, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Bridget Coffey, Providence, R. I.; Mr. John H. Ryan, New Brunswick, N. J.; Joseph Maxstadt, Patrick Murtangh, William H. Graham, Daniel Mara, Patrick Clowrey, Thomas Burns, Patrick Doyle, Daniel Halpin, John H. Purcell, Mrs. Anne Boyle Brown, Mrs. Ellen O'Hare, Mrs. Julia Lyons, Mrs. Sarah McCormack, Mrs. Mary Colford, Mrs. Anne Hagan, Mrs. Margaret McGee, Miss Margaret Mullville, Miss Mary Mohan, and Mrs. Lizzie Haden,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

The Arab's Lesson.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

"GO forth, my son," Ben Ahmed said
 one day,
 "To the fair gardens where the fountains
 play;
 Take thou this basket, and return to me
 With limpid water from the Golden Tree."
 The boy went forth, light-hearted, light of
 tread,
 Light borne the burden of his graceful head;
 Went and returned, again; and yet once more
 Stood empty-handed at the tent's low door.
 "My father," cried he, "'tis in vain, in vain!
 I would obey thee, but upon the plain
 A fading shadow marks my path to thee,
 Where the sweet waters dripped away from
 me.
 Lost all my labor, wasted time and strength,
 Whilst thy lone hours wear out their dreary
 length."

Ben Ahmed's visage brown, yet pale and old,
 Beamed on his boy with wealth of love
 untold.

"Son of my age, not every hour is lost
 Which bears no imprint of the pain it cost.
 True is it that the water slipped away,
 But mark the basket where your treasure
 lay!

Behold how clean, how fresh, how strong,
 The withered bands and each long-woven
 thong!

Thus the good words men speak when thou
 art near,

Let them not fall unheeded on thine ear;
 And though the meshes of thy memory fail
 To bind and hold them when thy foes assail
 With evil meaning, still thy heart shall be

Kept clean and pure, and happiness shall see.
 For happiness, beloved, is for those
 Who count impurity among their foes."

Long since the Arab chieftain passed to Him
 Whose light illumines the Hidden Wisdom dim.
 The father's love, o'erreaching time and
 space,
 Left us this message caught from lips of grace.

Grandma, Her Day and Her Story.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

VI.



POOR grandma is still ailing. Doctor Herbert had advised for her a change of climate,—within the last few days his advice became a command. Yesterday, attended by Uncle John, she left, to pass the remainder of the winter in Florida. Jack's mother will keep watch over our house and home. Jack's mother is a "dear," but grandma is a "dearest." Again and again we asked ourselves and her: "Grandma darling, what shall we do while you are gone?" And she, bravely smiling, whispered: "Why, dear hearts, you will pray for me, write to me, think of me. Up in my room you will find some little things to keep you busy, for a time; and maybe before you know it good angels will bring me home to you again."

This morning, after doing the first three things she bade us, we hastened up to her room, opened the door softly, as though it was so still only because she

was asleep, and entered, to find what she had left to keep us busy. Her arm-chair, drawn out before the hearth, would have looked very empty but for the bundles which filled it. On the top of them lay an open letter, which we read together—Mary, Jack, and I.

MY DEAR ONES:—This has outstripped the fastest mail: you will receive it no doubt before I have fairly started on my journey. I know the first days will seem lonely. Great comfort I have ever found in busying fingers, heart, and brain. In your six faithful young hands I leave the care of my poor. Continue to devote to them our "Saturdays." The bundles, as you will see marked on them, contain gifts destined for certain feast-days. The brown overcoat and cap are for Constant Petit, the little Canadian newsboy. In giving them let Jack tell him, as I meant to do, the story of dear Father Olier de Verneuil, one of the founders of his native Montreal. As a child, whenever he received new clothes he went at once to rededicate himself in them to our Blessed Mother, asking her help that never while he wore them might he offend her or her Divine Son. Constant already manifests special devotion to Our Lady. She will be the guide-star of his motherless life, beset as it is with temptations. The book is for Mrs. Singleton's invalid Esther; the basket is to take to the Little Sisters of the Poor, when you go to help them with their feast on St. Joseph's Day. Also Laura's birthday is on the 19th of March. I have written down for her, who is so moved by legends, an old Spanish one about her patron Saint, which, after reading yourselves, you will send her on that morning, with my love and a bunch of St. Joseph's lilies. Add thereto the little picture and card which you will find on the bureau.

GRANDMA.

The little picture was a photograph copy of one over the mantel which Laura had often admired—Rubens' "Adoration

of the Magi." It was encased in a pretty heart-shaped frame. The birthday card was also heart-shaped, with "many happy returns," entwined with violets; and on the back this charming verse of Eliza Cook's, the last two lines of which were faintly underscored:

Our heads have ached, our hands have toiled,
But blackest bread may hold some leaven;
And all earth's trials never spoiled
A spirit that had faith in Heaven.
Crushed bloom sweet perfume still imparts,
Though hard the blow which smote the stem;
And hearts that feel for other's hearts
Are human Stars of Bethlehem.

Then we opened the dainty manuscript, in grandma's fine Italian hand. On the outside she had written:

"Laura Goldust, March 19 (with us St. Joseph's Day), 1880—1896.

"Our first birthday gift is from God. With His own hand He lays it on our breast—the tiny white rosebud of life. Its slow unfolding to the perfect flower depends on how we cherish it. Each year that He leaves it with us may it grow more beautiful in the eyes of all who love us on earth and in heaven!"

This was the legend:

"Out of the beaten path of the guide-book-guided traveller in Spain, nestling at the foot of the Cantabrian mountains, one comes upon a tiny village, purple and brown with fertile vineyards. On one side of the sleepy river stands the parish church of Our Lady; on the other a votive chapel to St. Joseph, called in the annals of the place St. Joseph of the Lilies. Its portal is so exquisitely carved in them that they appear to be only real lilies turned to stone; and its lily-legend, dropped down to us from across a hundred years, falls fresh and sweetly fragrant at our feet, as a flower tossed over a blank, gray garden wall by unseen hands.

"Ignacio del Puente had wedded late in life a fair and gentle lady. When on the birthday of baby Agnes she died, he buried his heart in her grave. 'There is no light to walk the rest of the way by,'

he moaned, repelling all condolences. 'Let me lie here alone in the dark. My sun has set within an hour after rising.'

"'But here is the dawn of our new day,' whispered the old *curé*, taking from the nurse's arms the sleeping babe and laying her in the weeping father's.

"And so in very truth it proved. Year by year *Señorita* Agnes grew in beauty of person, and, better far, in loveliness of soul. The sight of her pure, transfigured face on the morning of her First Communion blinded with tears of joy the venerable priest who had baptized her, taught her all the truths, pointed out to her all the beauties, shared with her all the consolations of our holy religion.

"In a corner of the garden Agnes had a fairy-like bower,—in summer such a tangle of bloom as one might imagine myriad flowers, conspiring together, could bring about beneath a sunny Spanish sky. In that bower was enshrined the statue of her patron, St. Joseph. There passed her happy life's happiest hours,—as a child, with dolls, books, playmates; later, with friends, dreams, joys. There, too, she met her only sorrows, which came to her through the woes of others. For often, glancing up from book or embroidery, she would see among the blossoming vines tear-stained faces and outstretched hands. When, their needs relieved with alms, and their griefs with sympathy, she sent the suppliants away rejoicing, 'O sweet Mother,' she would exclaim, kissing her rosary, 'what blessed power for good hast thou granted me! What joy to wipe away tears and replace them with smiles!'

"It was Diego who made a constant summer in that bower. 'Look, *Señorita*,—look up!' he said, one morning. 'How beautiful is this world of flowers! There is nothing but those between heaven and us. Here we can pray to our Mother,—our Mother, though thou art a noble's daughter, and I his gardener's son. And here will we come to say farewell on that

longed-for day when thou departest for thy convent, I for my monastery.'

"There came a time when, desirous to see his daughter betrothed to one of her many suitors, Del Puente expressed to her his wishes.

"'O my dear father,' she answered, 'I entreat you will not seek to set aside my resolution! My heart is given to God. With your permission I would ~~gain~~ enter upon my novitiate at once, else the longest life will not suffice to contain all the happiness I feel my vocation holds for me.'

"'You, my Agnes, my only daughter, immured in a convent! Have done with such a childish fancy! Never, *never* will I consent to it!'

"She bowed her head in seeming submission; but her cheek grew pale, her step languid; and soon, standing by her bed, the father heard that the child he would not yield to God he must give up to death.

"Tossing, moaning, in the delirium of fever the young girl lay. With her ear against her lips, old Narcissa caught some oft-repeated words.

"'Ah, my love, my sunbeam!' sobbed her foster-mother, 'why dost thou ask for what we can not bring thee? It is always summer in thy soul, but here below the winter reigns; within and without all is bleak and bare and cold. There *are* no lilies, dear.'

"'For what asketh my sweet one?' demanded the father.

"'Alas!' replied Narcissa, 'she asks for some of those tall white lilies—St. Joseph's lilies, that of all flowers she loves the best.'

"'Let them be sought through the kingdom, and obtained instantly!' commanded Del Puente. 'To him who shall find and bring them here, I will give his heart's desire—anything that he may ask.'

"When this command went forth, of the many who heard, Diego was the first to set out upon the almost hopeless quest.

"'There is here a white rose,' said one.

'We had destined it for Our Lady's shrine. But is it for the sweet Lady Agnes? Take it and welcome. Our Lord loves to visit a pure heart. It were no desecration for my rose to die on hers, as on an altar. But it will not bloom for two days yet.'

"'Alas! a rose will not do,' returned Diego, passing on.

"As night fell, despairing, he entered the church. From a niche just above his head there looked pityingly down upon the kneeling, weeping youth the father-face of a dear St. Joseph, with a great branch of silver lilies in his hand. From earliest childhood Diego had cherished, with Agnes, a special devotion for that statue, best embodying to their fancy the gentle patriarch who had watched over the Mother and the Child. And the perfection of art had surely been reached in making those silver lilies so exactly like the real. Now, as he looked, it seemed to Diego that all the taper-light concentrated on them. 'O tender Saint,' he cried, 'thou knowest *all*—what Agnes hath asked for, what I have vainly sought to find!' Then his prayer became a whispered one; which finished, rising, making the Sign of the Cross, he reverently touched the branch in the statue's hand. It detached itself and remained in his own; and bearing it aloft, like the holy thing it was, he sped homeward through the deserted streets.

"'Doth she sleep yet?' he asked when Narcissa had come to him.

"'Nay, nay! Her poor hands beat the air like the white wings of a prisoned dove; and only just now she hath said: 'If Diego knew, he would bring me what I ask—those tall white lilies that we planted at the feet of St. Joseph in my bower.'"

"'Lay these on her breast,' whispered the boy. 'They are sent to her; they are all Diego can bring.'

"'See! see!' Narcissa bent above the delirious girl. 'Here are the lilies, sweet!

'They are sent to thee; they are all Diego can bring. Take them, my heart's hope,—so, so?'

"The dark eyes of Agnes fluttered open. 'Beautiful, beautiful!' she murmured, holding them close to her heart. She sighed contentedly and fell asleep.

"Then it was that Narcissa beheld the miracle. After an instant's reposing on the maiden's breast, the lilies stirred as though moved by a breath; a faint green stole into their stems and leaves; the petals quivered; the buds unrolled like scrolls, no longer of metal, but the soft white velvet of the living flower; and the air was filled with their fragrance!

"With dawn Agnes woke 'O beautiful, beautiful!' she said. 'Who brought them? Yes, it must have been Diego,—good Diego! Tell him while I slept I have passed through heaven in a dream; that I know now what names must be ours in religion. As children we could never decide, there are so many saints, and we love them all; but in my dream I heard them call us. I shall be Sister Maria Dolores, and he will be Brother José.' Then she added, holding out the lilies: 'These are too rare and sweet to die here, I am better,—I am well. As my first thank-offering, bid Diego haste to the church and give these to St. Joseph.'

"Narcissa found Diego waiting. Hearing in ecstasy her wondrous message, he received the lilies from her trembling hand and hurried back to Our Lady's church, murmuring *Glorias*. On his knees he approached St. Joseph's statue and replaced them. From that moment the lilies miraculously resumed their original form, only where before they had been of tarnished silver they were now of burnished gold.

"'Ask for what thou wilt, Diego,' said the old hidalgo. But his heart trembled within him; for should the gardener's son answer, 'Thy daughter Agnes,' he must needs bestow her upon him.

"My lord," rejoined Diego, humbly, 'I have done naught but pray. It is St. Joseph who has heard and answered. Do thou rear to him a chapel, and place therein that holy statue which now stands on the left of Our Lady's altar. Thou hast wealth and power to make thy offering worthy; I have but my life, and that was vowed to God since earliest years.'

"So the chapel was reared, and still stands. There, before St. Joseph's holy statue with the golden lilies in his hand, they of to-day, like Diego of old, can pray for their beloved. Agnes entered the convent at Tarragona. Her life held few years, but numberless graces. For the suffering she was a star of love, making their night beautiful, till, like a star, she faded into the morning of God's perfect day. Diego long survived her, walking his chosen way, a barefoot friar. Every hour not engaged in other sweet service he spent in the cloister garden tending his altar flowers. And the lilies that grew for him there are said to have been the tallest, purest, loveliest in all Spain. He died, as he had always prayed he might, on St. Joseph's Day. 'Ah!' murmured his Brothers, laying (as he had asked) a branch of lilies on his breast, 'his soul was as spotless and beautiful as these.'"

Besides the grand party which Mrs. Goldust gives in her daughter's honor, Laura will receive many gifts on her birthday. But we believe of all she will most prize grandma's, and the sixteen beautiful white lilies that Jack is going to send her.

For the present there is nothing left to say, except with "tiny Tim": "God bless us, every one!" Of the many whom grandma knows and loves—all who, knowing, love her; and those who love her just from hearing of her,—may there not be missing one glad face when "good angels bring" her "home to us again"!

(The End.)

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

VII.—AT MY GODMOTHER'S.

We had no street-cars when I was a little girl; stages or "busses" conveyed passengers from one end of the city to the other, as well as to the suburbs, where many of the wealthier residents of the community lived. My godmother, at that time a lady of middle age, lived at the extreme end of the town. She was the owner of a large tract of land. It had belonged to her father; and she had been born and always lived in the quaint old house that stood half concealed in the midst of an immense garden filled with tall, luxuriant trees, which made it appear from the road like the entrance to a forest. New buildings were constantly encroaching on its outskirts, but the place remained entire,—she would not sell a foot of it.

This large garden had been admirably arranged in the beginning, and as one gradually ascended the winding road which led to the house a beautiful vista stretched out before the eyes. Like that portion verging on the street, the back part was well shaded; but immediately in front of the house was a beautifully kept sloping lawn, with here and there gay parterres of the brightest and sweetest flowers. They grew also in borders at each side of the house—mignonette, lilies of the valley, sweet-williams, lady's-slippers, and four-o'clocks, with myriads of lovely pinks, each in their season.

My godmother spent nearly all the morning hours in her garden, and had that mysterious touch which made everything grow and flourish. She had never married, but was by no means a typical old maid either in appearance or manner. She was large, comely, and pleasant; fond of children, but especially of me, her only

godchild. She had no living relatives that she knew of; her one brother, a wild boy, had enlisted in the army on account of some difficulty with his father, and had never been heard of again. My godmother did not feel his absence and loss as much as she would have done if they had been intimate companions. He was much older than herself, and had spent so much of his life at college that she had scarcely known him. She seldom spoke of him; but, in my childish way, I had invested him with a mysterious interest; and I never visited her without half expecting him to return in the middle of the night, preceded by the loud barking of dogs, in the midst of a furious storm,—battered, weather-beaten and crippled, the hero of a hundred encounters fought in distant lands. I also fancied that he would eventually relate these adventures to my godmother and myself, seated on an old bench in the garden, where she was wont to take her sewing on pleasant afternoons. I often wondered at her indifference concerning him, her apathy in answering the numerous questions I asked about him; and I believe that if I had dared tell the truth to myself, I should have acknowledged that this state of affairs caused me to go so far as sometimes to reproach the gentle old maid for a lack of sisterly affection.

It was a great treat for me whenever I was allowed to pay her a visit of a couple of days, for longer than that my mother could not spare me. These visits took place about four times a year; though my mother and I often went to spend the day with her, returning in the evening. But whenever my godmother wished to have me stay a little time with her, she came to our house the day before and spent the night.

How I welcomed those visits! They meant everything that was delightful to me. We always started early in the morning,—that is, about nine o'clock, when

the first stage went by. An hour's ride brought us to Woodlands. How merrily I ran before her up the dewy path, rejoicing to be free from the close, stuffy atmosphere of the jolting stage! How eagerly I inhaled the fresh, fragrant scents of the garden! How joyfully Scamp, my godmother's terrier, rushed to meet us! How friendly was the greeting of Dennis the gardener! How kindly and gently Mary, his wife, my godmother's one indoor servant, removed my hat and asked for my dear mamma! After I had had a drink of clear, cold spring water from the old well, and my godmother had removed her outdoor garments, we invariably made the circuit of the garden, returning to the house with our hands full of flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, which I helped arrange in slender glass vases for the parlor and dining-room.

After dinner my godmother was accustomed to take a nap, during which time I always sat at a table in the wide hall outside her door, looking at a volume of *Gleason's Pictorial*, a paper published in those days—the predecessor of *Harper's Weekly* and all others of the same kind. I looked at each picture so carefully and so long that I do not believe I ever got through the set, which comprised several volumes. The nap finished, a story from the "Arabian Nights" followed. My godmother was a fine reader, and there was a new story for me on every occasion.

We always had sally-lunn for supper, with preserved quinces or damsons (my favorite sweets) in quaint, tiny cut-glass saucers; gold cake and silver cake; and for me just a *taste* of fruit-cake, as it was "not good for the digestion," my godmother was wont to say. But after supper, when the curtains were drawn and we sat in the long, old-fashioned parlor, my godmother in a low rocker, and I on a footstool at her feet, it seemed to me that nothing could surpass the delight of hearing her recite ballad after

ballad from "Percy's Reliques," with other selections from various authors. I actually lived and suffered with the idealized heroes and heroines of those old legends.

At nine o'clock precisely (an hour later than my home bedtime) my godmother and I repaired to her oratory—an alcove of the parlor, shut off from it by heavy tapestry curtains,—where upon a marble pedestal, stood a beautiful statue of Our Lady Help of Christians, before which a light was always kept burning. The taper, floating in a bowl of dark red glass filled with olive-oil, shed a beautiful pink halo all about. Here there were flowers in dainty vases; Our Lady's shrine was never without them, winter or summer. Small as the miniature oratory was, it had a tiny set of Stations on its pink-tinted walls; a beautiful engraving of St. Joseph, and another of the Child Jesus, which, for innocence and sweetness, combined with God-like dignity, I have never seen equalled. I never tired of looking at that picture, and fancied that it resembled my dead brother. Once, when I timidly suggested this to my godmother, she said that she had always thought so; and believed that was the reason my mother never came to visit her without passing some time alone in the oratory. Here we said our night prayers and one decade of the Rosary, as my godmother thought the chaplet too long for a child of my age to recite. I have no doubt she recited it herself several times a day, as I often saw her with the beads in her hands while I was playing near her.

After prayer, a tour through the rooms, candle in hand, to see that the house was well secured against thieves,—I holding fast to her gown; then up the broad staircase to a large room containing a set of furniture nearly two hundred years old: a wash-stand so large that one might well have placed two ewers and basins upon it, and still have had room for toilet

articles; also a dressing-case equally large, having deep, commodious drawers, with secret compartments behind the top one, where my godmother kept her jewelry and little relics and souvenirs she most carefully treasured. There were several uncomfortable, high-backed chairs ranged primly against the wall; but in front of the huge fireplace, with its shining irons, two spacious, cushioned easy-chairs were set, in either of which I could have gone to sleep and rested comfortably, so soft and luxurious were they. The furniture was of mahogany, black with age and polished like a mirror.

But the crowning moment was that when, mounting a gaily carpeted step-ladder, the top of which reached above my head, I literally climbed into the great, four-posted bed, sinking up to my arms in the downy feathers as I crept on to my place near the wall; while my godmother lay at the outer edge, with room enough between us for two or three others. As I lay half buried in my soft nest I could touch the ceiling with my finger tips; for there were no fewer than three well-filled feather-beds beneath me. I will here own, however, that I did not sleep nearly so well in this luxurious couch as in my own cot at home, where I had plenty of air and ventilation. Yet I enjoyed the novelty of it very much; and what an event was the making up of that bed every morning! Three huge mountains of feathers to be removed, aired, beaten, and returned to their places; the top one smoothed level as a table with a broomstick before the sheets, blankets, and spread went on. It was an actual labor for my godmother and Mary; but one which I enjoyed looking at, and which they took great pride in perfecting. The bed was, in its way, a fine work of art when completed; but, between ourselves, my dear young friends, I think modern sleeping arrangements are best.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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A Child's Epitaph.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

(Adapted from Victor Hugo)

DEAR dead child! O happy child, the
old man envies thee;
Thy trim bark sank within the port ere it
put out to sea:
Why should the sun appear once more? Why
shines the heartless moon?

Soar to the Paradise above, whose portal is
the tomb;
The future bright with mystic light, but
oftener dark with gloom,—
It has fallen like a plaything from thy hands,
too weak to bear
The weight of all these years to come, their
burden of despair.

The Legend of the Wandering Jew in Italy.

ASTON PARIS, the learned administrator of the College of France, affirms that the popular legend of the Wandering Jew originated amid German and Protestant surroundings; that it flourished only in the east and north of Europe—in Germany, Scandinavia, the Low Countries, and France; and that it is altogether unknown to the southern nations—in Spain and Italy. An eminent German student of

folk-lore, M. Ruhemann, of Rome, protests against this opinion, and brings forward documents to demonstrate that it is absolutely erroneous. An abstract of his careful paper on the subject appears in the *Revue Catholique des Revues*, and makes very interesting reading.

The theatre wherein was displayed the heroism of the first Christian martyrs, Italy, which sealed with their blood her faith as a neophyte, and which later took a considerable part in the Crusades preached by Pontiffs sitting at Rome, could scarcely, once fully within the pale of the Church, ignore any of the events in the life of Jesus, or remain indifferent to any of the scenes of the Saviour's Passion. How, then, could she forget or lose sight of that passage of the Gospels in which there is question of the servant of the high-priest, and of the healing of this man, named Malchus, when Peter, striking him with his sword, cut off his right ear in the garden beyond the torrent of Cedron? Now, according to the legend, this Malchus—called also Marcus—showed himself ungrateful, and buffeted Jesus with his steel-gauntleted left hand during the ascent of the Sorrowful Way. Our Lord told him to await His return, and this word indicates irremediable chastisement of the Jew condemned to travel without ceasing to the end of time.

M. Ruhemann cites numerous documents gathered in Italy relative to the

story of the Wandering Jew. Among the more important are those discovered by Pitré and by D'Ancona in the library of Turin. One of these manuscript narratives has the following title: "Narration of an ocular witness, one really present, who declares that he saw with his eyes and touched with his hands the soldier who, by the side of Annas, struck Jesus of Nazareth in the face; with the description of the manner in which it was happily given him to be present at this occurrence, and how it took place." In another manuscript is recorded the expiation of this crime of "leze-divinity."

The name of the Wandering Jew in the Italian legend is Puttadeus, Buttadeus, or Buttadeo (from *buttare*—to strike; and *Deo, Iddio*—God). The surname John is frequently given to him, through a confusion of Malchus with Johannan, or Johannes, the porter of Pontius Pilate. According to the astrologer Guido Bonati, of whom mention is made in Dante's *Inferno* (canto xx), Johannes Buttadeus was seen at Forlì in 1267. Tizio, a Siennese chronicler who lived from 1482 to 1528, says that the painter Andrea de Vanni met the Wandering Jew, and portrayed him in the corner of one of his pictures. M. Ruhemann believes that the legend was brought from the Orient by the Crusaders, who spread it through all Christendom. What is beyond all question is that in the Middle Ages the name of Buttadeus (God-striker) was in every mouth. Cecco Angiolieri of Sienna, long before Tizio, refers to him in one of his sonnets:

Il farà vivar più che Botadeo.

From these and other proofs it appears to M. Ruhemann that the legend of the sinner "awaiting" Jesus was known first in Italy alone; and that thence it passed, under the form of the Wandering Jew story, into other countries. Both versions, in any case, originated in Northern Italy. In Sienna to this day the belief in the

real existence of the Wandering Jew is deeply rooted, but there are two different narratives as to the subject. One pretends that after the injury inflicted upon Jesus, the earth opened beneath the feet of Ahasverus; the Jew fell into a deep pit, where he was buried. He digs continually, in the hope of regaining his liberty; but when his task is finished at the end of time, he will fall into the abyss of hell. At the place where he disappeared is heard the continuous noise that he makes in digging, and this noise is the exact counterpart of that which accompanied the scourging of Jesus in the palace of Pontius Pilate. The other account holds that that Buttadeo, or Malchus, is shut up in a subterranean prison, where he ceaselessly strikes the walls in buffeting himself as he buffeted Jesus. By dint of striking the ground with his feet, he has from century to century dug a grave, in which he is already sunk up to the nose; when he shall be sunk therein over his head it will be the sign of the end of the world.

In Venice the Jew is made to go around a pillar erected upon a mountain. While walking he strikes the pillar as he struck, not Jesus, but Mary the Mother of the Redeemer. He has dug, while making his ceaseless round, a ditch beneath his feet, in which he has already disappeared up to the neck; when he disappears altogether it will be the hour for the last judgment. If any one encounters Ahasverus on the mountain where he buffets the pillar, the Jew asks: "Pardon me, are we still in the age and day when women are beaten?" And if he is answered in the affirmative, he says with a profound sigh: "Then I can not stop; for before the end of the world comes it is necessary that during seven years women shall not have been beaten."

Following the march of the legend, and crossing the Strait of Messina, we find the Wandering Jew occupying a place in

the popular tongue. In Sicily "Marcu" and "Buttadeo" are living, flesh-and-blood personages. An individual of ugly features and corresponding character draws upon himself the comment: "That fellow has the face of the Jew Marcus." One who is restless is the Wandering Jew himself: "A Buttadeo,—he is always running like Buttadeo."

M. Pitré, the most erudite of Italian students of folk-lore, gives us the portrait of Ahasverus. He wears an old hat (*capellaccio*) with broad brim; his hair and beard are long and snow-white; his features express most cruel suffering; he envelops himself in a long and ample deep-red great-coat; his boots are run down at the heel and lamentably torn. It was in this costume that he appeared, according to the good folk of Salaparuta, to the peasant Antonino Cascio and his youngest daughter, who in the course of the winter had taken refuge in a cabin and built a fire there to warm themselves. The daughter relates that the stranger wore shoes, and a hat striped with yellow, red, and black. Antonino was terribly frightened; but the unknown visitor reassured him, saying: "Don't be afraid: I am Buttadeo." Then Cascio recalled the legend; he invited the Jew to enter, to seat himself near the fire, and to recount his extraordinary adventures. Buttadeo complied with the last request; but, instead of seating himself, continued to walk while speaking. Before leaving he taught his hearers "five prayers to the Divine Heart and one to the left hand of Jesus."

Another Sicilian authority on folk-lore, M. Salomon Marino, states that the legend is still recounted quite commonly at Palermo, Partinico, and other localities on the island. There you will be told that Pietro Randezzo, of Borgetto, knows better than anybody else how the occurrences took place. "The wicked Hebrew was sitting on a bench at the door of his house when Jesus appeared before him bending

under the weight of His Cross. The Saviour asked permission to rest Himself; the Jew repulsed Him savagely. Then Jesus said to him: 'You will have no rest during your whole life: you will walk always, always!'"

"He is old now," adds Pietro Randezzo,—"old as Time, but he will never die—this Jew who has received the name of Buttadeo because he struck Jesus in repulsing Him. More than one have met him traversing Borgetto at night, in the midst of rain and thunder and lightning; but no one has ever seen him stop for a single moment, or accept anything but a little piece of bread; because, as he says himself, he is forbidden to rest until the day of judgment."

Other peasants tell the tale with certain variations, and call the Jew not Buttadeo, but in their dialect *Aributta-Diu* (Who repels God). "When he is met with," they say, "he willingly relates, while walking, the life of Jesus, His sufferings and His Passion; and during the recital he sheds tears of blood. He wears a turban, a dress that looks like a shirt, blood-red in color, and he leans on a staff."

The harshness of the Jew toward Jesus is indicated in the versified legend spread throughout France:

Ote-toi, criminel,
De devant ma maison;
Avance et marche' donc
Car tu me fais affront.*

In some Italian *canzone*, as in the French complaint, Ahasverus calls himself Isaac Laquedem:

Isaac Laquedem
Pour nom me fut donné
Né a Jerusalem.†

The Italian poet, Giovanni Romani, says as well:

Isaac Laquedeme è il nome mio,
Gerusalemme mio sol natio.‡

* Get away, criminal, from before my house! Go on, for you affront me!

† Isaac Laquedem was given me for name; born at Jerusalem.

‡ Isaac Laquedem is my name; Jerusalem is my native soil.

In the Italian Alps, and especially in the valley of Aosta, the legend of the Wandering Jew takes on a peculiarly poetic form. There, where to-day rises the gigantic pyramid of the mountain, once stood a flourishing city, in which Malchus found a hospitable reception and could even rest himself; but when he returned thither a thousand years later the city had disappeared, and it was the giants of the mountain who inhabited the locality. Deeply afflicted at the change, the Jew shed a torrent of tears, which became a black lake, still seen in the environs of Zermatt.

Throughout the whole Alpine district it is said that the apparition of the Wandering Jew is a precursor of misfortune. A similar belief exists in France. Before the assassination of Henry IV. by Ravaillac, Buttadeo was seen at Beauvais, at Noyon, and other French cities. In Switzerland the gift of prophecy is attributed to him. The variations and modifications of the primitive theme are as numerous as are the places where it is pretended the Wandering Jew has been seen and questioned. Malchus, Marius, Buttadeo, Ahasverus, Laquedem,—the substance of the legend is the same; but the name, costume, the sayings and doings of the personage differ more or less.

On the route from Zermatt to Breil you are shown a defile through which, at a period not determined, the Jew passed. The spot was accursed from that moment. Happily for the district, St. Theodulus followed Ahasverus not long afterward; he exorcised the serpents and noxious reptiles that had sprung into spontaneous being under the Wanderer's tread; and, thanks to the prayers of the Saint, the country was saved.

M. Ruhemann signalizes a recent discovery which not only refutes victoriously the opinion of M. Gaston Paris, and proves the existence of the legend of the Wandering Jew in Italy, but at the same time

establishes the fact that it was known there at least two centuries before it was spoken of in Germany or France. This discovery is due to the learned librarian of Florence, M. Morpurgo, and consists of a manuscript of the fifteenth century. In this manuscript a certain Antonio di Francesco d'Andrea, and his brothers Andrew and Bartholomew—all three of Florence,—relate that they saw and met Giovanni Votaddio at different times, in Florence and its environs, in the course of the decade 1410-1420. The authors of the narrative give in detail the events which accompanied the apparition, and which, according to them, were provoked by it. The introduction to the narrative merits reproduction in its entirety:

"In honor and for the glory of God Almighty and of the Divine Trinity—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—of Mary ever Virgin, and of all the saints of Paradise, I undertake—I a poor sinner, or rather a great and very frequent sinner,—to recall in this recital one of the most extraordinary events that ever occurred, and one of which probably the great majority of those now living have never had any knowledge. And it is with great hesitancy that I have taken up my pen to reproduce here and transcribe these surprising things, to which it is possible that people will not give credit. This is why I begin my work with fear. But I wish to inspire myself with courage; and I call to my aid God and the citizens of heaven, that they may serve as my witnesses; as well as those still living who have seen what I purpose narrating here. I will give their names according as it becomes necessary in the progress of my work."

After this invocation, Antonio d'Andrea says that he already knew Buttadeo by name before ever he spoke to the Jew. Many persons indeed had affirmed in Antonio's presence that they themselves had seen and met him in almost every

part of the Italian provinces. An old man as pious as credible, Bartolo di Jacopo de Faena, in the jurisdiction of Fiorenzuola, declared upon oath that Johannes had rested in his house, and had spoken to him "of many things which God alone could know." From that time the Jew had not appeared in Italy, because he returns to the same country only once in every hundred years.

Now, in 1411 (or, according to M. Morpurgo, in 1416) a certain Giano di Duccio, who had betaken himself to Borgo à San Lorenzo, in Tuscany, after having been threatened with death at Bologna, was returning to this latter city with his two young sons, aged twelve and eight years. The boys were carried in two panniers slung across the back of a horse driven by Andrew (brother of the chronicler Antonio), while Giano rode behind them on another mount. On the mountain the snow fell so thickly that the beasts slipped at every step, the children running the greatest risk. With much difficulty they reached Rifredi. While resting there they saw Buttadeo approaching them. He was robed in the *pinzochero* of the Third Order of St. Francis, and had on only one shoe. At the request of the travellers he hastened to lend them his help; and when they had gained their saddles with his assistance, he took the boys, one on each shoulder, telling them: "Hold on to my hair,"—for he had thrown off his hat. Hardly had they started when he kicked off the shoe which incommoded him, and redoubled his speed, going at such a pace that he soon distanced Giano and Andrew. Shortly afterward he arrived at a tavern, where he placed the children near the fire, calmed their fears, ordered a pair of chickens to be killed and roasted, and was getting ready for supper when Giano entered, half-crazed with grief at the thought that he had lost his boys.

Buttadeo reassured him, and gave him a proof of his talents; and first of all that

of discovering hidden things, by telling him where the tavern-keeper had hidden two hundred and forty gold guineas in a hole not two steps from Giano's bed. He gained the confidence of the Bolognese, to whom he foretold all the events soon to occur at Bologna. Giano took the Jew home with him, and kept him from Sunday evening until Monday morning; but Ahasverus then departed, after refusing a pair of new shoes which Andrew wished to buy for him.

The Wandering Jew afterward traversed Lombardy and the Marches of Ancona and Treviso. At Vicenza the populace wished to hang him. They put the rope around his neck, but could not raise him from the ground, although all the authorities came to the assistance of the hangman. A new rope was then procured,—a real cable, strong enough to hold a tower suspended in the air. A futile precaution: the cable broke, and they were forced to give the Jew his liberty. In 1416 he arrived at Borgo. The news of his advent was immediately spread around, and everyone hastened to see Buttadeo, overwhelming him with questions. He foretold the death of many persons at such and such a date, and everything turned out exactly as he predicted. From Borgo he went to Florence, where he visited Antonio. The chancellor of the republic called on him, and the two had a secret conference that lasted three hours.

Buttadeo spoke all known languages, and knew every dialect of the many Italian provinces. Some said of him: "He can be nothing else than an angel from heaven." Others remarked: "He is the devil in person." He left the people astounded and went on his way. The next year, however, he returned; and then, says our chronicler, Buttadeo was visited by all the patricians—the Peruzzis, the Ricasolis, the Businis, the Morellis, the Albertis,—the most important personages, the great "notabilities." They waited before his

door, and in such numbers that the whole street was filled. He gave his advice in political matters; and, to prove his superiority, rendered himself invisible, passing through the crowd at night without being seen, notwithstanding the bright light of innumerable torches. It was stated that he traversed space like a subtle body, despite all obstacles placed in his way. He allowed himself to be imprisoned in a dungeon of solid rock under a tower guarded by a special body of soldiery. The place had only two little windows protected by iron bars, so close together that a mouse could not pass between them; the door was of thick deals and secured by an immense lock. The culprit smiled at his jailers and their precautions; and when they entered the dungeon the next morning they found it empty.

Antonio di Francesco d'Andrea says that he had Buttadeo for guest three times—in 1414, 1415, and 1416. One day the chronicler asked him whether he was the real, true Giovanni Buttadeo, and received an affirmative answer. But when Antonio added, "Is it really you who struck Our Lord?" the Jew was silent, bowed his head, and let fall a tear.

"When Giovanni was on the point of leaving," adds the author of this curious Florentine manuscript, "he clasped me in his arms for the first time, as if he were bidding me a final adieu. 'Shall I not see you again, then?' I asked. He shook his head and answered: 'No—at least not with your bodily eyes.' During the night he disappeared, and he has never returned to this country. He wanders over the face of the earth, and will do so until God comes to judge the living and the dead in the valley of Josaphat. May he pray for us, that God may pardon our sins and let us enter heaven!—Amen."

Thus ends the chronicle discovered by M. Morpurgo. It is an eminently curious document, and one especially interesting to all students of folk-lore.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

I.

"THE end of the matter is, Bertie, that the doctors give no hope of your overcoming this—ah—constitutional weakness unless you live for two years at least in a warm climate."

Herbert Atherton rose from his seat opposite his father—the two men had been lingering over their after-dinner coffee and cigars together, as was their custom; for each was partial to the society of the other,—and stood for a few minutes meditatively on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire. He was a tall, slender man, very handsome, and possessing an air of distinction which does not always accompany good looks; but a certain narrowness and hollowness of chest, together with his blonde fairness—that peculiar fairness which invariably denotes a certain lack of vigor,—would have told a physician at a glance in what direction lay the constitutional weakness of which his father spoke. It was indeed an inherited weakness; for his mother, whom he strikingly resembled, had died early of consumption.

"In short," he said at length, in a quiet tone, "I have to choose between sentence of death and sentence of banishment. But who is to tell that the last will avert the first? After I have given up all my interests in life, professional and social, and idled away two years in some invalid resort, who is to guarantee me against dying at last, as so many other poor devils have died who were persuaded to do the same? But if the dying must be done within a limited space of time, I should much prefer to make shorter work of it and die in harness, with the

satisfaction of *living*, rather than merely *existing*, to the last."

"You mistake the case, my dear boy," said his father, earnestly. "The doctors have spoken very frankly, and they assure me that your lungs are not seriously affected at present; but there is a weakness, a predisposition to—the disease we fear, which makes it necessary for you to live for two years at least in a climate that is warm, equable, and healthful. At the end of that time—if you give up all work and live as much as possible in the open air—they say that the weakness will be overcome, and your prospects for a long life as good as any one's."

"Very kind of them to offer such assurances," said the young man, sarcastically. "It is the old story, I fear; and if I consulted my own inclination, I should take my chances for life or death here rather than consent to this banishment with all that it involves."

"But you will not consult your own inclinations, Herbert?" said his father, yet more earnestly. "You will think of me and of your future. What are two years at your age?"

"Very much," replied the other: "more than they would be either earlier or later; for just now, as you well know, I am on the fair road to obtain success; but if I drop out of the race, others will step in and gain all for which I am striving. Life does not halt an instant for any man. Two years!—to give up my profession entirely for two years! At this point of my life that is a loss which ten years, later, will not enable me to recover."

"It is hard, my boy,—I know it is hard!" the elder Atherton said, looking up at him with deep sympathy. "You have done so splendidly both at college and in your profession that it grieves me as much as it grieves you to see you drop out of the race, as you express it, even for a limited time—"

"It is *not* for a limited time," inter-

rupted the other, turning his face away. "Don't you see?—this is final. It means that if I am to live at all hereafter, it will be as one of the great army of invalids and valetudinarians idling away existence in 'health resorts,' with no aspiration in life beyond that of avoiding cold and nursing a vital flame that will continue to grow feebler year by year. Father, I would rather die sharply, quickly. If you would only not press the point of this going away—"

"But I must, Bertie,—I must!" said the father, rising and laying his hand upon his shoulder. "I must beg you to do it for my sake, if not for your own. You know what you are to me? Is it necessary to tell you that since your mother died I have not had a thought except for you and your future? Every hope I have in the world is bound up in you; and for my sake, therefore—that this inherited curse may be averted, and I may not be left desolate in my age,—I implore you, my son, to follow the advice of the doctors and go away."

Only a selfish and callous nature could have withstood such an appeal, uttered by a father who, although usually reserved in the expression of affection, had proved his devotion by every act of his life. Indeed, so well did the two understand each other that Herbert Atherton had never for an instant doubted his father's love any more than the comprehension and sympathy which were always to be felt under his quiet reticence. What he was to him he knew without need of speech; but the speech itself—the very unaccustomedness of which lent it additional force—touched him deeply. The quiver of the older man's voice, even more than the words he uttered, gave him a poignant sense of what he owed to this love which had always encompassed him, but had never before demanded anything. What it now demanded was that he should live, even if in order to do so he

must sacrifice all that made life of value to his young ambition; even if he must fall into the routine of that semi-invalid existence which he had watched in others with a sense of dread and repulsion produced by the lurking fear that it might be his own fate. He had always vowed in his heart that he would not submit to it; that when the time came to choose he would take a quick death in preference to a lingering death-in-life; but now that the time *had* come, he saw that such choice would be but selfishness. For his father's sake he must accept life on any terms that might be granted him, however bitter they might be. And so it was that after a short pause he replied, quietly:

"My dear father, the expression of your wish is enough. Of course I will go since you desire it, and since such is the medical sentence. Have the doctors indicated, by the bye, any particular place of banishment, or am I to be allowed to choose within the rather vague limits of 'a warm climate'?"

"They have not recommended any particular place," answered Mr. Atherton, relieved by an acquiescence more prompt than he had expected. "It is left to yourself to decide where you will go. But since, in connection with the warm climate, Dr. Talford mentioned a sea-voyage as desirable, I have myself thought of the West Indies."

"The West Indies!" repeated Herbert. He shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of indifference. "Why not? They offer a wide field in which to do nothing, and are at least not overrun with invalids, like Florida and Southern California. If a man must drop as a wreck out of the stream of life, I fancy that a West Indian island is as good a place as another to be stranded upon."

"You distress me by speaking in that manner," said his father. "There is no question of your dropping as a wreck out of the stream of life. You are only asked

to take certain precautions against a possible danger; and I see no reason to doubt the assurance of the doctors that, these precautions taken, such a danger may never arise. The sacrifice of your professional prospects for two years is hard, and I shall feel the deprivation of your society for that length of time very deeply; but these things are not too high a price to pay for health. So let us face the necessity cheerfully"—he sat down again in his chair,—“and decide what is best for you to do.”

To face the prospect cheerfully was a little beyond Herbert Atherton's powers; but to face it philosophically was at least within his reach. So he, too, sat down again and lighted a fresh cigar as he inquired:

"Have you any plan to propose?"

"Yes," replied his father: "I have a plan which I hope you will approve. I comprehend and sympathize so deeply with your objection to being ordered away to vegetate in idleness, that I have been considering what can be done to make the banishment less irksome to you, and I have decided that the only possible thing is to provide you with some occupation and interest."

"Rather difficult to do if I am condemned to a valetudinarian existence for two years," answered the young man, despondently. "But I am open to any suggestions. Only don't ask me to become a fisherman or a botanist. Those are the only things the West Indies seem to suggest."

"I shall certainly not propose either of those pursuits to you," returned Mr. Atherton, smiling. "My idea is very different. Have I never mentioned to you that I possess an interest in a sugar estate in the island of San Domingo?"

"I don't think you ever have. Isn't it rather a singular investment?"

"On the contrary, it has proved very profitable—until lately. Together with

some of my friends, I was induced to enter into the speculation by a man on whose judgment and integrity we had implicit reliance; and the result was all we anticipated so long as he was alive to manage the property. But, unfortunately, he died rather more than a year ago, and since then affairs have been by no means so satisfactory. The person who has the management of the estate now is a man whom he trained and in whom he had the greatest confidence. This confidence induced us to leave matters in his hands when poor Burton died; but we are not at all satisfied with his management or with his reports. It is necessary, therefore, that we should send some one to look into affairs; and it has occurred to me that this may serve as an occupation for you. There is about half a million invested, which is of course worth looking after; but the chief importance the matter has for me is that it may provide you with the interest you need. You can go out, examine into matters, take as much or as little of the responsibility of management as you care to assume, and meanwhile discover how the climate of the island—said to be the best in the West Indies—suits you."

"It sounds quite promising," replied Atherton; "and leads one to think that in making your investment you foresaw the possibility of some day needing to find an occupation in the tropics for an invalid son. At least the existence of the estate provides me with a spot a little more definite than the equator toward which to turn my face. For of course I'll go, overhaul the agent, and perhaps—who knows?—turn sugar-planter and lotus-eater, and never come back again. What, by the way, do I know of San Domingo? Very little, I fear, except that it was the *Hispañola* of Columbus and the scene of many romantic and tragic histories."

"It is the richest, the most beautiful,

the most undeveloped and the most unfortunate of the West Indian islands," said his father. "You will find some books about it in the library, which I collected at the time we bought the sugar estate. Since then I have met many business men and planters from the island, and they all concur in describing the climate as one of rare perfection. It was that made me think of sending you there. If it were otherwise, the estate might go to Hades before I would permit *you* to look into its affairs."

"You don't know how grateful I am to you for giving me an object to lessen the weariness of enforced exile and idleness," said the young man, earnestly. "It seems to put a different face upon the necessity of going. It is not to nurse a weak chest, but to unmask a faithless agent that I shall turn my face southward. And this reminds me—did Talford say anything about how soon I should go?"

"The sooner the better," answered Mr. Atherton, reluctantly. "He wishes you to be in the tropics before the severe weather sets in. And if a thing is to be done—"

"Then 'twere well it were done quickly," quoted Herbert, as he rose to his feet again. "I shall find out to-morrow when the next steamer for San Domingo sails. Meanwhile there are one or two places I have promised to look in on to-night. Even a condemned man may be permitted to make his *adieux* to his friends."

(To be continued.)

LET no one suppose that Mary is not supremely zealous for God's honor; or, as those who are not Catholics fancy, that to exalt her is to be unfaithful to Him. Her true servants are still more truly His. Well as she rewards her friends, she would deem him no friend, but a traitor, who preferred her to Him. As He is zealous for her honor, so is she for His.—*Cardinal Newman.*

A Hymn to Our Lady.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE FIFTEENTH OR
SIXTEENTH CENTURY. TRANSLATED BY
E. M. CLERKE.

SWEET Mary mild, all undefiled,
A rose without a thorn,
Thou hast restored, with might outpoured,
The loss mankind did mourn
Through Adam's fall; thy lofty call
By Gabriel was spoken:
Aid me that nought betoken
My guilt and sin; grace for me win;
For sad our lot where thou art not,
Mercy for us to sue.
Then turn not, pray, from me away
When my last hour is due.

Thou, Maiden high, didst satisfy
Our fathers' longing sore;
The days and years, in woe and tears,
Their captive state wept o'er;
Through all the past they hoped at last
To see asunder riven
The mighty gates of heaven,
By One who came and took our blame
And woe; through thee that mystery
In maiden-motherhood
Was wrought, and now to thee we vow
A crown of gratitude.

Mary most pure, sole hope secure
Of sinners, thou on earth;
Since thee, our light, the Eternal Might
Hath chosen to give birth
To Saviour high, decreed to try
At the Last Day our cause,
Keep me within His laws.
O Fruit most dear, my refuge here
I call upon, whom, with St. John,
I from the Cross was given,
That thou to me a Mother be,
First here and then in heaven!

O Mary Maid, in thee no shade
Of fault hath e'er been found!
There lives no man who may or can
Thy glory duly sound;
Thy praises high float to the sky,
From earth to heaven. Like thee

No creature e'er can be
While times endure, O Maiden pure!
When dumb I lie, to death anigh,
And soul and body sever,
Bethink thee, pray, I in this lay
To praise thee did endeavor.

Martyr Memories of Wales.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

II.

ANOTHER zealous missionary and sufferer for the faith was Father John Bennet, the apostle of North Wales, a man of great sweetness and charity, whose countenance, we are told, had an angelic beauty of expression. He was a native of Flintshire, and began his missionary career as a secular priest. He was seized by the priest-hunters in 1582; and was imprisoned first in Flint Castle, then at Ludlow, and finally in Holywell jail.

At Flint Castle he was publicly questioned by William Hughes, the Protestant bishop of St. Asaph,—a fallen priest; and during this ordeal his bearing was so brave and modest, his answers so clear and conclusive, that the people present called out to him in their enthusiasm: "God help you! God help you!" To which the prisoner gravely and gently answered: "God grant you all the desire of amending your lives!"

A public assembly, called Council of the Marthes, being appointed to take place at Ludlow, orders came from the Privy Council to transfer Father Bennet from Flint to Ludlow. On his way thither we learn that he and his escort were lodged in a house one room of which was supposed to be haunted. Terrific noises, that could not be accounted for, were heard there every night; and Father Bennet's escort decided to make him sleep in that particular room, without, however, telling

him beforehand of its evil reputation. Hardly had he retired to his bed when the usual sounds—raps, knocks, steps, and strange rumblings—made themselves heard. The good priest rose and began to say the prayers appointed by the Church for the exorcism of evil spirits. Suddenly the mysterious noises ceased, and from that day were never heard again.

An ordeal more terrible than that of the haunted chamber awaited Father Bennet at Ludlow. On the 15th of January, 1584, he appeared before the Solicitor-General Atchins, who, after loading him with every sort of insult and abuse, ordered him to be tortured on the rack. This first torturing lasted, the "Records" tell us, no less than nine hours.

While the martyr lay on his bed of pain several magistrates entered the torture chamber and had the cowardice to heap reproaches upon the helpless sufferer. At last, indignant at their base attacks, he exclaimed: "If no pity is to be expected from you, I beg you to depart, and to leave me alone with Him who hears the groans of the captive." One of the party, named Townsend, a bitter Calvinist, stung by the confessor's well-merited rebuke, had the cruelty to whisper to the executioner that, immediately on their departure, he was to stretch the priest three or four inches longer.

A Protestant minister then entered the room; and, after accusing the martyr of gross ignorance and superstition, went on to quote a number of passages from the Scriptures in support, so he pretended, of the doctrines of the Reformation. Father Bennet remained silent. In his extremity of pain he sought help and comfort in prayer; but at length, wearied by the minister's importunity, he turned to the executioner and remarked, with a dry humor which at such a moment was simply heroic: "I see this redoubtable doctor of the Oxford University challenges me to a religious disputation. I beg of

you to hoist him up on a similar chair of teaching opposite to me, that we may dispute on equal terms and from like pulpits." The minister had the good sense to withdraw.

At last, at five in the evening, the confessor was taken off the rack; but his limbs were so dislocated that he had to be carried back to prison. However, if his body was weakened by suffering, his brave spirit remained as firm and as resolute as ever. During those long hours of cruel torture he had been closely questioned as to what Catholics he had received into the Church, what houses he had visited, where he had said Mass or heard confessions. But not one syllable that could compromise his friends ever passed his lips; and though his enemies might crush his body, they were powerless to conquer his soul.

His sufferings were not over. At the end of ten days he was again summoned by the Solicitor-General, and once more questioned as to the names and dwelling-places of the Welsh Catholics who had befriended him. As he refused to answer, the Solicitor-General informed him that he had received a command from the Privy Council not to allow him to persevere in his obstinacy. "And I," retorted the prisoner, "have received a command from the Lord Himself of the Council not to fear those who can kill the body, but can not slay the soul; rather to fear Him who is able to cast both body and soul into hell."

The next day, to punish him for his obstinacy, Father Bennet was again placed on the rack and tormented for more than three hours, during which the Solicitor-General continued to question him, giving him his solemn promise that if he would only speak 'no one should incur danger on his account.' But the confessor knew better than to trust to his enemy's promises. He was aware that, by an incautious word, he might endanger those who had

befriended him in his hour of need,—who had trusted in him as their spiritual father and guide. On all that related to the Catholics he remained obstinately silent; but when the villainous official went on to abuse the Church for whose dear sake he suffered, the martyr found words of burning indignation to defend his faith. His presence of mind and superhuman energy so enraged his adversary that he ordered the executioner to stretch his victim yet more violently on the rack. The order was instantly obeyed; and when, after three hours of excruciating suffering, Father Bennet was taken back to prison, he was absolutely insensible, seeming more like a corpse than a living man.

Time passed; and the martyr's crown, to which his torturings seemed a certain preparation, was by a mysterious dispensation of Providence withheld from our brave sufferer. After some months he was sentenced to perpetual banishment; and on September 24, 1585, he set out, with thirty other priests, for the coasts of France. He at once made his way to the English College of Rheims, the superior of which at that time was Dr. Barrett.

Father Bennet had conceived a strong wish to enter the Society of Jesus; but in his humility, all unconscious of the halo that must henceforth surround him, he did not venture to make his request in person, and begged Dr. Barrett to solicit his admission into the Order. We may imagine what the Jesuits' answer was to this touching request, and with what mingled feelings of reverence and compassion they welcomed the candidate who, on the 6th of September, 1586, came, so humbly and simply, to take his place among the young novices of the Jesuit house at Verdun.

Although only thirty-six, John Bennet had already gone through an ordeal worthy of the greatest Christian martyrs; and now, after having endured for Christ chains, prisons and tortures, he came with

childlike docility to serve under the rule of religious obedience. But the very sufferings he had undergone seem to have knit the brave Welshman's soul still closer to his native land. The apostolic spirit was strong within him, and amidst the peace and freedom of a Catholic country he longed for the hardships and perils of a missionary life. When his two years' novitiate were over he obtained leave from his superiors to return to Wales; and for thirty-five years more he labored for God among his countrymen, chiefly in the neighborhood of Holywell.

We are told that he devoted himself in a special manner to the poor, for whose sake he willingly undertook long journeys on foot. He generally said Mass after midnight, for the greater convenience and safety of his flock. Often over a hundred people assisted; which, says an old record, was "no small wonder," considering the severity of the laws against Catholics.

When about seventy-five years of age, Father Bennet, whom his grateful people commonly called "the Saint," heard that a violent plague had broken out in London. The heroic spirit that had animated the young Welsh priest forty years before still warmed the heart of the white-haired old man. Perchance he thought that now at last he might gain the martyr's crown, which had at one time been almost within his grasp. He begged his superior's leave to go to London and devote himself to the plague-stricken people; and when the permission was granted, the aged confessor set out on his mission of charity as fervent and zealous as in the days of his youth. This time his hope was fulfilled. After devoting himself to the sick and suffering with unstinting generosity, Father Bennet was stricken with the plague, and on Christmas Day, 1625, he died in London, a martyr of charity.

Another brave and holy confessor, like Father Bennet a native of Flintshire, was Edward Morgan, a secular priest, who

was executed at Tyburn in 1642. He had been kept a prisoner for fifteen years, and we are told that he suffered cruelly from the loathsomeness of his prison. At length he was brought to trial; and on the 23d of April, St. George's Day, he was condemned to death for the crime of his priesthood. From that moment the good priest was allowed to see his friends; and during the time that elapsed between his condemnation and his death his miserable prison cell was crowded with visitors, Protestants and Catholics alike. Everyone went away deeply impressed by his calm serenity and cheerfulness, which were all the more remarkable as he was known to be of a naturally timid disposition. In their anxiety to possess something that had belonged to the martyr of Christ, the Catholics provided him with a new cloak to go to Tyburn, and divided his old one among themselves as a precious remembrance.

In the death of this good priest we have a striking example of a timorous and gentle nature becoming absolutely transformed by God's grace. Few martyrs went to execution with more radiant joy than Edward Morgan. As he lay on the hurdle upon which he was dragged to Tyburn, his expression of happiness struck the bystanders with astonishment. On the scaffold, when the hangman fastened the halter round his neck, he made a remark about being sent to heaven by a string,—greatly to the scandal of a Puritan minister who was present, and who reproved him for this unbecoming levity. "Why should any one be offended at my going to heaven cheerfully?" gently observed the martyr. "God loves a cheerful giver." And so, with a smile upon his lips, he passed away to his rest on the 26th of August, 1642.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

DEATH is the poor man's doctor.—
Gaelic proverb.

The Origin of a Popular Custom.

MANY Catholics practise the custom of writing at the top of envelopes the initial letters S. A. G., which are a contraction for the pious invocation, "St. Anthony guide!" Letters marked after this fashion seem to reach their destination quite as surely as those registered at the post-office. The practice is due to the common belief that the great "Wonder-worker of Padua" who can find lost things can likewise prevent their being lost; but it is founded upon an authentic incident which shows how good St. Anthony took pity upon the distress of an afflicted wife, a devoted client of his.

Her husband, Don Antonio Dante, a merchant of Oviedo, in Spain, undertook a long business journey in 1728. He sailed for South America; and, contrary to his expectation, was obliged to spend the greater part of the year 1729 in Lima. Meantime his wife Francesca wrote him several letters, but she received no answer; so she became a prey to despondency, anxiety (for the sea was infested with pirates), and pinching poverty.

One day, as was her custom, she went to the Church of St. Francis in Oviedo, where there was a much venerated statue of St. Anthony; and, with childlike confidence, she placed in the sleeve of the statue a letter for her husband, begging the Saint to forward the epistle and bring her good tidings of Don Antonio.

The next morning she went to repeat her prayer before the shrine; but on seeing a letter in the sleeve of the statue, she concluded it must be the one she herself had placed there on the day previous, and began reverently to expostulate with the Saint for disappointing her. The poor woman had obviously expected an extraordinary miracle in her favor.

The Father sacristan, hearing her bitter lamentations, came to inquire the cause

of her trouble, and to him she told in simple words the story of the letter. The Franciscan who had noticed a letter in the sleeve of the Saint, bade the poor woman approach and take it; saying that he himself had already tried without success. She obeyed, and took the letter without difficulty; and, lo! at the same moment three hundred gold pieces rolled out of the sleeve and fell at her feet. The letter, addressed to Dona Francesca Dante, was then opened and she read these words:

MY DEAR WIFE:—Ever since my arrival in Lima I have been tortured by anxiety because I have received no news of you. At last I had the joy of receiving a letter from you yesterday, delivered by a religious of the Order of St. Francis. In it you complain, to my great surprise, that I never replied to your letters. I can assure you, dear Francesca, I never received a single letter except the one I have referred to, which filled me with inexpressible delight. To make sure of my answer reaching you, I send it by the same religious that carried yours, with three hundred Mexican crowns. I yearn to see you soon, and I shall anxiously await further news from you. Recommending you again to the protection of Almighty God, I remain

Your most affectionate husband,

ANTONIO DANTE.

LIMA, July 23, 1729.

The original of this precious document, written in Spanish, is preserved at Oviedo, but the story itself is confined to no archives. It spread rapidly over Spain, and then to other lands; and this is why the friends of St. Anthony ask him to see to the safe delivery of their letters.

ST. ANTHONY is one of those saints who are continually working miracles, and whom God gave to the world as depositaries of His infinite mercy,—who are always ready to carry to the foot of His throne the sighs and tears of suffering humanity.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

ONE SORT OF VANITY.

THERE are certain unpleasant persons whom one can characterize only as "touchy,"—sensitive plants, shrinking at the first breath of criticism or fancied blame, as does the mimosa at the gentlest contact with a human hand. Perhaps the most hopeless feature of the case is the mistaken idea under which these unfortunates labor. The world, they will tell you, is against them, and they are the patient and suffering victims of a selfish and tyrannical circle of friends and neighbors. Even their very own are, they maintain, arrayed in opposition to their peace and happiness; and so they wrap themselves in robes constructed of their fancied righteousness, and endure with a dogged pertinacity which might serve a useful place in the economy of ethics if it were a wholesome symptom instead of a morbid growth.

The most innocent remark is by the "touchy" person distorted into an allusion to some family misfortune. If capital punishment is mentioned he thinks you refer to his grandfather, who was the victim of the Vigilantes in '49. Speak of any hereditary malady, and he squirms at the remembrance of the scrofulous germs which thrive in his blood. Set forth the axiom that table manners are the test of good-breeding, and he is sure that you allude to the fact that his brother eats peas with his knife. His nationality is a tender point. Forgetting that Christians are of one family because children of God, he creeps into his insular or continental or occidental shell, and actually quivers with self-pity at any remark which his false standards can twist into an unfavorable imputation upon the land from which his forebears sprang.

Now, if this unfortunate being, who, aside from his prevailing idiosyncrasy, is usually an estimable person, would smother his self-consciousness for a season, he would get rid of an unpleasant burden, and his friends be relieved of a harassing and continual source of apprehension.

Sensitiveness is simply vanity turned wrong-side-out. Its victim betrays his inordinate self-love by the very alertness with which he discovers an affront. And the remedy? A mind, like an earthen vessel, when full can contain no more. Those who are busied with charitable ministration, or interested in good literature, or engrossed in some artistic or scientific pursuit, or intent upon making home a haven of peace and their children heirs of the kingdom of heaven, are not likely to find time for over-scrupulous introspection. They learn the worth of the motto, "Look out, and not in"; and their reward is immediate and enduring.

O dear, "touchy" friend, come out of the shadows! Be like a sun-dial: count only the sunny hours. If you receive criticism, possibly you deserve it; and you disarm that which is undeserved if you meet it with a smile. If society fails to appreciate you, take refuge in the thought that it is an honor to be unnoticed by the idle and light-headed, and rejoice that you are thus made the possessor of time for simple pleasures and high pursuits. If a tactless friend treads upon the metaphorical toes of your memory, and insists upon dragging your family skeleton to the light of day, believe that it is but her judgment of the fitness of things which is at fault, not that she intentionally lets fly those poisoned arrows.

And once having gained the mastery over the sense of your own importance, which you have miscalled sensitiveness, you will own the philosopher's stone which will transmute dross into gold, and the sun will shine upon the dial no matter what the weather.

The Church and the Theatre.

THE remarkable success of Mr. Wilson Barrett's new religious play, "The Sign of the Cross," ought to encourage thoughtful Catholics who have long mourned over the degeneracy of the stage. It should also spur them on to vigorous action. The drama is here to stay, and obviously it will continue to exert a powerful influence on the morals of the people. At present that influence is deplorably noxious. Young people sit side by side in our theatres and look unblushingly upon scenes which would shock them in real life, and which could not be so much as mentioned in respectable company. Whoever glances at the theatrical posters which make our cities hideous, whoever skims over the dramatic reports in the newspapers, must be convinced that the atmosphere of the theatre is, to speak in general terms, grossly immoral. Actors and actresses vie with one another in shamelessness. Who will outdo the other in recklessness? Who will approach nearest to criminal obscenity and still escape the clutches of the law?

Now, the step between witnessing immoral scenes on the stage and enacting them in real life is a short one. That familiarity with crime lessens our horror of it is the merest truism, and Pope has given us this memorable genesis of wrong-doing:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

The Puritans are dead. The taste for salacious drama grows apace; and as the coming generation gives no promise of being more reverent, modest, or conservative than the present one, the question arises, Where will it all end?

Twenty years ago the late Professor Blackie asked: "Is it not a strange thing

that in modern times, with our high-strung religion, we have made a divorce between the stage and morality and religion; whereas in ancient times, growing out of mere joviality—out of the harvest-home, as it were,—there came up a Greek tragedy, which became a pulpit from which you have sermons upon conscience which go to move the inner strings of the heart as much as any sermon which was ever preached? Recall the opening chorus of 'Agamemnon,' or read over the choruses of 'Eumenides,' and tell me if it is not a most monstrous thing for men preaching the Gospel to say that there is anything in these tending to a divorce between the Church and the theatre."

The question is still pertinent. It is idle to speak of the "essential immorality" of the drama. The first modern theatre was a convent, and the first dramatist a nun. It is idle to propose shunning the stage and delivering it up to a reprobate sense. That is not the way of the Church. When an offensive institution can not be banished, she endeavors to change its character and make it an ally. Thus some of the feasts of the ecclesiastical year had in so far a pagan origin. And if church-goers would insist that all managers should be like the lamented Mr. Booth, the theatre, too, might become not merely a place of innocent amusement, but a pulpit of truth, a handmaid of the Church. On one occasion Mr. Booth was asked by a minister if he could not enter the theatre by a side door to avoid being seen. "No, sir," answered the great actor: "there's no door in my theatre that Almighty God can't see through." Here was a conscientious manager, and one who more than any other succeeded in lifting from the theatre the odium which unscrupulous management and depraved patronage had cast upon it.

The Church can not banish the drama, but organized and enlightened Catholic

opinion—at least to a large extent—can *change* it. It is purely a question of dollars and cents. Managers are like most other public servants: they give people what they want and what they pay for. Let it be shown that the dangerous drama is not profitable, and the dangerous drama will be promptly abandoned. Let it be once understood that the public wants decent plays, and the public will have them.

Ours is a day of agitations and movements—many of them stupid or useless, or worse. But there is work for one more agitation, reasonable in its demands and vigorous in its methods. If the patronage of the better element of theatre-goers were withdrawn from plays of doubtful character, and from theatres where such plays are enacted, the managers would very soon be brought to a sense of their responsibility. A strong Catholic league, organized by priests in every parish, and supported as it would be by the best non-Catholic opinion, would speedily transform the drama, and conduce to a higher tone in public morality. The need of such a league is great and immediate.

The drama in itself is a legitimate form of entertainment; and if it is offensive, it is so because of accidental and wholly unnecessary perversion. Let us aim not to banish the play-house—an impossible feat,—but to purify it. To quote Professor Blackie again: "If they who are God's children know not how to use the drama, depend upon it the devil is far too clever a fellow not to use it for his own ends." A healthy public opinion in revolt against indecency has already suppressed the erotic novel; let us hope that a similar movement may suppress the erotic drama.

It is not possible to know, there is no God, no soul, no free-will, no right or wrong; at the worst it is only possible to doubt all this.—*Bishop Spalding.*

Notes and Remarks.

Many persons can justly claim exemption from the precept of fasting during Lent, but there can be no excuse for not praying more than usual and avoiding worldly amusements. It is the very least one can do to prove that he is not altogether lacking in the spirit of penance. "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish," is a saying for constant remembrance; but above all at this season, when the Church exhorts her children "not to receive the grace of God in vain." The penance of prayer especially is possible to all; but, lest any should consider even this too burdensome, we are reminded to quote the counsel given by a spiritual guide, who, being asked by one of his flock what she should do if she could not say her prayers without a headache, replied dryly: "Say them *with* a headache."

• Whether or not one sympathizes deeply with the Armenians, an interest attaches to the prayer which is sanctioned by highest Mohammedan authority and recited daily wherever the Sultan rules. Of course the word "infidel" refers to any one who is not a Mohammedan:

O Lord of all creatures! O Allah, destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah, make their children orphans and defile their bodies! Cause their feet to slip; give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relatives by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions, their wealth and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!

The massacres in Armenia are a fit sequence to the recital of this blood-curdling petition; and, as usual, it is those in high places upon whom the responsibility should rest.

It is a great satisfaction to notice that even non-Catholic reviewers fail to recognize in Mr. Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" a true and authentic picture of the Catholic life of that great prelate. *The Athenæum*, of London, and *The Critic*, of New York, are severe in their condemnation of the cari-

cature presented by the Cardinal's latest biographer. Cardinal Vaughan, who was in constant communication with his distinguished predecessor during forty years, contributes an appreciation of him to the current *Nineteenth Century*, which we hope will do much to remove the impression produced by Mr. Purcell's regrettable "Life." "Of all the men I have known," writes Cardinal Vaughan, "none ever appeared to me so completely absorbed in the idea of aiming at what was highest, noblest, purest. It was a sustained yearning after the true and the good; and this without effort, because it had grown to be the bent and tendency of his life. Cardinal Manning lived for God and for souls. Every other aim and effort fell into the background, with the defects and imperfections and the errors in judgment that are incident to many of the noblest specimens of our humanity."

A picturesque figure was dropped out of London life by the death of Mr. Tracy Turnerelli. He was a sculptor of some reputation, a statesman on a small scale, a writer of some good books, and an irrepressible pamphleteer. If his long letters to the press proved often fruitless, they were at least always for a good cause; and his constant outspoken defence of the faith that was in him destroyed religious prejudice in circles which the priesthood could not reach. His most lovable trait, however, was his compassion for the poor, whom he aided ceaselessly and without ostentation. *R. I. P.*

A valuable bit of critical literature is the article contributed by St. George Mivart to *The American Catholic Quarterly Review* for January. The distinguished Doctor knows how to relieve his sombre science with a touch of color now and then. Writing of Mr. Balfour's philosophical system, he says:

The disciples of subjectivism and empiricism are disappearing without leaving successors behind them. Mill has gone and Darwin has gone; the sophistical rhetoric of Tyndal can be heard no more; and in the very midst of Professor Huxley's assault on "the foundations of belief" the sword was struck from his hand and he passed away from amongst us, to the sincere regret of not a few of his most deter-

mined and persistent opponents. Very remarkable, too, was his passing. To nothing was he so opposed as to Roman Catholicism—Catholics being (as he himself declared) *ferre naturæ* in his eyes,—and he hated and dreaded above all things the increasing sway of the representative and successor of St. Peter. But it was on St. Peter's Day he died; and while the sights and sounds of this world were fading from his consciousness, a great assemblage of priests, of monks, and of friars, with solemn chants and majestic ceremonial, were assisting the Cardinal-Primates of England and of Ireland to lay the foundation-stone of the first metropolitan Roman Catholic cathedral to be erected since the disappearance of the medieval Church of England.

One who knew Mr. Huxley well tells us that he was not an irreligious man; though, if this be true, he was wonderfully skilful in hiding the fact from the public. "Great as he felt science to be," says this writer, "he was well aware that science could never lay its hand, could never touch even with the tip of its finger, that dream with which our little life is rounded; and that unknown dream was as dominant over him as was the might of known science."

It is reported that the Pope lately recommended a well-known preacher to write for the Catholic press, remarking that his articles would bring more fruit than his sermons. The probability is that "the celebrated preacher" had come to the end of his efficiency in the pulpit, and that the Holy Father merely suggested another way by which he might be useful. In any case, a well-edited Catholic paper is an invaluable aid to pastors of souls, emphasizing in a hundred ways the lessons they inculcate from the pulpit. A devoted parish priest of our acquaintance declares he finds his ablest assistant in the Catholic periodical circulating in his parish, and considers it an obligation to promote its circulation. A Catholic journal worthy of the name is an educator in sound opinions of all sorts, a guide, a mentor, a stimulator, a reflector of Catholic life. The effect of its reading is to make Catholics proud of their religion, zealous for its progress, earnest in their endeavors to live up to its teachings.

The words of a correspondent of *The Pilot* are well worth quoting in connection with this subject. "I am ashamed to tell," he wrote, "that we never took a Catholic journal

until after a stirring mission in our parish. The missionaries urged us to take some one of the really representative papers, leaving us to choose for ourselves. We subscribed for two, of which *The Pilot* was one; and we have never since ceased to deplore all that we had lost by not sooner putting ourselves in touch with the world of Catholic thought, as one can do only through the medium of the best Catholic publications." We will say that the choice of *The Pilot* was an excellent one. There is a quality in our Boston contemporary which must render it a power for good wherever it circulates.

The case of that Chicago newspaper whose publisher was fined \$2,000 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for sending improper advertisements through the mail, was a victory for justice and decency. It indicates, too, an awakening of the popular conscience. In passing sentence, Judge Grosscup, who has already rendered important services to public morality, declared that objectionable advertisements "are no more mailable than germs of yellow fever." He added: "As Lord Chatham said, a man's house is his castle. The storm may enter, the rain may enter, but the King of England may not enter. Every family can create its own standard of morals, its own atmosphere of taste and purity. The door can be shut against offensive servants, offensive visitors, and offensive literature; but the hand of the mail service penetrates every chamber of the household. It is no light obligation to see that that hand is always clean."

Our readers will remember Bishop Luck, O. S. B., who paid a visit to this country a few years ago in the interest of his distant diocese, and who contributed some highly readable letters to this magazine on the subject of the Maori mission in New Zealand. The good Bishop passed to his reward on the 22d ult., after long sufferings patiently borne,—a victim of his zeal for the spread of the faith. His inclination was for the peaceful, studious life of a Benedictine, but obedience called upon him to become a missionary in a distant land. He sacrificed

himself, and his labors were doubly blessed. None who had the privilege of meeting the gentle prelate can forget his likeness, exterior as well as interior, to the sainted Bishop of Geneva. The deceased was an Englishman, the son of a convert all of whose children became priests or nuns, he himself being elevated to the priesthood a short time before his death. One of Bishop Luck's last acts was a painful journey to attend a metropolitan council,—fit close of a devoted, self-sacrificing life. *R. I. P.*

A member of the Order of the Holy Cross (Anglican) who lately visited the ruins of a Spanish mission in Florida, "perhaps the oldest Christian building in America," was under a spell very different from that which usually possesses non-Catholic travellers amid such scenes when he wrote:

One thought of the lives that had been lived under these grey arches; of the hushed footsteps that passed to and fro from chapel to cloister, from choir to cell; of the Angelus ringing out at morning, noon and night (would not some far-off echo reach one now as the sun crossed the meridian?); of the daily Sacrifice in the chapel there, and the abiding Presence as the red light burned through the night-watches while the monks rose and sang their Matins, and slept again. I said Sext and None, and wondered if those offices had been said in that spot since the building was deserted and the desolation begun.

We like to believe that those who once lived and worshipped God in that hallowed spot are not so unheedful of earthly voices as to disregard the heartfelt devotions of an Anglican monk offered at the scene of their "godly lives and golden deeds."

Those whose zeal prompts them to study the causes, however indirect, which blind people to religious truth will be interested in this paragraph from a late essay by Mr. Wilfrid Ward:

Strangers form their impression of a bare acquaintance from his manners and incidental words or actions. Friends interpret his incidental bearing by their knowledge of himself. A man who visits Italy for the first time thinks he sees two Italians conversing in a towering passion. One familiar with the genius of the race knows that no more is meant by their manner than the animation which gives piquancy to debate. So, too, it requires a real inner familiarity with the peculiar genius of Catholicism to avoid very grave misunderstanding

of its separate manifestations; and the tradition of three hundred years has substituted for that familiarity both estrangement and prejudice. Of a truth, Catholic doctrines are looked at in the light of an unconscious anti-Catholic tradition.

It is difficult for those "born into the Church" to understand the full force of this "unconscious anti-Catholic tradition." A life-time is hardly long enough to pierce its crust when once it is moulded to rigidity. But Catholics can help others by intelligent, uncontroversial explanation; by good books, and by that most potent of arguments—the only one which most people will read—a Christian life.

One of the best known and most authoritative ecclesiastical reviews of France, *L'Ami du Clergé*, has been consulted by a correspondent about the "extravagant revelations" of Miss Diana Vaughan and the "strange narratives" of Dr. Bataille, author of "The Devil in the Nineteenth Century." From the response of the editor of the review in question, it would appear that Miss Vaughan is eminently worthy of being believed, at least until she has been proved to be falsifying; and that Dr. Bataille's severest critics do not call in question the substantial truth of his narrative, although they claim that he is guilty of error in details, and that he has purloined much of his material from books already published. One point *L'Ami du Clergé* puts beyond the possibility of doubt—viz., that Satan-worship, under the names of occultism, palladism, Satanism, Luciferianism, etc., is really carried on in some Masonic lodges.

Next to writing editorials with the scissors, . . . the use of book or magazine notices prepared by the publishers sending them seems to us the most—well, undignified, to say the least.—*The Casket*.

This point is well taken. Such cut-and-dry notices are purely and simply advertisements, and should be labelled as such. Appearing as an editor's appreciation of a magazine which in all probability he has not even cursorily glanced through, they are an imposition on his readers. We have seen in Catholic papers stock notices of secular magazines that contained highly objectionable reading matter and abominable advertisements.

A Notable New Book.

MEANS AND ENDS OF EDUCATION. By J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria. A. C. McClurg & Co.

To a series of papers in *The American Ecclesiastical Review* entitled "The Library of a Priest," Bishop Spalding made a contribution—"Books on Education." The editor of the periodical, with becoming propriety, appended the following note: "'Education and the Higher Life' and 'Things of the Mind,' both by Bishop Spalding, should find a place in the above list." A new work from the pen of the accomplished Bishop of Peoria must now be added to a future list for the guidance of priests and laymen.

I have just closed "Means and Ends of Education" after a careful reading of its seven chapters, all of which contain so much that is valuable that I am not a little bewildered to determine, if relativity exists in the volume, the superlatively good from every point of view. The reader will find the same perplexity. Like the present writer, he will discover, when the book is put down after reading, that he is as a guest at a great feast, whose viands in variety and richness increase the difficulty of selection; and at the close they are all pronounced superlative—quite beyond the scope of comparison.

In sanity of culture Bishop Spalding stands, as I have called him elsewhere, the literary Corypheus of our American hierarchy,—the genius without a rival among our Catholic men of letters. The temper of his mind, as seen in everything which comes from his versatile pen, shows that evenness of movement in expression, that quickness of thought, and that grasp of view, which, in combination—as they rarely are in one individual writer,—tell the story of a world-wide culture given only to him who is the profound student of the best of the ages. Literature to him, in its broadest sense, is the efflorescence of all learning—the fruitage of that culture which knows what is of permanent good in the past in its relation with the influence of the present. Literature is catholic, because its appeal is to what is universal in man as man; not in one isolated stage of human evolution, but to all alike

in the growth of common humanity. Its voice is man's to man. It is subject to every variation of note; and it reaches its highest only when it learns that ours is a world of shadows, and that there is behind it another to which this is but the prelude. When we have grasped the meaning of life we have grasped the meaning of education. "Remember now and always," says Carlyle, "that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality, based upon eternity and encompassed by eternity." Generation after generation takes up the question of education; and its solution without the divine principle which the Catholic Church attaches to life itself, affords no working basis secure enough to resist the dissolving force of human reason when left to its own unassisted powers.

No Catholic writer of our times more distinctly recognizes this primal truth of faith than Bishop Spalding. I have heard it said by those who seek, by some form of indirection to criticise "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," and "Means and Ends of Education," that the sphere of the supernatural is ignored or made subservient to the natural. As this criticism has come to me from those not wanting in knowledge of the divine science, in duteous regard for their opinions and in justice to my own I have read and reread the three works above mentioned, but especially the last—"Means and Ends of Education,"—and I utterly fail to comprehend any reasonableness in the statement or the gravity of the assumption involved.

Generalities without specifications are useless and dangerous forms of criticism. When uttered by men of known intellectual ability and rectitude of living, they impress those in whom the critical faculty is wanting, or in whom exists no aptitude of appreciation save that derived from the opinions of their spiritual betters. To him who sees the manifestation of partisanship in every age, which Bacon wisely includes among the *Idola Theatri*, his acuteness of judgment is not sufficiently attenuated to accept definitive conclusions drawn from defective premises. Human weakness yields its abundant crop, and integrity of purpose and of opinion has its cost in every pursuit and in every age.

Against the dominion of prejudice the scholar and the critic must beware of inroads; for the function of the former presupposes freedom from bias, and the function of the latter demands honesty of utterance. Virgil's verse is the measure of literary justice—*Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

The subjects discussed in "Means and Ends of Education" are six in number, as follows: "Truth and Love," "The Making of One's Self," "Woman and Education," "The Scope of Public School Education," "The Religious Element of Education," and "The Higher Education." Bishop Spalding is a thinker who knows the past and its literature and its worth. He understands the present, its energies and its dangers. His conservatism of mind is not of that type which glorifies the past at the expense of the present; for this indicates the mental habitat of the mere Philistine who learns nothing and forgets nothing. The author of "Means and Ends of Education" sees in the essential truths of Catholicity the truths that are eternal; but in the human *media* employed to render them forceful, under changed conditions, he finds that wonderful, expansive power which is the glory of the Catholic Church in all environments and in all civilizations. The Church, and the Church alone, holds, so to speak, the divine alembic which makes the ultimate tests of principles and theories of life and conduct. As education relates to both, it is her office to point the way to means and ends. Her educators are serving the cause the most successfully who are gifted with that keen insight enabling them to discriminate between what is accidental in progression and what is essential. I know of no mind given to the expression of written opinion among Catholics in our times at all comparable with that of Bishop Spalding in the possession of this marvellous gift. He is the nearest approach to Newman among us in deftness of literary touch, in skill of analysis and in subtlety of thought. "Means and Ends of Education," his last volume except "Songs from the German," is having a large circulation among all classes of readers. Every page of it sparkles with truths newly set, as brilliants in clusters refracting their light in every direction.

I hesitate from want of space as well as of inclination to quote from the shining pages of "Means and Ends of Education." I prefer to send the reader to the volume itself, which has in store for him the most delightful hours—calm, heaven-inspiring hours, in sweet communion with an elevated spirit, who finds in the hardest adamant of these commercial times the traces of our noblest lineage—the heirloom of an estate of which the earthly, with its wants and longings, its weaknesses and strengths, its successes and failures, its sorrows and joys, is but the preparation. The palm of victory grows not here, where all is changeful and fleeting: it awaits self-conquest elsewhere, in the fruition of that inheritance which is stable and eternal. In brief, these are the guiding principles, as I comprehend them, fully developed in Bishop Spalding's work. His is the master-hand to lead disciples—of whom he has not a few—away from what is commonplace and meretricious in our systems of modern education, and to fix their gaze on what is true and beautiful and good in time and eternity.

A. J. FAUST.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. John Bernhoester, of St. Louis, Mo., who passed away on the 6th ult.

Mr. W. R. Weld, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 28th ult., at Rockford, Ill.

Mr. F. W. Priem, whose happy death took place some time ago, in St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Frank Quinn, of Peoria, Ill., who departed this life on the 5th inst.

Mrs. James Leonard, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., at New Britain, Conn.

Mrs. H. M. Comber, of Philadelphia, Pa., who died a holy death on the 1st inst.

Mrs. L. Alexander, who was called to her reward on the 5th inst., at Canton, Ohio.

Mr. John Stapleton and Mr. Francis Conn, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Daniel Hayes, N. Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Hugh Broderick, Sr., Mr. J. H. Broderick, Jr., and Mr. Martin Riley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Burns, Ansonia, Conn.; and Mrs. Margaret Farley, Newark, N. J.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

An Armenian Hero of the Long Ago.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.



LIKELY all our young folks have heard during the past few months frequent talks on the subject of Armenia and the Armenians; and while they may not have any very definite knowledge as to the geographical limits of the country or the history of its inhabitants, they do know that Armenia is in Asia, and that its people have recently been the victims of frightful massacres at the hands of the treacherous and bloodthirsty Turks. One of the immense districts of which mention is often made in the newspapers when treating the "Armenian question" is Anatolia, once called Asia Minor. The young Armenian hero that I am going to talk about was born, a good many hundred years before America was ever heard of, in that part of Anatolia which used to be called Phrygia.

Pancratius was the son of a wealthy pagan named Elion, who, unfortunately, died while the boy was still young,—leaving the little fellow a full orphan, as the mother also was dead. Elion's brother Denys was charged with the care of Pancratius, and looked after him with great diligence. He was especially zealous in procuring for him a thorough education.

Providence seconded the uncle's designs. Denys himself became a Christian, and at once concluded that it was his duty to have his nephew fully instructed in the

doctrines of Christianity. In order to carry out his project, he took Pancratius to Rome, intending to entrust his education to a Christian priest. Just at that time, however, it was not very easy to find priests; for those who had escaped the clutches of Diocletian's executioners were forced to remain in concealment. Denys did not lose confidence, however, and he eventually verified the truth of Our Lord's words: "Seek and you shall find." Having gained the confidence of some of the Christians, he was at length introduced to Pope Cornelius, who had retired to a cavern near Mount Celius.

This holy Pontiff received the two strangers with much kindness, instructed Pancratius in matters of religion for three weeks, and then baptized him. Shortly afterward Denys died, and the boy found himself alone in the world; although not abandoned, as in those days all Christians were brothers in deed and truth as well as in name.

Although only fourteen years of age, Pancratius displayed all the ardor and courage of a full-grown man. He became noted for the zeal he manifested for the true faith; a zeal that he did not or could not always suppress even in the presence of pagans. One day, when he was dilating upon the beauty of Christianity, he was arrested by some pagan bystanders and led before the Proconsul Turpilus. This magistrate asked him how he had come to Rome and who had taught him the religion of the Christians.

"The grace of God," said Pancratius, "brought me to Rome by the hand of an

uncle, whom I have had the misfortune to lose. As for him who instructed me in the religion which you affect to consider false, his name is no concern of yours. It is enough for you to know that I am a Christian, and that I have a perfect horror of paganism and its false gods."

Irritated at such bold language coming from a mere boy, the Proconsul angrily threatened him.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you dare to despise what Cæsar honors! I'll have you tortured to death, you young villain!"

Pancratius thought of our Saviour's promise: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake. Be glad and rejoice; for your reward is very great in heaven." Recalling these consoling words, he rejoined:

"I am not afraid of your threats, nor am I afraid either of the death to which you can condemn me. You may as well understand that we Christians have so great an idea of the true God whom we adore, and He gives us such strength and courage, that our persecutors don't frighten us a bit more than those pictures painted on your walls."

Turpilius grew so furious at this that he ordered Pancratius to be beheaded forthwith. The young hero heard his sentence with great joy. Beheading was, perhaps, the easiest of the deaths to which the early Christian martyrs were subjected. It was the least painful and the soonest done with. Pancratius was at once led out on the Solana road, and at one stroke his head was severed from his body. His executioner left the corpse as a prey for wild beasts; but no sooner was he out of sight than Ortavilla, a Christian maiden of Rome, had the body of the holy martyr taken up, scented with fragrant perfumes, wrapped in a fine shroud and buried in Calepodius cemetery.

Pancratius' memory was held in high honor among the early Christians, and a

church was built over his tomb. Pope Gregory the Great spoke of his relics with the greatest veneration. St. Gregory of Tours says that God punished miraculously and invisibly any one who swore falsely on the relics of St. Pancratius. In 656 the reigning Pope sent some of these relics to the King of England. In France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany—all over Christendom, in fact, churches have been dedicated to this Armenian Saint. Thus are verified in his case also the psalmist's words: "The memory of the just shall live forever."

The boys of our day are not likely to be called on for such manifestations of courage as was St. Pancratius. No persecuting proconsul will ever threaten them with death unless they deny their faith; but there are other and more insidious dangers to which they are exposed, and which it requires genuine courage to withstand. To dare to say "No" when tempted by companions to take part in any wrong-doing, to put up with the sneers and laughter of schoolmates because one will not join in sinful pastimes, to be called a coward because one will not fight,—these and scores of similar instances furnish abundant opportunities for boys to show themselves truly brave and courageous. And whenever any of our young folks on such trying occasions feel that they need assistance to stand firmly for the right, I trust they will think of and invoke the noble boy-martyr of Armenia, St. Pancratius.

It is said that the Princess Maud of Wales has never received an allowance of more than five dollars a month,—the same sum to which her mother, the Princess of Wales, was restricted when a girl. This scarcity of pin-money may have had something to do with the formation of the character of the estimable woman, who is likely at no distant day to be Queen of England.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

VIII.—A HEARTLESS STEPMOTHER.

I think it a pity that children so often get their impressions of stepmothers from exceptional instances, or more often from the stories of silly girls like themselves, who sometimes have never known of stepmothers save at second-hand, and in many cases exaggerate the failings and shortcomings of that greatly persecuted class of women.

I have known one stepmother who lost her life by unwearied care of her husband's children during an epidemic of diphtheria. Early left with a family of motherless little ones, the father struggled along for several years without bringing a new mother into the desolate home; for he had loved his first wife, and did not wish to put another in her place. But at last, when he saw his girls growing up wild and uncouth, he married an estimable woman, past her first youth, who hoped to do much for the children. But an old servant had so poisoned their minds against her, and had so enlarged upon the horrors attendant on the arrival of a stepmother, that she utterly failed to gain their love. When, after having brought all four of them safely through the terrible disease that annually slays its thousands, she succumbed to it herself, they realized the mistake they had made. Too late they loved her, too late they appreciated her. But she had the satisfaction of knowing on her death-bed that she had won their affection, though at the price of her life.

There was another who undertook the charge of five as unruly and reckless boys as ever were born to plague the life of a stepmother. But she succeeded in taming them; for they were, in the main, affec-

tionate children. They soon learned to love her better than their father. Her will was law to them; they anticipated her slightest wish. And when after some years God saw fit to call to Himself her one little girl, her own, she did not murmur, though her heart was broken; and if in her soul there was ever a shadow of rebellious thought no one knew it. But she was one of God's saints, and we love to think she is now in heaven with the little lamb so tenderly cherished, so early and suddenly taken.

Unfortunately, my introduction to stepmothers was not so fortunate; and I well remember that for long after they were my greatest horror and aversion. Once, while spending a few days with my godmother, she proposed that we accept an invitation to tea, sent by a neighbor who had lived long in the vicinity and seemed to be very anxious to show her every courtesy.

"There is a pale little boy there, Sylvia," my godmother said. "His mother seems to keep him very close to the house, and I have often wished to have him come and play in the garden. He sits at the window a great deal, and I fancy he looked wistfully at us as we passed the last time you were here."

So we went, and were ushered into a gaudily furnished parlor, where the mistress of the house was awaiting us. The pale little boy sat on a footstool near the French window, crocheting a long strip of edging.

"How funny!" I said as I took a seat close to him. "I never in my life saw a boy knitting before. I can not crochet, but I can sew."

"I think it best to keep boys employed as well as girls," was the sharp reply of the stepmother, who had heard my innocent remark. "They are naturally evil, and one has to keep a close rein upon them. Girls I like, but boys I can't abide. They are a noisy pack."

"Your boy seems very quiet," replied my godmother, in her kindest tone. I knew that, like myself, she was sympathizing with the poor little fellow, who seemed so unnaturally still and silent for a boy.

He did not raise his head, but went on crocheting.

"I can do five yards of this every week," he said to me in a low voice,—“that is, if I try. Sometimes I don't try, and then she beats me,” he whispered, glancing in the direction of the tall, thin, sharp-visaged woman by the fireside.

My heart froze with horror at the tone and look. “Surely,” I thought, “this little boy must have been stolen from his real parents by the gypsies when he was a baby, and brought here. Perhaps he is an heir.” At that time to my mind an heir had but one meaning—that of the abducted son of wealthy parents.

At this moment the master of the house entered. He was a small, pale man, very much like the boy in appearance, and my theory began to fall to the ground. He patted the little fellow's head, looking furtively at his wife as he did so. He seemed kind and friendly, but not at all genial.

When supper was announced we went to the dining-room. After the rest were seated, I observed with astonishment that the little boy remained standing at his father's left hand.

“Why do you not sit down, Gerald?” asked my godmother at length, for she noticed that he had taken some bread and was eating it.

The child glanced quickly toward the foot of the table. The father, at the head, bent his eyes upon his plate.

“I think it best,” came in quick, rasping tones from behind the tea-urn,—“I think it best for boys to learn early to ‘rough it,’ and to be self-sacrificing and not pampered. Gerald never sits at table. I have my own theories concerning the

education of boys. If compelled to stand, he will not learn to gorge his food and act the glutton.”

I cast down my eyes: they were full of tears. Poor little fellow! he looked so wan and white. At that moment I hated both father and mother.

He refused the bit of fried chicken my godmother offered him—but with longing eyes.

“I don't allow him meat at tea,” said the Gorgon, with a glare which I interpreted as meaning: “Don't dare take any!”

When the preserved peaches and cake were reached he did not receive a portion.

“Sweets are bad for children,” said the mother. “They destroy the teeth as well as the stomach.”

I left mine untouched,—I could not have eaten them.

When supper was over—a strangely silent meal—we returned to the parlor. The boy quietly re-established himself in his corner, whither I followed him. He conversed in a low tone; he told me he knew seven different crochet patterns.

“What do you do with it all?” I asked.

“She sells it for the benefit of the Missionary Society,” he said. “She wants me to learn to do good, she says.”

“Why don't you say mother?” I asked.

“She's not my own mother: she's a *step*,” he replied. “I hate her. She makes me stand at my meals, and I'm hungry all the time. But sometimes the cook gives me scraps.”

“Is it your real father?” I whispered.

“Yes,” he answered, with a heavy sigh.

“Once we had nice times—when we lived in lodgings; but now he is married, and he's afraid of her. Cook says she was an old maid and had lots of money. Father's good, but he's afraid of *her*.”

“How old are you?” I asked.

“Seven,” he replied,—“almost eight. Next year I'm going to school. I wish it was next year now!”

I was very glad to get away from that house and that cruel woman, I assure you. On our way home I told my godmother what I had learned.

"Poor little fellow!" she said. "I wish I could make it pleasant for him in some way, but I fear that woman will not allow me to do anything for him. The father must be a pitiful creature."

Then she went on to tell me that I must not judge all stepmothers by the one I had seen; but her words had little effect: I placed them then and there in my category of things to be hated and avoided.

There was a pathetic sequel to this story, which I feel impelled to relate here. Some time after this a little girl was born to this cruel stepmother,—a lovely, delicate child, who, through some mysterious cause, had not the use of her limbs. I thought then, and am still inclined to think, that it was a punishment sent to the unnatural woman for the manner in which she had treated her husband's child. When the baby was two years old the mother died, and until she was a large girl—eight or ten years old—the devoted brother might be seen drawing her about daily in a wheeled chair. Health and happiness had returned to the boy, if one could judge by his appearance; and his heart and that of his father seemed to be wrapped up in the invalid girl, who warmly appreciated and returned their affection.

The morning after our visit to the "stepmother," as I always called her, my godmother told me that she had made her will; that my mother and father knew of it; and that, being convinced that her brother was dead, she had left a considerable sum of money to me, 'her little Sylvia.' I learned later that she had given the greater part of her possessions to charitable objects. In her modesty she did not mention this. The news had the effect of making me very unhappy, even

to the extent of floods of tears; for to my inexperienced mind the making of a will was synonymous with the death of the testator. I besought her to tear it to pieces if she had it in the house; and when she informed me that it was in the safe at her lawyer's, I begged her to get it as soon as possible and destroy it. She endeavored to laugh both my tears and fears away, but all that day I could not help looking at her kind face to see if it presented an unusual appearance; and I fancied she was pale, and that there were wrinkles under her eyes and about her mouth that had not been there before. Shrewdly she guessed my thoughts, but made light of them; and squeezed my hand tightly in hers as we strolled about the garden, in order, she said, to convince me that she was very much alive and as strong as ever.

How strange the next morning when I opened my eyes to find her standing by the bedside, pale indeed, with lines of care upon her face, and lips that quivered as she said:

"My dear little Sylvia, you are to go home this morning. You have a new little brother, for which you can not be glad enough, my child. And my brother—my brother came back last night. And, oh," she exclaimed, falling on her knees beside me, "it were better, *better* that he had never been born!"

So I thought an hour later, as, full of delight at my own new-found happiness, and eager with expectation of what awaited me at home, I saw sitting on the garden bench where my godmother and I had spent so many pleasant hours, a miserable, bloated, dirty, trembling old man, of whom I should have been terribly afraid had I met him on the road. But I knew instinctively who he was, and said nothing, only clung closer to my godmother, and kissed her hand over and over as we hurried down the path.

And so faded the inheritance I had so

feared to own; and the cross placed that day upon my godmother's shoulders was lifted only by death. Crosses come early to some, not so early to others; but we all have them, sooner or later. Let us try to live from our childhood so as to be ready for them.

(To be continued.)

A Beautiful Charity.

It is, we all admit, a terrible affliction to be blind—not to be able to see the face of a friend, or the clouds or the trees or the flowers: to go about groping in perpetual darkness. And it is, too, a most awful misfortune to be entirely deaf—not to catch the sound of a mother's voice or the song of a bird or the music which the great masters have written. With these thoughts in mind, our young people may, in a measure, realize what it is to be both without sight and hearing; and be surprised to know that there are in the New England Kindergarten for the Blind four happy children who can neither see nor speak nor hear.

Some years ago a lady well known in Boston died, and her last words were: "Take care of the little blind children." Her husband and friends have in a way made their work for the sightless a memorial to her. There are asylums for the blind, but this is something different. It is a place where only little children are taught, any blind child between the ages of five and nine being eligible. There their small hands are trained to be dexterous and their young hearts and minds are cared for in the most wholesome and happy way. They are encouraged to be merry; and persons who have seen them say that one would never know, from any sadness or restraint of manner, that they were blind or unfortunate in any respect. They play all sorts of games, or sing if they prefer to do so, or work with their

hands, or study anything for which they are found to have a taste. In many things they excel ordinary everyday children,—for it is said that the loss of one sense makes the others more keen; and some really wonderful inventions have had their birth in this strange and beautiful home for those whom we are wont to pity as if there were no sunshine in their lives.

But it was of the four little inmates who can neither see nor hear that I began to tell. There are many of these blind mutes in the world. In Russia it is considered that there is no help for them. In Norway and Sweden there are as many as in all the United States. This is thought to be due to the climate and the solitary lives of the people. A Swedish lady heard of our Kindergarten for the Blind; and, after spending some time in America to learn its methods, went home and taught a little deaf and dumb girl to speak. But the case of the little American, Helen Kellar, is still more remarkable. She is now sixteen years old—considerably older than the other three of the group of four blind and deaf mutes. She is a little mother to the rest. Would you like to know their names? They are Willie Elizabeth Robin, Edith Thomas, and Tommy Stringer.

It would take a long time to tell you what has been done for these children, especially for Tommy, who, when he entered the Kindergarten three years ago, was almost an imbecile and could make but one sound—a peculiar and unpleasant cry,—and now knows several hundred words, reads by touch, and can write a very neat little composition. The first time he ever wrote a letter without any help he began this way:

"DEAR MRS. DAVIDSON:—Cows have two horns. They have big ears. Cows have long tails. They have two eyes and one mouth and hoofs."

Whenever you fancy that your life is not as happy as it deserves to be, think of

these poor children in the Kindergarten for the Blind, and thank God for all His loving kindness: to you, in giving you sight and hearing; to them, in sending them friends who bestow all the loving labor of their lives upon those who so sadly need their ministrations.

Told by Dr. Holmes.

Surely even the youngest of our readers must have heard of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wrote the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," the "One Hoss Shay," and much beside, and was one of the most famous and genial men of letters that ever honored America.

One of the most delightful anecdotes out of the large number which he had at his command concerned a visit paid to a Massachusetts city where he delivered a lecture. The next day the gentleman with whom he was staying took him for a drive about the city, and as they passed a certain store the Doctor remarked:

"Why, I declare the name on that sign looks familiar! I used to go to school with a boy of that name. Let us stop and see if he remembers me."

The host, nothing loath, stopped his horse, and with his distinguished guest entered the place of business.

"Let me introduce you to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes," said the entertainer of that famous author.

The merchant bowed, but evidently he considered the owner of the name of small importance, and turned to the introducer. But the Doctor was not to be ignored.

"Were you a pupil of Phillips Andover in 1825, my dear sir?" he asked the merchant.

"I was," answered the other.

"And do you not remember a lad there called Oliver Holmes?"

"Well, now you speak of it, I believe I do. Little chap, wasn't he?"

"Yes, and I am that little chap."

"Is that so?" asked the merchant in a tone which indicated that the fact did not particularly interest him.

"I suppose," said Dr. Holmes, "that you didn't take a college course after leaving the Academy."

"No. I went into the hardware business, and I've made considerable money. What have you been doing?"

"Practising medicine in Boston."

"Well now! Strange, isn't it, that I never heard of you? I go to Boston every now and then, and know several doctors there."

"I've had to lecture at the Harvard Medical College too, and have not had very much time to practise of late years."

"That probably accounts for it," said the successful hardware dealer.

And so it appears, adds the exchange from which we have this story, Dr. Holmes, physician, scientist, *littérateur*, poet, and wit, was evidently of small account to his whilom schoolmate.

Slips of the Tongue.

The mistakes of foreigners who learn our language are sometimes very droll. A Parisian gentleman, who possesses a considerable reputation as a man of letters in his own country, writes as follows to a friend on this side of the Atlantic: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come to the America and go to the scaffold to lecture."

Fortunately for us, foreigners are so polite that we have no comprehension of the laughable errors we make when we attempt a strange tongue; but we all know the story of the American who insisted upon calling a Parisian *cocher* (coachman) *cochon* (pig), and was amazed at the storm he aroused. Let us see that our own platter is clean before criticising that of our neighbor.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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To Our Lady of Light.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C.S.C.

WHEN the bright star of morning, the
 heavens adorning,
 Glows lustrous and fair over valley and
 sea,
 All its radiance and splendor but prompt me
 to render
 The heart's truest homage, sweet Mother,
 to thee.

When the Day-god uprisen from night's
 gloomy prison
 Floods earth, sky, and water with glory
 and flame,
 All his golden rays beaming but write, to
 my seeming,
 The homage and praise that are due to thy
 name.

When the Night-queen, unveiling her beauty,
 goes sailing
 Majestic thro' cloud-billows silvery white,
 My soul loves to wander above and beyond
 her,
 And bask in thy glory, Our Lady of Light.

CHRISTIANS were accustomed from
 the first to call Mary "Mother of God,"
 because they saw that it was impossible
 to deny her that title without denying St.
 John's words: "The Word" (that is, God
 the Son) "was made flesh."—*Cardinal
 Newman.*

Some Catholic Chaplains in the British Army.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.



ORD WOLSELEY, the com-
 mander-in-chief of the British
 army, keeps near the writing-
 table in his study the portrait
 of a man to whom he has more than
 once alluded as 'one of the best soldiers
 he has ever known.' The portrait is that
 of a Catholic priest, Father Brindle, one
 of the regular chaplains of the British
 army. He is now stationed at the great
 training camp of Aldershot, thirty-five
 miles west of London, where he is the
 senior chaplain on duty. He has seen
 service in many parts of the world, but
 the campaigns in which he attracted Lord
 Wolseley's attention were the two wars
 in Egypt,—namely, that against Arabi,
 which ended with the victory of Tel-el-
 Kebir; and the Soudan war of 1884-85.
 Of what Father Brindle did in those
 two expeditions I shall have something
 to say presently, but first a word as to
 the general position of Catholic chaplains
 in the British army.

They were, I believe, first appointed
 during the Crimean war of 1854-56. There
 are always a large number of Catholics
 serving in the army, and attendance at
 religious worship is recognized as one of

the regular duties of Sunday. Church service is a parade, from which no one can absent himself. Where there are a small number of Catholic soldiers at a station, they are marched to the nearest Catholic church. The priest in charge acts as their chaplain, and receives an allowance from the Government according to the number of Catholics in barracks at the station. But where there is a large body of Catholic soldiers, as in the training camps and the coast fortresses, they have a Catholic chaplain of their own, who holds regular rank in the army, and every Sunday there is a Military Mass. There are now thirteen Catholic chaplains in the army list. On appointment, a chaplain is put in the fourth-class list and has the pay and relative rank of a captain. He rises by seniority to the third class, ranking with majors; the second class ranking with lieutenant-colonels; and the first class ranking with colonels, and is pensioned on retirement.

Chaplains accompany every expedition for active service; and as each year several thousands of officers and men are sent to India to relieve the army of occupation (the transports bringing back those whose time of foreign service has expired), the Government has made special provision for Catholic chaplains for the troops while at sea. It is arranged thus: The Rt. Rev. Dr. Virtue, Bishop of Portsmouth, is an ex-army chaplain. It so happens, too, that the training camp from which the troops usually start for foreign service and the port where they embark are in his diocese. The Government has arranged that he shall always find an acting chaplain for the troops; and very often the priest chosen for this temporary duty is an over-worked parish priest, for whom the voyage to and from Bombay is a welcome change from hard labor in the slums of a great city. For many years the troop ships used to sail without chaplains. It does not so seriously matter for the outgoing troops;

but the returning ship always brings a number of sick and invalided men, whose health has broken down under the Indian climate. Deaths in the Red Sea portion of the long voyage are not unfrequent among the invalids, and it must be a source of great consolation to the sick and above all the dying soldier to have a priest beside him.

One thing the army chaplains have done for Catholicity in England. They have made the Catholic name respected by thousands of Protestant officers and soldiers who otherwise would still have been full of the old-fashioned Protestant prejudices against the Church. An officer once said to me: "I used to think your priests were an unmanly sort of people, influencing only children and old women, till I met one of them; and he was the chaplain attached to our brigade. He was the most popular man in the camp, and everyone respected him." And no wonder the chaplains command the respect of all who have witnessed their heroism: again and again, even in the face of death, they have shown that they were absolutely fearless in the performance of their duty.

Three Catholic chaplains were in action at Lord Wolseley's victory at Tel-el-Kebir, when the British army in Egypt, coming upon the Egyptian lines under cover of darkness, stormed a strong fortified position at dawn with the bayonet, suffering very heavy losses in the hand-to-hand encounter. One of them, Father Bellord, chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, was wounded by a bursting shell. Another, Father Brindle, was with the 18th Royal Irish,—the regiment to whose splendid dash at the Arab lines Lord Wolseley attributed his success. The chaplain, instead of waiting to go into the Arab works till the bayonet fight was over, marched among the Irish near the head of the column, and went in with the first rush. Once over the crest of the works, he

had plenty of wounded men to attend to.

Father Brindle accompanied the same regiment in the Nile expedition. The ascent of the Nile, for hundreds of miles from the point where the railway ceased, was made in boats,—the soldiers rowing them against the stream, and dragging them through rapids and shallows and over rocks. The chaplain was in command of a boat, and through the long voyage worked as hard as any of the men. "I have often seen him up to his waist in water, helping the men to lift the boat," wrote an officer of the expedition. No wonder they were ready to do anything for him. He made with his men the terrible march across the Bayuda desert, and was the only chaplain who went so far. He was in the thick of the desert fighting; and many a dying Protestant soldier was consoled and helped in his last moments by the brave, kind-hearted Catholic priest.

In another of these Soudan campaigns Father Collins distinguished himself. Suakim, on the Red Sea coast, was held by a mixed British and Indian force against the Mahdists under Osman Digma. On March 22, 1885, General McNeill marched out with a column, accompanied by a large convoy of camels, to establish a fortified post in the bush some miles in advance of Suakim. While preparing his camp he was surprised by a sudden rush of fanatic Arab spearmen from the bush around, which had been very insufficiently reconnoitred. The column narrowly escaped destruction, and the slaughter was terrible. The men held together in rapidly formed squares and groups; and conspicuous in one of these little rallying squares were Father Reginald Collins, the chaplain attached to the column, and an infantry major, who stood back to back, keeping off a swarm of savages. For once it was necessary for the chaplain to take up arms; and one of the war correspondents wrote that Father Collins

"seized a revolver, the nearest available weapon, which he wielded as if to the manner born."

When the first Arab rush was beaten off, Father Collins had an opportunity of showing a far higher kind of courage. Close by a Hindu regiment—the 17th Poorbeahs—formed in square, had become so unsteady and excited that they took no notice of the bugles sounding to "cease fire." They still blazed away, the roar of their rifles drowning all attempts to make them hear; and their bullets were now endangering the lives of friends, not foes. Father Collins promptly volunteered to cross the fire-swept ground in front of the square and stop the firing. A war correspondent who was present thus tells what followed:

"Stepping forward, calm and collected in demeanor, the chaplain walked, his life in his hands, across to the Indians, to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square which he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the dreadful risks which he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer; and placing their helmets on their bayonets waved them frantically in their enthusiasm."

Father Collins was present also at Tel-el-Kebir; and so struck was a Protestant colonel—wounded that day—with his bearing on the field, that his last act before he died, two days later, was to have a letter written to the general in command speaking of Father Collins' services.

In the first Boer war of 1881 a handful of British troops, under a young officer, held Lydenburg successfully against the Boers. When the Boer rising began Lieutenant Long, who commanded, rapidly constructed a small fort for his garrison. Father Walsh, a Catholic chaplain, shared the perils of the siege. In the record of this gallant defence, which lasted eighty-four days, and ended only when a treaty

of peace had given the country back to the Boers, we read how, at the outset, "Father Walsh blessed the rude works of the fort," which the soldiers had called Fort Mary; how when water was running short and rain was prayed for, it came one Sunday so abundantly as to save the garrison, on which "Father Walsh held a thanksgiving service"; again how, on the Boers summoning the garrison to surrender, when the news of the British defeat at Majuba Hill arrived, Lieutenant Long, who had been wounded, "leant on the arm of Father Walsh" when he went out to meet the Boer flag of truce.

In a far more famous siege—that of Candahar, in the last Afghan war,—another Catholic chaplain, Father Jackson, shared the perils of the time. He was with the British force which was defeated by Ayoub Khan at Maiwand. During the terrible battle he was with the artillery; and for a time was busy bringing water to the poor gunners, who had to fight under a blazing tropical sun. Then he was foremost among those who helped to save some few of the wounded from the Afghan pursuit. He tramped on foot through the long retreat by a desert track to Candahar, when men were dropping down with thirst and fatigue only to die under the pursuing Afghan spears. During the siege he said Mass daily for the Catholic soldiers, and accompanied them in a disastrous effort made by the general in command to check the Afghan advance. Here are a few lines from one of his letters describing the end of the contest:

"As the Afghans forced us back into the city, most of our dead had to be left where they fell. One of my poor men died of his wounds as soon as he was brought in, and before I could do anything for him. Two]others died during the day, after receiving Extreme Unction. One of these men had completed his period of service [twenty-one years], and became

entitled to a pension on the very day of his death. I have also lost my poor clerk, the soldier who used to serve my Mass every morning; but I feel that I have gained another intercessor before the throne of God. As God has His saints in every condition of life, so they are to be found among soldiers."

General Roberts, by his famous forced march from Cabul, arrived in time to save Candahar; and Father Jackson is now missionary Bishop of Borneo.

There is no doubt that among the Catholic soldiers of the British army the Catholic chaplains have done a splendid work. In all the regiments there is a flourishing Catholic temperance association. In many the "Guard of Honor of the Sacred Heart" has been established; the men in some garrisons taking care that all day, except at hours when garrison duty makes it impossible, there shall be at least one officer or man "keeping guard" before the Blessed Sacrament. Last year, when in the Dublin garrison during Lent a special mission, or retreat, for soldiers was preached at one of the churches, Lord Wolseley, then in command in Ireland, ordered that special steps should be taken to arrange the military duties of the Catholic soldiers so that they should be free to attend the exercises. In this respect, the action of the Government of what is in the main a Protestant empire is a bright example to many of the so-called Catholic governments of Continental Europe.

THE consummation of madness is to do what, at the time of doing it, we intend to be sorry for afterward—the deliberate and intentional making of work for repentance.—*W. Nevins.*

NOTHING is so capable of overturning a good intention as to show a distrust of it; to be suspected for an enemy is often sufficient to make a person become one.—*Madame de Sévigné.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

II.

TEN days later, and in the brightness of a December afternoon which had still a touch of Indian summer mildness, the two Athertons stood together on the deck of the Clyde steamship bound from New York to San Domingo. With hatchways closed and ready for departure, she lay at her pier, taking her last consignment in the form of passengers before sailing. Father and son each wore an air of cheerfulness, assumed for the benefit of the other; and, in the intervals of exchanging those last words which always seem so inadequate, they watched with some surprise the number of passengers arriving, accompanied by the usual *impedimenta* of steamer trunks and deck-chairs.

"It begins to look as if San Domingo really formed a part of the civilized world," observed Herbert, presently. "The steward tells me that every state-room is taken, and these people are in appearance quite like the average of the ordinary ocean-travelling public. I have felt all along as if I would be setting sail for a place as distant, vague, and far removed from the conditions of modern life as the Fortunate Isles; but the illusion begins to be shattered by these dapper men of business, and these fashionable-looking women, with their bouquets and attendant friends. It is all so commonplace that one might fancy one's self on the *Majestic* or the *Umbria*. Where are the West Indian creoles one would naturally expect to see, with their picturesque languor and grace?"

"There are some of them here, I think," said Mr. Atherton. "I have seen several typical West Indian faces. On the whole, I find the appearance of the passengers more satisfactory than I expected; and I

hope you may find some companionable people among them."

"Doubtful," replied the young man, in a disparaging tone, which was the result of his deep though concealed depression of spirit. "But I am fortunately very independent of companionship, on an ocean voyage or elsewhere. And I have a large supply of books, which are all I care for in the way of entertainment. Ah, there is the signal for departure! Good-bye, my dear father,—good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my boy!" said the father, huskily. "God bless you! And, whatever you do, take care of yourself."

"I shall have nothing else to do, so don't be afraid of my failing in that duty," answered the son, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "God bless *you*, sir; and again good-bye!"

It was as their hands unclasped and the father hurried away down the gang-plank that an echo of his last words struck on Atherton's ear.

"Good-bye, my dear,—good-bye! Take care of yourself, and may God take care of you!"

These words, spoken close beside him, with a fervor of accent uncommon even in such farewells, made him half unconsciously look around to see who had uttered them. His glance fell on a lady who was in the act of embracing a young man—or, to speak more correctly, a slender, handsome boy of eighteen or nineteen years. She seemed to restrain with great difficulty an inclination to tears as she kissed him repeatedly. Then, saying earnestly, "May you have the success your heroism deserves!" she turned to follow the rest of the shore-going contingent down the gang-plank.

A few minutes later, as the ship moved slowly out of her dock, a group, composed of the friends of those on board, gathered at the end of the pier and waved their farewells with many fluttering handkerchiefs. Apart from them, however, stood

two persons: one a grayhaired man, who only watched, with a sadness he no longer made any attempt to disguise, the tall, well-known form which carried away with it his heart and hopes; and the other a delicate, dark-eyed lady, who on her part no longer restrained the tears which dimmed her power of seeing the slender figure waving her so bravely a last farewell from the deck of the receding vessel.

When the wharf with these figures upon it finally disappeared from view, as the *New York* steamed down the bay, Atherton turned from the rail against which he had been leaning, in contemplation sad as that of his father; and, telling himself that the depression which weighed upon him must be cast aside, began to pace the deck, to inhale the sea-breeze which came from the vast ocean expanse toward which they were hastening, and to make some attempt to interest himself in observing the fellow-travellers whom fate had granted him.

It was then that his glance fell again on the boy whom he had before observed; and he was struck by the dejection which his attitude expressed, as, standing at the extreme end of the after-deck, with one arm passed around a stanchion, he kept his face steadily turned toward the land they were leaving. The pose of the young figure seemed to Atherton to express a despondency almost akin to despair; and the droop of the head was suggestive of tears, which might have dropped into the green brine below. "Poor boy!" he thought, as he recalled the fervor of the farewell he had overheard; and then he remembered the last words of the lady, which even in that moment had faintly excited his surprise—"May you have the success which your heroism deserves!"

Heroism! That was something uncommon; and, glad of anything to divert his thoughts, Atherton, as he paced back and forth, cast curious glances now and again at the slight, motionless figure, while idly

wondering what form the heroism in question took. Whatever it was, it certainly did not just now sustain a manifestly sinking heart. But there is a wide difference between a sinking heart and a sinking courage; and Atherton, knowing this, felt his sympathy so touched by the sadness of the lonely boy that at last, pausing, he proved his interest by speaking.

"We are likely to have a fine night," he observed; for the sun was now sinking over the land in a clear bed of gold.

The boy started at the sound of his voice, and turned toward him a face on which there was almost an offended look. The expression surprised Atherton; yet in the midst of his surprise he was struck by the charming character of the countenance thus revealed—its mingled delicacy and strength, the virile resolution of the clear-cut mouth, the feminine sweetness of the brow and eyes, the spirited intelligence which breathed in every feature, and the striking picturesqueness of the whole. As he gazed at it, saying to himself, "What an attractive face!" its owner evidently remembered that he had no cause for offence in the fact that this gentleman had addressed him, and answered coldly, yet courteously, as he looked away again:

"So it appears."

It was now Atherton's turn to start; for the voice which replied would have been singularly sweet and refined even for a woman, with an accent that could not be described as foreign, yet which was clearly produced by the use of some speech more musical than English. Everyone knows that there is no more unmistakable indication of character and breeding than the voice; but there are some persons peculiarly susceptible to the effect of these inflections and intonations which express so much, and Atherton was one of those persons. He had never been able to find any charm in a beautiful face if the sounds which issued from its lips were shrill and unmusical, and his interest

in his young fellow-traveller was now sensibly quickened by the discovery that he possessed a voice altogether exquisite in quality and cultivation. But for this discovery he would probably have turned away from one so plainly indisposed to meet his advances; however, as it was, he rather surprised himself by making a second effort at conversation.

"That doesn't mean, however, that we may not find it a little rough when we get outside. Are you a good sailor?"

"I think I am rather a good sailor," the other replied, still keeping his face turned steadily away, and speaking with marked reserve. "But this is my first long voyage, so I am not sure."

"Short voyages are worse than long ones for testing certain sailing qualities, especially those of the stomach," Atherton said. "Then you are not a West Indian?"

"No," was the quick reply, and the face turned toward him again with a flashing look of interrogation. "Why should you think so?"

"I can hardly say that I thought so. Only—this is a West Indian ship, and your appearance and voice are suggestive of something foreign."

There was a moment's pause, and then the boy replied with an effort, as if disliking and resenting the necessity to speak of himself: "I am from Louisiana."

"Ah, a French creole!" said Atherton, involuntarily. "That accounts for the suggestion. Pray excuse me!" he added. "I had no intention of making personal remarks, but I have always been interested in the study of national differences and types; and I am never brought into contact with a stranger that I do not find myself at once mentally determining from what branch of the human family he springs. There is usually very little difficulty in deciding."

"I should think," said the boy, with the manner of one who is drawn into talking against his will, "that to decide

at once would be quite difficult, unless you possessed a very wide knowledge of the different types of humanity."

"On the contrary, a very moderate amount of the knowledge derived from travel renders one quite familiar with the marked types," Atherton answered; "and their various interminglings are readily traced. A glance is generally sufficient to enable me to ticket satisfactorily all those whom I encounter. But, you see, there was more than a glance required to ticket *you*," he added, smiling.

The other did not smile in reply. He hesitated a moment before answering, looking out again over the wide expanse of tossing waters to the vanishing city and the pale winter sunset beyond; and then saying abruptly, "You will do me a favor if you will not attempt to ticket me at all," he turned and walked quickly away.

III.

It says much for Atherton's amiability that he was more amused than indignant as he watched the slender young figure hastening across the deck. In fact, he was conscious of a sense of pity for the boy's folly and the mistake he had made. For not to gauge accurately the quality of those with whom the chances of life bring us into contact is to be guilty sometimes of very great mistakes. Without entertaining any undue sense of his own importance, Atherton was thoroughly aware of the enviable position which he occupied in the eyes of the world; and was as well assured that his advances would have been rebuffed by no other passenger on board as that he would not have thought of making them to any other. It was generally his custom to hold aloof from all casual acquaintance, not so much from superciliousness as from an intense fastidiousness, which had made him always slow in choosing friends and associates. Indeed, according to the invariable rule of such a temperament,

his friends were few and his associates generally characterized him as "difficult to know." He was himself surprised at the impulse which had prompted him to address this young stranger, and he could not but smile at the unexpected repulse he had received.

Naturally, however, he decided that he would hereafter ignore one so ungracious; therefore it was with surprise, unmingled with pleasure, that on taking his place at the dinner-table he found the seat on his right occupied by the young Louisianian. The surprise was as great, the pleasure evidently as little, on the side of the latter as on his own. He glanced up quickly as the chair was swung around; and when he saw who dropped into it, a deep flush mounted to his face and he looked away. It is probable that he felt conscious and ashamed of his rudeness on thus seeing the object of it beside him again; but Atherton read his manner otherwise, and his own face took an expression familiar to those who had at times made advances which *he* did not care to receive, as he turned slightly in his chair so as to present his shoulder to the offender, and began to examine the *menu*.

His order given, he glanced up and down the table, and, with the practised eye of a man accustomed to much travel, had no difficulty in determining the different types which composed the thirty or forty human beings whose numbers sea-sickness had not yet diminished. Half a dozen he at once perceived belonged to the class of the omnipresent German commercial traveller, who is overspreading all the countries of the world and the islands of the sea. Another group were distinctively West Indian,—quiet, olive-skinned men, with great, slumberous, black eyes, who spoke Spanish among themselves. Only one showed in his chocolate-colored complexion the trace of negro blood. Then came a pair of alert young Americans, civil engineers, going

down to assist in the construction of a Dominican railway; a number of nondescript individuals, who might be either tourists or possible investors, or both; and finally several ladies, who, as was to be learned by the conversation briskly carried on between them, were the wives and daughters of planters residing on the island. They were rather pretty women, of creole type, whose horizons, it was evident, were bounded by two places: one, San Domingo, where sugar was made; and the other, New York, where the money received for it was to be spent, with much immediate return in the form of such pleasures and excitements as a great city naturally offers to those who vegetate half of the year on a tropical island.

By the time dinner was nearly over the swell of the Atlantic surge could be distinctly felt, and the steamer began to swing to it in a manner which shortened the ceremony of dining for several passengers. Atherton, quietly proceeding with his dessert, saw his right-hand neighbor turning pale, and was not surprised when the latter suddenly rose and left the table as abruptly as he had quitted him on deck. He smiled with a slight sense of sardonic amusement. "Not such a very good sailor, after all, my young friend!" he thought.

A few minutes later, having deliberately finished his coffee, he went on deck for a last glimpse of the lights of Sandy Hook. The night was clear and sharply cold, but the briny breath of the sea came to him with a sense of refreshment. As he stood filling his lungs with it, the starlight of a radiant sky revealed the wide expanse of tossing waves, which the lights of the ship, gleaming across them, showed to be foam-crested. There was a promise of boisterousness in these racing, yeasty surges, which now and again leaped up as if in wild sport, and smote the sides of the vessel, sending aloft a shower of spray; but as yet the sea was not very rough,

and Atherton paced the limited deck-space with a sense of keen enjoyment.

Already he felt a reaction from the depression consequent upon departure, and a conviction that the voyage alone would do much for him. Although he had struggled against it, he knew that this enforced rest was really what he needed. Ever since his return from university life abroad, he had been working too hard,—ambition with him proving even a keener spur than the need of making money with other men. And this intense application, this burning the candle of life at both ends, had developed the constitutional weakness which else might never have appeared. Now he must perforce rest; and the keen, salt breath of the sea seemed to scatter his dark forebodings of a life doomed in its prime to invalid inaction, and to tell him that there was nothing wrong which Nature, the great healer, could not restore without the help of other agencies.

Atherton was not tempted to enter the smoking-room, where a sound of tongues—most of them speaking English with a German accent—testified to the love of talking, which is a distinguishing characteristic of a large portion of the human race. So he paced back and forth in the starlight, with a renewal of that sense of pleasure in mere existence which had been lost to him for some time.

It was in one of his turns around the deck that he presently observed the dark outlines of a figure sitting in a chair placed under the shelter of the after-cabin. At first he paid no attention to it; but when he returned again and yet again from a tramp which extended as far as the bow of the ship, and had even taken in the hurricane deck, to find the same figure still motionless in its place, he began to wonder a little who was as fond of solitude as himself. In order to satisfy this faint curiosity, he dropped into a vacant chair beside the other, that he might take

advantage of its shelter to strike a light for his cigar; and, as he struck it, glanced at the quiet figure.

A pair of large, startled eyes—which seemed to him even in this brief instant beautiful as those of a fawn—met his own, and he saw that the lover of solitude was the boy whom he had addressed before dinner. A certain sense of vexation crossed his mind as he recognized him, mingled with regret that he had taken the seat; but to leave it now with any abruptness would be to give to the incident of the afternoon an importance which it did not deserve, and to let an ill-mannered boy suppose that the rudeness had power to affect him. He therefore remained quite still, smoking placidly; and had so far abstracted his thoughts that he had almost forgotten the presence of his silent companion, when the latter suddenly spoke.

"I think, Monsieur, that I owe you an apology," said the sweet voice with the slight French accent which had charmed his ear when he heard it before. "I fear that I was very rude when you spoke to me this afternoon. I did not intend to be so. I only wanted just then to be alone with my thoughts, and so—I hardly knew what I said."

"It was of no importance," answered Atherton, whose sense of vexation melted away as if by magic under the influence of those exquisite tones. Just to keep that voice sounding in his ear he would have forgiven a much greater offence. "It was really my fault for disturbing you," he continued. "I can only plead a good intention. I perceived at once that you were feeling despondent, and I fancied a little distraction might be good for you."

"I have thought since that perhaps what you meant was a kindness, and that I was very ungracious," added the boy. "But, you see, I did not take it in that way. I only thought of you as—presuming."

"By Jove!" said Herbert Atherton to himself, too much astonished for indig-

nation. "What kind of a youngster can this be? A prince in disguise?" Aloud he said, in a tone of good-natured irony: "Your royal highness must accept *my* apologies. It is certainly not my habit to be 'presuming.'"

There was a moment's pause, and then the boy said, catching his breath a little:

"I am afraid I have been rude again. I should not have used that word. Of course it strikes you as absurd."

"Rather, I confess," Atherton replied, a little dryly. "Naturally, I don't know how exalted your rank may be; but unless it is very exalted—and I have never heard that there are princes in Louisiana,—you are undoubtedly guilty of absurdity in thinking that a man presumes because he addresses you without an introduction."

"You are right,—I see that now," said the boy hastily, with a humility in his tones which was strikingly at variance with the suggestion of arrogance in the objectionable word. "You must excuse me. I forgot many things which I should have remembered. I will endeavor not to forget again that I am only an insignificant boy, whose loneliness you pitied, and who should have been grateful for your kindness instead of repulsing it."

Again Atherton felt any possible anger disarmed by those accents, which seemed breathed like music out of the darkness.

"I think," he said, "that if you will take the advice of a man a good deal older than yourself, you will be slow to repulse any one until quite sure that such repulse is deserved. Otherwise you will make many enemies, and perhaps lose some friends. And one just entering upon life can hardly afford to begin by either making the one or losing the other."

"Hast thou a thousand friends, it is not enough; hast thou one enemy, it is too much," murmured the boy, as if to himself. "Yes, your advice is good; and I really have sense enough to know it of myself. But when you addressed me I

was feeling so miserable that I resented any intrusion upon my wretchedness."

Now, this was not at all the confession to be expected of a potential hero. But so strongly did the witchery of the voice continue to assert itself, that Atherton felt more than ever attracted to the speaker. Indeed he could scarcely resist the impression that it was not a boy at all, but a woman, who was speaking in those tones of soft sweetness at his side.

"I fancied that was how you felt," he said after a brief pause,—a pause which was necessary to clear his mind of this insistent fancy; "and since I was feeling low-spirited myself, I was more inclined to sympathize with you. Are you alone?"

"Entirely alone. I have not even an acquaintance on board, and a little while ago I should have said that I did not desire one."

"I may suppose, then, that you would not say so now?"

"No. I am not sorry to know *you*, who, I think, are both kind and refined; but I shrink from the thought of indiscriminate acquaintance, and I hope I may be left alone."

"There is not much difficulty generally in being left alone," observed Atherton, smiling under cover of the darkness at the thought of what an opinion of his own importance the boy must have. "Unless one has something very remarkable to distinguish one, the world is, as a rule, only too ready to leave one alone."

"That again is true," the other replied; "and I should not have needed to be reminded of it. You must think me very foolish, but I—I need a little time to adjust myself to a new situation. I have never been alone before, and I am going into a strange country with a responsibility upon me which is rather trying."

"You are very young to have responsibility thrown upon you," said Atherton, recalling the touching words which had first attracted his attention to the speaker.

"Young or old, we must not shirk our burdens; especially if there is no one else to take them up," the other answered, with a sigh. "And so, having many things to think of, I hoped that no one on board would notice me, and that I should have the time of the voyage to consider my plans. This is why I was so startled and, I confess, annoyed when you addressed me."

"Well," said Atherton, "I am glad you have been so frank. Hereafter I promise for myself that I will not address you unless you take the initiative; and I do not think you have much annoyance of the kind to fear from the other passengers. My impression is that you will be left as much alone as you can possibly desire."

There was a few minutes' pause. The motion of the vessel had now very much increased, and she was swinging to the fast roughening sea in a manner calculated to prove very trying to a landsman. The boy presently observed, in a low voice:

"I seem to say nothing but ungracious things, and yet I don't mean them. Perhaps when I feel better I shall be able to express myself better. Just now I—I think I shall go to my state-room. Good-night, and pray believe that I am not ungrateful for your kindness."

He rose as he spoke, but a sudden lurch of the ship sent him reeling back into his seat.

"Take care!" said Atherton. "If you don't want to sustain an injury, it is necessary to be careful on shipboard until you get your sea-legs. Where is your room? I'll help you to it."

"Oh, thanks!" said the other, hastily; "but I think I can manage to reach it alone. I will be more careful."

He rose again; and, this time keeping his feet and balancing himself with the roll of the vessel, he passed around the cabin and out of sight. Atherton rose also; and, walking slowly forward, thought:

"What a remarkable boy!"

(To be continued.)

Martyr Memories of Wales.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

III.

IT may have been from a feeling of devotion toward his holy countryman that the Benedictine missionary, Father Powel, adopted as his *alias* on the English mission the name of Morgan. He belonged to an old Breconshire family, and at the age of sixteen was sent to London to study law under a celebrated lawyer named Baker. Having visited Flanders on business, young Powel there became acquainted with the English Benedictines of St. Gregory's Monastery. He conceived a great desire to join their Order, and in 1614 was admitted to take the habit. Eight years later he was sent on the English mission, where he labored for twenty years, chiefly in Devonshire and Somersetshire. His lot was cast during the troublous times when the civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament convulsed the country; and a number of Catholics having enlisted in the royal army, Father Powel followed them and acted as their chaplain. At last, however, on the King's troops being disbanded in the southern counties, he resolved to return to his native province; and for this purpose he embarked on board a small vessel bound for Wales.

During the voyage the ship was attacked and boarded by a vessel in the service of Parliament; and Father Powel, having been recognized as a priest, was put under arrest. From the 22d of February to the 11th of May he was kept a prisoner under deck. His own clothes were taken from him; he was dressed in rags and treated with great cruelty. At length he was put on shore, and sent up to London to be tried before the King's Bench for the crime of his priesthood. He made a brave and spirited defence, glorying in his

sacred character, but protesting strongly that he was no traitor, and ought not to be treated as such. He was, nevertheless, found guilty and condemned to death.

As the unjust sentence echoed through the hall there took place a scene that the English courts of justice often witnessed in those dark and dreary days. The doomed priest raised his eyes to heaven and cried out in thrilling accents: "*Deo gratias!*" Then he added: "I have not here room, by reason of the crowd, to thank God on my knees, but I do thank Him with all my heart." He went on to pray for the King and Queen, for the judge and jury, for all those who had part in his death.

The judge, touched by his generosity and courage, told him that he should be allowed to fix the day of his own execution. Father Powel cheerfully replied that he would rather leave the matter in the judge's hands, and that he only begged him to consider what time he would allot to himself, in similar circumstances, to prepare for death.

The same spirit of content showed itself in his countenance when he was taken back to the common jail of King's Bench, where he was confined with a number of other prisoners. He bore the miseries of his prison with smiling cheerfulness; encouraged and helped his fellow-sufferers, rendering them every service in his power, even sweeping out the wards. One of the prisoners having offered to discharge him of this lowly employment, he declined on the plea that it was a great joy to him to serve his brethren. No wonder that many Protestant prisoners begged to be made better acquainted with a religion that imparted such superhuman happiness to those who suffered for its sake; and Father Powel had the joy of reconciling several heretics to the Church.

On the 28th of June he was told that his execution was to take place two days later; but the messenger who brought

the tidings was so grieved that he had not courage to read the paper which he held in his hands, and which informed the martyr of the day and hour of his death. Seeing the poor man's agitation, Father Powel, with his unfailing good-humor, helped him to read the message as if it were the most commonplace information. He then asked for a glass of beer, and drank to the messenger's good health; adding, in accents of deep feeling: "Oh, what am I that God thus honors me and lets me die for His sake?" He spent the night before his execution in company with his confessor, who was allowed to visit him; and toward morning he had the happiness of saying Mass.

At Tyburn he was ever the same—sweet, cheerful, with a kind look and a kind word for all. In his dying speech he proclaimed himself a member of the holy Order of St. Benedict, to which the Apostle of England, St. Augustine, had likewise belonged. Then a rope was placed round his neck, a cap drawn over his eyes, and he waited in silent prayer for the cart to be drawn away. The delay being unaccountably prolonged, it was discovered that the carter, unwilling to have a share in the death of one so holy and so brave, had hidden himself in the crowd. Another man was found to take his place; and the cart having been driven away, the martyr was left hanging. He was not cut down till he was quite dead; and, in this case at least, the horrid butchery commanded by the law was perpetrated on a corpse.

With the restoration of Charles II. to the English throne in 1660 brighter days seemed at hand for the persecuted Catholics. They had many reasons to hope in the new monarch's sense of justice. In the first place, by the declaration of Breda, which he promised to observe just before ascending the throne, Charles had sworn that all his subjects should enjoy liberty of conscience and complete freedom to practise their religion within their own

houses. Then, the Catholics had claims upon his lasting gratitude. Although Charles I. had allowed the Penal Laws to take their course, his Catholic subjects had rallied round his standard with heroic devotion, and numbers among them had lost their lives in his service. When the new King himself, after the fatal battle of Worcester, was only a fugitive, upon whose head a heavy price had been set, he was befriended by the Catholic Pendrells of Boscobel; by a loyal Catholic gentleman, Mr. Whitgreave, of Mosley; and by a Benedictine monk, Father John Huddleston. To these brave men the hunted prince owed his life and safety.

No wonder, then, that, remembering their special claims upon his gratitude, and trusting to his royal word, the English Catholics hoped great things from the accession of Charles II. Their hopes were, alas! doomed to bitter disappointment. Weak and unprincipled, deeply absorbed in his own interests and pleasures, too indolent to fulfil his duty at the cost of an effort, the new King gave up his Catholic subjects to the fanatical hatred of his Parliament and people. Our readers well know that it was under his reign that the pretended conspiracy of Titus Oates served as a pretext for bringing a number of Catholics, both priests and laymen, to the gallows; and among the martyrs who were thus sent to a cruel and unjust death we find two Welshmen, both belonging to the Society of Jesus—Father Evans and Father Lewis.

The discovery of the pretended plot had a disastrous effect upon the Catholic missions throughout the country. A letter written by a Welsh missionary in 1679 thus describes the fate of his brethren: "Some died in prison, others from their sufferings and miseries incurred in constant flights to avoid their persecutors. The college of North Wales is totally rooted up. [The Jesuit missionaries were in the habit of designing as colleges certain

districts, each of which was governed by a superior and placed under the protection of a special patron saint.] We of the South have fared a little better thus far. But God knows how long it is to last; for we live in constant fears and perils, only three of us now remaining."

Father Philip Evans, the first of our two martyrs, is a singularly attractive character. His exceeding cheerfulness and sweet, happy temper remind us of Father Powel, the Benedictine confessor whose death we have chronicled. He was brought up at the famous English College of St. Omer,—in that "school of sanctity" which we have had occasion to describe to our American readers, where numbers of confessors and martyrs were trained to heroism. Having been sent as a missionary to his native province of Wales, he was arrested in 1678 at the house of his generous benefactor, Christopher Tuberville, of Skere, carried to Cardiff prison, tried, and finally condemned to death.

He was only thirty-four years of age, full of life and energy. The Catholics of Cardiff who came to visit him found him loaded with fetters, which he used to kiss with exceeding joy. He was an excellent musician; and the governor of the prison allowed him to have a harp—the national instrument of Wales,—upon which he played with great skill, as calm and composed as in the old days when his musical gifts had delighted his professors and companions at St. Omer.

Time passed. Although Father Evans had been condemned to death at Cardiff, no orders had come from the Privy Council in London as to his execution, and by degrees his friends began to hope that his life might be spared. In consequence, the strictness with which he had been treated was gradually mitigated, and he was occasionally allowed to leave the prison to visit his acquaintances in the town. It was on one of these occasions that orders suddenly arrived from London for his

immediate execution. The jailer went to seek him, and found him playing a game with one of his friends. He informed him of what had happened, and bade him return to prison. "There is no hurry," quietly replied the religious. "Let me first play out my game." And having done so with perfect self-possession, he cheerfully went back to the jail.

On the 22d of July Father Evans and a secular priest named John Loyd, who had shared his imprisonment, were led out together to die. On their way to the gallows they prayed in a low voice and heard each other's confession. On reaching the place of execution, they were seen to kneel down and kiss the gallows, with the words, "Oh, welcome, good cross!"

Father Evans spoke firmly and eloquently to the people. He protested that he died solely for the crime of his priesthood; that he forgave his enemies, if he ever had any—"which I do not know that I had in my life"; and that he esteemed his fate a most happy one. "If I had ten thousand lives I would willingly lay them down in so good a cause." He then bade adieu to his faithful companion, with whom during his imprisonment, he had lived in terms of closest intimacy and friendship; saying to him with great affection: "Now do what you promised me." And at that moment Father Loyd, according to their previous agreement, gave him a last absolution. His voice was heard again, strong and clear, as he exclaimed: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum!*" A few seconds later all was over—the brave soul of the young Jesuit had gone home.

Father Loyd, who had stood by calm and cheerful, then ascended the ladder. He also spoke to the people, and begged all the Catholics present to bear their crosses patiently. Then, with the words "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner!" the good priest went to join his companion in the land of eternal peace.

Just one month later Father David Henry Lewis, generally known on the mission by the name of Father Baker, was executed at Usk. Like Father Evans, he belonged to the Society of Jesus, and for many years had been superior of the South Wales district of the English Province of the Society. His great charity toward the little ones of this world caused him to be surnamed "the Father of the Poor"; and he might be seen at all times and in all weathers, closely disguised, hurrying to visit his scattered flock.

He was arrested in Monmouthshire in November, 1679, and led into Abergavenny in mock triumph, surrounded by twelve mounted dragoons. Two months later he was removed to the prison at Usk. It was a dreary day in January; the snow was falling fast, and the soldiers who escorted Father Lewis stopped at an inn on the way to warm themselves. Here a messenger sought the priest and informed him that a venerable missionary, Father Ignatius Andrews, lay in a dying condition in a neighboring cottage. Father Baker, who was closely watched, was able only, as Challoner quaintly puts it, to send the dying priest "his best wishes for his soul's happy passage out of this turbulent world to an eternity of rest." About three days after news was brought to him of Father Andrews' holy death; and perchance he may have envied the confessor whose struggles were over, while his own were about to begin.

In March, 1679, Father Lewis was brought before the assizes and condemned to death for his priesthood. He was then sent up to London to be questioned as to the plot, and finally taken back to Usk to be executed on the 27th of August. The confessor went to his death with quiet dignity and courage. He spoke most eloquently to the assembled people, who listened to him with breathless attention; and, after a beautiful prayer to the Holy Trinity, he, like his martyred brethren,

passed away with the name of Jesus on his lips.

So deeply had his last speech impressed the crowd that when his body was cut down it was spared the barbarous mutilation commanded by the law. Thousands of spectators, many of them in tears, respectfully followed it to the porch of a neighboring church, where "the Father of the Poor" was laid to rest.

More than two hundred years have passed away since the Welsh martyrs sealed their faith with their blood, and a great and happy change has taken place in the land they loved so well. Churches and chapels have arisen among the Welsh hills where once the hunted priest passed along, in danger and in darkness, to visit his persecuted flock. Numerous religious communities have been established in all the great towns: Benedictines, Jesuits, Capuchins, nuns of many orders, fulfil their tasks of zeal and charity in safety and in peace. Surely the sufferings of our dear martyrs have done much to bring about this blessed change and to draw down God's best gifts on the country where their blood was poured out as a willing sacrifice.

(The End.)

"Do Not Forget Me!"

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

☉ DREAMED of you in purgatory—
That from the darkness you were crying,
"Do not forget me!"
Pleading and praying,
But only saying,
"Do not forget me!"

I dreamed of you in bliss and glory—
You smiled from heaven; I wakened, crying,
"Do not forget me!"
Weeping and praying,
But only saying,
"Do not forget me!"

A Mother's Awakening.

IT was the day on which my friend Rudolph had said his first Mass; and I, still in minor orders, had been deputed by him to take charge of his mother, who was stopping for the time being with some friends in the suburbs. They had assisted at the services in the morning, but had returned home at an earlier hour, leaving the mother to spend the remainder of that blessed day with her only son, the newly consecrated priest of God. I think it was because of the mutual affection which she knew we entertained for each other that, as we sat in the train, in response to a remark of mine, the sweet-voiced, white-haired old lady told me the following story.

"It may be as you say," she began, "that my son owes much to his mother; but nothing that I might be able to do could ever repay the immense debt I owe to our Blessed Lord; no sacrifice could sufficiently show my gratitude to that Heavenly Father who, when He restored my boy from the grasp of death, also brought my soul to the knowledge of a new life, to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

"I was married young to a man much older than myself. As is the custom in Europe, my marriage had been arranged for me by my parents. My husband died at the end of a year, leaving me with an infant six weeks old. Naturally of a lively temperament, young, possessing ample means, and not without some pretensions to good looks, I soon returned to the frivolities of a fashionable existence, of which I had had a taste during my short year of married life. I had gone back to live with my parents, who humored my every whim. I loved my boy, of course, after a certain fashion; at that time I believed him to be the idol of my soul, but later I learned to know that I had

never even dimly comprehended the true meaning of motherhood. I liked to see him beautifully dressed; his nursery was filled with toys; but I never thought of devoting any time to him: my pleasures and engagements demanded all my attention. My mother lavished kindness upon him, my father worshipped him; he was seldom absent from them. Yet, although he loved them dearly, it was his foolish, careless mother whom he adored;—I who had never nursed or cradled him, or shown any affection for him, save in the most selfish and material way.

"One night—it was the eve of Ash-Wednesday,—when Rudolph was about four years old, I formed one of a gay and brilliant assemblage at the house of a friend. Before leaving home that evening I had gone, as was my custom, to bid him good-night. Sometimes I would find him fast asleep; but more often lying with wide-open eyes, waiting for 'pretty mamma,' as he always called me. To-night he was awake, and I thought I had never seen him look so lovely.

"Nathalie,' said my mother, who had accompanied me to the nursery, 'the boy looks feverish. Are you not well, my dear?'

"It is nothing,' interposed the nurse. 'He has had a slight cold for the past few days, and has been a little restless at night since Sunday.'

"My mother looked grave, but I was not in the least alarmed.

"Don't fancy him ill, mother, every time he has a slight cold,' I remarked carelessly. 'Now, kiss mamma, baby; she must go.'

"He put his little arms about my neck and drew me down beside him. 'Mamma, stay with me!' he pleaded, as he had often done before.

"I can not, my darling!' I said. 'I am late now, and you are mussing my hair.'

"He sighed, removing his arms, and I hurried away. Oh, how I remembered it afterward!

"About half-past ten o'clock—just as I was in the midst of a waltz with a young officer of hussars, whom all the world thought I had selected for my second husband,—I saw a servant, with a very serious face, make some communication to the hostess. She glanced toward me. When the dance was finished she came to me and said:

"Nathalie, your mother has sent for you,—the boy is ill.'

"Whom did she send?' I inquired, pettishly. How heartless and cruel I must have appeared to my informant!

"The nurse,—she is in the hall.'

"I went out as hurriedly as I could, and found Minna waiting.

"What is the matter with Rudolph?' I asked. 'It can not be anything serious. He was well when I left him an hour or two ago.'

"He was moaning and tossing about in his sleep,' she replied; 'and Mrs. — told me to come for you.'

"Oh, nonsense!' I said. 'He often does that. He must have eaten something that disagreed with him. Tell my mother that I can not spoil the german, in which I am leading. I will go immediately after.'

"The maid turned away. Some one spoke at my elbow. It was the handsome hussar.

"How glad I am to see that you are not one of those fussy mothers who are alarmed if a child sneezes!' he remarked, offering his arm.

"Inconsistent as it may appear, the words jarred upon me. It did not increase my happiness when I re-entered the parlor to overhear my hostess saying to a lady who stood beside her: 'She is a frivolous creature; her mother assumes the whole responsibility of the boy.'

"I was obliged to take my place in the german, but I fear I made a sorry mess of it. When it was over I hurried to the dressing-room, put on my wraps and ran by a side-way to my own home, which

was but a few steps distant. For the first time I realized how careless a mother I had been, and that I was indeed but a frivolous creature. For the first time also I felt that my boy was dearer to me than life itself.

"It was half-past eleven. Lights were burning in the nursery and in my mother's room, which was next to it,—where mine should have been, had I not been so heartless a mother. The door stood partially open. Entering, I saw a servant in the hall.

"I was waiting for the doctor, who is expected every moment," she explained.

"I made no reply, but hastened up the stairs. A wailing voice greeted my ears before I reached the nursery door. I opened it. Propped high upon pillows, in order that he might be able to breathe, lay my boy; his blue eyes wildly staring as though they would burst from their sockets, his little hands clinched in agony, his cheeks purple; his mouth, with lips parched and black, open wide in his frightful efforts for breath. I threw myself on my knees beside the crib, where my father and mother were already; but at first I saw no one but him—the child whom I had neglected, and who now lay dying before me.

"O my darling!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms around him and drawing him close to my bosom. But he pushed me away with both little hands, pressed firmly against my breast. Then I saw that there were others in the room.

"He does not want me!" I cried; 'he does not want his mother. Go—go for the doctor! Will no one try to save him?'

"The doctor has been sent for," said my father; 'but, I fear, too late. It is diphtheria. Calm yourself, Nathalie. You can do him no good by such violent weeping,'—I had burst into tears at the dread word 'diphtheria.'

"At that moment the doctor entered. My mother advanced to the bedside.

"No, no!" I cried, pushing her away.

'I am his mother; I am the one to help him, if he needs help.'

"My mother shrank back, quietly weeping. The doctor raised his finger with a warning gesture, bidding me be silent. He lifted the child in his arms. 'A spoon,' he said. One had already been provided. I held the poor, clinched little hands while the doctor examined his throat. He shook his head. 'A very serious case,' he observed. 'But we must do our best to save him. With the assistance of your good mother here, I will do all for him that can be done.'

"No, no!" I cried, passionately. 'I am his mother! No one must help but me. Send them away—send everyone away, doctor!' I continued, in my half-crazed excitement. 'It is not good for so many to be in the room. Send them away.'

"I saw him look at my mother inquiringly. She nodded, and, with my father, quietly left the room. She had understood what was passing in my soul; and, wise and kind that she was, did not resent it in the least; although her heart was bound up in the child.

"I have never forgotten that terrible night, in which I first truly became a mother—in which my heart and soul were born again. Between the paroxysms of suffering, what memories came crowding upon me!—memories of the little soft, clinging arms I had so often put away from me lest they should disarrange my toilet, which I now felt ought henceforth to be sackcloth and ashes; of the flossy golden curls of which I had been so proud, but which I had never brushed or smoothed; of the beseeching lips, the eyes full of love, which only that night had pleaded, 'Mamma, stay with me!' of the plaintive little voice asking, 'Dear mamma, why do you never put Rudolph to bed, like the mother in the story-book?' At length there came a moment when, falling in agony before the crucifix, I cried:

"O God, my baby is suffering for my

sins! Take me, O Lord, but spare him to those who have loved him!’

“‘Hush!’ said the doctor, sternly. ‘Do not disturb him.’

“‘He can not hear me,—he does not know me,’ I murmured through my tears. Then I looked at him, the poor little fellow who had struggled so hard for his life. He was quiet now. I thought it the supreme moment. He opened his eyes, feebly stretching forth his hand and placing it in mine. The doctor bent over him.

“‘I think he will pull through now, with God’s help,’ he said.

“‘With God’s help!’ The words fell like balm on my soul. Again I knelt before the image of my crucified Saviour, but now I asked, in the depths of my soul, where no one heard save Him who had died for the salvation of the world: ‘O Christ, save him, and I will give him to Thee, if Thou wilt accept the offering! I give him to Thee, to be Thy servant forever. But if this can not be, Thy holy will be done!’

“God heard my prayer: the baby slept, and from that hour his recovery was assured. He was soon convalescent; and with the new life vouchsafed him, one began for me also. Ah, what a happiness it was to teach him, while I myself was learning, truths of religion—lessons of love, unselfishness, and virtue! To all of which he responded, as none know better than yourself, my dear Theobald.

“I have told you my story for two reasons. First, that you may divest your mind of the exalted impressions you have always entertained of my character; and, secondly, that some day when you are a priest it may serve to point a moral to some other frivolous, worldly mother, such as I was once.”

Frivolous mothers, yours is the lesson.

THE true follower of Christ is always a missionary of some kind.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SONG BIRDS.

O good young man, I entreat thee to give me those harmless birds, emblems in Scripture of humble, pure and faithful souls; so that they may not fall into cruel hands, which would put them to death.—*St. Francis of Assisi.*

THE observing person has for several years remarked the absence of the song birds; and last spring noted the ominous fact that to the States in the latitude of the home of THE AVE MARIA the blue-bird failed to come, and the robins were but a feeble host. The orioles and other warblers absented themselves in proportion. The bird-lover might cheer his heart by attributing this to the fatal storms which covered the food supply with a coating of ice, and hope that the natural increase of the feathered tribes would in time make up for the ravages of the widespread sleet. But here comes the Game Warden of Illinois with a report not calculated to inspire one with views in any degree optimistic. The song birds, he tells us, are gradually disappearing.

They have more merciless enemies than the untimely tempest. The small boy with an air-gun can do more damage than an equinoctial gale. The mistaken scientist, who gathers birds’ eggs for an absurd and useless aggregation in some obscure and dusty museum, is not the less guilty because his motive is applauded by his fellow-collectors.

But it has remained for those who compose the sex which men are wont to dub the “gentle” to be the most unblushing and flagrant abettors of the conscienceless urchins and scientific nest-robbers. All over the world men are hunting brilliant-plumaged birds for the sake of the reward held out by the milliners, who are the purveyors of fashion; and to-day in every civilized quarter of the globe women are

wearing in their bonnets the corpses of the beautiful creatures that St. Francis, "helper of men," loved to call his "little sisters."

The massacre of birds, like that of the Armenians, bids fair to come to an end for lack of material; but wise legislation and a radical change in the fashion of feminine headgear may avert so dire a calamity as the total extinction of our useful and beautiful little friends. If the birds die destructive insects will live, and hungry nations may regret when too late the wanton and frivolous annihilation of the farmer's best coadjutors.

The practical side of the question, serious as it is, is exceeded by that which some might term the sentimental. Ever since the Creation birds have come singing down the years in the poetry of all peoples. They have given a tender grace to prose, inspired the art of multitudes, redeemed dull landscapes, cheered the gloom of those in captivity, encouraged the homesick hearts of pioneers, lived as the cherished companions of holy hermits, and lightened with their melodies the sorrows of a world.

And in return, my sisters, we kill them and trim our headgear with them. In return, my brothers, we shoot them, and stuff them, and put them upon a paltry place in a museum, or perchance breakfast upon them. The price of meadow-larks often figures in market reports. Fancy eating a lark,—the bird that "sings at heaven's gate"!

The remedy lies, as I have said, with the women. Humane societies can make appeals, but they are impotent in the face of Fashion. When all women learn to consider the dead body of one of God's birds as unsuitable an ornament as the bleeding scalp of a conquered foe, the murder of the little sisters of the tender-hearted Saint of Assisi will come to an end. But, unhappily, by that time this may be a world without birds.

Modern Religious Methods.

ATTENTION has already been drawn in this magazine to one phase of a published statement in which a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Hale, denounces modern methods of "raising money" for church purposes. There is another aspect of Mr. Hale's statement equally noteworthy. His vigorous and honest protest possesses special interest, coming from a clergyman of the Protestant body. Says Mr. Hale:

It is difficult for the imagination to connect these modern societies, occupied in giving fairs, suppers, and popular entertainments, with the undivided church which once worshipped God in simplicity and seriousness, filled with heavenly aspirations. Modern religious methods do not find their patterns in the earlier church. We are not informed that the church at Ephesus or Philippi ever advertised a bazaar, a clam-bake or a strawberry sociable. We have no information that St. Paul was accustomed to give stereopticon lectures, Barnabas operating the lantern. It is not clearly established that St. Athanasius ever arranged a kirmess, a broom-drill, or a pink tea. There seems, then, to be no inherent necessity for the church to undertake the amusement of the public. Our Lord knew, I conceive, what the nineteenth century would need at the hands of His church; but He left it no direction, explicit or implicit, to open eating-houses and theatres. He seems to have been entirely ignorant of any time to come when it would be best for His Blood-bought church to transform itself into a system of concert halls, kitchens, and entertainment bureaus.

No one who has followed the development of "church work" within recent years will care to contest that this is as just as well as a clear and vigorous statement of the case. It is interesting to see the hard truth thus laid bare by a heterodox minister; but Mr. Hale's penetration is most evident in his *explanation* of the degeneracy and corruption of church ideals. He asks:

Does any one claim that churches have awakened to a better understanding of their function than the Founder and the Apostles had? No one claims it. Is it pretended that sacred negro minstrels, dances, light opera, and *vaudeville* are to-day more essential to the salvation of men than prayer, worship, the reading of the Scriptures, and the administration of the Sacraments? It is not pretended. The plain fact

is that *the luxury of having one hundred and forty sects is expensive*, and the money to pay for it has to be raised in some fashion. In communities where one Catholic church would be gladly and fully supported by the voluntary offerings of the community, half a dozen denominations can not gain a support without going into business and baiting the public with fairs and theatricals. . . .

I charge, then, that, besides its hundred other sins, the division of the church—most absurd and inexcusable of economic errors—has desecrated holy places and holydays; has assaulted all reverence; has given thousands who might have been won to the higher life an utterly ignoble conception of religion; has reduced Christian congregations to the level of fakirs and poor actors; has turned clergy into scrambling mountebanks; and has dishonored Christian womanhood. . . .

Let the vision of the Catholic Church take possession of the souls of men, and in place of the pauperized sects which, rivalling one another in vulgarity, contend for the miserable dollar of the public, the world will see an institution consecrated again to the service of humanity, to the proclamation of the Gospel, to the spreading of the story of the tragedy and sacrifice of Calvary, generously maintained by a charity eager to witness to the constraining power of the love of our Saviour.

There is nothing so humiliating as excessive or undeserved praise, and we protest with shame that Catholics themselves are not altogether free from the abuse denounced in words so strong as to need no commentary. It must be said, however, that wherever the "sacred negro minstrels" and kindred abominations have thus far shown themselves among less thoughtful Catholics, they have been frowned down speedily and effectively. But, however this may be, Mr. Hale's main contention is unqualifiedly true: the sects are the chief offenders in this respect. They are rapidly evolving into mere social organizations, mere ethical clubs, which are fast clubbing the true idea of a church to death. People will support churches in the honest, old-fashioned way only when they are assured of substantial return in spiritualities. And that return the Protestant churches, by their own confession, are unable to make.

SHALL there be a God to swear by and none to pray to?—Hooker.

Notes and Remarks.

The need of the religious element in education is coming to be more and more generally recognized by non-Catholics. The leading spirits among educators everywhere now realize that the development of the moral nature of a pupil must form the basis of true citizenship. It is unquestionable that the tendency of modern thinking is to destroy man's individual responsibility to a Higher Power for his acts; and the friends of popular education admit that there is need of a strong influence to counteract this tendency, and to direct as well as to develop the intellectual powers. Principal Merriman, of the Hayes School, Chicago, in a recent address on the importance of teaching the principles of morality in the public schools, emphasized the fact that our jails and penitentiaries hold a great many educated men utterly devoid of conceptions of moral duty or obligation.

We attribute the more general recognition of the grievous defect in our system of education in great measure to the writings of Bishop Spalding, who on a thousand occasions and in a thousand ways has declared that schools without religion produce "commonplace and vulgar men," bring about "the deterioration of the national type," create a tendency to ignore religious creeds, and foster "a disposition to treat doubts of the truths of Christianity as a mark of intellectual vigor or even a sign of religious sincerity."

A clever essayist recently said that since the rise of Protestantism the Church has necessarily been almost exclusively on the defensive; that its attitude "has been somewhat that of a hedgehog, which rolls itself into a ball, presenting to outsiders an uncomfortable surface of spikes." In the same spirit Father Tyrrell contributes an article, full of vigorous thought, to the current *Month*. He believes there is need of a change of tactics. Too often Catholic theologians defend what is not attacked, and attack what is not defended. The warfare of the Church is not over, but our enemies must be

approached with a different temper. The policy which Father Tyrrell recommends is "to state, to proclaim, to reveal; not to argue, controvert or defend." He adds:

For this work the controversial and polemical method is altogether unsuited. What is needed before all things is a clear manifestation of the Catholic religion in its ethical and intellectual beauty; not as a religion, but as eminently *the* religion of mankind; as the complement of human nature, the "desire of the nations"; as the one God-given answer to the problem of life and the social problem. For this we need interpreters or go-betweens—that is, men who know and sympathize with both sides; who have at once a comprehensive grasp of the "idea" of Catholicism and are possessed with its spirit; and who are no less in touch with the spirit of their own country and age, its strength and its weakness; who can understand and speak both languages; and, recognizing unity of thought under diversity of expression, can translate from one into the other, interpreting the age to the Church and the Church to the age.

At least this is *one* great need,—interpreters who will not bungle their message; men "recognizing unity of thought under diversity of expression." One such man, whose words we have often quoted, is the Rev. Dr. Barry.

About ten years ago the French Dominicans of Jerusalem came into possession of the place where St. Stephen was stoned to death. They established there a convent of their Order and a faculty of Biblical studies and Oriental linguistics. Excavations undertaken upon their land resulted in bringing to light the substructure, naves, *atrium*, and whole ground-plan of the great basilica raised to the honor of the first martyr by Eudoxia, wife of Theodosius the Younger. The restoration of the church has been begun, the first stone having been laid in December last with impressive ceremonies.

Some one has defined a blush as the sign which Nature hangs out to show where modesty and purity abide. According to Darwin, blushing is the most human of all acts. No animal except man is capable of it. The nearest approach to a blush in the brute creation is the downcast expression of an offending poodle. The missing link may blush, but the missing link is not in

evidence. Heretofore a blushless woman was a term of reproach, and "the rosy-tinted front" a mark of honor. But the end-of-the-age woman is different from her grandmother. She does not favor blushing: she will not have it appear that she is ashamed of herself, though her grandmother would often be ashamed of her. In the eyes of the New Woman blushing is a ridiculous complaint, as many as seven cures for which are advertised in a recent issue of a London weekly paper. Men are not adepts at blushing,—besides, they have all they can do to blush for themselves; however, no true gentleman can fail to render himself roseate when he hears that the New Woman desires to be cured of "the ridiculous complaint of blushing."

Missions to non-Catholics are rapidly becoming popular in many lands. A Danish clergyman of the Reformed Church, recently converted to the true faith, has been lecturing in Copenhagen on the reasons of his change of religion. His audiences, of mixed Protestants and Catholics, spoke so highly of his discourses that his old parishioners invited him to come back and address them on the same subject. This fact speaks well for the religious liberty enjoyed in Denmark; and the lengthy reports of M. Jensen's lectures given in the Danish press attest the fair-mindedness generally prevailing throughout that country. On abandoning his Protestant parish, M. Jensen had taken up the life of a farmer; and it was only at the solicitation of Mgr. von Euch, the Vicar-Apostolic, that he betook himself to the platform, where, it is to be hoped, he will henceforth frequently appear.

The one ill effect to be feared from Catholic schools is the danger that parents will leave the religious instruction of their children entirely to those who teach them. This should not be, and parents should be persuaded that nothing can wholly supply for the instruction which it is their sacred duty to impart. The best place to learn the first lessons of the Catechism is a mother's knee, and there a child should be taught to pray. It would be well for parents to keep

the religious instruction of their children largely in their own hands. To the childish mind the parental authority is everything. Lessons learned at school lose half their effect unless they are repeated in the household. They must be enforced also by example. No child whose father or mother neglects the duty of prayer, for instance, can have a proper idea of the importance of this obligation, no matter how much it may be insisted upon by teachers. It is for parents to sow the good seed in the hearts of children, though others may promote its growth. A story is told that when the Archdeacon of London was catechising the young princes of England, he said: "Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly." At which the boys piped up: "Oh, but it is mamma who teaches us our Catechism!" A mother with as many cares as the Queen of England ought not to forget that there are offices which she alone can adequately fill.

Statistics have lost their power to thrill, it is true; but there is still a way of rendering them impressive. Thus Baron Garofalo made Signor Crispi very uncomfortable recently by showing that in Italy, which has an area smaller than the single State of California, a homicide occurs every two hours. Baron Garofalo is a warm supporter of the present Italian Government, but he declares that public security can never be hoped for until the delusion about secular education is given up. His words are the more remarkable considering that his attitude toward the clergy and religious schools thus far has been one of unremitting hostility. But politics, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows.

The hierarchy of Australia, in second Plenary Council assembled, have issued a joint pastoral remarkable for its wisdom, vigor, and keen appreciation of contemporary needs. If the meeting of the prelates had no other result than this letter there would be cause for rejoicing. We quote one passage which, we are forced to confess, applies equally well to our country:

There is a symptom of our national life which fills us with concern; we mean the comparative

weakness of domestic ties. The immigrants to these new lands had beautiful traditions of home-life, its authority, its reverence, and its manifold sanctities. These gentle influences are, we fear, on the wane in Australia. Children are apt, as they grow up, to neglect their parents; brothers and sisters going forth into the world soon lose sight of one another. The result is that parents have to bear the chagrin of being forsaken in their old age by the children whom they toiled so hard to rear and educate; while these, in turn, suffer much by the loss of those intimate family relations which, in creating a certain solidarity of name and character, have, in other lands, often restrained passion and nerved the despondent. St. Paul's forewarning recurs to our minds while treating of this subject: "Know also this, that in the last days shall come dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers; disobedient to parents; ungrateful, wicked; without affection, without peace; slanderous, incontinent, unmerciful; without kindness; traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures more than of God; having an appearance indeed of godliness, but denying the power thereof.... Ever learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth." (II. Tim., iii, 1-7.) It can hardly be gainsaid that much of this gloomy picture of moral degeneration and religious decadence has its counterpart in contemporary manners.

The tone of the pastoral, however, is not pessimistic: it is rather exultant and enthusiastic. The Bishops bear grateful testimony to the blessed absence of religious prejudice, and make this boast—which we could wish were true of America also—that "there is hardly a town of importance throughout the colonies but has attached to the parish church a branch of that excellent association, the Children of Mary."

The Archbishop of Montreal has recently addressed to his clergy a circular letter dealing with the agricultural question, and the best means of inducing young men to adopt farming as their calling in preference to professions and trades, which are already overcrowded, and which often force their members to leave their own country in order to make a living. "The soil," says the Archbishop, "will give an honest livelihood to the educated and intelligent farmer"; and he urges the clergy to advise the entrance into the agricultural schools of the most active and intelligent young men in their parishes. The flocking to the large cities of a large proportion of the youth of rural

districts is a tendency that needs repression. Even were money-making the chief end in life, this abandoning of the paternal farm can no longer be considered the best means of attaining that end, either in Canada or in this country. It would be a distinct gain to the United States as well as to the Dominion if a considerable proportion of so-called "professional" men were to give up their struggle for a precarious existence in the large cities, and devote such energies as they are possessed of to the intelligent cultivation of the soil.

These are cheering words which Father Doyle, the Paulist, writes to the *Independent* on the progress of Catholicity in this country during 1895. Speaking from a "personal experience that is country-wide, and a very intimate association with movements that are national," he bears testimony to the deeper devotional life of the children of the Church, and of the ever-increasing numbers of those children. With one of the most potent agencies in the conversion of those without the fold—missions to non-Catholics,—Father Doyle's own Congregation is more closely identified than any other body of churchmen; and the opportunities which he himself enjoys of gauging the measure of success that the true faith is winning lends especial weight to his conclusion: "To sum it all up, then, the progress of the Church is like the onward movement of a great stream. To the casual eye it seems the same; but measure its movement, it goes faster; sound its depths, and it will be discovered that it has dredged out for itself a deeper channel."

W. Hudson Shaw, M. A., of Oxford, has been lecturing in Philadelphia on Irish history. In the opening lecture of his course he announced that it would be a large part of his duty in his subsequent discourses "to point out England's mistakes in Ireland, and to portray the hardships endured by this long-suffering people." As the small boy would say, "That's an easy one." Given the possession by Mr. Shaw of any reasonably complete knowledge of his subject, and a modicum of honesty, his failure to point out

such mistakes and portray such hardships would be far more remarkable than his doing so. He would essay a much more difficult task were he to attempt a justification of England's historical attitude toward the "Niobe of nations."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xliii. 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. P. M. Bourke, of Shipman, Ill.; and the Rev. Michael Callaghan, of New York city, who lately departed this life.

Brother Wilfrid, C. S. C., who was called to the reward of a blameless life on the 18th inst., at Notre Dame, Ind.

Sister Mary Teresa, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Mary Agnes, Berkeley, Cal.; and Sister M. Juliana, of the Order of the Visitation, who passed to their reward last month.

Hon. Edward I. Arundell, who died in Calcutta on the 31st ult.

Mr. James Peyton, of Graceville, Minn., whose death occurred some time ago.

Mr. Robert Kerr, whose life closed peacefully on the 6th inst., in Chicago, Ill.

Mr. William Conley, of Medina, N. Y.; Mr. John Purcell, Mr. W. Sullivan, Mrs. K. Horner, and Mrs. Hannah Sheedy, Austin, Texas; Mr. James Lahey, Mrs. Ellen McGrann, and Miss Mary Donnelly, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Anne Cummings, Dorchester, Mass.; Mr. Thomas Purcell and Mrs. Catherine Kane, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. John Tobin, Bristol, R. I.; Mrs. Elizabeth Hetherington, Galway, Ireland; Mrs. Thomas Gilfillin, Anghavass, Ireland; Mr. Patrick Dwyer, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Elizabeth McWilliams, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Stephen Ryan and Mr. John Roarke, New York city; Mrs. Mary Carmody, Limerick, Ireland; Mrs. Mary J. Heany, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Ellen McCarthy, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. Susan Daley, Boston, Mass.; Mr. William Doras, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Smith, Toronto, Canada; Miss Frances Devine, Ansonia, Conn.; Miss Alice O'Neill, Oil City, Pa.; Mrs. Margaret Stuart and Mrs. Margaret Mulrine, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Patrick Brennan, Avon, N. Y.; Mr. John J. Milliken, S. Boston, Mass.; John A. Reidy, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. George Denny, Mrs. Mary Skay, Mr. Michael Mooney, and Mr. Thomas Hunt, Iowa City, Iowa; Mr. Andrew McFall, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. Eugene Bresnahan, Lynn, Mass.; and Mrs. Catherine Spillane, Cohoes, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Notker the Stammerer.

IN the tenth century the great Benedictine monastery of St. Gall threw the light of its learning to the farthest confines of Europe. Its cloisters were filled with saintly and studious men, and among its pupils were many whose names are written far up on the scholarly roll of the early Middle Ages.

Among the best beloved of the monks was Notker, or the Stammerer, so called from an unmanageable tongue. But he was weak only in speech: in spirit he was a veritable lion, and, though the gentlest of men, could take a bold stand for the right when occasion required. He was a true poet and an able musician; but more than all was he a holy man, and even while he lived was looked upon as a saint.

That was a rough age, and the rod was ever in the schoolmaster's hand; however, Notker governed by love, not stripes, and his pupils venerated him. But there was one breach of discipline which he could not abide. If a boy robbed a bird's-nest even the blessed Notker found forgiveness a hard duty; and after one interview with the master, the offender felt the tears of sorrow shed by that good man as if they had been burning coals upon his head.

The Emperor Charles visited St. Gall's on one occasion, and his chaplain took offence at the great consideration shown by his sovereign to Notker. Seeing the latter reading his Psalter in a shady corner, the royal chaplain said to his companions:

"This stuttering fellow, it seems, sets up for a wiseacre; but I am going to make a laughing-stock of him for you." So, approaching Notker, he asked: "I know you are very clever. Will you have the kindness to inform me what God is doing at present?"

Notker looked up from his book. "He is doing," he answered quietly, "what He has always done and what He will continue to do: He is exalting the humble, and humbling the proud."

The man who had offered to make a laughing-stock of Notker turned uneasily away, and the scholar went on reading his Psalter.

We are very certain that the tender-hearted Benedictine would have been the last to visit vengeance upon a fellow-being, however great the provocation; but the fact remains that when the royal guests rode away, the horse of the Emperor's chaplain fell with him, and his leg was broken.

Knowing all the circumstances, the abbot commanded Notker to visit the wounded man and give him his blessing.

"I won't have his blessing," said the chaplain; and so the leg, the old chroniclers tell us, did not heal. But pride had another fall when the sufferer's pains wore out his pique, and Notker was summoned with good results.

There was another Notker whose quick temper gained him the sobriquet of Peppercorn,—a good man, but one whose grave fault made him a widely different being from the gentle Notker who wept when the boys robbed the birds'-nests.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

IX.—I GO TO SCHOOL.—MY FIRST PARTY.

When I was eight years old my parents decided to send me to school; principally, I think, because they thought it best for me to mingle with other children. I had not the least desire to go; for I was shy, quiet, and so fond of my home that the thought of being absent from it during the greater part of the day, and of many days, lengthened into a vista of months and years, seemed almost terrible to me. My mother would have preferred the Sisters' school, but it was too far from where we lived. I could not be trusted to find my way there and back again through the busy streets, and it would not have been convenient for some one always to accompany me.

There lived in our neighborhood an aged gentlewoman who kept a small private school, attended, as her circulars announced, "only by the children of the most select families." This relic of better days lived in a tiny cottage of two rooms, in the midst of a large and utterly neglected garden, where every variety of common, and for that reason delightful, flowers bloomed in riotous profusion from year to year. One of these was used as a school-room, in the other she had her dwelling. The place was exquisitely neat inside. White ruffled curtains, daintily laundered and often renewed, hung at the windows, the broad ledges of which were always filled with pots of mignonette and sweet lavender,—the only flowers among her superabundance to which the queer old lady gave any attention. Between the gate and the doorstep, at one side of the gravelled path, were set three scrapers, on each of which the children were required to clean their shoes before setting foot upon the broad, wide porch, almost as

large as the dwelling, where, at regular distances, also lay three mats: one of rough cocoa, another of soft sheepskin; while just at the threshold was one of plaited red and blue rags. So carefully had we wiped our feet before reaching this triumph of household art that it long retained the glory of its pristine colors.

The ancient dame who presided in this temple of literature was named Margaret Kate O'Rourke, and when addressing her patrons on educational matters she always spoke of herself in the third person. For instance, if meeting one casually on the street, or if paying a friendly call—which she did punctiliously four times a year on the parents of her pupils,—she would converse on ordinary topics as ordinary persons do. But when, at intervals, she paid a visit relative to some fault, need, or business connected with her school, she would invariably begin, "Margaret Kate O'Rourke has the honor, or the pleasure, or regrets to inform you," etc., as the occasion might require.

But she was, if eccentric and formal, very kind; she taught the homely and essential virtues of obedience and reverence to our elders, and courtesy toward one another. A lie to her was an abomination, and carelessness of speech a great offence. She was a devout Catholic, but respected the beliefs of others, and she had more pupils among Protestants than those of her own faith. As far as her capacity went, she was an excellent teacher. She knew the geography and history of our country like A B C; we were well and thoroughly drilled in the multiplication table, spelling, and definitions. She was a fine reader and elocutionist. In Miss O'Rourke's school there was none of that monotonous, lifeless, sing-song reading one hears in the average class-room. Her handwriting was exquisite; although, I regret to say, I did not profit sufficiently by it. Perhaps it was not in me to master the beautiful art of chirography; for,

while a satisfactory pupil in other ways, my writing was the despair of every teacher I ever had. Miss O'Rourke was wont to call it "drunken ducks and drakes"; a later preceptress to liken it to a "bundle of crooked sticks"; and still another said it always reminded her of that of a "Dutch skipper" with whom her father, a Belgian lawyer, had had dealings in her early days.

Miss O'Rourke had neither desk nor table in her school-room. We sat in rows against the wall,—the little girls on one side, the boys on the other. A slanting board, running the whole length of the room, served as desk for the different classes whenever needed. When writing we were obliged to stand; when ciphering we held our slates on our knees. The teacher moved her low wicker rocker from place to place, and we gathered round her in familiar fashion to recite our lessons. I remember wondering how she could ever have been young, so thin and white were the little curls that sparsely covered the top of her head; so many and fine the network of wrinkles that lined her face; so thin and knotted with purple veins were her small, delicate hands.

We had only one session a day, beginning at half-past eight and closing at twelve, with fifteen minutes' recess at half-past ten. On Fridays there was no regular study; but we were taught to work in Berlin wool—cross-stitch samplers, crocheting, and knitting,—while one of our number read aloud.

I had been in attendance but a short time when I was invited to my first party. Let me see if I can give you an idea of what such festivities were in those days. They would be regarded as very "old-fashioned" by most modern girls of ten or twelve, I know; but the children of that time enjoyed them very much.

One lovely morning our little school was set in a flutter by the appearance of some pretty pink envelopes peeping from

between the leaves of our copy-books, which lay, with our slates and pencils, when not in use, in a long, narrow shelf beneath the slanting board that served us for a desk. They were addressed in a neat, ladylike hand, to "Miss" or "Master" So-and-So, as the case might be. Opening them, we found the following lines:

"Mrs. Simpson's compliments, and requests the pleasure of your company from two to five on Thursday, to celebrate the birthday of Miss Charlotte Simpson."

It is needless to state that all assembled at the appointed time. Boys and girls were dressed in their best; the girls with white pinafores, as a precaution against staining their Sunday frocks, which were generally of blue, red or green cashmere, trimmed with black ribbon-velvet; hair cut short around the ears, with a "back-comb" having a knot of ribbon at either end; or plaited in two tight "pig-tails," tied with ribbon corresponding to the color of the frock; or, in the case of those happy and fortunate individuals whose mothers could afford to take the trouble, curled with irons in stiff, straight rows,—the front ringlets on either side drawn back and also fastened with ribbons. Green morocco shoes were worn with green frocks, red with red, blue with blue, and generally bronze with brown. Pink, yellow, and even purple were not amiss.

Having been ushered into the parlor, an embarrassing silence ensued. Although we were well acquainted and saw one another every day at school, we seemed to have put on "company manners" with our Sunday clothes, and were at a loss for topics of conversation in these new conditions. But soon the boys began to whisper in groups in one corner; and the girls, thus reassured, leaned across the chairs, and exchanged sundry remarks, also in whispers. And presently Mrs. Simpson appeared, proposing a game of "blind-man's-buff,"—"the best thing," she said, "to break the ice at parties." That

over, we all felt at home. "Buttons," "Forfeits," and "Genteel lady" followed. Then some one spoke for "Green gravel," whereupon we ran into the garden and played not only that, but "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows," "There came two dukes a-roving," and "Miss Jenny Anna Jones."

After some time Mrs. Simpson made her appearance in the doorway, clapping her hands. We knew what this meant, and hastened toward the house,—not too hurriedly, but with as much decorum as was at our command with the prospect of "refreshments" awaiting us within. Following her into the dining-room, we stood on either side of the long table. Chipped beef, daintily sliced, together with small, thin-beaten biscuit already buttered, was handed round, each one receiving her portion on a delicate china plate. Tiny cups of excellent tea, just of the proper strength for children, were served with this course. Then came cake of different varieties, piled high in flat, curving silver baskets, with glasses of very sweet lemonade. Almonds and raisins next, with a "helping" of luscious, soft, broken cream candy sticks, and transparent peppermint drops, from the hand of the deft maiden who served at table. At this point an incident occurred which filled us all with shame and dismay.

One of the girls, Alfaretta Poyntz by name, already tacitly if not openly recognized as being entitled to the appellation of "greedy," gave proof that the distinction, unenviable though it might be, had been justly merited. As the servant was about to pass to the next, she thrust her hand into the dish and slyly transferred some candy to her pocket.

"My dear," said Mrs. Simpson from the head of the table, "it is not ladylike to do so. You have received as much candy as the other children, and should be satisfied with your share."

Covered with mortification, we all cast

down our eyes, most of us furiously blushing. I remember how ashamed I felt of Alfaretta, and how sorry and pained for the confusion that I thought must surely be hers. My surprise and that of my companions was great when, on looking up after a moment of intense silence, we became aware that she was what was then, and is perhaps still, called in vulgar parlance, "snickering." It is more than likely that our hostess, who was most kind, knew the nature of the unsensitive child when she thus publicly reproved her. After this occurrence, if there had been any desire or intention on the part of others to put away some dainties for future enjoyment, all were careful to eat every scrap of nuts and candy before leaving the table.

When we returned to the parlor, a variety of books and illustrated annuals were given us to examine; Mrs. Simpson explaining that it was not good for the digestion to run about immediately after eating. While we were thus engaged the old clock in the hall struck five, with a warning, whirring sound which no doubt brought regret to the hearts of all the little guests. However, with one accord we rose and prepared to make ready for departure; as nothing would have been considered more unladylike than to have remained a moment after the hour specified in the invitations. I doubt if there was one of our mothers who had omitted to say, as she arranged the last stray curl or bow of ribbon: "Be sure you start promptly at five; and do not forget to say good-bye to Mrs. Simpson, or to tell her that you have had a pleasant time."

One by one we went through this formula—nowadays more honored, I fear, in the breach than in the observance,—and were all agreeably surprised to receive from her hands a small bag of blue, green, red, purple or yellow tarlatan, tied with narrow ribbon, and filled with peppermint drops, sugared almonds, gum drops, and

jujube paste, which our hostess bade us divide with the little ones at home. Even the culprit Alfaretta shared with the rest, and afterward ran ahead of the others, the pretty bag already untied, and crunching some of its contents between her sharp, white teeth. This feature of the entertainment, I learned from a companion who had been to "many a party," was in the nature of an innovation. She thought it a decided improvement on the usual methods, but wondered if other people would be expected to do the same henceforward. It was my own opinion that they would not, as none of the others kept wholesale millineries or candy factories, where tarlatan, ribbon, and sweets could be had for the taking. Mrs. Simpson's father was the owner of one such establishment, her husband of the other; therefore, what was easy for them in this regard would not apply, I thought, to the parents of the rest of the children.

After I parted from my companion it occurred to me to run across to Miss O'Rourke's, to show her my pretty bag and offer her a taste of its contents. As I approached I heard the sharp, metallic notes of her ancient, spindle-legged piano; and could it be?—yes, she was singing "The Light of other Days." I can see and hear her yet: the thin, gaunt, almost comical-looking figure in a scant, faded gown; the cracked, feeble voice, unlovely and tremulous with age. But every word was clearly distinct; and as I listened for the first time to the sweet melody and pathetic theme a feeling I could not have explained, but which brought tears to my eyes and a lump in my throat, caused me to steal away silently, lest I should be discovered by my teacher, who, something whispered in my soul, might shrink at having been thus discovered. I may have been wrong, of course, in this impression, but I have always associated her memory with the beautiful old song.

(To be continued.)

Roman Rewards.

Crowns have always been used as badges of honor or rewards for valor; but probably the Romans had the most extensive system of coronations ever known. Any Roman citizen or soldier who served the republic in any extraordinary way was sure to receive some sort of a crown at the hands of the proper authorities. There was the myrtle crown, made in an oval form, which was given to generals who had been sufficiently valorous to entitle them to the honors of what was called a "lesser triumph"; then there was a gold circlet called the naval crown, from the fact that its ornaments looked like the prows of ships, and also because it was presented to the officer or sailor who first boarded the ship of an enemy. A particular sort of jewelled crown was the reward of the general who broke through the enemy's entrenchments; and the mural crown got its name because mural means pertaining to a wall, and this was given only to him who planted the Roman standard upon the wall of a besieged city or castle. The civic crown was much coveted. This was invariably made of oak leaves, and only that person could be its recipient who had saved the life of a Roman citizen.

But what crown do you suppose was most highly prized? One made of gold, or one heavily jewelled, or one rich with the cunning devices of the most skilled workmen? Oh, no, not at all! The crown most eagerly sought and carefully treasured was made of common grass. But this grass had to be gathered on certain ground, and that ground the scene of action when some brave man risked his life to deliver an army when it was reduced to its last extremity. There were many other sorts of crowns, but those I have mentioned were the principal ones in use in the military system of the Roman republic.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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Love Shall be Loved!

DEAR God, I see Thy wounded side—
That Fount of love from which a tide
Of mercy pours,—
And cry as did the Saint of old:
"Love is not loved!"

Dear God, I see Thy sin-pierced Heart—
That Fount of love whence mercies start
In healing streams,—
And yet my heart is dry and cold:
"Love is not loved!"

Forgive, O God! Henceforth my soul
Shall fly the world and sin's control,
And follow Thee.
Receive me back into the fold,—
Love shall be loved!

The Madonna of St. Benedict.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.



N the Via Anicia, in that part of Rome known as Trastevere, may be seen a modest little church which is called San Benedetto in Piscinula,—the latter part of its title probably referring to its vicinity to an ancient fish market. A well-founded tradition affirms that this church marks the site of the ancestral palace of the patriarch of Western monks, the great St. Benedict,

whose father belonged to the *gens Anicia*.

The custom of changing Roman palaces into churches was not unfrequent in the early ages. Thus the ancestral home of the Metelli became the Church of St. Cecilia; the palace of St. Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian, was converted into the Monastery and Church of St. Andrew; St. Gregory II. changed the house belonging to his family into the Church of St. Agatha in Trastevere; and many more instances might be cited from ecclesiastical history. So, too, the Church of San Benedetto has always been regarded as a portion of the ancient paternal possessions of St. Benedict. Dom Mabillon, the famous Maurist Benedictine, speaks of this tradition as established beyond controversy; and Cardinals Baronius and Bellarmine, with other Roman historians and antiquarians, held the same opinion. These venerable Cardinals, distinguished alike for learning and sanctity, frequently made the spot the object of a pious visit to honor the memory of the great Saint connected with it.

The ancient fresco of the Madonna over the altar of the Lady-chapel in this shrine was long thought to be the original one before which St. Benedict had prayed when a boy; but in the year 1846 this belief was dispelled by a startling discovery. In the course of certain alterations in the little chapel of Our Lady, rendered necessary by the damp, the workmen had occasion to break through a part of

the ancient wall; and in so doing came upon another fresco of the Madonna far more ancient than that over the altar. Unfortunately, a large portion of the painting had been damaged by the workmen before the discovery was made; but the picture of the head and shoulders of our Blessed Lady were intact, and traces could be seen of the figure of the Divine Child. When it had been examined by experts, the newly discovered fresco was found to be in the style of the fifth century, and at least eight hundred years older than the one formerly venerated as St. Benedict's Madonna, but which they now declared to be not older than the thirteenth century.

Such a discovery naturally excited the deepest interest; and a wealthy layman, Signor Pezzi, anxious to gain possession of the precious treasure for his private chapel, offered to transfer the fresco by an expensive process, on condition that he should become its owner. The necessary permission was granted by the rector of the church, and the difficult and hazardous work of removing the fresco was begun. It was eventually set up in its new position, but not without further injuries to the already imperfect picture.

Naturally the Benedictines felt that they had a prior claim to the picture. Abbot Casaretto, General of the Cassinese Congregation of Primitive Observance, was at last successful in the difficult negotiation, and the Madonna again changed hands. Singularly enough, the monastery which was to become its eventual destination was also the ancient palace of a saint who had, like St. Benedict, given his ancestral possessions to the Church. The Monastery of St. Ambrose, which in the year 1861 was bestowed by Pope Pius IX. upon the Congregation over which Abbot Casaretto presided, originally formed part of the Roman property of the Saint after whom it is called. It was converted into a monastery for nuns in the first instance, St. Marcellina, the sister of St. Ambrose,

becoming the first abbess. A church was built on a portion of the ground attached to the monastery, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; but, as in the case of St. Benedict's Church, this also became known in later ages by the name of its first saintly owner, and was generally styled SS. Mary and Ambrose in Massima, on account of its vicinity to the famous Cloaca Maxima of Rome. The nuns were afterward transferred to St. Cecilia in Trastevere, where they are still to be found; and the Monastery and Church of St. Ambrose passed through many vicissitudes and changed owners many times before coming into the possession of the sons of St. Benedict.

The painting, before being enshrined in this second home of sacred associations, was given to a Roman artist of no great repute for careful renovation. It was stretched upon a wooden panel, and the figures underwent considerable retouching at the hands of this painter. The result was not so happy as might have been desired. In its present state it represents our Blessed Lady holding the Divine Child in her arms. Her face is of a Grecian type; the countenance of striking beauty of feature, the eyes large and dark. She is clad in a red robe, over which a dark veil-like mantle falls, covering the head and entire body; it hangs in folds over the forehead nearly to the eyebrows, and a cross is embroidered over the front of the head. The figure of the Holy Child is almost entirely the work of the modern painter, and is conspicuously lacking in the grace which is apparent in that of the Virgin Mother. He holds one little hand uplifted, as though to direct attention to the small jewelled cross which He holds in the other. He wears a green tunic and a large over-mantle of brown. A nimbus surrounds the head of each.

One of the former chambers of St. Ambrose, still preserved and fitted up as a chapel, became in due time the home of

this new Madonna. When the Piedmontese invaders seized upon such of the sacred places as they chose to consider necessary for municipal offices, San Ambrogio was one of the coveted possessions. Its vast buildings were converted into schools for secular education and offices of the war department. Besides the church, only a small portion of their former dwelling—barely sufficient to house a few monks—was left to the Benedictines. The little sanctuary which recalled memories of St. Ambrose and his sainted sister was spared, however; and with it the cherished Madonna of St. Benedict.

It was doubtless before the sweet, placid features of the Virgin Mother here portrayed that Benedict, who had been sent to Rome to pursue his studies, often poured forth his fervent prayers for light and grace. Can we doubt that those little daily confidences, and the earnest manner and the lofty purpose of the young Saint, moved the Blessed Mother to show her powerful protection in a very special way? Surrounded by sights and sounds full of danger to his pure soul, he kept himself "unspotted from this world." May we not truly affirm that his own sanctity, his countless sanctified children in every age, the immense results of his generous sacrifice in the conversion of nations, and the strengthening of the arm of the Church in perilous times, were the reward exceeding great of his childlike devotion to the Mother of God, in whom he found "life" and "salvation," not only for himself but for innumerable others? "I am the Mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue." Surely it could not be otherwise with St. Benedict than with all the great saints of God, who have ever sought from the generous hands of the Mother the gifts which her Divine Son places at her disposal.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

IV.

ROUGH and boisterous were the seas which the *New York* encountered as she passed Hatteras, of stormy fame; and few were the passengers who did not more or less succumb to the dreaded malady which lies in wait for those who go down upon the deep in ships. Atherton was not surprised that for two days he had no further glimpse of the boy who so much interested him; nor that when he met him on the third day he was looking very pale, as he lay back in a deck-chair gazing at the sea, which, now comparatively smooth and brilliantly blue, spread its tossing waves to the far horizon. His appearance, so delicate and so lonely, revived the sympathy which Atherton had first felt, and brought his steps involuntarily to a pause in front of him.

"Good-morning!" he said, "I believe it was agreed when we parted that the initiative in any further intercourse should come from you, but I may be permitted to inquire how you are feeling. You have evidently suffered from the rough weather of the last two days?"

"Very much," the boy replied, looking up with a smile at the tall figure standing over him. "I was very sea-sick, and I am still feeling the effects of it. I find that I am not a good sailor at all. And you—have you been well?"

"Oh, yes! I am an old yachtsman, used to the roughest tumbling Neptune can give. You needn't fancy yourself a bad sailor, however, because you have felt the weather of the past two days. It has been uncommonly nasty."

"Yes; but to-day makes amends. Is it not glorious? This is, indeed Byron's 'deep and dark-blue ocean.'"

"So you know 'Childe Harold'!" said Atherton, drawing forward another chair and dropping into it. "That is a little uncommon with the youth of the present day. Which is a pity. For the morbidness of that interesting exile was healthfulness itself compared to the morbidness of *fin de siècle* verse-makers; and the poetry is magnificent."

"It seems so to me," said the boy. "As I have sat here watching the waves in their long, ceaseless rolling, those lines ran constantly in my mind:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean,—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

Familiar as the stanza was to Atherton, it seemed to him that he had never heard it before, so wonderfully did the noble measure gain from the music of the tones which uttered it. Gazing out over that majestic expanse of waters, which since the birth of time has never been wholly stilled, the speaker, as if he forgot his listener and only gratified himself by uttering aloud the lines which haunted him, recited them with a melody of intonation, a depth and perfection of expression, which justified Atherton's exclamation:

"Good Heavens, what a voice you have! Where did you learn to recite like that?"

The boy turned his face toward him with a surprised look.

"Was it at all extraordinary?" he asked. "I only spoke as I felt. The music of the verses seemed the only fit expression for the feelings which the sea excites."

"I should have said that only a poet or an actor could have spoken them as you did," Atherton replied; "while few poets and not a great many actors possess such a voice. You are really a very astonishing boy. May I ask how old you are?"

"I am nineteen," answered the other, in a tone which had grown perceptibly more distant and seemed to contain a hint of offence.

"I think you must be an embryo genius," added Atherton, smiling; "you are so very unlike the ordinary boy of that age. If I might hazard a guess, you have been brought up by a woman, and a woman of singular intelligence and refinement."

"Yes," was the reply: "my mother is all that."

"And you are perhaps the only boy in a family of girls?"

"Right again,"—and now for the first time Atherton heard him utter a low, musical laugh. "I have three sisters, but I am the only man of the family."

"That accounts for your wonderfully feminine ways, and also for the fact that you seem to look at things in general in a manner rather unlike what one would expect in a boy."

"I hope you don't think that I am a—milksop?" asked the boy, anxiously.

It was Atherton's turn to laugh.

"Oh, no, no!" he answered. "If I had thought that I should not have mentioned the feminine ways. It is the bravest men who sometimes have most of the woman in them; and refined natures dare more than coarse ones, because they can feel the incentive of a higher motive. "Indeed, I should not be surprised"—he spoke deliberately—"if you should prove a hero."

As he had anticipated, the last word made his companion start. He turned around in his chair, and his face was quite pale as he asked:

"What do you mean? Why do you say that?"

"To be frank with you," Atherton answered, "because I have already heard heroism attributed to you. Don't look so startled. It was only by the lady who bade you good-bye on board the day we left. I was standing close beside you—though

probably you did not observe me,—and I could not avoid hearing her say that she wished you the success your heroism deserved. That first drew my attention to you. One does not sail with a possible hero every day, you know."

There was a short interval of silence, and then:

"My cousin—for the lady you mention was my cousin—spoke extravagantly," said the boy. "It seemed to her heroic that I should undertake this voyage, and—and also some matters at the end of it. But there is really nothing heroic in it at all. There was simply nobody but me to go. As I have said, I am the only man of the family."

If Atherton thought the family not very well provided which had only this man to depend upon, he was far from uttering the thought to one for whom he felt a deepening attraction.

"I should like," he said after a pause, "to know your name."

"My name"—the other hesitated for a moment—"is Henri de Marsillac."

"Quite a fitting name for a hero," said Atherton. "It sounds romantic enough to suggest all manner of heroic adventures."

"It was the name of my great-great-grandfather," was the quiet reply; "but I never heard that he had any specially romantic or heroic adventures,—although he died tragically enough. He was a planter in the French colony of San Domingo, and was killed in the insurrection of the slaves."

"Indeed! Then you have a connection, and a very close one, with the island you are about to visit."

"Yes," answered the other, and then paused. He was evidently determined not to be drawn into any personal details; and Atherton, whose interest in him was quite different from the curiosity which desires to know such details simply for the sake of knowing them, saw this, and at once changed the subject.

"What a history that island has had!" he said, musingly. "Think of it for a moment! The cradle of the New World; the Hispaniola of Columbus, where he established the first seat of that empire which was to widen so vastly and extend so far; the disputed battle-ground for centuries of Spaniards, French, and English; ravaged by buccaneers, baptized in blood; swept a hundred times by fire and sword; the theatre of constant warfare, culminating at last in massacre without a parallel, and in its fairest portion being abandoned into the hands of African savages,—it still remains as fair, as productive and as undeveloped as when the keels of the caravels first cut its shining waters, and the eyes of the immortal discoverer first rested upon the beauty of its heights."

"You are familiar with it?" asked the boy, looking at him a little curiously as he lay back in his chair, with his long length extended, gazing out over the blue, flashing, sparkling surges; as if in fancy he saw the caravels before him, and the figure of the heroic Admiral standing in the prow of this flag-ship, searching with eager eyes for the desired land.

"No," he answered, "I have never seen it; but I have lately been reading much about it, and what I have read has fired my fancy exceedingly. I really think I shall enjoy a sojourn which at first wore only the aspect of a disagreeable exile. It is at least certain that no other spot in the New World is so full of historic interest and so invested with the glamour of picturesque associations."

"Is it to the Spanish part of the island you are going?" the boy asked, after some hesitation.

"My immediate destination is San Domingo city, the capital of the Spanish part of the island," Atherton replied. "My further destination is a certain sugar estate, into the affairs and management of which I have a commission to inquire.

I should like to take you along with me," he added, with a smile. "Since you come from the State of Louisiana, you ought to know something about sugar, while I know absolutely nothing."

"I know a great deal about sugar," the other answered, simply. "At home I manage a sugar estate."

"You!"

"I. Why not? As I have told you, I am the man of the family."

At this Atherton could not restrain a merry laugh.

"What an extraordinary boy you are!" he said again. "When one makes up one's mind that you are a genius or a hero, you suddenly announce that you are a man of practical affairs. Suppose, then, that you continue your journey with me to the sugar estate and give me the benefit of your knowledge?"

"I leave the ship at the Cape," was the serious reply. "My business is in Hayti."

"I hope it is not business which will take you into the interior of the country; for by all accounts it is not safe there."

The other shrugged his shoulders. Plainly he had no intention of being expansive on the subject of his business.

"One can not stop to think of risks," he said; and then added: "If you know nothing of the raising or making of sugar, why do you undertake to examine the affairs of a sugar estate?"

"I am," said Atherton, "one of those unfortunates who, being under sentence of death, have a partial reprieve given them by the judges whom we call doctors, in the form of an order to go and live in a warm climate. Hence I am going to the West Indies; and my choice of San Domingo is determined by the fact of the existence of the sugar estate, which, ignorant as I am of sugar affairs, affords me at least the shadow of an interest and an occupation,—of both of which I am greatly in need."

The boy looked at him, with an expres-

sion of quick compassion in his face.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked. "Do you mean that you are under sentence of death in—in any immediate sense?"

"Sometimes I think that it is in a very immediate sense. Then again I listen to the voice of Hope speaking through the doctors, and telling me that if I live for two years in a warm climate I shall be cured, or at least reprieved for an indefinite length of time. Left to myself, I should not have listened to them: I should have positively refused the rôle of an invalid health-seeker and preferred to make shorter work of dying. But I have a father, who is not only devoted to me, but of whom I am the only child. It is for his sake that I have followed the advice of the medical gentlemen and that I am here."

"You were right," said the boy, with an air of decision that sat strangely upon his youthfulness. "Even if you had believed there was no good in it, you should have consented for the sake of your father. But there must be good in it. You have no look of an invalid."

"I sincerely hope not," replied Atherton, amused by the other's tone. "But this enforced exile is hard on my father too. He will miss me very much."

"He would miss you still more if you obstinately stayed at home and died," rejoined the young mentor. "Does he live in New York?"

"My father? He may be practically said to live everywhere. His business extends from San Francisco to New York, and he has headquarters in both cities. If you read newspapers much, you have probably seen his name now and then. It is George Atherton."

"I think I have seen *it. He is what is called a railroad and bonanza king, isn't he?"

"Some such foolish term is sometimes applied to him. He is simply a man who has large interests in railroads and mines

and has made a great deal of money out of both. I am rather proud of my father. He comes of sturdy English stock, and was hardly more than a boy when he came out from the old country and went to California, in what are known as the flush times. Without any advantages of capital or friends, by sheer pluck and intelligence, and perhaps some luck—one must give fortune its due,—he succeeded from the first. He was rather advanced in life when he married my mother—who, now that I think of it, was a country-woman of yours: at least her people came from New Orleans,—and after her early death he never married again. From that time he has lived for only two things—business and me. Determined to equip me for the race of life with every advantage, he sent me abroad to an English then to a German university; and when I came back and entered upon the study of my chosen profession of law, no one could have been more delighted than he that I had no will, because he is so rich a man, to be an idler. And indeed I am too much his son for idling to be to my taste. I threw all my energy, all my ambition into my work; and I was succeeding—all that I desired was opening before me—when the blow fell. ‘Drop everything; go away for two years!’ The doctors said it glibly, but it was worse than a death-sentence to me. It was a sentence to a death-in-life, which I had always dreaded more than death itself.”

The speaker paused, his voice dropping at the last words, as he gazed from under the rim of his cap straight out over the boundless leagues of shimmering water. He had for a moment forgotten the companion to whom he had been speaking, in the sudden wave of bitterness roused by the thought of his enforced exile, of his thwarted ambition; and it was a sigh breathed by that companion which made him glance around. He never forgot the look of exquisite pity and sympathy

which was shining upon him from the beautiful hazel eyes.

“How sorry I am for you!” the boy exclaimed. “Do you mind my saying that? I know that there are people who do not like to be pitied. But it seems so hard,—to have everything that life can give, and to be obliged to drop it all and go away, with such a fear in your thoughts. Oh, how many different kinds of trouble there are in the world!”

“Very many, indeed,” said Atherton. “But although I am not one of the people who object to being pitied, I must not take your pity under false pretences—at least not too much of it. When I am despondent I think of falling into lifelong invalidism, if I live at all. But at other times I believe that I shall get well, and that the two years I shall lose will be all. I have determined to live for that time the life of Nature—to exist as much as possible like an animal in the open air,—and I think Nature will cure me. I have solemnly thrown physic to the dogs.”

“Which is good,” said the boy, smiling. “I believe that Nature *will* cure you, as this delicious sea-air has cured my seasickness. For there is the luncheon bell, and I really feel as if I can once more face the table.”

(To be continued.)

A Friend the Less.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

A NEWSPAPER item, brief and cold,
A two-line story tersely told:
“Died at his home quite suddenly”—
My lifelong friend, aged thirty-three.

I saw him only a month ago;
On his face there shone the ruddy glow
Of perfect health, robust and strong,—
The tide of his life seemed to flow along
So full and deep that never a fear
Came to him or me that its ebb was near.

We chatted and laughed o'er the days gone by,
 Youth's sunny years that so swiftly fly;
 Contrasted the dreams of that younger time
 With our real careers in this our prime;
 And, glancing beyond the present, planned
 A coming trip to a Southern land,—
 A holiday long 'neath the purple skies,
 Where the flush of the summer-time never
 dies,

Where the blue waves lap gently fair Italy's
 shore,
 And the Spirit of Beauty holds court ever-
 more.

Only a month since we planned it all,
 And now from my sight Death's sombre pall
 Has hidden my comrade that was to be
 On that holiday journey across the sea.
 Only a month—and his sun that shone,
 Noon-high, has rushed to its setting; gone
 Down where the darkness and silence are
 rife,
 Down 'neath the western horizon of life.

"God rest his soul!" I murmur low,
 "In that other clime whither all must go.
 May Our Lady's prayers win him swift release
 From all purging flames! May he rest in
 peace!"

And, Mother of Mercy, grant to me
 Thy protection and care through the years
 to be,—
 Through the years? Nay, months, for aught
 I know,

That still remain of my lifetime's flow.
 Be thou my guide, my strength, my stay;
 Direct my steps from day to day;
 That when for me the death-bells ring
 And mourning friends my Requiem sing,
 My soul may fly to God and thee,
 At rest for all eternity!

Under the Rose.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

THE wheel of fortune turns and turns
 with us. Some time ago it landed
 us in a great Southern city, not too new.
 There are four of us, and I was the last
 to leave New York. Richard and the girls
 had taken a furnished house for us on
 the outskirts, of which they had written
 me glowing accounts. It was "just the
 house we have always wanted,"—old, in
 perfect order, cheerful, altogether charm-
 ing, "and with a sort of story," Lilly, our
 youngest, added.

I found it all they said and more. It
 stood well back from the street, with a
 wide sweep of rich green turf around it.
 It was broad and low. It had a broad, low,
 heavy door, set deep on a flat and sparkling
 stone of dark gray color. There was one
 wide arched window on each side of the
 door, and three above it,—all with close
 wooden shutters inside the many-paned
 sashes. The roof was high and steep, with
 wide, low dormers. The paint was every-
 where very white, the bricks dark red,
 smooth and small.

Inside, the rooms were cheerful and
 solidly comfortable; with those deep win-
 dow recesses, carved wooden mantels and
 chair-rails, closets and stairways, that are
 once more in request. The furniture was
 all old and handsome; well preserved too,
 from carpets and curtains to bedsteads
 and chairs. It seemed strange they should
 be for rent, and I said so.

"Well, that is the story," said Lilly.
 "There was once an old French gentleman
 and his young wife living here. They
 came from a far-away isle, and they had
 no children. When he died she closed the
 house, dismissed all the servants except
 one she had brought with her—a little
 child,—and lived in utter seclusion for
 twenty years. At her death she left the

If we work upon marble, it will perish;
 if upon brass, time will efface our labor;
 if we rear temples, they will crumble
 into dust; but if we work upon immortal
 minds—if we imbue them with right
 principles, with the fear of God and the
 love of mankind,—we engrave on those
 tablets something which will brighten to
 all eternity.—Anon.

house and its contents to this servant, Angelique. Angelique died two or three years ago. She left a very queer will. The house is to be rented for fifty years from the day of her death, under certain conditions. Then Mr. Tenant gets it. He's the real-estate man, you know."

"But the conditions?"

"Oh, they don't amount to anything! Richard said you would observe them, at any rate. Mr. Tenant is to keep the house in perfect repair, and we are to allow a thorough examination of every part of it every six months. And we are not to move any of the furniture or to take anything away from the house."

"I am sure they are easy enough," observed Richard, as I said nothing.

"I—don't—know," I answered, slowly. "You know, I get very tired of things looking always the same. I like to change the furniture, and give it a summer and a winter look. But I can stand it for a year."

"Well, it is a good thing to have any furniture and any place to put it," said Richard, with a sigh. "Perhaps we may have to leave here by the time you are beyond enduring it."

"And we are all together!" exclaimed Meg, delightedly.

"Yes," assented Lilly. "Don't you worry, Katharine. We are so in love with the freedom of our own home that we intend to keep you moving too briskly to notice that the furniture stands still. Oh, I was so afraid I never *would* get out of those hateful boarding-houses! And this is lovely, and it's cheap."

"Yes," said Richard, "it is certainly cheap, and it is not nasty. Take it thankfully, Katharine."

I did. It certainly was charming, and we all enjoyed our home. I never saw a house into which the sun shone more gloriously, spite of its deep windows and overhanging eaves. The level beams at morning and at evening poured their gold lavishly upon the quaint, flowered walls,

the mellow-tinted furniture, the faded embroideries, and faint-hued carpets. There were pictures on the walls, books on the shelves,—French for the most part, and very old and curious; china in the closets, linen in the drawers,—everything, in fact; and everything of the best. Richard and the girls never ceased to congratulate one another on our bargain.

But, to tell the truth, I was never quite at my ease. I was always looking for a revelation of some kind. I had chosen for my own one of the rooms in the roof with a great dormer facing south. It was large but cozy; for the sloping ceiling seemed to hover it, and its furniture was the oldest, darkest, quaintest, and most artistic in the house. With my table and a great arm-chair drawn into the window arch, the beautiful city lying below me in the full glow of the sunlight I love so well, I was delightfully placed for work. But I never had such trouble with my mental powers in my life. I could do nothing but dream and "fancy impossibilities," as the others said. We were living in a house redolent of quite another atmosphere than the one we breathed. Here the life-story of unknown women had, I was sure, been strangely told before ours came to the telling. What had this Angelique really meant by her singular will? What had she and her mistress been to each other? Why had those two so cherished this home only to cast their treasures to the winds of chance? I strove in vain to answer my own questionings. Quietly I tested walls and floors, drawers and mantel-shelves. I pulled and pushed every panel, peeped behind pictures and into china rose-jars and sugar-bowls; took down the books one by one, and shook them very carefully, running the leaves through my fingers. I laughed while I did it, but—I did it.

We had been in the house a year. Good fortune seemed to have found us at last, and to be quite charmed with us; for

everything was going well with us. Meg entered my room one morning and sank lazily into the nearest chair.

"Can you talk?" she asked.

"In a minute," I replied, not looking up from my writing, and driving my pen across the white page. When I leaned back in my chair with a sigh of relief, she was slowly tracing with one finger the delicate carving on the great chest of drawers.

"Well?" I questioned.

"What a lovely thing this is!" she exclaimed, wide of the mark. "This rose vine is perfect, and perfect everywhere. Even these drooping buds are carved under the edge."

She gave a sharp cry. There was a click and a crash, and across her lap, upon the floor, half-way to where I sat, were scattered fragments of carved wood, old papers, hoarded trifles, and the dust of withered rose leaves.

"You have found it!" I cried, springing to my feet.

She was pale and trembling.

"Found what?" she asked, excitedly. "It flew out like a bullet from a rifle. You might have told me. It shocked me terribly."

"My dear," I said, "I knew nothing of it. I only meant you have found what I have looked for—the secret of this house."

"Well, I wish *you* had found it. What are the things, any way?"

I was gathering them together. The chest of drawers was a most beautiful piece of foreign workmanship, black with age, and carved along every edge and angle with a wild-rose vine in high relief. On either side the many drawers there was a twisted, vine-wreathed column, with a deep, carved capital, apparently solidly immovable. Now one of the capitals lay on the floor with one side of a narrow drawer still adhering to it, the other parts scattered far and wide. I picked them up and fitted them together. Meg put her

hand far back into the yawning cavity the drawer had filled.

"There is a tremendously strong spring coiled here," she said; "and a spring bolt just inside the edge under those rosebuds. If we put the drawer in carefully, it will hold together and stay in place, I think."

We slipped it in, and tried it two or three times. It certainly was the most secret of secret drawers. Not a line nor a seam nor a projection to attract attention or court a curious touch. But for Meg's idle moment, it would probably have remained a secret so far as we were concerned; for I had not the slightest thought of testing anything so compact and apparently immovable as that portion of the old chest of drawers.

Meg tried to gather up the rose leaves—or, rather, their still faintly fragrant pieces.

"Poor things!" she said. "I am sorry they were disturbed, but we will put them all back. Mr. Tenant may have the secret."

"Mr. Tenant can not have all the secret," I said, holding out a paper I had taken from the floor. "Here is something intended for you."

It was thin and small, sealed, and bore the following address in large, trembling characters: "To whomsoever shall find these."

Meg looked at it, looked at me, but did not touch it.

"*You* found that," she said. "I don't like such things. You are welcome to it."

"Will you give me all I find?" I asked, trying to laugh.

"All,—everything!"

But I paused with my fingers on the seal. What did I care for the secret? What might it not mean of sorrow and care?

"Meg dear," I cried, "let us put them all back and leave them for some one else to find!"

"But we will have to tell Mr. Tenant."

"Oh, then, here goes! If it is to be made known while I am in the house, I am glad to be the first to learn it."

And I broke the seal. Meg clung to my arm. Side by side, eye following eye, we read the curiously written lines:

TO WHOMSOEVER SHALL FIND THESE:

I beg of that person to read. I am old woman now. I have my secret long time, but I die not so. I have the braveness not to speak, but I write. I write it in the French. Also I write it in the English. I have the will made. In the fifty years long, the good God will send to find my secret some one. It is very bad, sad, but not of sin. I keep it for Madame my mistress. To whomsoever find these, I pray all the time the good God to bless.

ANGELIQUE DE L'ISLE,
de Guadeloupe.

Lilly called from the stairway. Meg answered her.

"I am going downstairs," she said to me. "If it isn't too fearful, tell me what it means. I would not read it for the world."

She was gone. I was alone with the secret. I wished from my heart I had not found it. I turned over the things before me on my desk. There were four leather cases. One held an old-fashioned watch—a gentleman's watch,—in dull red gold, with a tiny landscape painted on its open face. There were three seals attached to its short chain, one of them heavily set with small diamonds. In the second case there were gold and silver buttons, heavy and plain, and a splendid diamond ring set in old silver. The third was a sort of pocket-book or card-case. It contained some coins, foreign and American, and a foreign check or note. The fourth was a very old-fashioned daguerreotype—Angelique's own dark, sad face in middle age. A slip of paper pinned to the velvet lining bore this sentence: "Me myself, at the age thirty-eight, Angelique de L'Isle."

Further, there was a sealed packet, without address, two folded papers, and some notes or letters. The papers had been bound together, but their abrupt dislodgment had burst the band which

lay at my feet. I put aside the sealed packet and took up the papers. One was written in French, the other in that singular English which Angelique had so laboriously manufactured to reveal her secret beyond the power of fate to conceal. Without a heading, without a word of explanation or introduction, it began:

"Madame my mistress marry the Colonel des Tours very young. But not so young as she marry Monsieur Lajous, also very young. Soon he die. She come then to the house of her father, and she bring with her the so small son. She love that son. Day long, night long, she nurse him, she care for him, she cry and kiss him. All the time she so pale, so pretty. The Colonel des Tours he see her that time. He love her. He tell to her parents he wish to marry their daughter, Madame Lajous. They like that very much. They tell Madame my mistress it shall so be. Madame my mistress say '*Non, non, non!*' very often; she cry very much. But—it is so.

"She marry the Colonel des Tours. He very good, very fine man, but he love not the so small son of Madame my mistress. He take Madame my mistress for long journey, but he take not the so small son. He bring her back, he take her away; he bring her back, he take her away. Always she so glad to see once more that so small son; always she so sorry to leave that boy. Always the Colonel des Tours he look so black, he shut his teeth so hard.

"Then the Colonel des Tours he bring her to America—to here. They stay, they remain. They send for the everything, but not the so small son. The Colonel des Tours he promise it shall be very soon, but he send not. He very good, very kind, very loving all the time. Madame my mistress she still very young, very pretty, very loving. I think she forget a little that boy. I hear not much of that boy. Me myself, a small child, see all

very happy, very rich, very grand; but I hear not much of that boy.

"One day, after long time, there came to Madame my mistress a letter from that so small son, now man grown. He want so much to see his so dear, still so dear and so pretty mother. Soon, very soon, he comes to her. Madame my mistress cry out, she faint. The Colonel des Tours he take that letter, he read it; also he, too, cry out with rage and anger. 'Not so!' he say. 'To the house of the Colonel des Tours comes never the son of Lajous! Never!' Madame my mistress she weep, weep, weep; but he say always that same. He change not one word. 'Never!' Then he go away—to the New York he go, and he stay long, long time.

"Madame my mistress she write that son. That son he write Madame my mistress one other time. So he comes. Madame my mistress she weep much, but she say: 'Ah, Angelique! my son, my bebe, I shall see him! I shall see his so pretty face, I shall kiss his so pretty little hands,—my son, my so small son!' And she weep, but also she smile,—oh, many times she smile!

"He comes. Madame my mistress she die not, but she faint to the death. She fall down at his feet, and he lift her to his heart; he hold her there like a lover, like a son who so loves his mother. And he so beautiful like an angel! That so small son now man grown, so fine, so grand. Monsieur Henri Lajous now, and beautiful. They kiss, kiss, kiss; they talk, talk, talk. That night Madame my mistress say to me once more: 'Angelique, Monsieur Henri, my son, he not so well. That long, long sea. It has so tired him. The Colonel des Tours comes not yet, and Monsieur Henri he stay with me this to-night. Make you the room of the rose in all things beautiful for him. In the room of the rose, the room of my own, shall sleep the son of Monsieur Lajous, my one own son.'

"I make the room of the rose all beautiful, and Monsieur he sleep there. To-morrow he not so well once more,—to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. He have the fever—the bad, bad fever. Madame my mistress, oh, how it is she weep then! Monsieur Henri he look and look. 'Ah, my mother!' he say,—'ah, my mother, here I die! On thy so dear heart I die. Ah, my mother!'

"At the night he die. Upon her so dear heart he die. And Madame my mistress she cry not out. She tremble, tremble, tremble; she embrace her son, man grown, but dead before her there; she kiss, kiss, kiss him. He kiss her not once more.

"The Colonel des Tours that day he write that he comes to-morrow. Madame my mistress she look like the death. 'Angelique,' she say, 'what to do? The Colonel des Tours. What to do when he know—when some one tell him the truth?'

"'Madame my mistress,' I say, '*this* we do.' I know the Colonel des Tours. He very good, very fine man, but he very terrible man some of the times. I know, I see. In the room of the rose I know a small, small door behind that rose chest. Madame my mistress and me myself we move that rose chest. I open that small, small door. I find a low, small place, but with floor, with wall, with ceiling, all so good. Madame my mistress she look within. She kiss her dead son, she speak low to him: 'There shalt thou lie, my son, my little one! In the house of the Colonel des Tours shall rest forever the son of Philippe Lajous. In thy mother's house shalt thou rest with her, my son, my son! Angelique, thou art angel kind. It shall be so.'

"She hold him all the time in her arms. Me, myself I make that small place beautiful. I bring to it all soft things, all pillows, blankets, soft, silken covers. I make it sweet with the spice, with the rose, with the lily, with the heliotrope. I hang upon the wall the beautiful sad,

dead Christ and His so sorrowful Mother. Then I speak to Madame my mistress. She look within. She say:

"'It is all good, Angelique. Thou art angel kind.' And all in the deep night we take him, Monsieur Henri, from that bed; we carry him to that still place I had made beautiful; we lay him so quiet there. We cover him so warm. Madame my mistress she kiss him once more, once more, once more. 'It is the last!' she cry, and she fall down upon his cold heart. I speak to her, I lift her, I take her away. I go back into that small place. Me myself, Angelique, I kiss him once, so soft, so light. It was me myself who kiss him last. I leave him there; alone I leave him. I shut that small, small door. I nail it fast and close. We move that rose chest to hide that door. That rose chest it move not since that night. Not once in these so many years."

I sprang to my feet, trembling. This was the room of the rose chest! As I looked at it, it seemed to sway toward me. I dropped the paper and rushed to the door.

Lilly was singing downstairs, and I heard Meg's laugh. I left the door wide open, and went back to Angelique's story. But I did not sit down: I stood ready for flight.

"Madame my mistress was long time ill, but she die not. The Colonel des Tours he come very frightened. He make much love to Madame my mistress. He say to me: 'Angelique, what you know of that son? Where the son of that Lajous?' I say: 'Monsieur the Colonel, if you please, sir, the son of Madame my mistress he die. I beg you, Monsieur the Colonel, if you please, sir, say not this thing to Madame my mistress, not once. Speak never of him to her.' He speak not ever of him. Me myself know that.

"A long time yet, and Monsieur the Colonel he die. Then the great change. Poor Madame my mistress she make it—what everyone know. We live here in

this house twenty years together alone, Madame my mistress and me myself. In this room of the rose chest she live all that twenty years. Here she live, here she die. Me myself I carry her dead from that bed. I lay her dead on the bed where Colonel des Tours he die.

"Me myself I am alone. This house she give me, and much, much moneys. She say: 'Angelique, keep thou this house always for thyself. Watch thou always where he lies dead—my son, so beautiful! In the face of the good God, I tell to him how thou hast been to me angel true,—my good, good Angelique!'

"So I am since that alone. I am old woman. Soon I die. I die here. I make the will. I have write these in the French and in the English. I have place the letters of Monsieur Henri, the watch of his father, the ring of Monsieur Henri, the buttons of silver and the buttons of gold, and all the money of Monsieur Henri in this so secret drawer under the rose. I have place with them the thing most beautiful of earth, close sealed. To whomsoever find these I give that close-sealed thing most beautiful.

"ANGELIQUE DE L'ISLE,
de Guadeloupe."

The sun was shining everywhere: the room was warm and bright. But I was suddenly cold and sick; and there was a scent of roses and lilies, of heliotrope and spice, in the air. With one sweep of my hand I filled my apron with the contents of the drawer and fled downstairs. The nearer I came to the life and warmth—living warmth—of the lower floor, the more ghastly grew the thought of the secret of the rose chest. I burst in upon the group in the cozy parlor, and they rose as with one movement.

"O Richard!" I cried—for I saw his kind and noble face alone,—“Richard! Richard! It is too—too dreadful! Let me—sit down.” And for the only time in my life I fainted.

They were too much taken aback to know what to do for me; and it was Mr. Tenant (they had called him in as he was passing) who ran off for an intimate friend of his, who was our near neighbor and a physician. Then, when I was better, some of them—all of them—I don't know who—read the papers. The doctor was taken into confidence, and said it would be best for all of us to know the exact truth of the matter. So they all went up into the rose room, except Meg and me. We had had enough of it for that day at least.

The story was true as it was written. They moved the rose chest and found the little door, 'nailed fast and close.' They opened it with difficulty. There was the shadow substance of Henri Lajous. Rags of silk still hung upon the rough walls; rags of woollen stuff, shreds of feathers, heaped the narrow floor. There, too, was "the beautiful, sad, dead Christ and His so sorrowful Mother."

They told me all this, but not at that time. Richard took us away at once, and put the width of the city between us and the secret of the dear old house. We went to Mr. Tenant's home, and there we were until the "nine days' wonder" of the thing was over. Then we talked and talked, and—talked again. It was a wonderful stroke of fortune.

The letters and the sealed packet were not read immediately. Richard insisted on Mr. Tenant making some inquiries for heirs, relatives, friends—any one who might have a claim. There was no one. Mr. Tenant opened the letters and the packet in our presence. He laid the packet before me. It held a gold-framed water-color portrait miniature of a man's head, so beautiful, so delicate, so exquisitely tinted it looked like the copy of an angel's face. It was the purest and saddest beauty ever transferred to ivory; for one felt it was indeed "a good likeness." Under no circumstances, however happy, could Henri Lajous have borne life for many years.

The letters were his. There were but two—pitifully sad, pathetic, undeveloped. The lonely childhood, the motherless boyhood, the hopelessly narrowed youth, were all faintly expressed. The bitter, grasping hardness of the old people—his mother's parents—was scarcely breathed, but ever present in them. From that chill past and present he had broken away with sudden courage, seeking sunlight and the warmth of affection. He had found them, but to die.

After the letters there was something else—the will. It left to the person who should read the manuscript story and make it known, the house and all its contents, with one condition—that he or she bury the body of Monsieur Henri in the grave of his mother, where Angelique lay at her feet, showing honor to those poor remains as they well deserved. This had been done before the will was opened. It only remained to quarrel amicably over the possessor. I was declared the heir; beyond all question, they said, the house and its contents belonged to me. Meg had only found the drawer, and had distinctly refused to read the manuscript.

"Besides," said Lilly, "everyone knows it doesn't make a bit of difference who owns it. What Katharine and Richard own, Meg and I use. Settle it as you may, we shall all live in it and enjoy it."

So, with laughter and pleasant jests, Angelique's legacy came to us through my curiosity. I have no more fancies. My home grows dearer every day. The door behind the rose chest has been taken away and the space walled up. The secret will fade with the years. But I carefully cherish the household gods of poor Angelique and "Madame my mistress."

SORROW is not given to us alone that we may mourn. It is given to us that, having felt, suffered, wept, we may be able to understand, love, and bless.

The Lesson of the Apparition of Lourdes.

THE apparition of the Blessed Virgin to the maid Bernadette at Lourdes was a powerful confirmation of Catholic faith and an impressive stimulus to devotion to the Queen of Heaven. That was a most telling, practical argument which M. Lasserre presented to the infidel writer, Zola, who made the most plausible professions of a desire to do justice to the subject which he had gone to Lourdes to "write up."

M. Lasserre began by taking him to the little cottage where the humble peasant girl first saw the light, and where all the surroundings indicated poverty, simplicity, and an utter absence of worldly wisdom and worldly ambition. Having shown him the early surroundings and the simple character and occupations of the maid, M. Lasserre conducted the novelist to the scene of the apparition, and showed him the Grotto where the Blessed Virgin had appeared, now surrounded on all sides by stacks of crutches, canes, and mechanical appliances of every kind and shape for the relief of lameness and distortion of limbs; also *ex-votos* by the hundred,—all presenting speaking evidence of the most wonderful cures; then the extraordinary spring which had issued forth under the hand of Bernadette, in obedience to the direction of the Blessed Virgin; finally to the magnificent Basilica and the splendid Church of the Rosary, which have been erected by the faithful for the accommodation of the myriad pilgrims that annually throng the place for the sole purpose of visiting the shrine and obtaining the favors and graces which are there so lavishly dispensed.

After showing all this, Lasserre called his companion's attention particularly to the contrast between that simple peasant girl and the wonderful development of which she was the occasion, and asked

him frankly if he thought the result could be accounted for by any natural causes. The contrast had made a great impression on the mind of the hardened infidel and man of the world, and for a moment he seemed softened and convinced. He really could not resist the argument intellectually: the contrast was too manifestly supernatural. Still, he had come for a purpose—the case was prejudged; and, notwithstanding his protestations of a desire and determination to do simple justice, he went away and wrote that book, which has disgusted many even among those who have not the grace of the true faith.

Yes, the argument is conclusive. A man might as well turn his face to the sun at noonday and deny that it shines as to look upon Lourdes, with its wonderful history and development, and say that it is not what it claims to be—a living testimony to the power of God, manifested through the Blessed Virgin Mary.

But not less impressive is the lesson of devotion. We like to imagine ourselves drawn by the mysterious influence which seemed to pervade the multitude as they viewed the rapt maid while she knelt in absorbed devotion, saying her Rosary in the presence of the Queen of Heaven. Who can begin to comprehend, much less to appreciate, the mysterious, supernatural communication that took place between the Immaculate Virgin and the elect soul of that dear, simple, unsophisticated child? We can not discern that glorious form, but we can see its effects upon the child. We can see the radiance that beams from her countenance, the rapt contemplation, the absorbed devotion, the appearance of ecstatic joy,—in fact, the complete transformation of the humble shepherdess for the time being into an inhabitant almost of another world,—a world of light, of bliss, of glory, with which she is in ecstatic communication. We feel the attraction; we are profoundly

impressed, and irresistibly drawn toward this extraordinary scene. We instinctively prostrate ourselves with the multitude, who also seem spellbound by this striking glimpse of the supernatural.

But if such is the effect of this dim shadow, as it were—this momentary glimpse of an imperfect reflection of the transcendent beauty, majesty and loveliness of the glorious Queen of Heaven,—oh, what must be the full and unclouded vision! How does the devout soul long for that sweet and holy union and communion which takes it out of itself and elevates it above the evanescent pleasures of this abode of sin and sorrow, and gives it a foretaste of the joys that never end in the immediate presence and beatific vision of God, of Jesus, and His Blessed Mother, and of all the glorified spirits in heaven!

We do not forget that this radiant effulgence of the Blessed Virgin is but the reflection of that of her Divine Son. In and of herself she is nothing; that which gives her her peculiar glory is the fact that she is the highly-favored Mother of this Divine Son—bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh; and our confidence in her intercession arises out of the fact that this relation gives her great influence with her Son. Of the intercession of the saints in heaven, of course, we have not the slightest doubt. That granted, it necessarily follows that the prayers of the Blessed Mother of Jesus, the Saint of saints, will be specially powerful with her Son.

The apparition of Lourdes confirms our faith, attracts our hearts, kindles our love, and inspires new ardor of devotion; because it is an assured fore-glimpse, so to speak, of the transcendent beauty, glory, and happiness of heaven.

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In the works of God progress is really the greatest when obstacles crowd thick and fast.—*St. Paul of the Cross.*

Another Impression of Cardinal Manning.

“IN a Walled Garden,” a new volume by Bessie Rayner Belloc, affords some charming glimpses of celebrities of the passing generation. One of the most interesting chapters of the book deals with the author's first meeting with Cardinal Manning,—then Dr. Manning of Bayswater, the head of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. She thus illustrates his keen sense of “the torments to which sensitive converts were exposed by the change”:

He said that the wearing of the round Roman collar in the street had been a misery to him; and he told me of having said to Hope Scott as they walked away from the church where I think they had both been received simultaneously: “Now my career is ended.” And he added, looking at me impressively: “But where I once worked on an acre I now work on a square mile.”

Madam Belloc speaks of the Cardinal's absolute fitness for the high position he afterward held,—one, however, which he never expected or sought. “In 1851 he obeyed the call of conscience, and for fourteen years lived literally in obscurity, like any other ordinary ecclesiastic. He had lost himself, and his place knew him no more, so far as his Protestant fellow-countrymen were concerned; and when, in 1865, he was made Archbishop of Westminster, the appointment was greeted with a deep murmur of dissatisfaction.” For he was known to be far from conciliating; his whole leaning was toward counsels of perfection; he was utterly regardless of human respect. He was not popular, and he knew it. Cardinal Manning “stood out as a landmark or a lighthouse in the troubled sea of public life.... Into the very marrow of the social politics of his time had he penetrated, striving to bring into them the will and words of that Saviour in whom he believed.”

In the course of her sketch Madam Belloc refers to times when Cardinal

Manning had felt it his duty to withstand some current of thought popular among his own people, and to which he himself once alluded, saying in a tone of intense feeling: "And I bore the reproach." The writer remarks that probably none of the English converts to the Church had suffered from interior causes more deeply than Cardinal Manning, and thinks that these words would make "a wonderful epitaph for his tomb."

Madam Belloc's impressions were well worth preserving, and her book appears opportunely to correct even by its meagre outline the utterly false impression which another recent writer has unwittingly given of one of the greatest among the best men of our time.

Concerning "Casa Braccio."

FROM the view-point of literary art, surely there can be no grounds for unfavorable criticism of Mr. Crawford's latest novel. Like all that he has written, "Casa Braccio" is a masterful production. The story is based upon an actual occurrence, the elaboration only being fiction. The scene is laid in Italy a good many years ago, but matters have changed greatly meantime. In those days there was much more latitude and much more family influence exerted in the so-called aristocratic convents than now. No one knows this better than Mr. Crawford. Certain critics have missed the purpose of "Casa Braccio," some of them being so far astray as to consider it an attack from an unexpected source on conventual institutions. If the story recounts a crime that is both horrible and unheard-of, it should be noted that the retribution which follows is also terrible and fearfully accentuated. "The wages of sin is death" is the moral of "Casa Braccio," as we apprehend it.

One ought not to censure in Mr. Crawford what is condoned in Manzoni; however, in view of the fact that a deep-seated prejudice against convents exists in the minds of most Protestants, there is reason to apprehend that the reading of "Casa Braccio" may confirm it. It will be forgotten that the scene is laid in the past, and Maria Addolorata will be accepted as a type rather than a phenomenon. Only in a very lax convent could such scenes as Mr. Crawford describes be enacted; and lax convents, in our day at least, are altogether exceptional. Ecclesiastical discipline is now so well established that religious Orders can not go beyond a certain stage of decadence. It is true that formerly parents and guardians often took it upon themselves to determine the religious vocations of young people, but that abuse has happily been abolished. We venture to say that if all candidates were as well tried as the postulants of the various religious Orders, the number of dupes and impostors in the world would be greatly lessened.

Whether or not our misgiving in regard to Mr. Crawford's novel is well grounded, we are sure that he had no intention whatever of attacking conventual life, and that he would regret sincerely to give any of his readers wrong impressions of the Church. We are happy to know that the distinguished author of "Casa Braccio" resents the accusation of not being a good Catholic.

By faithfulness faith is earned. When, in the progress of a life, a man swerves, though only by an angle infinitely small, from his proper and allotted path (and this is never done quite unconsciously even at first; in fact, that was his broad and scarlet sin,—ah, he knew of it more than he can tell!) then the drama of his life turns to tragedy and makes haste to its fifth act—*Thoreau*.

Notes and Remarks.

There is a glamour about the stage which blinds many young girls to the dangers and difficulties surrounding a dramatic career. The counsel of friends is often unheeded, while the example of such actresses as Mary Anderson is cited to prove that success and honor await the earnest aspirant to histrionic laurels. The illusion is more general than many would suppose; hence we are glad to note that Mr. Edward Bok, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, "points a moral" which Mary Anderson had in mind when she wrote the autobiographical notes just concluded in that periodical. She avows that her hope was to dissuade young girls, no matter how gifted, from adopting the dramatic art as a profession; and while the relation of her triumphs gave to the public the bright side of an exceptional career, she also showed that life on the stage has phases dangerous and full of pains and trials, disappointments and griefs. Mr. Bok declares that "she does not, from any standpoint, believe in the stage as a career for girls; and few can speak from a brighter experience than can Mary Anderson."

It often happens that zealous advocates of "causes" that have to do with general philanthropic or humane interests allow their personal and immediate obligations to become overshadowed by the magnitude of the work to which they are devoted. A striking instance recently occurred in a city which need not be named. A high official of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had the mortification of seeing his own wife arrested for cruelty, not to animals, but to her own little children. It is to be presumed that henceforth domestic affairs may receive a little attention from the gentleman in question.

Up to this time we had hoped that the reports of the Armenian massacres had been grossly exaggerated by correspondents, but even the imagination of a press reporter could add nothing to the horror and lurid impressiveness of the reality. Armenia has

become a vast slaughter-house, with dead bodies strewn thick in the fields and along the roads. From one city comes the report of 2,000 Christians killed; from another 3,000, and so on through the whole sickening catalogue. Of the 150 villages in a single province, which contained 200,000 persons, not one escaped fire and rapine; and in another province, "without exaggeration, there are 50,000 widows and orphans in indescribable grief and misery,"—not to speak of the fate, worse than death, of the women and children carried away as prisoners. It should be remembered that these reports are made by Catholic bishops and priests whose flocks have been slaughtered, and no Catholic will suspect them of exaggeration. The optimistic telegrams minimizing the horror of the situation are utterly false, and were signed by the affrighted missionaries at the point of the bayonet.

As we have already stated, the Holy Father, more than a year ago, urged the Sultan to adopt the very reforms which are now being pressed upon him by the European powers, and the acceptance of which would have made these terrible massacres impossible. However, nothing but another crusade could bring the Sultan to reason; and unfortunately the rise of Protestantism has made another crusade impossible.

In a lecture delivered recently in Boston, Mr. Henry Austin Adams, a distinguished and zealous convert to the Church, mentioned incidentally that since his own conversion, less than three years ago, he had assisted at the reception into the Church of seven clergymen, friends of his; and that 180 of his former flock had followed him into the true Fold.

The example of Mr. O'Brien, a wealthy layman of New Orleans, who built a magnificent church for the honor and glory of God and in gratitude for temporal prosperity, deserves to have many imitators. As *The Western Watchman* observes, the work of church-building, as now carried on, is left too exclusively to the clergy. "In paying the heavy cost of construction the priest is

compelled to resort to every argument that can appeal to manhood; and when he has grown tired appealing to the intellectual man, he addresses himself to the animal man. In this last appeal come fairs and festivals, abominations invented by holy men for a holy work."

We have a profound sympathy with those generous-hearted and usually overworked priests who are wrestling with heavy church debts in poor congregations; though we are often reminded of one of the parables of Our Lord, and wonder why there are so many costly churches in comparatively poor parishes. No other work puts so fearful a strain on the physical and mental energies of a man as the "raising" of money and the management of big debts. Interminable appeals for money, it must be added, are not the sort of discourses to instruct the minds or purify the hearts of the faithful; and the time and energy consumed in brick-and-mortar anxieties are so much detracted from real priestly work. In accordance with the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, the laity should share in the work of collecting necessary funds and in other matters of secular administration. We would fain believe that the era of the church festival is passing, and rejoice thereat.

That Freemasonry is a foe whose hatred the French Catholics do not at all exaggerate is manifest from the spoken and published words of its chief representatives. One of the French ministry actually in power—a chief in the lodges—wrote last October:

The clerical party accuse Freemasonry of passing the laws affecting the taxation of the congregations. It is honoring Freemasonry too slightly to reproach it with so little. When our principles triumph, it will not be such trifling scratches as these that the religious fanatics will have to deplore.

At the conclusion of the French Masonic Convention last year the orator of the occasion thus expressed himself:

We shall solemnly betake ourselves to the heights of Montmartre, preceded by our banner and robed in our symbolical insignia, and will sing a hymn of peace beneath the dome of the monument destined at present for the Sacred Heart of Marie Alacoque. We will proclaim there the definite downfall of the Pope, the ruin of the Jesuit body, the triumph of free-thought; and on the façade of the temple

dedicated that day to the true agents of universal civilization we will inscribe in golden letters these words: "Offered to France and humanity in remembrance of the crimes of the Church."

It will be seen that the programme of the Masons is not only fixed but elaborate; yet we venture the prediction that the basilica on the heights of Montmartre will never witness the desecration proposed. In the meantime, however, the Catholics of France do well to protest against the political power wielded by such implacable enemies of the Church, her doctrines, and her members.

It is no new trick for princes to wear their religious convictions lightly: that Scriptural character who sold his heritage for a mess of pottage has had too many imitators in history. But most of them, like Henry VIII., had the grace to invent a plausible motive to veil the nakedness of their apostasy. It remains for our century, in the years of its decadence, to produce a prince who openly and shamelessly barter the faith of his child for a petty advantage of state. If Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria had sacrificed his own faith for the good-will of Russia, he would have been simply contemptible; but to deliver his child Boris over to a schismatic church is a crime which it would be the basest flattery to call murder. Prince Ferdinand's virtuous wife, the Princess of Parma, has left her husband in disgust, and carries with her the sympathy of outraged Christendom.

Even the newspapers, those juggernauts of all fine feeling, were awed into respectful silence by the pathos of the death of Lady Wilde. Her fine talents were cultivated with exquisite care amid most favorable surroundings, and her *salon* was a favorite haunt of people of genius. But its atmosphere was frankly pagan; and she imparted to her children not merely the Greek appreciation of beauty, but, unconsciously, the Greek contempt for morality. The London *Athenæum*, which will not be suspected of ultramontaniam, says of her: "Unfortunately, she professed to value intellectual culture not only above all else, but as the only object in life; and this grave mistake brought upon

her tragic consequences." When her brilliant son Oscar, whose religious education she had so lamentably neglected, was branded as a felon and imprisoned for unspeakable crimes against morality, the unfortunate Lady Wilde—that "Speranza" whose voice and pen had served many a good cause—slunk away into a hiding-place in London; "bearing her heavy cross," as *The Athenæum* sympathetically and rather euphemistically puts it, "in silence and stoical patience, under the cover of darkness and the cloak of oblivion." Her fate was indeed tragic, but it has given the death-blow to the apostolate for unaided culture.

We do not know that Catholics more than others have an itching for compliments. In any case, having suffered so much patriotic abuse, we may be trusted to receive without undue exaltation these kind words from the Rev. S. Blagden, of Boston: "Having made the Roman Catholic Church a study for many years, not through books and hearsay evidence so much as by personal and experimental examination and trial, and acquaintance with the best men among them, I find that they are without doubt the most loyal friends of our government and constitution, and all the principles for which these stand; and also the most thorough-going and staunch friends of civil and religious liberty that we have or can find in our broad domain."

An excellent lesson to those who imagine that the success of the good work in which they are engaged is dependent on the prolongation of their own lives and the consequent possibility of their continued personal supervision is afforded by an incident related of the Venerable Cottolengo, founder of the famous "Piccola Casa." One day while Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, was conversing with the servant of God in an apartment of the royal palace, the King expressed his fears as to the future of the "Piccola Casa" when once its founder was no more. The two were standing near a window. Cottolengo answered: "Sire, look yonder where that sentinel is being relieved. One soldier whispers a word to the other.

The latter takes his position, his gun on his shoulder; the former departs, but the sentinel always continues to perform his duty. It will be just the same with the 'Piccola Casa.' I am as nothing in its development or continuance. When Divine Providence wishes it, He will whisper a word to another, who will take my post and go upon guard."

There are many *useful* but there are no indispensable men engaged in any field where God's interests are being looked after.

In a recent speech delivered in the Canadian House of Commons, Mr. McShane thus called attention to the liberality of Canadian Catholics in their dealings with Protestant minorities:

Let me mention a fact which will illustrate how the people of all races and creeds in our city act loyally together. Nearly seven-eighths of the population of Montreal are Roman Catholic; but yet so liberal are we, so united are we in our desire to do justice to all, that only the other day we elected a Protestant mayor by acclamation for two years. That was not only an act of justice on the part of the majority, but it was the right of the Protestant minority.

'Tis a pity that similar justice should not long ago have been meted out to the Catholic minority in Manitoba.

An ancient custom of Catholic France was for the head of each family, on Ash-Wednesday, to inscribe across the principal chimney-piece of the house the following words: *Mors imperat regibus, maximis, minimis, denique omnibus*,—"Death rules over kings, the powerful, the weak,—in a word, over all of us." The number of letters in this sentence corresponds to the number of days in Lent. Every evening one was effaced, and in this way the record of the penitential season was kept.

It will be remembered that Mr. Rider Haggard spiced one of his unsavory books with a wild story about a nun walled up alive in a convent as a punishment for her sins. If Mr. Haggard had been content with fiction, he would have been less reprehensible; but in a foot-note he cited from "history" an "authentic case" of the walling-up business, and so came to grief.

With characteristic promptness and vigor, Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., exposed the stupidity of Mr. Haggard's blunder in a manner more convincing than kindly; and as a result the novelist withdraws the libellous note, with a sneaking apology for having "put down as a fact what has been shown to be matter of controversy." No one who read Father Thurston's trenchant letters will understand wherein there can be any "matter of controversy"; but, waiving this point, the incident is valuable as showing how contemporary literature could be largely purged from slander if our priests and publicists were more vigilant in detecting and more courageous in denouncing and refuting calumnies. One admirable characteristic of the Catholics of England is that they allow no misrepresentation to pass without protest in the newspapers which they help to support.

Truly, wonders will never cease. Here is "The Story of Religion in Ireland" written by a Protestant—Mr. Clement Pike,—and published by the London Sunday-School Association; and yet actually giving some credit to the Irish Catholics, and treating much of their history with a broad-minded and generous toleration that is as rare as it is admirable. Take this appreciation of James II.'s Parliament as an instance:

An impartial examination of the Acts of the Roman Catholic Parliament must compel a reasonable man to acknowledge that, despite its errors, it was, on the whole, fairly moderate. At least it never sank to the level of that assembly which could frame the penal laws against Roman Catholics.

We do not feel quite sure that the London S. S. Association examined Mr. Pike's book very thoroughly before publishing it; but if they did, then they manage these things much better in England at present than they were used to do a very few half decades ago.

The Salvation Army is threatened with serious mutiny. It appears that the Army has now arrived at that stage of prosperity when the leaders are tempted to strive for the prizes of office. Mr. Ballington Booth, by some indirection, has been deprived of his post as commander of the American wing of the Army; and hysterical threats, complaints,

and oburgations have followed. It can not be denied that the Booths have effected much good in our large cities, but it is hard to see how an organization which lacks the heart-spring of dogmatic unity and the principle of authority can possess much vitality. The Salvation Army is a purely emotional movement; its influence is intense and transitory, as emotion ever is. But it is the high-water mark of Protestant organization; and its disintegration, which now seems imminent, will serve to prove again that, despite many honest and virtuous believers, Protestantism is a rope of sand.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Patrick Hennessy, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City, N. J., who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 27th ult.

Mr. Francis Stork, who departed this life on the 15th ult., at Sulphur Springs, Mo.

Mr. Karl Kraeling, of Siedlinghausen, Germany, whose happy death took place on the same day.

Mr. W. J. Dittrich, whose life closed peacefully on the 13th ult., at Trenton, N. J.

Mr. William Nolan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who died a holy death on the 12th ult.

Mrs. Cecilia F. Lanigan, who breathed her last on the 17th ult., at Niagara, N. Y.

Mr. W. J. McCarthy, of St. Clair, Pa., who passed away on the 9th ult.

Mr. James Grave, of San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Clara Waugh, Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Canada; Mrs. Mary Neuhaus, Greensburg, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Nally, Derby, Conn.; Miss Mary Rigney, S. Norwalk, Conn.; Mr. James McDonald, Shanghai, China; Mrs. Mary Freil, Mrs. Sophia Boyle, and Mrs. Caroline Kennedy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Peter Callahan, McKeesport, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Slattery and Mrs. William Bell, Allegheny, Pa.; Mr. W. S. Head, Latrobe, Pa.; Mr. William F. Heuber, Braddock, Pa.; Mrs. John Meagher, Bathurst, N. S. W.; Mrs. Frank Duffey, Miss Katherine Maguire, and Mrs. George Hinnegan, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. S. S. Tuemler, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Margaret Finneran, New York city; Mrs. Mary Pickett, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Catherine Ormsby, Mrs. Patrick Carroll, Mrs. Catherine Cane, Mrs. Ann Foley, Miss Amelia Brock, and Bartholomew Shea,—all of Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. John Fox, St. Thomas, Dakota; and Mr. George W. Feeney, Wilmington, Del.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

To St. Joseph.

DEAR Foster-father of Our Lord,
To thee I make this prayer:
Oh, keep me e'er from stain of sin
Beneath thy watchful care.

The Christ-Child thou didst gently shield
Through all His boyhood days,
And Mother Mary thou didst guard
In danger-circled ways.

Oh, by the love which filled thy heart
For Mary and her Son,
My footsteps guide, my heart direct,
Till heavenly crown be won!

King Finvarra and the Queen o' Wishes.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

I.

SOME years ago I was walking along a pathway which led across a Government reservation in the city of Washington. It was at evening twilight in May. Along the Virginian hills in the west was a faint glow of red light that came from the smouldering wick of the Sun's candle, which he had just blown out before going to bed. There was a single big star lit, and the little stars were flashing out one by one as the angels' lamp-lighter went his rounds. Up behind the Capitol lay the new moon on the sky, like a silver sickle forgotten in a meadow. The clover leaves were huddled together sound asleep, and

you would never remember there are such things as sparrows. Frogs were seated around the margin of a pool near by, singing in imitation of the *tremolo* stop of a church organ; and bats circled and twittered as swallows seen in dreams; and great white moths, which are ghosts of bats, fluttered about in silence.

As I went along the path I suddenly heard a thin, far-off voice, which seemed to come from a phonograph, calling sharply: "Here! look out! Do you want to walk on me?" Then a faint laugh. I looked about startled, because I could see no one. The park was open in that part, and no one could be hidden behind bushes. I was about to go onward when the voice again cried: "Oh, put on your spectacles! I'm no pavement!"

I looked down toward the path, and I saw what seemed to be a toad in the gray light. I lit a match, and then I found on the ground a tiny doll, clothed like a man. It was about three or four inches in length, but exceedingly lifelike. I picked it up, but I dropped it suddenly. It was warm, it moved, it was alive! When I let it fall it alighted easily upon its feet, and it laughed in a creepy, human manner.

"Don't be alarmed," the creature said, pleasantly; "I'm not going to eat you. You are probably no longer tender; and you wouldn't fit inside me, anyhow."

I knelt upon the path and asked, somewhat nervously: "Who are you, in the name of common sense?"

"Stand up, please," the mystery replied. "Hold your hand palm-upward, and I'll go up and have a chat with you."

With considerable misgiving I did as I was told to do. There was a whizzing sound, and quick as a flash the mystery alighted upon my palm. It felt like a canary-bird and about as heavy. It sat down quietly on the ball of my thumb, removed its high, white beaver hat, and remarked: "Glad to meet you, sir!"

Just then an electric lamp near by hissed, sputtered, and flared out, and I could see my visitor clearly. He was as long as my middle finger. He wore a blue swallow-tailed coat, and the tails went down to his heels. The coat was all dotted with five-pointed gold stars. He had on a blue star-spangled waistcoat, and tight trousers striped broadly in white and red. The trousers were somewhat short and were fastened under his tiny boots with straps. His hair was long and white, and he wore a great, snowy beard which almost hid his waistcoat; indeed, he was an exact miniature copy of Uncle Sam as the caricaturists represent him, except for the beard. The face was exquisitely delicate and beautiful. Just back of his shoulders there were two oblong slits in his coat, trimmed around the edge with sable cat-erpillar fur; and through these slits came a pair of double wings, transparent like the wings of a dragon-fly, but shaped like butterfly wings. They reached from the top of his hat to the end of his coat-tails, and they were as full of changing crimson and green colors in the electric light as a soap-bubble.

I knew, of course, that the little man was a fairy,—one of the "good people"; but I asked: "Whom have I the honor of addressing, sir?"

"Oh, call me the president of the good people in the United States, if you like!"

"Really, Mr. President, you astonish me!" I went on. "I did not know that there are fair—good-people in the United States."

"Call us fairies, if you like," he said pleasantly; "although we do not love that

name. Yes, there are good people everywhere. Some of us came over on the *Mayflower* and others on the *Ark* and *Dove*,—old families, you know." Here he winked solemnly at me. "Most of our people just flew over as they felt like it," he continued.

He then took a little case out of the breast pocket of his coat and offered me a cigar. As I could not pick up this cigar without the aid of a jeweller's tweezers, I thanked him, and said I had just thrown away a finished cigar. He lit a cigar himself, then he put his feet upon a button of my waistcoat, threw his left arm around my thumb-nail, and leaned back comfortably, after folding down his wings. Then he said, abruptly: "If you are interested in fairies, I'd be glad to show you our capital."

I told him I should be exceedingly thankful for so great a favor. Whereupon he leaned out from my hand and called into the dusk: "George!"

Immediately I heard the zip of light wings passing my ear, and another fairy dropped upon the forefinger of my right hand, upon which the old gentleman, who called himself the president, was seated. The newcomer was a very black negro; he was smaller than the president, and not unlike a live East Indian chessman in olive-green livery.

"Yassuh?" answered the negro, as he removed his hat and folded his wings.

"Go get this gentleman a suit of our clothing," commanded the president.

"Yassuh," repeated George, and he turned a back somersault and disappeared into the night.

The president sat silently upon my hand smoking, and he studied my face. After a few moments he stood up and touched my thumb with the seal of a ring he wore on his extremely diminutive little finger, and then he sprang out into the air. For an instant everything grew dark; I seemed to be falling from a great

mountain, and I lost consciousness. Then I found myself standing upon the pathway. I was, to my intense amazement, about four inches in height! I had shrunk down to the average stature of fairy folk.

My human clothing lay in a gigantic heap on the ground; and the return to consciousness must have been very rapid, because I saw one of my shoes toppling over. I thought it was about to fall upon me; I started back in alarm, and I fell over the end of the cigar I had thrown upon the ground just as the elf appeared to me. When I got up, rubbing my head, the cigar end looked as big as a saw-log, and the grass at the edge of the path seemed to be a great canebrake. I noticed immediately that I could see as well as if the sun were shining.

George had returned; and he held, neatly folded upon his arm, a suit of clothing. The clothes consisted of a crimson Roman tunic of cobweb, and over this was to go a filmy sable robe woven of butterfly wool and all set with grains of fire opal. When I was about to put on the tunic I suddenly became aware of the fact that I had a pair of double dragon-fly wings between my shoulders.

George said: "Excuse me, suh! Yo' jes' set yo' wings up in de ai' so,"—he turned his back and set his own wings up behind his woolly head. "Den yo' slip de slits oveh de wings dishyeh way, en den yo' put yo' a'ins in deh sleeves, en de' yo' ah."

I did as he directed, and I was soon dressed. I noticed that George now wore a fez, and he was dressed in a gorgeous Arabian costume. My thoughts were concentrated upon the wings while I was dressing, and as soon as I tied my sandals I gave the wings a flap to try them. They lifted me off my feet suddenly and unexpectedly, and I fell into my human hat and nearly broke my neck. George pulled me out with some difficulty, and he said:

"Excuse me, suh! Yo' betteh not try

to fly yit. I lea'n yo' all dat bimeby."

My left wing was sore for some hours after this fall.

As I got out of my hat I heard the heavy thud of mortal footsteps coming down the pathway. Presently a woman came in sight, and when she saw my rejected clothing she ejaculated: "Thunder an' turf! but it's me that's in luck!" And she gathered the garments up in one quick swoop, tucked them under her arm, and walked off with them. She seemed to be about a mile high, and I was so fearful she would step upon me that I never for an instant thought of the check for ten thousand dollars, given to me by a New York editor for a sonnet, which was in the waistcoat pocket. I have never seen the check since that day.

When I went around the clump of dandelions behind which I had run when the woman was coming, I found a marked change in the manner and appearance of the president. He had become extremely dignified, and he now wore a beautiful long green robe. On his head was a crown cut out of a single large white diamond. After I bowed to him he clapped his hands, and instantly two entire regiments of fairies in Persian chain armor, indescribably bejewelled, shot out of the clover and drew up in perfect lines over the meadow, but without touching the ground. They were mounted upon large humming-birds for horses. The ranks wavered up and down slightly, but all the long beaks of the humming-birds were in line. One regiment was mounted upon emerald-colored birds, the other upon sapphire-colored birds with ruby necks. The shields were large, thin carnelians cut as cameos are cut, and their lances had crystal hafts tipped with sharp diamonds.

Two pages flew forward,—one leading a scarlet oriole for the venerable fairy, whom I now recognized as the king; the other held the bridle of the largest dragon-fly I ever saw. This was my mount. I

noticed that the fly's eyes were as big as my foot, but he seemed to be gentle. His saddle was made of stamped bat's-wing leather; and the cloth was literally hidden under a crust of tiny jewels that were arranged to blend by colors into one another, from gray opals through wine-colored carnelians to rubies. The stirrups were made of green jade fenestrated in intricate arabesque patterns.

The page brought my dragon-fly down upon the pathway, and the fly's short legs made it easy to mount him. I had only to step over his head and sit back between his wings. Then he arose as gently as mist; and while I was putting my feet into the stirrups and arranging my robes, his wings disappeared they flapped so rapidly. He stood perfectly still in the air right over the red tops of a bunch of clover. The hum of his wings was musical. I looked toward the old fairy. He was already mounted upon his oriole, which was standing upon the pathway.

The page hung in the air near the dragon-fly's head. I whispered to him: "Who is the king?"

He answered: "Finvarra, your Excellency. He has been our king for the past nine hundred years."

When Finvarra saw that I was mounted, he nodded to the officer in charge of the cavalry. Instantly a sweet golden trumpet sounded, and we shot away like so many bullets. We went so fast the earth whizzed under us like a brown streak. I did not even know our direction. The night seemed slightly too warm, because we were going so fast that the friction of my body heated the air; but this was not oppressive.

We had not been riding more than a half hour when we suddenly dipped downward and stopped in a pine wood. The humming-birds and my dragon-fly held themselves in the air as a swimmer treads water. The oriole alighted upon a larch spray. We were directly in front of a

high granite rock. Our trumpets sounded again, and the rock divided in the middle, and two large gates gave inward noiselessly. We flew within the gates, and these shut silently behind us. We were in a tunnel about fifteen feet in height. This was evidently artificial. As we now went forward leisurely, I could hear the ping of the wings of those two thousand humming-birds in our escort. There was a soft, greenish-red glow from the walls and roof of the tunnel, and I saw that the entire passage was lined with what I thought was glass at first glance. But the light was too beautiful for glass reflection; and its source was a countless multitude of fireflies, which hovered up near the top of the arch. I asked the king what the tunnel was lined with.

"Those are all precious Alexandrites. They are green in sunlight, and almost ruby-colored, as you now see them, under artificial light. The German Nibelungen know where all the earth's gems are, and they supply me with any quantity I want. By the way, you will need no artificial light while with us. Your eyes are like ours now; but we use much artificial light to bring out the effects of our gems."

We were going down a slope, and after five minutes we turned a corner,—lo! the gleaming walls and towers of the great fairy capital, Aglaia. The vast cavern seemed to extend for miles over the city. A soft, rolling, pearly mist hung along the mimic sky; and through this, like tiny mountains inverted in distant waters, reached great stalactites glittering with masses of jewel-colors. The entire city and cavern were flooded with a tender, silvery glow, like tropical moonlight, yet bright as sunlight. The battlements of Aglaia, made of minute bricks cut from whitish green beryl and set in silver, wound up and down over rock and dale. These walls were exactly ten feet in height, as men measure distance.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

X.—AT THE CONVENT.

We had a community of Sisters of Charity in our town; but, as I have stated, they lived at a considerable distance from my home. My mother was not altogether satisfied with Miss O'Rourke's school, as my studies there were practically at a stand-still, the other pupils not being as far advanced as I was. Therefore it was with pleasure on her part and delight on mine that a way was opened for me to discontinue my sojourn there without giving offence to the kind schoolmistress, whom I had learned to esteem if not to love. A small legacy, left her by a relative in Ireland, enabled her to dispense with her school, just as the rheumatism was beginning to take such hold on her as to render her almost incapable of performing its duties. The school was broken up, and I resumed my studies with my mother.

But shortly after it was announced in church one Sunday, by our quaint but pious assistant pastor, that a colony of Belgian nuns were on their way; and that, under the auspices of the Archbishop who had invited them to his diocese, they would open an academy for young ladies in the old Elliott Mansion, which was not more than a hundred yards from my home. He added that they would teach all branches essential to the complete education of a young lady—"music, French, drawing, fancy work, and all other female accomplishments." I at once became very desirous of attending the new academy, and my parents were also much pleased at the prospect.

Time passed. There was not a day during the next fortnight that I did not contrive to walk in the direction of the Elliott Mansion, in order to see what progress was being made for the reception

of the Sisters. I was grieved, finally, to see that there appeared to be none. It seemed so strange and inhospitable that the newcomers should not have some preparation made for their arrival. I well remember how glad I felt one morning at seeing the windows and doors thrown open, with a pile of well-clamped, strong, foreign-looking boxes on the porch. The gate stood open, and I walked bravely in, glad to be able at last to welcome the strangers if they had arrived.

As I ascended the steps an odd-looking figure came down the long hall. She was habited in the garb of a nun—something like that of the Sisters of Charity, whom I had seen only on the street,—but her coarse black dress was pinned back over a short stuff petticoat, and a great blue apron enveloped her almost completely. Her veil was also pinned back, probably in order not to interfere with her movements while working. On her feet she wore wooden shoes, or *sabots*, which I had never seen before; and in her hand, like the old woman of the nursery rhyme, she carried a broom, with which, also like that legendary personage, she was busily engaged in sweeping the cobwebs, not off the sky, but from the low, panelled ceiling of the long, wide hall.

Her face was deeply pock-marked; one could scarcely imagine a more homely countenance. But as soon as she saw me a great, sweet, beautiful smile illumined its plainness. She dropped the broom on the floor, and, running forward to meet me, stooped and gathered me to her kindly bosom, while she filled the air with voluble exclamations in a foreign tongue, which brought two other Sisters into the hall. I was passed from one to another; smiling like themselves, and, strange to say, I was not a whit abashed. We seemed to be old friends, reunited after an absence, instead of strangers meeting for the first time. But not a word of one another's language could we understand; although

we shouted and gesticulated, as is usual on such occasions, with some idea that if we screamed loud enough we might be enabled to grasp one another's meaning.

Presently another Sister descended the stairs. Tall, grave, dignified, with an ineffable sweetness of countenance, she came toward the group, saying in hesitating English: "Is this our first pupil?" Placing my hand in hers, I replied: "I think I must be, for I do not see any others." We then held a short conversation, which, interpreted to the rest, caused them to kiss and embrace me once more, until, at a nod from the newcomer, they again dispersed to their various duties.

After this, taking me by the hand, she led me to the back part of the house, where already a pretty little chapel was being put in readiness. Two Sisters who spoke English well were engaged here. I learned afterward that one of these had been a countess in England, but had joined the community on the death of her husband and children. Her knowledge of the language proved of great assistance to these brave-hearted foreigners in a new country. God has long since taken all three who stood in that little chapel that morning to their reward: the incomparable Mother Superior, whose memory will live in the hearts of her daughters as long as the community shall exist; the gentle Sister Cyrilla, my first music-teacher, whose glorious voice I have never heard surpassed; and the accomplished Sister Desideria, my first French teacher, whose haughty carriage and magnificent presence was belied by her amiable disposition and almost childlike simplicity. Of all that pioneer group of devoted religious but one is still living, in her eighty-fourth year—the great-hearted, saintly, innocent, merry "*Sœur Delphine*," whom I first beheld in her unique working attire, the beloved of every child who knew her; who, in more than fifty years of residence in America, has never learned to speak

English so as to make herself understood.

What a triumphal procession we had that day, going from room to room, peeping into closets and opening windows, till I suddenly remembered that my mother would miss me, and tore myself away, with the promise to return as soon as possible!

Full of the cordiality and sweetness of the Sisters, I ran home as fast as I could. Dinner over, I dragged my not unwilling mother back with me; and then and there was a friendship formed that neither time nor change has broken.

School was opened on the following Monday in the two long east parlors. About forty pupils were in attendance—thirty-five Protestants and five Catholics. The prosperity of the Sisters was assured from the first, as the "best people" of the town came to their support. The place was singularly destitute in educational resources, though containing many persons of wealth and refinement. The Sisters received gifts of furniture, carpets, ornaments, flour, meal, potatoes, apples, and many other things, from all classes without distinction of race or religion.

Their subsequent annals bear testimony how their hearts went out to the "dear Americans," whom they had expected to find savages, half clothed and adorned with war-paint, so crude were foreign ideas of this country in those days, when a voyage across the Atlantic occupied from four to six weeks, and the ocean telegraph was not yet in existence. Refined and cultured ladies all, they shared in the humblest household tasks in those early days of new experiences in a strange land. Often have I seen the beloved Mother Superior bending over the wash-tub or wringing out clothes, while my dear French teacher occupied herself in hanging them on the line.

Soon after school had fairly begun, one of the Sisters had taken me down to the laundry—which was in the basement,—

and, standing me upon an inverted tub, had directed me to recite some verses for the others while at their work. This became a weekly occurrence. I was the smallest and youngest pupil; and, while but two or three could understand English well enough to know what I was saying, the fact that so diminutive a child could recite poetry by the yard, as it were, seemed enough excuse for putting me through the routine over and over again. I had been accustomed to learning and reciting verses almost from the time I could speak; my mother thought it good exercise for the memory, as well as an excellent method of laying a foundation of good taste in literature. I think she was right; I wish more attention were paid to it in these latter days. There was nothing wonderful in it at all; but to those good European Sisters, whose educational methods had been so different, it was a source of considerable wonder as well as pleasure.

A curious incident occurred during the first month of school. A colored man, who had bought his freedom, had long been a resident of the town. Possessed of no education, he had an ardent desire that his only daughter should enjoy advantages which had not been his. He had accumulated not a little money, and lived, with his wife and child, in a pretty little cottage not far from the convent. He had assisted the Sisters in various ways, and they felt very grateful to him. In their innocence of the strong race prejudice which existed at the time, they had invited him to send the little girl to the school. She was a comely mulatto, of gentle manner, always neatly and tastefully clad. He declined the invitation, fearing that the Sisters might be injured if he accepted it. They insisting, he still demurred; although they felt confident that people from whom they had received so much kindness would make no objection at the innovation of introducing a colored girl

into the school. But he was firm, and the Superior sent for my mother to ask her advice in the matter. She knew the temper of the community well, and counselled her not to attempt it.

When all was decided, the Mother Superior sent once more for Old Ben, and offered to teach the child herself, after school hours and on half-holidays. The kind offer was gladly accepted, with the result that the child not only responded to the efforts of the Sisters, but later became a Catholic. Her parents soon joined her; I never knew more fervent Catholics. After their death she became a member of the Oblate Order of colored Sisters in New Orleans. Before that time, however, she was an active agent in endeavoring to establish a school for Catholic colored children. In this she finally succeeded, and the kind Sisters who had instructed her were placed in charge of it. It is still in a prosperous condition. There is also a church for colored Catholics in the town. May we not justly think that all these good fruits are in a great measure due to the little seed of kindness sown by the hand of our dear Mother H.?

(To be continued.)

Robinson Crusoe's Gun.

The boys will be delighted to hear that Robinson Crusoe's musket is still in existence, and has been offered for sale in an Edinburgh paper. It is described in the advertisement as "a fine old specimen, with long barrel, flint-lock, and beautifully balanced." Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, left the weapon to his grandniece, and through her it came into possession of the present owner. What boy would refuse to part with his pocket-money if he could attend that Scotch sale and carry off that wonderful relic?



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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Repentance.

FULL oft the traitor's loathsome part I've played

To Thee, dear Lord, whose service long ago
I chose with all a youthful soldier's glow,
Protesting true allegiance, undismayed
By thought of ceaseless war with Hell's
brigade;

Yet, passion-blinded, have I joined the foe
Who constant strive to lay Thy standard
low,
Have crimsoned in Thy Blood my dastard
blade.

And dare I still, red-handed rebel, hope
For aught more merciful than traitor's
doom?

Or beg that once again Thy ranks will ope
To give my sorrow and my penance room?
None other, Lord, than Thou would e'er
forgive;

Yet grant me that, converted, I may live.

A. B.

The History of the Holy Face.

VERONICA is a name not unknown to us. It was for her that our Blessed Lord wrought one of his earliest miracles, in curing her of a malady for which during the long space of twelve years she had sought remedies in vain. She it was who, at a moment forever solemn, braved the fury of the soldiers and of the Jews, and,

coming up to our Divine Lord as he bore his Cross, brought him some little consolation in wiping his adorable Face.

All the anguish of Calvary passed away; the Lord Jesus breathed his last; and now, alone with Veronica, we desire to see how she preserved that sacred treasure left to her by her Divine Master. The first thought that comes to our mind is: Does that sacred veil which received the impression of the holy countenance of Our Lord still exist? Yes: this precious veil, thank God, was a special gift left to the Church by our Saviour. This loving Master wished it to remain with his children when he himself had gone to heaven.

In the holy Bible Our Lord has been called "the Desired of nations"; and he is the true Solomon, on whose Face the whole world desired to look. From the beginning of the world men have longed for it; they have asked it of God as the happiest thing this life could give them; they have patiently waited for it as the one thing capable of drying their tears, removing their sadness, and filling them with all manner of joy. The Saviour himself also said the same thing to his disciples: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things you see; for many kings and prophets have desired to see them, and have not seen them."

Now, Christ did not forget one jot of all that when his sacred life was drawing to a close; but, on the contrary, knowing

that after his return to heaven one regret in the minds of his children would be that they had not lived in Judea at the time he lived there, and thus have seen the gracious outlines of his adorable countenance, by the infinite goodness of his compassionate Heart he left his sacred portrait to be the consolation of his Church; and, like princes who will entrust the painting of their likenesses to none but eminent men, he vouchsafed to employ none other than his adorable Blood to paint for us the beautiful lineaments of his blessed Face. Oh, happy, then, are we in possessing this divine gift which Jesus himself has given us!

We are consoled for a moment by this knowledge; but we are again troubled to know whether this gift is still to be found at Jerusalem, and if veneration to it has sprung up there. No, no! Jerusalem was the city that slew its God; the good Master in compassion wept over it, but it would have none of the tears that rolled down his sacred Face. Providence had decreed that the veil of Veronica should be brought to the centre of Catholicity, to the place where Christ's Vicar was to have his See; and it was there, in Rome, that public homage and veneration were to be inaugurated, although from the days of Veronica and evermore private honor and devotion were never wanting to it.

Veronica, after having received this treasure, took it to her home and jealously watched and concealed it; refusing to allow it to pass even into the hands of Tiberius when, as we shall see presently, that Emperor sent for it. The history of this embassy has, up to the present time, been given to the world only in epitome. Several authors have said: "There is in the Library of the Vatican a history of the translation of the Holy Face to Rome under Tiberius; and this is a document worthy of all credit and very ancient." Molanus adds that the celebrated English theologian, Thomas Stapleton, told him

that he himself read it. Baronius declares that such a manuscript was in existence, while others give extracts from it; and up to this time that is all that has been made public. To-day having had the good fortune to find this precious manuscript, we very gladly lay its contents before our readers. We translate from the original Latin:

* * *

The Emperor Tiberius was attacked by a grievous malady. After having consulted many doctors and exhausted all the remedies of human science, he could find no relief. At this pass he determined to call the senators together; and, as he was unable to go to the public meeting place, he told them to assemble in his palace.

"I suffer most cruelly," he said to them, "from this malady which is upon me. I have tried every remedy within the confines of the Roman Empire, but without effect. I must, then, turn somewhere else for relief. I have heard that there is in the environs of Jerusalem a remarkable man called Jesus. This man is so powerful, they say, that he has but to speak, and the dead arise; he opens his mouth, and sickness, no matter of what kind, departs. Now, if you think well of it, select one from your number—a man of wisdom and judgment,—and send him to Jerusalem to bring this man to us. Empower him to bestow all honors on him, and one condition alone shall you impose: that he bring him as speedily as possible. If this man be a god, as they say, he will bless the state; and if he be but man, his rare prudence and talents will be of vast assistance to our government."

When he had finished speaking the senators all cried out: "It is meet that your Majesty consult this man, and be cured as soon as possible from your infirmity."

They at once chose for this purpose an honorable and venerable man named Volusien, a priest of their temple; and they said to him: "The great Tiberius

Cæsar, our Emperor, sends for you, that you may go to Jerusalem, to bring hither as quickly as possible a holy and a just man of that country named Jesus." And Volusien said in reply: "I am ready to obey the orders of my august master."

The senators then returned to the Emperor and told him that they had chosen Volusien, and that he was ready to depart. Tiberius was pleased at the news, and he ordered Volusien to be brought into him. Volusien appeared before him.

"In the name of the immortal gods, and in the name of the God of gods," said the Emperor, "I charge you to go on my behalf to Jerusalem, and find Jesus the Nazarene, who is prophet, doctor,—in a word, a man who cures all manner of diseases and infirmities. Bring him hither as soon as you find him; for I have no rest night or day from this terrible malady that consumes me. If you succeed in bringing him hither, you shall have all riches and every honor that you desire, and you shall receive the special title of father of your native land (*pater patriæ*) in this world-wide Roman Empire. Everything you ask shall be granted to you, and you shall take rank among the foremost of the Roman Senators."

As soon as Volusien heard these words, he prostrated himself before the Emperor and said: "The thought of my master the Emperor is good and benevolent." And then, taking his leave, he at once set out on his journey.

When Volusien was gone the pains of Tiberius became greater and greater. But Volusien, after escaping all perils by land and sea, finally reached Jerusalem. As soon as it became known at Jerusalem that a special messenger of the Emperor was on his way to that city, all the people were excited and made preparations to go forth and meet him. The Governor Pontius Pilate, also hearing of it, made haste to welcome the envoy of his master the Emperor; and, receiving him with

all the honors due to such dignity, said: "We, your servants, are not worthy that his Majesty the Emperor should send us a special ambassador."

Volusien made immediate reply: "I have not been sent by his Majesty the Emperor to visit the inhabitants of Jerusalem. I am come on another errand, which is even more important. You have heard no doubt that the Emperor has been attacked by a most serious malady. Now, it is on this matter that I have undertaken this long journey, daring all the perils of the sea. I am come to find out a celebrated Hebrew named Jesus; for the Emperor has heard that this man cures all manner of diseases, without remedies or drugs, and merely by the power of his word."

At this unexpected news Pilate was greatly troubled. A Jew named Thomas, who happened to be there at the moment when Volusien spoke thus, said to him: "Most probably this Jesus whom you are in search of is the one whom the devils called God and the Son of God. They also cried out against him: 'What have we done to thee, Son of David, that thou shouldst trouble us before our time?'"

A soldier also who was present said to Pilate: "The envoy wishes to find that great man whom you did not fear to crucify."

Troubled at the soldier's avowal, Pilate said to Volusien: "This man that you are in search of has been taken and crucified by the Jews."

Volusien was struck dumb with astonishment when he heard this. "How," cried he, "could you have put to death so good a man without at least consulting our merciful Lord the Emperor?"

Pilate answered quickly: "I could not bear the taunts and the menaces of the Jews, who kept crying out: 'Why has he called himself King of the Jews? Why has he stirred up sedition against the kingdom of Cæsar?' Not being able to

endure these traitorous cries, I delivered him to them to be crucified."

"But how could you give even your adhesion to such monstrous injustice? How could you see led to death a man who cured the sick and raised the dead to life?" Then, becoming more menacing, he added: "If you do not bring before me this man alive and well, you may be prepared to lose, not alone your position as governor, but your head also."

Then a soldier of the guard addressing Pilate said: "Let not your Highness be troubled: Jesus arose from the grave on the third day. We have seen him arise and go forth from the tomb. Let Joseph be called who buried him."

Volusien on hearing these words felt great joy, and gave orders at once that Joseph be brought. Hardly was he come into his presence when Volusien said: "You are the only just man in this city, since you had the humanity to bury Jesus, when all the rest murdered him. Now tell me of this Jesus, who is both God and man. Is he really risen from the dead?"

"Your Excellency," replied Joseph, "he is truly risen from the dead. I have seen him and spoken with him; and many others as well as I have seen him in Galilee instructing his disciples."

Volusien had search made for him in Jerusalem and in all the province; but Jesus was not to be found, and finally the envoy learned from a large number of persons that he had ascended into heaven.

When he had heard this Volusien made Pilate prisoner; and, despairing of finding Jesus, he sought to be informed of the wonderful things said and done by this man of whom he had come in quest.

Then came there a young man saying that a woman named Veronica, who had been cured by Jesus on merely touching the hem of his garment, possessed a true likeness of this Son of God, which he himself had miraculously made and had given to her. Volusien, gladdened at this

news, requested to be taken to her house.

"I can believe in you," he said to the woman; "for you have been cured by Jesus; and you possess, as I understand, the true image of that wonderful man who cured you."

Veronica was greatly troubled. She feared that her treasure was going to be taken from her. "I can not give you this image," she replied; but when Volusien was about to order the house to be searched, she withdrew for a moment and returned with the image of Jesus. The instant Volusien saw the picture he threw himself on his knees and venerated the sacred Face of the God-Man.

Shortly afterward, when setting out for Rome with this pious woman, he said to the synagogue: "Of a truth, it is a marvel to me how you could have dared to slay so wonderful a man. But you will get the punishment you deserve, and this punishment will be an example to others. From this moment, then, you may expect to be driven from your country, and, deprived of the priesthood of the Most High, to wander as outcasts and slaves through the whole world."

The vessel on the sea-coast was soon ready for the homeward journey; and Volusien took with him Veronica, who would not be separated from her beloved treasure. He put Pilate in chains, and handed him over to a company of soldiers during the voyage. At last, after a long and fatiguing journey, continuing over nine months, they reached Rome, bringing with them the sacred image.

Tiberius, apprised of their arrival, gave orders that Volusien be admitted at once. Thereupon Volusien presented himself immediately, and began to tell of his ill success at Jerusalem, when the Emperor interrupted him:

"What have you done with Jesus called the Just?"

"The Jews and Pilate have murdered him," answered Volusien.

"Why did they commit so horrible a crime?" asked the Emperor.

"Out of envy they put Jesus to death—because they could not do the wonders that he and his disciples have done."

"But what did you do to Pilate?"

"I have brought him prisoner to Rome."

"Why did you not put him to death?"

"I was afraid that by so doing I might offend my august master; and I feared also to pass a wicked sentence like that of Pilate in the case of Jesus."

This reply only increased the anger of the Emperor against the unjust governor; and, instead of admitting him into his presence, he banished him to a city of Tuscany, into perpetual exile; at the same time giving orders that he should be subjected to every kind of punishment and indignity, as a warning to the unjust Jews.

Volusien then, again addressing himself to the Emperor, said: "I have brought with me a woman named Veronica. She was formerly cured by Jesus; and she is now in possession of his sacred portrait, which she has brought hither with her. I proposed to bring this image myself, but she would not hear of it. 'Wheresoever the treasure of my soul goes,' she said to me, 'there, too, will I go.'"

Tiberius, after having heard his envoy attentively, ordered Veronica to be called. He inquired of her if she had truly been cured by touching the hem of Jesus' garment, and if she indeed possessed his sacred likeness. Veronica answered in the affirmative, and immediately showed to the Emperor the Divine Face of Jesus. At the sight of this miraculous image Tiberius was seized with fear; and, casting himself to the ground, he bedewed it with his tears; then, kissing it, he found himself all at once freed from his malady.

His thanks to Veronica knew no bounds, and he wished to load her with riches and honors. The venerable likeness he had enshrined in a gold case and placed in the most honorable portion of his own

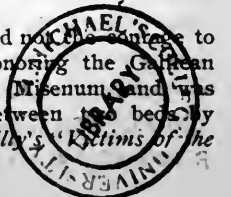
palace, where every day he offered to it public respect and veneration.

He next inquired of Volusien what was the doctrine taught by Jesus; and on being informed that it was necessary to believe in him, to be baptized, and to observe his Commandments, he cried out: "Oh, how unfortunate I am, that, after running through the whole earth, I had not the happiness of knowing so great a man, studying his law and witnessing his wonders!"

Despite all opposition, the Emperor wished to enroll Jesus among the gods. But the senators, because they were not first consulted on the matter, refused to consent; but, on the contrary, decreed the persecution of the Christians. Tiberius, in retaliation, threatened death or exile on any one that would denounce the Christians, and visited with this punishment all the senators with the exception of two. He then erected a statue of the Saviour in the interior of his palace, in the place dedicated to the Lares, or household gods. He lived nine months after his recovery; and before his death returned the sacred image to Veronica, who had remained all the time at Rome.*

This, then, is the history of the transfer of the image as related by three manuscripts in the Vatican Library. It took place A. D. 37. We have abundant proof of the truth of the narrative in the fact that all historians who have written on the subject agree with the account given by the manuscripts. Tertullian relates the same facts; also the early ecclesiastical historian, Eusebius. So does Sandini, a historian of the highest reputation, who quotes Methodius, Bishop of Tyre, in the year 270, as saying that Tiberius sent his deputies into Jerusalem; that they heard

* The wretched Emperor had not the courage to follow up his intention of honoring the Galilean God. He retired sullenly to Misenum, and was soon afterward smothered between two beds by orders of Caligula.—*Dr. O'Reilly's 'Victims of the Mamertine,'* p. 46.



of this sacred image being in the possession of a pious woman named Veronica; and that they brought the woman and the likeness with them to Rome, and so on.

Pope Benedict XIV., in his cautious and solemn way, thus relates the two-fold fact: "It is said that Veronica, a devout and religious woman, whom many honor with the title of saint, rendered to the Saviour the pious service of wiping his Face; and that, being summoned from Jerusalem to Rome by the Emperor Tiberius, who was attacked by a grievous malady, she brought with her the Face of Christ; and that as soon as the Emperor touched it he was miraculously cured." In their masterly work the Bollandists mention it under date of February 4.

In a concise and pleasing way, Philip of Bergamus puts it: "Veronica, a woman of Jerusalem, of great purity and holiness, and a follower of Christ, was called at this time from Jerusalem to Rome with the Face of Jesus Christ, by order of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, and in charge of Volusien. The Emperor had been confined to his bed by a very grave malady; but as soon as he received this holy woman, and touched the image of Christ, he was completely restored to health."

Painting and sculpture, even in the early ages of the Church, have added their testimony. The Ambrosian Library possesses a magnificent painting of this subject done in the fourth century. In our own day, after long and patient investigation of the question, Cardinal Villecourt speaks thus: "The image of Christ, which an uninterrupted tradition says was given to Veronica, and by her taken to Rome under Tiberius, has always enjoyed the highest veneration; of which the miracles wrought not alone by the touch, but even by the very sight of it, do not allow us to entertain a doubt."

The Bollandists, struck by a belief so universal, formulate these two conclusions: First, as regards the Holy Face given to

Veronica, its authenticity is beyond all doubt for the Christian mind; secondly, that it is the unanimous opinion of all writers that St. Veronica brought this Holy Face with her to Rome.

Let us, then, salute the Holy Face in spirit on its first coming to Rome, and thank our Saviour for having bestowed on us so precious a relic. We might think we hear our Blessed Lord, when leaving this treasure, saying to us: Christian soul, you have here a pledge of my love. It is a seal engraved with the arms of my dolorous Passion. It bears the thorns, the spittle, and the blows, painted by my Blood, which was shed for you. Place it on your heart, that it may forever remain there, a sweet and continual reminder of all I suffered for you.

R. O. K.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

V.

WITHIN the next few days the friendly intimacy of the two travellers advanced apace. They were almost constant companions, to the exclusion of all other companionship on the part of either. Sitting for hours on deck, their chairs drawn together, each with a book which neither read very much, they sometimes talked, their talk wandering over many wide and various fields; or lay back dreamily, drinking in the beauty of the marvellous, restless plain of flashing waters, which deepened in tint with every onward league toward the tropics, until at last it became an unimaginable expanse of lapis-lazuli, dazzling, impossible to describe, filling the wide sea-circle with the long liftings of its gentle swell, fanned by the warm breath of the trade-winds.

Most of the passengers fancied that

they were relatives, or at least travelling companions,—the tall, fair, languid man and the dark, delicate, picturesque boy; but there was no opportunity to put these conjectures to the proof by questioning. The genial, talkative Germans; the young engineers, who bloomed out in white duck suits as soon as the weather gave the least encouragement; and the inquisitive tourists or possible investors, with strong nasal voices which had a penetrating quality that carried their sound from one end of the deck to the other,—all passed them by as hopelessly “unsociable”; while the feminine contingent, remarking among themselves that they looked “interesting,” had no chance to determine whether this interest existed in more than appearance. •

“The captain says that we shall be at Turk’s Island to-morrow morning,” said Atherton, as he dropped into his chair beside De Marsillac on the sixth day of the voyage—a day like a flawless jewel in its splendor. The voyage had now become a kind of lotus-eating. The long lift of the waves, the warm caress of the wind, the soft whispering of the sea,—all lulled to repose: a quietude made for dreams. And such dreams were in the eyes of the boy who looked now with a start from the entrancing azure of sea and sky to the face of the speaker.

“Shall we?” he asked, adding involuntarily: “I am sorry.”

“Are you? Why?”

“Because the ocean grows more beautiful every day, and the voyage more pleasant. Also because, if we are to be at Turk’s Island to-morrow, we shall reach the Cape the day after.”

“And do you regret that? Most persons are glad to reach their destination.”

The other did not answer immediately. He looked back at the flashing blue plain, which spread its billowy leagues to the farthest verge of the horizon; and Atherton observed that a shadow seemed

to fall over the delicate, sensitive face.

“I am afraid I am not so brave as I have fancied,” he said presently, in a low tone. “I find myself shrinking from the unknown and the difficult, now that they are close at hand.”

It was then Atherton’s turn to be silent for a moment,—a moment in which he reflected again, as he had reflected before, how strangely reserved as well as how strangely attractive was this remarkable boy. Close as had been their association for several days—that association of ship-board which with most people has the effect of immediately unloosening the tongue upon all their private affairs,—he had let drop no word to indicate the nature of the business which was taking him to a place so remote as Hayti. On the contrary, he had carefully avoided anything which might lead to the subject, and his present expression of shrinking reluctance was the first indication either of the nature of his mysterious errand or the feelings with which he regarded it. Slight as it was, however, it was quite enough to excite Atherton’s concern, already vaguely stirred.

“Would you mind,” he said suddenly, “telling me the nature of the business upon which you are bound? I think you must be aware that I do not ask the question from idle curiosity or any desire to pry into your affairs. But I really fear that you may have in view something rash, if not dangerous; and, being so much older than you are, I feel that I might give you the benefit of my experience of the world in the form of advice.”

Somewhat to his surprise, De Marsillac looked at him with a grateful expression in the frank, clear eyes he had come to know so well.

“It is kind of you to speak in this manner,” he answered. “I have thought of asking your advice on some practical points before we part; for I am sure you are to be trusted.”

"I think that I am," said Atherton, smiling. "At least I can not imagine the temptation which would induce me to betray your trust. I am right, then: you are going upon some rash enterprise?"

"I suppose you will think it so. I am going"—he sent a quick glance around to be sure that no one was within earshot—"to seek some money which my great-grandfather—he of whom I told you, who was killed by the insurgent slaves—buried before he left his home."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Atherton, startled. "Do you really mean it? This is worse than I feared—a more rash and dangerous enterprise. My dear boy, the thing is impossible! How could you have dreamed of attempting it—you, alone?"

"Because, as I have already told you, there was no one else to attempt it," the boy answered, quietly. "It was for me to go, or for that money to remain hopelessly lost where Henri de Marsillac placed it a century ago."

"Men will risk a great deal for money," said Atherton, gravely; "but I confess I am surprised that one so young as you should be willing to undertake so much for it; unless, indeed, it is the romance of the thing that has attracted you. A boy's imagination is easily fired by a suggestion of hidden treasure."

The face of the particular boy in question suddenly grew cold, as if he withdrew within himself; and his voice had a plainly offended accent when he spoke:

"I have not thought of this money as a treasure, but simply as a sum deposited by its owner—does it matter whether in a bank or in the earth?—for the benefit of his rightful heirs. There is no romance in the search for it which I have undertaken; and if you think me mercenary because I am willing to run all risks to obtain it, I can only say that it is easy to despise money when one possesses it."

With the last words De Marsillac rose and walked away.

Atherton was so much astonished by this abrupt departure, and by the equally abrupt end of his confidence which it intimated, that he sat quite still and silent, staring after the young figure which walked down the deck and disappeared into the cabin. Then a pang of self-reproach seized him. He had repelled the boy's confidence—that confidence so tardily, yet at last so readily given,—and had wounded his feelings besides. What a mistake he had made to speak as he had done, if he indeed desired to influence the lad! Nothing, he now perceived, could have been better calculated to offend than the imputation of a mercenary motive in the first instance, and of a romantic imagination in the second.

"One is very much of a fool sometimes," he remarked meditatively to himself. "I should have remembered the susceptibility of a youthful spirit. And, apart from the unwisdom of uttering them, my remarks were foolish in themselves. For whether it is merely a desire for money—which, as he observed, it is no doubt easier to despise when one possesses than when one lacks it,—or whether in reality his imagination *has* been fired by romantic dreams of buried treasure, one thing is at least certain: he has the courage of a paladin in that delicate frame of his, and he will risk his life in this wild search unless some one interferes. Now, I am the only person who can interfere; for I am the only person he is at all likely to admit into his confidence. So it behooves me to apologize at once, and endeavor to retrieve the mistake I have committed."

But, like many a man before, Atherton was to discover that it is easier to commit a mistake than to retrieve it. For one thing, repentance is not always accepted; and for another, opportunity for apology may not be given. When he went into luncheon he found the chair on his right vacant, and vacant it remained throughout the meal. Its emptiness increased his

regret; and on his return to the deck he paused beside a closed window which he knew to be that of De Marsillac's state-room, and lightly knocked.

"Who is there?" asked a quick, startled voice within.

"It is I—Atherton," he replied. "Come out on deck. The day is too divine to lose an hour of it, and I have much to say to you."

"I can not come," the voice responded.

"I—I have a headache. I am lying down."

"Shall I come in and talk to you a little?"

"Oh, no, no—thanks! When I have a headache I must be quiet—and alone."

"Well," in a disappointed tone, "in that case I will not trouble you; but I hope you'll feel better after a while and come out."

An inarticulate murmur answered him; but a murmur which evidently contained no promise of coming out; and, after waiting a few moments longer, he quietly walked away.

"Odd," he thought, as he settled himself in his chair with a cigar, "how much that boy's voice is like a woman's. Any one who did not know the contrary would have sworn that there was a woman behind that blind. And there was a suggestion of tears in the voice too. I wonder if he could have taken my words to heart to that extent? It seems incredible, and yet—he is a queer boy! I must manage to make matters up with him at all costs before we reach the Cape."

De Marsillac's headache allowed him to appear at dinner, but he was very silent; and when afterward Atherton and himself went on deck, where day had given place to night with tropical rapidity, an air of reserve still hung about him, which made it a little difficult to return to the subject of the morning. When they were again established in their respective chairs on the after-deck, however, Atherton determined that the interrupted confidence

should be resumed, and at once led the conversation in that direction.

"I am afraid," he began, "that you thought me unsympathetic this morning when you told me the nature of your business in Hayti. But you were a little hasty in that conclusion. I was in reality deeply concerned—I may say shocked—to find that you had such a project in view, and it was the expression of this feeling which you misunderstood."

"It does not matter," the boy replied, somewhat coldly. "There was no reason why I should have expected sympathy from you. One should not talk of one's private affairs to strangers. The mistake was mine."

"The mistake is yours now," said Atherton, with some energy. "If I seemed unsympathetic to your confidence this morning, you are now repulsing a very sincere interest—or attempting to do so. But I have no intention of allowing it to be repulsed. I apologize for anything which I may have said inadvertently to offend you, and acknowledge that I was foolish to attempt to criticise motives of which I knew nothing."

There was a silence. De Marsillac did not answer at once, but kept his face turned from his companion toward the vast beauty of the night, throbbing with the deep pulsations of the ocean, and the radiant glory of myriad stars shining out of the great arch of purple heaven above. Caressing winds breathed about the ship as she sped onward; while the low murmur of the seas through which she cut her way was like the whispering of soft voices,—an infinitely lulling sound. The spell of the night seemed to lie over the wide world of waters, hushing them to a deeper repose than that which they had known by day, and perhaps penetrating also into the spirit of the boy. At least, when he spoke at last it was in an altered and gentler voice.

"If I was a little wounded by your

criticism, it was because you seemed to believe that I was either actuated by a love of money or by a foolish romance in undertaking to recover what my great-great-grandfather endeavored to secure from robbery for his descendants. But I fail to perceive what there is in my enterprise which should make either of these motives appear to you a matter of course. Even if I had no special need of this money, would I not be very foolish if I made no effort to recover it? You are, it seems, a very wealthy man, Mr. Atherton; but if *you* heard of such a deposit, to which you had an undoubted and lawful right, would you not make an effort to obtain it?"

"That would depend, I think, upon the probabilities of the case," Atherton answered. "I should need to be very certain in the first place that the deposit in question existed—"

"I am certain. Presently, if you care to hear, I will tell you why."

"Then I should desire to be assured of at least a fair probability of success in my efforts to recover it. Now, my dear boy, what probability is there of your success? Have you thought of all the practical difficulties surrounding your task?"

The other uttered a low, rather sad laugh, as he repeated:

"Have I thought of them! I have thought of little else since I first learned of this thing. They are great, I admit; but have you ever heard of any other way of overcoming difficulties than by meeting them?"

"There is no other way," Atherton agreed. "But they must be met with prudence as well as with courage in order to overcome them. Yet here you are alone, going to seek money which your ancestor buried a hundred years ago in an island which has been ever since in the hands of the negroes whose revolt made the concealment necessary. Do you suppose they would allow you to carry

away any treasure found in the country, however clear your right to it might be?"

"No, I do not suppose so, and therefore I know it is necessary that the search should be made secretly."

"And how do you propose to do this? Have you friends on the island?"

"Certainly not. I have only myself to rely upon; yet, nevertheless, I believe that I shall succeed. If my motive were either the mercenary or the romantic one with which you credit me—"

"Do not say that! I have retracted my hasty opinion—for judgment it was not,—and I am sure that your motive is worthy of the courage which supports it."

"I do not think that any one could have a better," said the boy, in a low tone. "But what I was about to say is this—that, were my motive no higher than those of which you spoke, I might, in the face of the great difficulties which confront me, believe success impossible and my efforts foredoomed to failure; but since it is a motive which makes me feel, like Sir Galahad, that

'My strength is as the strength of ten,'

I firmly believe that I shall succeed. I believe that as I found at a moment of supreme necessity the paper, hidden for a hundred years, which told of this treasure, if you care to call it so, I shall also find at my need the means to carry out my undertaking. It sounds fanciful, superstitious perhaps; and yet it is surely neither fanciful nor superstitious to believe that God helps those who have faith in Him, and who earnestly ask His aid."

Again what haunting music in the tones which uttered these words, as the speaker looked out over the cradling, whispering waters of the mysterious, encompassing sea! The strange magic of the voice touched and stirred Atherton in a manner he could not understand. There seemed in it a suggestion of all things noble, generous and tender. He thought of the mother and sisters of this lad who had set

forth, like a knight-errant indeed, with resolve so high and hope so dauntless, upon a quest so difficult. The cousin had been right who had prayed he might have the success his heroism deserved. It *was* heroism, no less; and if it was also folly—well, heroism is often but a touch removed from that which the cold and prudent of the world call by the other name. This Atherton knew well; but, even while he recognized the possible folly, his heart thrilled to the heroic spirit. He suddenly extended his hand, and laid a light, firm touch on the other's arm.

"I think it neither fanciful nor superstitious to believe that you will find the means to carry out your undertaking," he said. "We must give the matter careful consideration in the time remaining before you reach the Cape, and form the outline of some plan which on landing you can endeavor to carry into effect with what modification circumstances demand."

(To be continued.)

The Niobe of Nations.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

AS grief had statued her in stone, she stands,

The fillet from her flowing locks unbound,
Her comely shape in sable garments
gowned,

And fetters clinging to her fair white hands;
Her sons are scattered far in many lands,—
Is there a clime the whole wide world
around

Where Erin's exiles are not to be found?—
And others wait their ships upon her strands.

But yet, despite the sorrow and distress

Wherein she stands there sad and solitary,
Her sisters who salute her and express

Their hopes to-day her fortunes soon may
vary,

Long, as they look upon her, to possess

Her changeless faith in Christ and Blessed
Mary.

A Tale of a Mountain Village.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

"WHAT!" cried Ma'am Bourgeois. "Fifty cents a bushel for those apples, the pick of the orchard, not a windfall among them; and twenty cents a gallon for *my* plums! Oh, if my husband were here and be told that, you should see! Ah! sooner will I sell my orchard, as I did last year. The man from the North comes here this week."

Good Ma'am Bourgeois was a stout, dark woman, florid of aspect, shrewish of tongue, and inclined, as the neighbors said, to get two cents for her one whenever such a bargain seemed possible. City people who came to spend the summer at the mountain were her particular prey. Not that Ma'am Bourgeois was dishonest. She would have scrupulously returned, even at much inconvenience to herself, a penny too much in the change; she would not have given short measure by so much as a single plum. But business was business, and these rich folk who came a-summering should be made to help their poorer brethren of the country through the winter. "They expect to get the country products for less than the dust of their city streets," was a favorite expression of hers, the while she did what in her lay to make such aspiration of theirs very difficult of realization.

The woman had married late in life, and was not a little proud of her newly acquired title as well as the possession which it involved. Her husband was a lay figure used on a variety of occasions: a stalking-horse for threats, promises, and unfulfilled contracts. Her neighbors, who still described her as "the old maid," thus keeping in mind the catastrophe she had escaped, and who stood not a little in awe of her verbal capabilities, declared—*sub rosa*, of course,—that she had captured

"handsome Joe" Bourgeois almost by main force.

In this, however, they did her a great injustice; for Joe, a sweet-tempered young man, of little force of character, had been attracted by her precisely opposite qualities. His kindness of heart and gentleness were proverbial; one glance at his face made void all the threats so freely uttered in his name. Ma'am, indeed, might take summary measures,—Joe never would. Joe's mother often declared that her son had tempted Providence by marrying one clearly destined for the single state by her very inequalities of temper. Perhaps Joe had come to think so himself, but he never said it. One of his qualities was a wise reticence. Yet in this respect he had, as his neighbors quaintly put it, "the defects of his qualities." He carried it to an extreme in dealing with his hot-tempered, passionate wife.

So, as they stood together that noonday in the orchard, after Ma'am Bourgeois had driven away the "thievish" city folk, Joe heard in silence the long narrative of the morning's events. The sun touched with a peculiar mellow richness the trees of the orchard; many bending low with ripe, red plums or apples, contrasting with the pale green of the later ripening fruit. It fell as warmly on branches bare of fruit or foliage, the wasted lives of the orchard colony. There was a bracing autumnal sharpness in the air. Poor Joe was more conscious of the biting properties of his wife's tongue.

"Yes, you stand there gaping at these fine folk and talking smooth to them, as if you didn't own the shoes you stand in!"

Joe looked down reflectively at the articles mentioned. It was clearly a subterfuge, and failed to deceive his irate better half.

"No wonder, indeed, you can't meet my eyes," she continued, "with your lazy, incorrigible ways, and no standing up for your rights."

"You are so much more capable of it," muttered Joe, in a forlorn hope of flattery.

"I—I who am capable of it! And who is to thank but the mercy of God for that? I who married you out of sheer pity."

There might be truth in this; Joe did not know. She had been well on the shady side of thirty-five, so she must have known her own motives. Joe sighed, perhaps deploring so great an excess of altruism in her. The sigh was fuel to the flame. It touched the quick, sensitive pride and the deep-seated devotion which lay concealed under the fire and tow of the woman's nature. *She* knew what he meant: he was regretting that he had married her; that he had not sought out a younger woman. Had she put this thought in words, she might have roused his slow nature into honest speech. But she chose the opposite tack.

"And to think that I am tied for life to a good-for-nothing,—an idle, helpless vagabond! I wish I were dead; I wish I had never been born; I wish I had never laid eyes on *you*."

Joe, who might have reminded her that he had sought her out in preference to all others, and had loved her for the very strength she was now using as a whip to lash him, was simply speechless in presence of a disaster which met him so unexpectedly. That Malvina had her "ways" he knew; that she had to be "managed" was also true; but that she repented of having married him and felt so deeply unhappy as this was quite another matter. There was no way out of it. It would have to go on, until death, heralded by the ringing of the *curé's* bell, should come to their gate. Divorce, separation—all those greater evils by which in the world outside people seek to overcome the less, were unknown to the philosophy of life which faith had made the rule of this mountain village. Joe's slow nature being aroused, was capable of definite resolve.

"I will keep out of her way as much as I can," he thought; but aloud he simply remarked: "It grows late,—I must go."

Ma'am Bourgeois looked after her husband curiously as he strode away, over the grass-grown paths of the orchard, in the full blaze of the noon sun. Perhaps she noticed the strange tone in his voice, the decision in his manner, as well as the fact that he left her there alone, and, without one backward glance, pursued his way to the barn. Possibly she had a realization that a new era had dawned; that she had stepped over one of those boundary lines traced out in every life. She walked slowly down and watched Joe ride away on a load of hay, with a sense she could not have expressed of widening distance between them. She saw the wagon reach the turn in the road where stood the red house, precluding further observation; and noted the wisps of hay fallen from the wagon, tossed about by the autumn wind.

She went slowly in and set herself resolutely to ironing the linen which Joe, in deference to village etiquette, wore on Sundays to High Mass. Her vigorous hand straightened out each crease and fold, and brought a glossy smoothness to the whole. She could not guess that Joe would not wear that linen upon the Sunday following or for many Sundays to come. It was then Tuesday, and by Thursday he had announced to her that he meant to go "shantying." A cold chill struck Malvina at the word. Many men did this as a means of support during the winter; but Joe had never done so, nor did their present circumstances require it. Besides, was it not too early in the season? She saw presently that Joe had his mind made up; that here was a case where argument was useless. The same feeling came upon her that had been so strong when she watched him pass the red house on the load of hay. She prepared what he needed, however, in unwonted silence;

and laid the linen she had [ironed upon that memorable afternoon deep down in an under drawer of the bureau.

After Joe had gone Ma'am Bourgeois' outbreaks of temper were perhaps less noticeable, but her voice was harsher and her brow more lowering. There was a fierce and bitter resentment in her breast, she knew not against what or whom, with an almost intolerable pain at her heart. Joe repented his marriage; her presence had become irksome to him; whereas Joe had gone away with the simple desire to relieve her by his absence.

The neighbors, who had no inkling of the cause, gossiped, of course, about the event. Many declared that their predictions had been verified, as was natural; and that Joe had made the mistake of his life in marrying "the old maid."

"He should have left her to comb St. Catherine's tresses," remarked Ma'am Goulet, spitefully; but, then, as everybody knew, Ma'am Goulet had three marriageable daughters, any one of whom would have smiled upon "handsome Joe."

Malvina, who was a capital housewife, had the stone house, where she and her husband had taken up their dwelling, always in apple-pie order; and Joe, out in the shanties through that long winter following, thought often of the warm kitchen, with its great double stove, and Malvina spinning in the corner. She was never idle. Joe had often admired her ceaseless, restless activity, which went so well with her glowing health and fine physical development.

Malvina during Joe's absence made no confidantes, but went her own way sullenly. Joe's mother, who had never liked the match, and who stood in awe of her dark-browed daughter-in-law, wrung her hands and rocked to and fro, as she bewailed to a few intimates how sad a mistake had been her son's marriage.

"It is a mistake which can not be rectified now," the *curé* had said, sharply

in answer to this remark; "but it may grow worse with talking about it. Let other people keep out of it, and the cloud must wear itself away. They have the *grâce d'état* which came with the Sacrament, and that must make all right."

However, the *curé*, who was a shrewd man and well versed in human nature, made up his mind as to the state of affairs, and determined to have a talk with Ma'am Bourgeois. He drove up to the door one snowy day; and Malvina, though not much pleased to see him, sent the boy to take round the *curé's* horse and sleigh. She assisted him herself to remove his shaggy coat of buffalo skin, with merely a stolid—

"*Bon jour, Monsieur le Curé!*"

"*Bon jour, mon enfant,—bon jour!*" He rubbed his hands as he came into the genial warmth of the kitchen. "You are well here, my child,—very well," he said.

"Oh, yes, Monsieur le Curé!" Malvina responded, indifferently.

"And our good Joe—how goes it with him? 'Tis a pity he should be away from such a home."

Malvina made no reply. Her face, set hard, had no expression in it. She beat with her right hand upon the table as the *curé* continued:

"An excellent boy, that Joe; and it is I, who have known him since childhood, that say so."

There was a slight change in the poor woman's face, and the *curé* noted it.

"A true heart," he went on, quickly. "His mother and his wife, that is all."

"His mother, *soit*," Malvina blurted out; "but his wife,—oh, *pour ça!*"

"You jest, my child," replied the *curé*, in grave tones; "and it is not well. You know when Christians, Catholics—*des bons Catholiques aussi*—are married, that is serious. They do not jest so."

"That is the worst thing, Monsieur le Curé; with us it is forever."

The *curé* arose and stood looking at her

solemnly. "My poor child!" he said,—
"my poor, poor child!"

Had it been one of the neighbors in conversation with Ma'am Bourgeois, her remark would have been held as scandalous, and have been repeated to the four winds. But the *curé* looked deeper. It was the bitterness, he knew, of a suffering human heart. The sympathy of his look and words had indeed a marvellous effect. Malvina laid her head upon the table and sobbed aloud. The *curé* let her alone for a few moments, then he said gently:

"When I came to this parish you were but a little child. It was I who gave you your First Communion. Tell me what is this grief? I have guessed that all is not well between Joe and you. Instead of seeking help where it was to be found, you have stayed away from Church and from the Sacraments when you most needed both."

Malvina had nothing to say. Her head remained bent upon the table, though the storm of grief had passed.

"Malvina," the *curé* continued, "I will not talk to you of duty, or of what has been wrong in your conduct."

"Wrong, Monsieur le Curé!" cried Malvina, raising her head. "I, who have done my duty,—who have worked early and late; who have kept this house as you see it; who have spun and sewed and washed and tended the cattle—"

"And have had always, which is the more important," interposed the *curé*, "a smile and a kind word for poor Joe?"

Malvina ignored the remark, though the blood mounted hotly to her face.

"And Joe, who wanders here and there," she went on passionately, "because he has married an old maid and is tired of his bargain!"

"Malvina," said the *curé* sternly, "do you dare to speak like that when God has been so good to you? Why, it was but this very summer Joe said to me: 'I am a happy man; I have my mother spared

to me and a good wife. I want no more.'"

Malvina listened with curiously varied emotions. No one in the parish would have dared to broach the subject to her; no one but the *curé* could have done it effectually. The habit of a life is not easily set aside, and respect for Monsieur le Curé had grown with her growth. His word in the village was always the word of wisdom, an authority without appeal. And Joe had spoken thus to the *curé*,—Joe, whom she had driven away by her harsh words!

"Malvina," continued the *curé* solemnly, "what if some day a messenger were to come to you, as I come now, to say: 'Joe is dying; Joe is dead?'"

The pallor in Ma'am Bourgeois' face almost frightened the *curé*. She sprang to her feet, one hand clasped to her breast, the other extended as if in appeal. She saw not what was before her, but the shanties, as she had seen them once in her girlhood—the rude figures,—and Joe upon a miserable pallet dying, or worse. At last she spoke, and her voice sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"For love of the good God, Monsieur le Curé, speak! Is it this you have come to tell me?"

The *curé* was silent for a moment—partly from surprise, partly because he wanted to be careful of his words.

"It is, then, true, my God,—it is true!" And she sank upon her knees, with a low, shuddering cry.

"Malvina, my poor child," said the *curé*, "what are you doing? There is nothing wrong with Joe. I only wanted you to know how you would feel if such a thing were to happen."

The relief in the woman's face was so great, though her tears flowed in streams, that the *curé* was deeply moved.

"So it ever is," said he. "We are not thankful to God for His gifts till He withdraws them. Think, therefore, of what I have said. Joe is not dead nor dying.

But act now as you would wish to have done if such were to happen."

The *curé* drove away, unmindful of the miles of bad road over which he had to pass, in a snow-storm which had grown to a blizzard. He had probed the wound in this woman's heart, which might have grown to a canker, and he grudged not the cost to himself. For was it not part of his work, this taking to himself of the sorrows and perplexities and difficulties of his scattered flock? The Good Shepherd goeth after His sheep.

Malvina, left alone in the gathering darkness, set herself to write a letter. She was not as expert with the pen as with her household implements. She trimmed and lighted the lamp, and hunted up a pen that was half rusty from disuse, a bottle of pale ink, and a sheet of paper.

The letter?—what pains it cost her, and how unconscious she was that it was ill spelled and worse written! And how she counted the days after it was gone! It would be two weeks, at least, before Joe could return; but how would she have felt if, instead of weeks, it had been never!

At last she received a message brought by a priest who had come from the Northwest to visit the *curé*. Joe would be with her on Saturday. What a Saturday it was! The final polish to floor and table, the cooking of choice viands; a roast of pork, as if it had been New Year's Day, and *gâteaux*! Malvina took from the drawer the linen which she had ironed so carefully months before. She fancied at first it had grown yellow; but no,—it was white still. She laid it upon a chair, examining it for any possible crease, and remembered how foolishly angry she had been as the iron had gone over and over its smooth surface.

A quarter before noon she was out at the gate; but the quarter of an hour seemed to her so long she felt certain that the train must have been delayed or had gone off the track. Perhaps, after all,

Joe might never come back. She grew positively feverish as she watched the red house, from the shadow of which Joe must emerge. She remembered, with strange distinctness, that day when he had ridden off upon the load of hay. That was the real going away, though he had been at home for a month after. And this was the real coming back,—more real, perhaps, than when he had first come with her to take up his abode in the stone house.

It was five minutes after twelve precisely when Ma'am Bourgeois saw a figure come round the curve in the road. Joe—yes, her Joe,—handsomer than ever, browner, manlier, walking with more decided step. Malvina's heart beat high. She was there in her best gown—a dark red cashmere,—and she had a flower in her hair. "Such foolishness at *her* age!" remarked one of the neighbors. But Malvina, even if she had heard, would not have cared.

The meeting between the husband and wife was awkward. Their natural village rusticity asserted itself; and, by way of explanation, Malvina was half ashamed of the letter, written from her heart, which she had sent to Joe, and Joe too shy to refer to it. So she merely said:

"I thought that you repented of having married an old maid."

"And it is I who thought you were sorry for having chosen a good-for-nothing."

"We were both wrong, Joe. Is it not so?"

"Yes, we were wrong, Malvina."

The neighbors, who had been busy with prophecies, and the *curé*, who had been otherwise busy, had nothing to say hereafter. For, though Malvina still continued to drive hard bargains when she could, and to quarrel with the city folk over the price of apples, she never again said a harsh word to Joe; while he was more than ever convinced that he got the best wife in the parish when he changed Malvina's title from that of "the old maid" to Ma'am Bourgeois.

A Conversation on a Kind of Books.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

"FOR my part," said the Philistine, "I like short books. Give me hand-books of all kinds. Of a rainy day or a winter night a book's a good thing."

"There is one book that none of us reads sufficiently," replied the Conservative; "and that is the Bible. It is a book for all seasons,—always a 'good thing.' I was brought up with a taste for the Bible: it was read in our home."

"Who reads aloud now?" asked the Editor. "It's a lost art, even in the pulpit. One often hears a fine sermon without having the slightest impression of the sacred text. If parents read the Scriptures in their houses, young people could not escape a taste for them. But they don't."

"In truth," remarked the Conservative, "they seem to rely on the school for the religious instruction of the children. I owe my knowledge of Catholic doctrine to the instructions of one priest; and, after that, I owe my love for the faith to the Bible reading of my father."

"You will laugh, of course, you literary fellows," answered the Philistine; "but I wish that books were fewer,—so few that the younger reader would be forced to peruse even 'Geraldine: a Tale of Conscience,' or 'Milner's End of Controversy,' or that dispute between Breckinridge and somebody else. If we only had some short book on religion, bright and well-written, I believe I'd read it myself."

"You have at your elbow the ideal book of the kind," said the Conservative.

"Come now," retorted the Philistine, "you don't impose a bad French translation on me! I've seen enough of 'em!"

"Not at all," rejoined the Conservative. "This book is in pure English. It is a gem of condensation. You could almost put it into your waistcoat pocket. It's

not a new book, but it will never be old. I mean 'A Short Cut to the True Church; or, The Fact and the Word,' by the Passionist Father Hill.)

The Philistine opened the book with some reluctance. "I rather like the opening sentence," he said. "The author knows what he's shooting at, and isn't thinking of himself and his learning, which is more than can be said of most controversialists. 'I write for all who believe with me in the Divinity of Christ and the inspiration of the Four Gospels, but are not in the communion of Rome. I was brought up in their ranks; and had any one shown me the "Short Cut" I am about to point out to others it would have saved a circuitous journey.' I like that! And it's a short book."

"I am afraid its brevity most impresses our friend," said the Editor; "but that is by no means its highest quality. Every page is clear cut. Father Edmund says that we owe it to a suggestion from Archbishop Ryan. The Archbishop certainly knows the needs of the time; and this book is thoroughly modern in its manner. My favorite chapter is that on Transubstantiation. Listen to this: "'But Transubstantiation is so *very* hard to believe," you say. "It contradicts the evidence of the senses." It ought not to present so much difficulty to the faith which believes in *transnaturation*, recorded in both Testaments. For, of course, you admit that Moses, at God's command, changed water into blood, and not merely in appearance; for the fish in the river died, and the Egyptians could not drink. Christ's first miracle was a type of the Eucharistic change of wine itself into blood,—so, at least, we Catholics say. Now, if you really believe, as I presume you do, in the *transnaturation* effected in these miracles, why is it so much more difficult to accept *transubstantiation*?"

"Well put!" said the Philistine.

"No better put than every other passage

in the book. For Catholics and for our Christian friends outside the Church there is nothing better," said the Conservative.

"The Conservative enthusiastic!" the Editor exclaimed. "The world is coming to an end."

"It is so unusual," said the Philistine, "that it convinces me. The best way to prove one's interest in a book is to buy it,—which I shall proceed to do. I like short books, and this one calls itself short."

A Lesson from a Good Life.

THAT example is the best argument has long been a tiresome truism, but there is a freshness at least in the undertone of admiration which runs through these words from a recent sketch of "Mary Anderson." They were written by a Protestant writer in a secular magazine:

"Mary Anderson's loyalty to the Church of her faith has always been one of her most prominent and beautiful characteristics. . . . During all of last summer she attended the little Catholic church at Malvern Wells, at early Mass, singing in the choir, while her husband supplied the accompaniment on the organ. . . . Her talent for music, she explains, she means to use in the future in singing in small churches wherever her travels may lead."

There is a lesson here which ought not to be lost on our Catholic young people. Parish priests are painfully aware that it is hard to "keep up" a worthy choir, and this from no lack of good voices. There are plenty of young men and women to take part in amateur theatricals held for whatever purpose; there are plenty of good voices for the solos in public concerts; but for the singing of the Mass—which is, after the priest's office, the most honorable privilege a Catholic can enjoy—the supply is never adequate. The angelic hosts find their whole heaven in singing

Sanctus round the throne of God; but our young people find it dull and irksome to render God the service of His own gifts. Our girls will sing for their friends in the parlor or in public, but they will not sing for God in His church.

This lesson from Mary Anderson's life should not pass unheeded. Europe and America bend in adulation before her sovereign genius and beauty; but she turns her back upon all these, and uses her talent "in singing in small churches wherever her travels may lead." If her example were widely followed, there would be better choirs in our villages and no "hired worship" in our cities.

Notes and Remarks.

Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, has succeeded in awakening in every Catholic heart throughout the world a lively sentiment of sorrow and indignation. A traitor to his faith, he no doubt imagines that his treason has secured the throne to his son. We shall be very much surprised if the future does not convince him that his recreancy to his plain duty has profited nothing either to himself, to his unfortunate young heir, or to Bulgaria. The one satisfactory piece of news in connection with this unworthy act of a Catholic prince is that in his interview with Leo XIII. Ferdinand heard his contemplated action characterized in fitting terms, and that he retired from the audience with "a troubled aspect."

The future historian of the Church in the United States will find no more noble or interesting character to portray than that of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, who died last week in St. Louis. He was the grand old man of the American hierarchy. He had been more than fifty years a bishop, and for nearly seven decades he had labored in the ministry. He was the link between the old and the new,—between the infant Church struggling for existence in America and the

Church full-grown, rejoicing like a giant to run its course. He enjoyed the distinction of being the only prelate who was present at the three Plenary Councils of Baltimore. Archbishop Kenrick was hard on himself. His rule of life was inflexible and austere, and he seemed to delight in labor. Like his distinguished brother, the great Archbishop of Baltimore, Mgr. Kenrick was a man of remarkable scholarship. His mental powers were as rare as his physical vitality; and all his vast energies as ruler, author, and preacher were selflessly given to the enlargement of God's kingdom. May he rest in peace, and may God raise up many priests and prelates in America like the brothers Kenrick!

A few years ago a Roman prince, a steadfast adherent of the Papacy, was visiting the armory department of the Antwerp Exposition, and engaged in conversation with an old employee of the Belgian manufactory of guns. "One thing that distresses me," said the old man—a good Catholic,—“is that the weapons we fabricated for the use of the Holy Father's troops, and on which we engraved the Pontifical arms, should have passed into the hands of the Italians, and are carried now by the *bersaglieri*, who perhaps stand guard with them over the Vatican.”—“Rest easy, my friend,” replied the prince; “your guns are not in the hands of the *bersaglieri*. Count Antonelli had them carried to Africa, and presented them to Menelek.”—“Well,” rejoined the old artisan, “the good God knows what He is about.”

The old Belgian spoke truly. The guns which have wrought such havoc among the Italians in Abyssinia were the identical Remingtons manufactured for the Pontifical army.

The *Freeman's Journal*, of Sydney, N.S.W., has a correspondent who seems to know a great many things not generally known. He confides to us the secret that the Prince of Wales was baptized a Catholic, asserting that he has the testimony of an eminent bishop that his statement is absolutely correct. It seems that when the time came for the baptism of Albert Edward, two dignitaries

of the Church of England arranged to divide honors on the occasion, with the result that one poured the water while the other read the form of baptism. This was the perfection of Protestant politeness; but, all the same, it was a blunder which made the baptism invalid. After the ceremony the Queen of the Belgians, who had been an observant witness, spoke to the Queen privately, and pointed out that the interesting infant had not been made a Christian in the proper way. Victoria was much troubled and asked: "What can I do?"—"Oh," said her Belgian Majesty, "it is easy enough!" adding: "I have here in the palace a Belgian priest—my chaplain; let me call him in to baptize the child properly, and no one will be any the wiser." The young Queen of England—whose mother, by the way, was a Catholic—at once gave her consent, and the Catholic baptism was performed with only two witnesses. Apart from his baptism under "circumstances over which he had no control," the Prince of Wales has always exhibited a most sympathetic feeling toward the Catholic Church. He has befriended more than one Catholic sisterhood in England, was an ardent admirer of Father Damien, and he has on several occasions attended Mass. Cardinal Manning had no warmer champion and supporter than the heir to the British throne; and it will be recollected that on a memorable occasion he placed the Cardinal on a Royal Commission next himself, and before the Premier and the Protestant Bishop of London. There was a "big fuss" about it at the time, but the trouble blew over and has been forgotten.

We hope to see Father Tyrrell's admirable essay on "A Change of Tactics," already referred to in these pages, among the publications of the Catholic Truth Society. It is able and timely. It is progressive in a way that we like, and aims at the conversion of people not by minimizing essential differences, but by removing the petty misunderstandings which beget a fatal irritation of mind against the Church. These passages, for instance, are as wise as they are simple and direct:

Protestantism has fixed in men's minds the idea that the Roman Church is a huge speculation run in

the interests of the Bishop of Rome; that there is some scarcely definable temporal gain which is quite sufficient to maintain the fraud in existence century after century, and to enlist in the cause the sacrifices and best energies of thousands of devoted men and women, who are in no way sharers in the plunder. It must, then, be made clear that the Church rules as a parent in the interest of her children, not as a despot who rules in his own interest; that the maintenance of her power and authority are not ends in themselves, but means to a further end—namely, to the ultimate perfection of human nature, individual and social. . . . That the Church exists not for her own sake, but for the perfection of human nature, present no less than future, natural no less than supernatural, social no less than individual—this is one of the ideas which it will take time and patient skill to bring home clearly to minds biased by a false presentment of Christianity, and unsuspecting of any other. . . . The devout Romanist is popularly portrayed as being in a state of mental paralysis—hemmed in on all sides with dogmatic definitions, prohibitions, and restraints. . . . Nothing is more absurd than to fancy the Pope as a privileged tyrant whose every whim and caprice binds Catholics to assent and to obey under pain of anathema; yet such is the image of Papal authority in the non-Catholic mind.

A genuine and well-merited compliment to the sterling Catholicity of the Irish people was that embodied in one of the questions recently propounded to a Paulist missionary to non-Catholics: "Please state the relationship of St. Patrick to the Catholic Church." The inquirer did not know much about the Church or her doctrines, but observation had evidently led him to think that "Irish" and "Catholic" were fairly synonymous terms; and that St. Patrick was a good deal more Catholic than most others among the canonized,—a very Jesuit among Catholics, so to speak.

Mr. Gladstone, in a letter to the biographer of Cardinal Manning, expresses the opinion that diaries do not afford the most trustworthy evidence; however, the great English statesman knew the lamented prelate too well to be biased by misrepresentation of any sort, from whatever source. A man among men himself, Mr. Gladstone's estimate of Cardinal Manning is especially noteworthy. He says of him: "The immense gifts of his original nature and intense cultivations, his warm affections, his lifelong devotion, his

great share in reviving England, but above all his absolute detachment, place him on a level such that, from my plane of thought and life, I can only look at him as a man looks at the stars."

The noble career of Father Damien has made it hard for any missionary to the lepers to be a hero; but Don Michael Unia, a priest of the Salesian Society, has shown in a striking way that the mould in which heroes are cast has not yet been broken. Having, not without difficulty, obtained permission to devote his life to the service of the lepers of Columbia, South America, he also "shut to with his own hand the door of his own tomb." He had the love of a saint for his soul-trying work, and it was useless to advise prudence. One day, being reminded that it was his duty to use every precaution to safeguard his own health, Don Unia replied:

Leprosy, you must know, renders these poor people extremely sensitive. Were I to show repugnance in my intercourse with them, they would hate instead of love me. Only yesterday a poor creature embraced me and expired in my arms. Believe me, if we wish to be of any assistance to these poor sufferers, we must love, not loathe, them for their misfortunes.

Small wonder that those stricken people loved this man, and now mourn him with a grief that will not be consoled.

The curriculum of studies in the public schools has not yet reached the climax of completeness. A bill is to be introduced in the Legislature of the State of New York providing for the teaching of public-school children on "the care of the teeth and the mouth." This is right and proper. The tooth-brush is a test of the highest civilization. Children should also be taught to be good to their toes. If perfect teeth improve the appearance of men and women, corns and bunions are not only a disfigurement, but a source of sincere and lifelong regret to their unfortunate possessor. He is subjected to the annoyance of watching his own steps and oftentimes those of others. Tender feet may unfit those afflicted with them for certain duties of citizenship,—marching in political processions, for instance; and even prove an injury to public morality. By all

means let the children of our public schools be taught to care for their teeth, and to be solicitous also for their toes. A generous and enlightened public will not object to be taxed for the learned lectures of professors of dentistry and chiropody.

The success of the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans is a fresh proof of the intense intellectual activity which is quickening our people. It can not be doubted that the interest Catholics feel in all that makes for self-improvement is due in large measure to the influence of Catholic literature and journalism; but it is equally true that the new learning will react powerfully and helpfully upon them. There are many mighty forces working together for the triumph of the Church in this country, and the spread of right knowledge is one of the most potent. Faith has nothing to fear from science, and the day of deepest, broadest, truest knowledge will be the day of glorious victory for the Church.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Louis Proulx, of Quebec, Canada; the Rev. George Burns, of the Diocese of Buffalo; the Rev. Edward Morgan, Diocese of Erie; the Rev. Martin O'Connor, Diocese of Peoria; the Rev. H. P. Connery, Diocese of Pittsburgh,—all of whom lately departed this life.

Sister Mary de Sales, of the Sisters of Charity, Vancouver, Wash.; Sister Anna Adelaide, Greensburg, Pa.; and Sister Mary Pauline, of the Sisters of the Incarnate Word, who passed to their reward last month.

Mr. Abner R. Brown, whose happy death took place on the 24th ult., at Loogootee, Ind.

Mrs. E. Goodrow, of Cambridge, Mass., who died a holy death on the 4th ult.

Mrs. Frances Kiernan, whose exemplary Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 22d ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Mary E. Bradley, of San José, Cal., whose life closed peacefully on the 14th ult.

Miss Mary Moore, who yielded her pure soul to God last month at Elmira, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Two Birds.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

IN an old oak's crest, on the edge of a wood,
A widow'd bird fondly watched over her brood—
Two dear little fledglings, unmindful of aught,
Save to open their beaks for food that she brought.

But once, at eve, waking, with terror oppress,
They found themselves huddled alone in the nest;
With morning and sunshine, they timid flew forth,
Parting forever—going southward and north.

One cried: "I'm so happy! 'Tis sweet to be free!"
One: "Mother, I'll seek thee, where'er thou mayst be!"

The first in bower of roses alighted,
Thinking but of self, with fortune delighted,
With a home and a mate, was merry and strong;
Not one minor note could be heard in his song.

The other, slow-flying through storm and through rain,
Saw a bird, blood-enshrouded, stark on the plain;
And fluttering down to his dead mother's side,
The poor little mourner, bewailing her, died.

God loveth the true heart, faith-led, duty-stirr'd,
Whether heart of a child or heart of a bird.

King Finvarra and the Queen o' Wishes.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

II.

WHEN we drew near the city gates we stopped. The King touched the head of his oriole with the seal of his own ring, and instantly the bird changed into a raven-black charger one hand high. As soon as this was done the trumpets chimed again; all the cavalry-men drew their scimitars and touched the heads of their humming-birds. The birds immediately became horses as dainty as hippocampi and no larger. One regiment was mounted upon bright chestnut horses, the other upon creamy roans.

The King came near me and touched my dragon-fly. I felt my knees lift, and I was seated upon a foam-white courser as exquisitely beautiful as an old Greek *intaglio*. The housings were all changed, and the dragon-fly's trappings disappeared with himself. The saddle was small and simple, as the extreme beauty of the horse would not permit of rich accoutrement. There was a narrow, damascene-like pattern in split topaz upon the leather, which was robin skin; the stirrups were hollowed white pearls, and there was no bridle of any kind. My horse's mane reached to his knees, and his arched tail trailed upon the ground; but, as the roadway was of hammered gold, the tail could not be injured. His hoofs were like ivory

and he was as graceful as a young jaguar. By a touch the King changed the color of my robes to golden brown, like the interior of an orchid's calyx, that these might be in harmony with the color of the horse. The King himself was struck with the unusual beauty of the horse. He said: "I find that I make better horses when under inspiration. My magic alone does not suffice."

As we approached the gates a carillon of sweet bells chimed, and the watch turned out. The gates were about twenty feet in height. The valves were of gold wrought marvellously. In the centre of each valve was an enormous piece of white jade six feet by four. On these blocks were cut in low relief a battle-scene between St. Michael and Lucifer, and a group representing the fairies watching a crescent moon after the expulsion from Paradise. The jade was not polished, but it was thin enough to transmit part of the color of the gold behind it; and the effect was extremely pleasing. The fairies are those angels who were indifferent in the war between St. Michael and Lucifer; and I was surprised to find that they kept these reliefs, which constantly reminded them of the terrible days after the expulsion. I was told that the sculpture was the work of an angel, and that they were obliged to keep it on their gates. The gold work around the reliefs was in the form of drifting flocks of fairies, and the curves of their flights were delicate as a change in a melody. A colonnade ran out to meet the wall, and the pillars were made of lapis-lazuli with blood-stone capitals. Surmounting the gate-arch was a noble *quadriga* fully four feet in height. This was colossal for fairy-land. A female figure stood in a chariot drawn by four lions, all carved in rich yellow ivory, and preserved from destruction by magic.

As we went under the arch, the tiny hoofs of our horses tinkled on the gold pavement like water dropping into a

fountain. Every house within the walls was a palace. Remember the bright moonlight pouring down and softening every smoothness of fairy artisans. The palaces were not built of marble, but of polished crystal backed with gold, amethyst, brown jasper, ruby-like essonite, chrysoprase, sunstone, fire-opal, and turquoise; moulded by fairy architects, helped by countless æons of beauty-study and all the limitless resources of intellects once angelic. Pinnacles shot upward like the flame from a great ruby, the light of which had been stricken into solidity. The tracery in carven gems about the windows was so filmy that frost ferns would be coarse in comparison. The very foundation stones, along which crowds of fairies walked, were one continuous line of priceless reliefs. The people stood to salute the King. Those flying about alighted until he had passed. Along the streets were lines of maiden-hair ferns for trees, kept alive by actinic rays of light made artificially in the roof of the mighty cavern. From the palaces came gusts of fairy music ravishingly sad and sweet. At times a storm of harmony would sweep along the arcades; and I would forget all the strange vision, and almost faint with the stress of absolute beauty.

At length we entered the palace square. There were two fountains there, fed with some liquid holding vast quantities of rubies in solution, and fragrant with all the perfume of an April wood. The palace itself was titanic for a fairy building. Its façade was at least a hundred feet in length, and all built of white pearls, sent by the king of those fairies who live at the bottom of the Indian Ocean. There was not a single pearl in that façade smaller than a full-blown apple-blossom; and these were cut flat on the face and octagonal at the edges, so that the entire front of the palace was one great pearl. The architecture of this building, as of the entire city of Aglaia, was fairy Gothic, the main

ideas of which were derived from frost-formations seen under bright moonlight. Set in niches along the façade were statues of the fairy kings from the time of the expulsion from Paradise to the present monarch. Every thousand years a new king is elected, and he builds a palace for himself.

The statues on Finvarra's palace were, without exception, superior to any work of man. He told me he really admired the Venus of Melos for human sculpture. I must ask him some day what the position of the lost arms were, so that we may have them restored; but I confess I have lost interest in the Venus since I went to Aglaia. The palace statuary was cast in dull gold, because gems reflect too much light. Fairy artists study their models for a century before they begin on the clay. They know that at the day of General Judgment they themselves will all be annihilated, and they wish to leave works for which the angels and the blessed will have admiration. The roof of Finvarra's palace was tiled with split moonstones clamped with gold; and the side walls and rear of the building were made of large asterias from Ceylon—a sapphire with a star in white light at the heart of the stone. The great throne-room was lined with blue diamonds, cut flat to make mirrors.

When we entered this throne-room the Queen o' Wishes, who rules the German Nibelungen, was waiting for the King. She has a habit of dropping in unexpectedly, and therefore the King made no apology for not being at home to receive her. Kris Kingle, her chief almoner, was with her. He speaks English, by the way, with a marked German accent.

The Queen looked like a girl of eighteen years of age. She wore a filmy white lace robe woven from the filaments that grow on certain bacilli, and over this a feather cloak made of young mosquito plumes. Kris Kingle told me last week that thirty fairies were employed a hundred years in

spinning that one robe for the Queen, and they got the threads coarse enough to handle only by help of microscopes. Her hair flowed to the ground, and it was the color of the amber light you see under a maple tree in October. She was so beautiful you forgot to love her, and light flowed from her face; and wherever she walked, even on the jewelled floor of the palace, tiny plum-bloom-like dots of elfin violets straightway sprang up in her footprints and filled the air with fragrance. Going from place to place, however, she usually floated along about an inch above the ground, because she once overheard a servant complain about being obliged to sweep up the violets after they withered. Just above her forehead there was always floating a little star for a crown. The star was really a living fairy prince detailed for this purpose by the Emperor of the Milky Way.

The King presented me to her Majesty; and, after a few moments of conversation, she said to me:

"You will have ample opportunity for seeing Aglaia; and you may come with me now, if you like. I am going up on earth to fulfil some wishes."

"I am grateful, your Majesty," I said, "for the favor of being permitted to be near you; but I wish I could fly."

She smiled and touched my wings with her sceptre. I immediately felt I could use my wings perfectly. We took leave of the King. Then she called her retinue, and we instantly shot upward, passing through the palace roof and the earth-crust over the great cave as if these substances were thin mist; and I saw the real moon again lying on the sky.

I could hear voices coming in vast surges of sound, like the roar of the ocean, in every language spoken by man. I found I could understand every language. "I wish," was the constant undertone, and the ending words were made up of remarkably few changes; "gold" came loudest,

then "death"; another word often heard was "power." Sometimes I heard the words "love" and "happiness." Strange wishes came up singly, — a boy's voice wishing he were a man, a man's voice wishing he were a boy; a saint's voice wishing that he wished for nothing, and an old woman's voice wishing for God. The Queen said: "That old woman will get her wish."

I looked down and I saw Manhattan Island. Some ugly wishes came up and many good wishes. Then a child's voice came clear to us: "I wish this pain in my head would go away!" Immediately the Queen sank downward, and we went through the tin roof of a tenement house. A little girl tossing in fever lay on an old coat on the grimy floor. The Queen took a lute from a page, and stood near the child's ear and sang softly. The child slept.

The little girl's mother was seated upon the floor, asleep from weariness; her eyes were red from much weeping. The Queen touched the woman's eyes, and then Kris Kingle stood out on the floor like a dream. He said to the woman, who still slept: "Madame, I'm Doctor Hartshorn of Bellevue. Call me to-morrow, and I'll cure your child."

Then we went up through the roof again, and shot over to Bellevue Hospital and entered Doctor Hartshorn's room. The Queen touched the eyes of the sleeping Doctor. Then the fairies made a vision of the Stable at Bethlehem. "In the morning, when the mother comes," said Kris Kingle, "he'll remember this dream and go with the woman."

After leaving the hospital we drifted out swiftly over the Atlantic. In a few moments we were away up near Newfoundland. An old man's voice came to us from the sea: "I wish, dear Lord, to have my children again!" We sank down into a fishing smack on the Banks. An old sailor was at the tiller, and the shrouds

creaked in the blocks. The water was lap-lapping against the sides of the boat, and four men hauled in the nets. The fish turned to silver in the moonlight.

The Queen touched three of her people with her sceptre, and there on the deck in the moonlight stood two little girls and a boy. You could see the bulwarks through their shadowy bodies. They held their arms out to the old sailor and laughed. He gave a great, glad cry, let go his hold on the tiller, and fell forward on the deck. The four men dropped the net and ran to him. In a moment the skipper said with solemn face: "The old man's dead!"

Then we went down under the ocean to visit the King of the Atlantic Fairies. His palace is near the Banks. It is built like an enormous grotto, of gold gathered from sunken ships. He does not value gems, but he keeps many-colored flames for decorative effect; and the result is extremely beautiful. The mermaids are his fairies. When we arrived he was in a rage. He stamped up and down the throne-room till the water was all in swirls, and the mermaids dare not go near him. It seems that a prowling whale that afternoon had gotten the Atlantic cable caught upon his tail; and when he shook it loose it fell directly across the palace roof, breaking some delicate coral pinnacles. The whale had been profuse in his apologies. But the King would not let him lift off the cable for fear the clumsy beast would do more damage.

"I wish, sister," the King said to the Queen o' Wishes, "that you would get that cable off for me."

The Queen sent a mermaid with a note to the chief of the sword-fishes, and he came himself in answer to her request. He put his sword under the cable, lifted it gently and pushed it back to its original position north of the palace, where he dropped it into the shelly ooze.

The old sword-fish said to the King

"I have a notion to smash that bloomin' cable. It's a nuisance around here."

"Don't do that!" cried the King. "You know those mortals would let down grappling-hooks to pick it up; and they do more damage than all the fool whales in this ocean."

What happened thereafter may be told some other time, if I can manage to procure another graphophone cylinder. It is difficult for me to write my narrative on paper big enough to be legible until I return to earth. The story already told was recited by me into a graphophone in Chicago, and it took twenty fairies to get the cylinder among those given to a type-writer in a certain large shop in that city. When it was type-written I had to send for four of our horses to pull the article from under a pound of caramels which the type-writer had set upon the papers. We had more trouble afterward. Giuoco, the King's jester, who is a dwarf about an inch and a half high, went into a desk-drawer to bring postage-stamps for the mailing of the manuscript, and while there he was attacked by a big cockroach and scared nearly into insanity. He was so agitated when he came to us that after we had wet the gum on the stamps with a bucket brought from Aglaia, he slipped and fell into the gum. It was so difficult to tear him loose that I thought at one time we would dislocate his left wing. He had a black-and-tan dog, which was considered unusually diminutive in fairy-land. It was exactly the size of a house-fly. This little animal, trying to help his master, was caught in the gum and smothered before we noticed him. He is now buried under the stamps on the envelope which carried these notes.

(To be continued.)

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

XI.—INCIDENTS OF SCHOOL-LIFE.

A little voice at my elbow asks if all the Sisters at the convent wore wooden shoes, and if they wore them always. I hasten to answer that all did not wear them; only the working Sisters, and they only while engaged in their household occupations of cleaning and scrubbing. For a long time they continued the European custom of scouring the floors with sand every evening after school was over; and while thus employed *sabots*, or wooden shoes, were worn. But after a time they discarded them, with other foreign customs,—some of which we had learned to love.

After they had been settled in our city about a year the news came that another colony of Sisters was on the way. Many were the fervent prayers said by the children that they might arrive safe. When the announcement was received that the ship was in port, teachers and pupils were filled with joy. The journey by land to their destination, now a trip of twenty-two hours, then occupied a fortnight. At last we were given a half-holiday, as the Sisters were expected to arrive the middle of that afternoon. But a plan had been thought of by the larger girls, by which, after an odd fashion of their own, they were to welcome the newcomers. They lingered about the garden, making excuses not to go home.

When the carriage drew up, a group of girls stood upon the porch, each with a bell in her hand brought from home in the morning; while two were in readiness to ring the large school bell when the proper moment should arrive. The great gate swung open, and thirty bells, of all sizes and tones, began to ring at once,

TRY never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure. It will make you happier and better.—*Longfellow.*

the girls shouting in chorus: "Welcome to America, dear Sisters! Welcome to America!" It was learned later that the poor Sisters were alarmed by the clatter, thinking so vociferous a greeting indicated that they had come to teach a band of young Indians. But they soon changed their opinion, and deep and enduring was the affection they entertained for the "untamed savages" who had caused them such a fright.

It was no wonder that we were all happy within that dear convent. The Sisters had a way of making learning attractive. We were not obliged to plod incessantly at dry studies which we could not understand, but one exercise succeeded another at short intervals. Our days were varied with little *fêtes*, held on or before the principal feasts of the Church, in which processions formed a leading part. On these occasions school would be dismissed at an earlier hour; but on this account we were not permitted to have recess on those days, and were expected to pay more than ordinary attention to our duties during the morning hours. It goes without saying that our general conduct, too, was expected to be exceptional.

The neglected garden had soon been made a bower of beauty. At opposite ends stood statues of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, surrounded by luxuriant shrubs and brightly blooming flowers. St. Joseph stood on a pedestal midway between them, in such a position that he seemed to face them both. In the earlier days the walks were of fragrant tan bark, the rich brown of which contrasted beautifully with the dark green of the grass and the various tints of the small trees and bushes scattered in graceful profusion.

That garden was a magic spot, where everything grew to perfection. On the Rogation Days we sang the Litany of the Saints as we walked up and down the carefully levelled paths, pausing before each statue as we reached it to lift our

young voices in still more ardent supplication. I was always glad when we came to "Bless and preserve the fruits of the earth." I felt my veins thrill at the three-fold repetition. It seemed to me that I could see God the Father looking over a wall of heavenly clouds, golden grey, fleecy and soft; a little below Him, gazing up in entreaty, Our Lord, clad in a long crimson garment; and above them the Holy Ghost, fluttering about in the shape of a beautiful white dove. It was necessary for me to shut my eyes in order to see this picture, but I never failed to see it when I did so; and the impression was one not soon to be forgotten.

So, too, during the Month of Mary and on the vigils of her feasts, when we sang the Litany of Loreto to one or other of the beautiful French airs the Sisters had brought with them from Europe, every figurative appellation was a reality to me. "Mirror of Justice" became a large silver mirror hanging from the sky; "Gate of Heaven," an immense, beautifully shaped shining gate of gold; the "Morning Star" shone forth from a field of darkling azure; "Seat of Wisdom" was real to my mind in the shape of a high, white, Gothic-backed chair; and "Cause of our Joy" represented our Blessed Mother in the midst of a lovely garden, surrounded by a group of dancing, happy children. There was never a fairer, whiter, more symmetrical tower than that "Tower of Ivory" which rose up high and stately from the earth whenever the invocation fell from our lips in the beautiful chant which, through many a change and many a year, I still remember tenderly. I wonder whether other children have had the same experience? It seems probable and most natural that it should be so, under the like circumstances.

A day or two before Christmas we had tableaux representing the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi, followed by songs and addresses of greeting to our

beloved superior. All received some little gift from her hands—a picture or a medal; of these we were very proud, and kept them as precious souvenirs.

On Christmas Eve we had what was called "the dressing of the Infant Jesus." The Sisters were in the habit of selecting as many poor children from the free schools as needed clothing, and in those days that class of children appeared to be even more destitute than they do now. For some time before we had been busy making and remodelling garments of new and old material, of which an ample supply was always furnished by our mothers. This work was done during recreation and at the usual daily sewing hour. On Christmas Eve the children were taken to the wash-room; little tubs were placed around about, and each of the academy pupils selected by lot a number corresponding to that which had been given to a poor little girl. We then washed, combed, and attired them in complete suits of clothing, from underwear to cloak and hood. New shoes were always given, with an extra pair of warm stockings, as well as extra underwear. Money contributions and donations from our parents enabled us also to furnish gifts of candy, nuts, and oranges, with which we filled stout paper bags. I can well remember how delighted the poor children were with all this fuss made in their behalf, but I scarcely believe they were more pleased than we. It was a beautiful preparation for the great Feast of Christmas; but, alas! like other good customs of the olden time, it has fallen into disuse.

Yet there were some shadows in the picture, and at this period of my life two incidents occurred which I have never forgotten. I have a vivid remembrance of "penances" incurred and performed, principally for talking in school, in which I was an adept. Disobedience of rules was swiftly punished; generally by having a number of extra lines to be learned, some-

times by being sent to the chapel to say "a decade." This latter punishment, I believe, was the most efficacious; for the atmosphere of the sacred place was most conducive to reflection and repentance.

But to return to the incidents mentioned above. I relate them because I wish my young readers to understand that I was by no means a perfect child. I am the more impelled to do so because the same little voice referred to at the beginning of this chapter once asked me if I "*never, never* did anything wrong." You shall presently learn that I did. My father had given me a beautifully bound new book, entitled "The Memoirs of a London Doll." I had not been forbidden to take it to school, because my mother never thought that I would entertain the idea of doing so. Yet it was with the consciousness of this in my mind that I slipped it into my satchel one morning, intending to read it during recreation in company with a little classmate of whom I was fond. I felt guilty as I did so,—very guilty; it was my first offence of the kind. I was early that morning, and was greeted at the school-room door by a companion for whom I did not care very much, as she was rough and wild, as well as lazy. Her name was Eliza Barnes.

"Let me see that book, Sylvia!" she cried out as I was placing it in my desk.

I refused to allow her to take it in her hand; though I was not averse to showing her the pictures, provided she would sit beside me and not handle it.

"Pooh!" she exclaimed, flaunting away. "I don't want to look at your old book, any way."

I thought no more of it, but laid it in my desk and went into the school-yard. When the bell rang and school had begun I forgot about it; but a little later, lifting my desk lid, I saw it was not there. I looked around at Eliza. She met my gaze without flinching. Who could have taken it if she had not? I was worried about it

all the morning. When the noon recess arrived Eliza ran out ahead of me. I wanted to ask her about the book, but could not catch up with her. At home I was so absent-minded and had so little appetite that my mother thought I was going to be ill. She wanted me to stay home for the afternoon, but that was not to be thought of. As I was entering the school gate I saw Eliza crossing the street, my beautiful red book in her hand. It had been covered with light brown paper, of which it was now stripped. When she neared me she said, holding it forward:

"Sylvia, if you hadn't been so mean and stingy, and afraid of your old book, this wouldn't have happened. I just took it home for fun, to frighten you; but my little brother got hold of it and tore the cover off."

"That is just like stealing!" I cried angrily, taking it from her with no gentle motion. As I did so I saw that not only the paper cover was gone, but the red cover had been torn from the binding. A sudden passion of anger, the like of which I had never before experienced, took possession of me. "You are a wicked, wicked girl!" I exclaimed, laying the book on the gate step and rushing toward her in a fury. Although she was larger and stronger than I, I seized her by the shoulders and shook her with great vehemence. Not content with this, I tore her sunbonnet from her head and threw it on the ground. Then, as suddenly as it had come, my temper subsided. I was frightened at myself; and, seizing the poor ruined book, I ran through the yard into the school-room, and buried my face in my hands. Tears came speedily; they were a great relief. Not until they had in part subsided did I see that my teacher was sitting at her desk.

"Sylvia," she said kindly, "tell me all about it."

I related the story just as it had taken place. When I had finished she said:

"I saw it from the window, and thought what an example, and from Sylvia! What a disgrace to the school, my dear,—what a disgrace!"

I felt myself to be a criminal. I was overpowered with shame, ready to perform any penance that might be imposed upon me. But the kind Sister took my bonnet, which I had cast aside on entering the room, placed it on my head, and bade me go home and rest my weary brain, and tell my good mother all about it. I went, told my sad story, and was forgiven.

The next morning I apologized to Eliza, who cherished no malice; and thus closed an episode which rankled in my memory for a long while after. It certainly made me very humble for a time at least. The other incident must go over to the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

Legends of Birds.

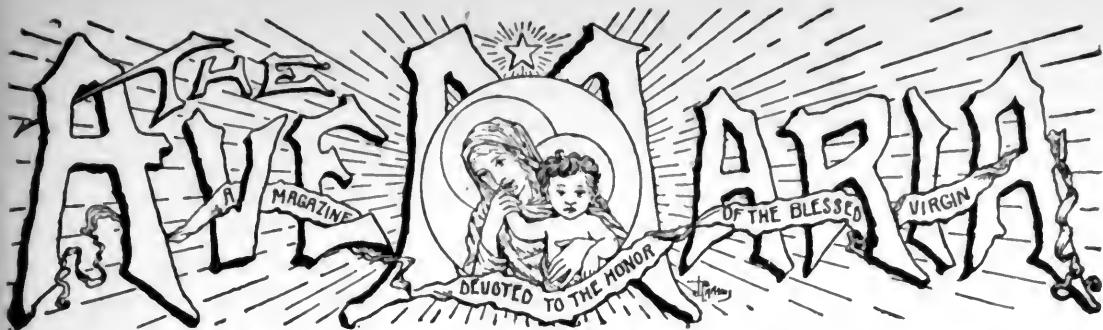
In the folk-lore of all peoples legends concerning the birds have a prominent place. In Russia the peasants say that the swallow ministered to Our Lord when He hung upon the Cross. Therefore they consider it a sacred object, and among pious persons a swallow is never killed. But concerning the sparrow they have a different opinion. Have you ever noticed the little hop which is a sparrow's only method of locomotion? He tore the flesh of our Blessed Lord and pecked at His eyes, say the Russians; so, for a punishment, his feet have been bound with invisible cords; and though, like the Wandering Jew, he must move on forever, he can do it only in the awkward and jerky way we see. Evidently the sparrows have a hard time of it in Russia.

SEVEN hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

—Sir William Jones.







HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, I. 48.

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The Annunciation.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

IS she in whom sin never had a part
Sat, in the twilight, praying in her heart,
A stranger stood upon the earthen floor
(She had not seen him enter at the door).
Then, as the pure eyes questioned, "Mary,"
he said,
"Fear not!" Like a pale flower she bent
her head,
Receiving all in peace. The message given,
Folding her hands, with looks upraised to
Heaven,
She spake: "Behold the handmaid of the
Lord!
Be it done unto me according to thy word."
The vision passed, but deep in Mary's breast
Eternal Love had builded a white nest;
And the chaste Dove did silent sit and brood:
A spotless Virgin crowned with motherhood.

A Figure of the Mother of Mankind.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN reading the Old Testament,
and looking below the surface
for the mystic meaning of the
narratives it contains—their
prophetic reference to the life
and mission of Christ and His Blessed
Mother,—the student of Holy Scripture
will find in the Book of Kings a story of

interest. It gives an account of one of the most striking miracles performed by the Prophet Eliseus, and may also be regarded as typical of our Blessed Lady's share in the work of man's redemption.

We read that in Sunam there lived "a great woman," at whose dwelling the Prophet Eliseus, when passing that way, was accustomed to stop to take some refreshment. "He turned into her house to eat bread."* The use of this expression, "to eat bread," implies more in this place than it does on our lips. Eastern hospitality always hastened to set a meal—the best the house could furnish—before a welcome and honored guest; and to partake of the proffered food was a sign of the friendship of the visitor for his entertainer. The "great woman" was not content to detain the Prophet only for the time necessary "to eat bread." She felt it no slight privilege to show hospitality to one whom she perceived to be a man of God; and as his journeyings often led him in that direction, with the consent of her husband, she prepared for him "a little chamber, and put a little bed in it for him, and a table and a stool and a candlestick"; that when he came he might abide there and rest, and make it his own,—not as a passing visitor, but as an habitual occupant.—The Prophet gratefully accepted this mark of attention. "When he came he

* IV. Kings, iv, 8.

turned into the chamber and rested there."

Of whom does the appellation *great*, whatever it may have signified when applied to the Sunamitess, remind us if not of our Blessed Lady, the greatest on earth, the greatest of all created beings in heaven? Of herself she says: "He who is mighty hath done great things to me." She was made great by Divine Omnipotence through her exemption from the common lot of humanity at the moment of her conception, and by the graces and favors bestowed on her during her earthly existence. St. John speaks of her as 'a great wonder that appeared in heaven.'* St. Germanus says of her: "Thou alone, O Mother of God, art exalted above the universe!" Again, the Sunamitess foreshadows Mary in that she alone welcomed and received into her house the Prophet, to whom an ungodly nation paid no heed. She prepared a chamber wherein he could abide,—furnishing it with the utmost simplicity, studying his wishes and tastes; thinking not of herself, but only of the guest for whom she made ready.

Among the daughters of Abraham there was only one who was worthy that the Creator of all things should rest in her tabernacle; only one in whose sacred breast the Son of God could repose, where a resting-place was prepared for Him. Mary's was "the one sinless breast on which Jesus was laid." She offered herself to God to be used by Him as He should see fit. What tongue can tell the wonders worked in the soul of Mary, that modest chamber, to prepare it to become the house, the tabernacle of the Redeemer? With all the graces lavished on her by the Most High she co-operated, believing, in her humility, that she was but preparing herself to become His handmaid, the servant of the Son of God; for she had renounced the hope of maternity, the chief dignity of Jewish women.

But God rewards lowly souls with His

choicest gifts. We read of the Sunamitess that she desired no recompense, and thought herself unworthy of any gift. The Prophet, wishing to express his sense of the unselfish, thoughtful attention to him, the assiduous hospitality she had shown to himself and his servant, bade the latter summon her to his presence and said to her: "Behold thou hast diligently served us in all things: what wilt thou have me to do for thee? Hast thou any business, and wilt thou that I speak to the King or to the general of the army? And she answered: I dwell in the midst of my own people."* The man of God knew not what else to propose when his offer was declined. In his isolation upon Mount Carmel, his almost exclusive self-banishment and dissociation from men, he did not understand that the desires and ambitions of the feminine heart were not the same as those of the sterner sex.

The servant, less spiritually minded than his master, saw further. He understood why no prospect of royal favors, no admission to the friendship of those in high position, had any attraction for their hostess. She was a childless woman, and the advanced age of her husband rendered it most improbable that the blessing of offspring would be granted to them. Therefore when the Prophet said, "What will she, then, that I do for her?" Giezi promptly made answer, "Do not ask, for she hath no son." Forthwith Eliseus bade the man recall her; and when she was called he announced to her that in the due course of time she should give birth to a son. Overcome by tidings so astounding, the Sunamitess could hardly believe what was said; she had perfectly resigned herself to the will of God in this respect, and given up all hope of being a mother, so that she begged the man of God not to deceive her.

Thus when the Angel Gabriel, like the Prophet's servant, stood before the Maiden

* Apoc., xii, 1.

* IV. Kings, iv, 13.

of Nazareth to announce the amazing gift of God to her, the intelligence of the great dignity that was to be her portion struck her with astonishment. Weighing well the Angel's words before giving an answer, she asked whether so great an office would not involve the forfeiture of the virginity which she had vowed. And when he told her that it would not, "then, with a full consent of a full heart," to quote the words of Cardinal Newman, "full of God's love to her and of her own lowliness, she said: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Be it done unto me according to thy word.'"

The child of promise, whose birth was predicted by the Prophet Eliseus, was born in due time, and became the delight of his mother's heart. He grew, until a certain day, so the pathetic story runs, when he went out into the field to his father, who was overlooking the reapers at their work under the burning sun of the East. Even though the day was not far advanced, the child was overpowered by the heat; he complained of severe headache, and was carried back into the house to his mother. Tenderly that fond and anxious mother held the boy upon her knees until noontide; then he died. We do not read that a single word of murmuring or complaint escaped her. She went up and laid the child upon the bed of the man of God, and shut the door. Without a moment's delay she hastened to Mount Carmel to seek the Prophet, to ask the explanation of this mystery of suffering,—to ask why she was subjected to such sorrow; why the cup of joy, which she had not solicited, should have been thus cruelly dashed from her lips—nay, turned into grief and bitterness.

God permitted her to be thus painfully tried in order to manifest her virtue and increase her merit. Like the Mother of Sorrows, who willingly gave up to do His Father's will such a Son as never woman bore, she did not rebel, but submitted in

patience. But she had not been prepared, as Mary had by Simeon's prophecy, for the sword of anguish that was to pierce her heart; hence the inquiry she addressed to the man of God: "Did I ask a son of my lord? Did I not say to thee: Do not deceive me?" But her son was not to be lost to her: he was to be restored to her embrace, as Jesus was to Mary, after she had held in her arms His sacred Body when it was taken down from the Cross. In this resurrection of the Sunamitess' son we may see a type of the restoration of fallen human nature to the life of grace through the incarnation of the Son of God, whereby Mary became the Mother of the new creation. This mystery is beautifully expounded in a pious work,* from which we take the following passages:

"Surely the mysterious work of our redemption is shadowed forth in the miracle which Eliseus wrought in raising the dead child. The servant whom he sent to lay his staff upon the face of the corpse had no power to bring life into this body of death,—what could prophets and apostles have done if the Lord of glory had not come to join Himself to us? 'Eliseus, therefore, went into the house.... And going in, he shut the door upon him and upon the child, and prayed to the Lord. And he went up and lay upon the child, and he put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands.' O mysterious symbol of the Incarnation! O figure of the Cross which became the tree of life to us! 'He bowed himself upon him,'—in His infinite condescension humbling Himself to death, even the death of the Cross! 'And the child's flesh grew warm. Then he returned and walked in the house, once to and fro; and he went up and lay upon him; and the child gaped seven times and opened his eyes.'† He returned. Are we fanciful and presumptuous in vent-

* "Mary, Star of the Sea," pp. 226, 227.

† IV. Kings, iv, 32-35.

uring to say that we here see the Resurrection of Christ? 'And walked in the house to and fro.' This represents His sojourn of forty days upon the earth. 'He went up and lay upon the child.' What is this but Christ's Ascension, and the wonderful descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, thenceforward to dwell in His Church?

"And for whose sake was this great work performed? Did the dead child solicit or plead for itself? Was there anything in man that God should visit him? Was there anything upon the earth that He could regard with love? Yes, there was one whom the Lord possessed in the beginning of His ways, who was pure and immaculate; purchased and redeemed beforehand; from all eternity the object of divine complacency, predestined and made worthy by God's grace to be the Mother of the Incarnate Word. Thus it is that in a manner we owe to Mary our redemption, as this child's birth was the recompense of the Sunamitess' piety, and his recall to life the fruit of her tears. And to whom was the child committed after its restoration to life? To its mother. So was the Church of God committed to Mary's care."

Since that day on which our God and Saviour addressed to Mary those words, "Woman, behold thy son," this tender Mother has regarded us as her spiritual children. She watches over us; she keeps her heart ever open to the faithful, that sinners may implore her protection and obtain her aid. And as we have seen, in the Sunamitess holding upon her knees the sick child until he died, a figure of the Mother of mankind watching over the soul smitten with a deadly sickness which destroys the life of grace, so we may see in the haste with which she departs, the earnestness with which she pleads with the Prophet, a type of Mary's effectual intercession with God on our behalf. She does not desert the soul dead in mortal sin: she is anxious for his resurrection

from that living death, to snatch him from the power of the devil, who walketh about in the noonday to slay souls. And she urges the same plea as that which the Sunamitess urged when addressing the Prophet: the child had been given to her by God, and must not be taken away. Mary claims the sinful children of Eve as the gift bestowed upon her on Calvary; as her spiritual children, for whose sake she has suffered unspeakable anguish, thus earning the right to exercise over them a mother's fostering care. With what perfect confidence, then, can we go to Mary, who sees in each of us, in spite of our sins, the image of her Divine Son; who loves us for Jesus' sake, and shows her love for Him in loving us and sheltering us under her maternal protection!

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

VI.

WAKING next morning to find themselves anchored off a low, white, palm-dotted coast, around which the waves were flashing over hidden reefs; with a brilliant clearness in the atmosphere, an ardent warmth in the sunshine, and a deeper blue, if possible, upon the wide expanse of ocean,—the passengers of the *New York* were assured of being at last well within the tropics. It was the island of Grand Turk which lay before them,—a line of foliage-embowered houses fringing its beach, and in the interior a ridge of barren-looking hills. The accommodation-ladder was let down the side of the ship; boats from the shore lay around the foot of it waiting for passengers, and various parties for going ashore were formed as soon as breakfast was over.

"Shall we go, Henri?" asked Atherton,

turning to the boy whom he had begun to address familiarly in this fashion. "Turk's Island does not probably offer anything of a very interesting nature to sight-seers, but we can at least stretch our legs on land and vary a little the monotony of a day which I believe is to be spent lying here."

"Oh, yes, I think we should certainly go!" the other replied, with an inflection of young eagerness in his voice.

"Come, then," said Atherton, after casting a critical eye over the boats, and motioning to the oarsmen of one, which looked particularly smart and clean in a coat of white and blue paint, to draw near for them. A moment later they were being rapidly rowed over the mile of sparkling water that lay between the ship and the line of dazzling shore; a delightful breeze fanning them, and the color of the sea changing as they approached the island from dark blue to translucent green.

"Have you ever seen a color so lovely?" cried De Marsillac, as they rowed over this emerald-tinted water, through the crystal clearness of which the gaze could pierce down, down to the coral depths below.

"It is beautiful," Atherton agreed. "What a contrast, in its jewel-like transparency, to the rich, impenetrable blue of the deep sea yonder!"

"I observe the *New York* has dropped her anchor well within the line of blue," said De Marsillac, as he glanced backward where the tall ship rode at her moorings. "This exquisite color is, I suppose, Nature's signal of danger."

His companion pointed a little farther along the coast, where the wreck of a vessel aground upon a reef made one of those melancholy pictures of the sea which suggest the darkness of tempestuous night, the uproar of winds and waters, and the helplessness of a ship beaten, torn, driven by furious storm upon the rocks which are her doom. Amid such a scene this vessel had stranded on the

reef whence she would never float again. But what brightness of sea and sky were about her now, as if in mockery; while she lay at the mercy of the waves that chased each other so gaily over the hidden shoal, waiting the hour when they would again arise in the might and majesty of tempest, and tear her shattered timbers apart, to be their sport and playthings!"

"That is what it is the signal of," said Atherton. "Are many ships wrecked here?" he asked of the boatman.

"Good many, sah," the ebony person answered. "Ship went asho' 'tother side de island las' week. Went all apieces,—didn't save hardly nuffin ob her cargo."

"Haven't you a lighthouse?"

"Yes, sah: lighthouse yonder at de pint. Ships come asho' all de time befo' we got dat."

"And I fancy there were some persons rather sorry when it was erected," said Atherton. "These islands were formerly infested with wreckers."

A moment or two later the boat was steered in to the steps of the wooden pier, where they landed, and were presently walking along the glaring white sands of Turk's Island, taking in comprehensively the line of small wooden buildings on one side, and the wide ocean prospect on the other.

Atherton now became conscious of a change in his companion. It was subtle, yet unmistakable. The gravity and reserve that had so persistently characterized him on shipboard, and which sat strangely upon his youth, disappeared; and instead a joyous buoyancy, a certain pleasure and elation, were apparent,—not so much in anything he said as in his air and manner; in the glance of his eye as it swept over their surroundings; and in the smiles that came and went about his lips, as if it were pleasant to forget for a while everything except the sense of novelty delightful to youth.

"Do you know," he said presently,

"this is the first time I have ever set foot on foreign soil? So, however small Turk's Island may be on the ocean or on the map, it is large enough to afford me an entirely new sensation."

Atherton could not refrain from a smile as he glanced around.

"It seems rather amusing," he said, "that this should represent your first experience of foreign lands. But, after all, insignificant as it may be in itself, Turk's Island is a fragment of a very great whole. Wherever the flag of England waves is a part of the widest empire the world has known since that of Rome. And, in a social sense, wherever you find an English colony, you find a little piece of England. Observe this man coming to meet us. No matter in what part of the globe one met him, one would see at a glance that he could be nothing but an Englishman."

"I should be sorry if he looked like anything else just here," answered De Marsillac, smiling in turn as he regarded the typically British figure approaching them—the red face, gray whiskers, helmet hat, whole aspect and manner of John Bull as the world knows him from Indus to the pole.

"There would be little interest in travelling if the people one met were in no respect different from those one left behind."

"Little interest indeed; and the pity is that they are becoming more alike every day," said Atherton. "But if we are to play the part of sight-seers, we must find the salt works which are the chief industry of the island; after having seen which we can with a clear conscience devote ourselves to the idling which is so eminently suitable to the tropics."

They were not long in finding signs of the principal industry of Turk's Island. Just behind the single line of houses which fringe the curving shore are the salt ponds, where sea-water is let in to

evaporate and deposit the crystallized salt which has made the name of this barren little Bahama isle known to the entire world. Great mounds of salt, white and glistening as snow, were piled along their margins; and De Marsillac having tasted a few grains, Atherton declared their duty accomplished.

"And now," he said, hearing the echo of a voice which had nothing British in its cadence, "I fear that the party from the ship who came ashore just before us, having taken in all the rest of the island, are turning their steps and their cameras toward the salt ponds. Lest we should point a moral against sight-seeing by appearing in their photographs, let us at once retreat."

He moved as he spoke into a lane which led back in the direction they had come; and, the village being more remarkable for length than depth, they were a moment later again facing the sea.

"Are we now to indulge in idling?" asked De Marsillac. "But Turk's Island appears deficient in places suitable for that amusement. Returning to the ship seems the only alternative to walking indefinitely over glaring sand in the hot sunshine."

"I don't think we shall need to walk very far in this direction," said Atherton, turning to the left, "before we have the shore and ocean to ourselves. Then we will find a bit of shade, where we can rest and talk. I have much to say to you, and this is a better place than the ship to say it."

Beyond the village limits, which were indeed soon reached, they found a long stretch of beach, upon which the surf curled creamily and the sun beat hotly so they were glad to seek the first shade which offered—that of a large tree, with spreading roots and foliage, which grew by the wayside. Throwing themselves down here, they bared their heads to the fresh breeze sweeping in from the flashing

plain of waters stretching to the verge of the horizon, and were silent for several minutes, drinking in the wide beauty of the scene.

"Nothing that has been said of the charm of the sea is exaggerated," murmured the boy at length, with a soft, deep sigh. "I think I should like to live on an island, in order to be surrounded by it on all sides."

"You might take your choice among a thousand or so of these Bahama cays," said Atherton. "Or it might be better to go down into the Caribbean Sea, among the Virgins. Or, better yet, the isle of Tortuga, that old home of the buccaneers—from whence they descended upon what is now Haiti, and upon Jamaica—is, I believe, again uninhabited and open to settlement."

"I should not care to make a home in a place so associated with pirates and their deeds of blood," said De Marsillac. "Please don't think that I am descended from any of those freebooters. Our family records are quite clear of such stain. After the eastern end of St. Domingo had been declared a French colony, our ancestor, Raoul de Marsillac, a 'cadet' of a noble Breton family, came over in some official capacity; and also, no doubt, to improve his fortunes,—for he purchased large estates and remained in the island. It was his great-grandson who was killed at the time of the insurrection."

"Which removes you six—or is it seven?—generations from the Breton cadet," observed Atherton. "Yet I fancy he looked something like you; for you are singularly like the French type of a century and a half ago, as one sees it in the portraits of that time. Powder your hair, dress you in the fashion of that period, put a sword at your side, and you might be the original Raoul de Marsillac going beyond seas to seek his fortune. Were he an ancestor of mine, however, I should rather regret that he had not been a buccaneer, which would not have been

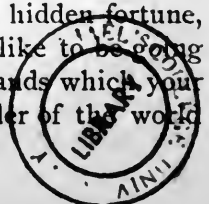
so reputable, perhaps, as bearing the King's commission, but more picturesque."

The other shook his head. "You would not think so if he *were* your ancestor," he replied; "and if you read in the sober light of history what those buccaneers were, especially the English. I am glad there were no French counterparts of such monsters as Drake and Morgan; and yet their countrymen who honored them with titles at the time absolutely speak of them still as heroes!"

"They were unmitigated scoundrels," Atherton candidly admitted;—"simply pirates, robbers, and cutthroats. But they extended, as many others of their ilk have done, that empire of England, upon a small fragment of which we are now reposing; and when that is the case England has never been prone to inquire too particularly into methods. She only appreciates and holds fast to results. France also held resolutely that end of St. Domingo which her people had seized."

"But not by such methods," said the boy, eagerly. "If you remember, that end of the island, although claimed by the Spaniards, was not inhabited by them at all. It was covered with herds of wild cattle; and from going over there after these cattle, and seeing the wonderful beauty of the uncultivated plains, the French *boucaniers*, or hunters, settled upon the island, and proved their right to possess it by making it the richest colony which any nation of the world ever possessed."

"French blood is warm in your veins, I see," said Atherton, smiling; "and a redder, more adventurous blood than that which flows in the veins of those whom the *boucaniers* and the colonists of the sixteenth century left behind at home. Instead of going to seek a hidden fortune, I think that you would like to be going to reconquer those rich lands which your forefathers made the wonder of the world in their productiveness."



"You are quite right," was the reply. "It seems a shameful thing that this island, so marvellous in its beauty and fertility, be lost to civilization. I should of all things like to reconquer and reclaim it. But since that can not be, I am determined at least to recover that small part of all my people lost there of which I know."

"You have infected me with your hope that you may be able to do so," said Atherton. "I have been giving the matter much consideration since we talked of it yesterday; and the more I think of it, the more probable it appears to me that such a deposit may have remained undisturbed during the century which has elapsed since it was buried. One is told that the country-seats of the old proprietors remain as they left them; the houses indeed fallen to decay, and the grounds abandoned to the wild luxuriance of Nature, but undisturbed by man. Now, if this is so in the case of your great-great-grandfather's place, there will only be the difficulty of finding or making an opportunity to search unobserved. Do you know, by the bye, exactly where the estate is situated?"

"Yes, exactly. It is on the Plaine du Nord—a famous plain of the northern province, where the insurrection began,—four leagues from Cape Français, now Cape Haytien."

"Good! Have you by chance a map with you?"

De Marsillac replied by producing from the inner pocket of his coat a folded piece of thin paper, which proved to be a map of Santo Domingo, cut from one of the books descriptive of the island with which he was provided. Spreading it out between them, the two bent their heads over it; and Atherton, having located the Plaine du Nord, made a slight mark with his pencil where he supposed the lost estate to be probably situated.

"A plan has occurred to me," he then said, "which I judge from this map to be entirely feasible. Here at the head of

the Plaine du Nord is, you perceive, Sans Souci, the palace of the black king and tyrant Christophe; and beyond that again, higher in the mountains, is the citadel he built, and which all who have seen it, describe as the most wonderful thing of its kind, not only in the West Indies, but in the world. As intelligent travellers, we must see this citadel; and it is fortunate that, as far as one can judge, the estate of your family lies immediately on our route. What is easier, therefore, than that we should pause on the way, and make our search without any one being the wiser?"

"We!" repeated the other, lifting large, startled eyes from the map to the face of his companion. "But *you* are not going to Hayti?"

"Am I not? There you are mistaken. Nothing so important calls me to Santo Domingo that I should pass a country so unique without examining its political and social conditions. And, then, there is the citadel of Christophe, of which I have just spoken. One should on no account leave that unseen."

The boy sat up, pushing back with a quick gesture the clustering locks from his forehead, so that they formed a tumbled, curling mass around his face, to which the sun and the sea had given a Murillo-like color that added to its picturesqueness, and charmed Atherton's eye, even while he was struck by the dismay expressed in the countenance.

"It is impossible!" the young voice said hurriedly. "You are only thinking of doing this on my account—to assist me in my task,—and I can not allow it. Mr. Atherton, you must not think of such a thing!"

"And when, Monsieur de Marsillac, did you recover seigniorial rights in the island of Hayti?" asked Atherton, good-humoredly. "I really do not think you have the power to forbid my landing at the Cape; and for the rest, I was foolish enough to imagine that you would be

rather glad of my assistance in your undertaking."

"And so I would," the other replied eagerly, "if—if things were different. But as it is, what you propose is impossible. It can not be thought of."

"But why not?" asked Atherton, surprised by this vehemence, and perhaps a little disappointed as well; for he had anticipated a very different response to the announcement of his intention to pause in his journey, and lend his aid to an adventure which might be characterized as something more than rash.

The boy looked at him for a moment without reply, and in that moment many things rushed through his mind. First, the absolute impossibility of explaining the reluctance he felt toward this plan; next, the folly of feeling such reluctance, since he had determined to accept all the consequences of a successful disguise; and lastly the ingratitude of receiving in this manner an offer of help which was more than his wildest hopes could have anticipated. He suddenly colored, and the clear hazel eyes fell as if in shame.

"I am afraid you think me very ungrateful for your kindness," he said, in a low voice. "But it is not so. I feel it deeply. Only I also feel that it would be very selfish to accept such a sacrifice of time and comfort as would be involved in your breaking off your voyage, and running the risk of many disagreeables if not dangers, in order to serve the interest of a stranger. It is very kind—it is *more* than kind—of you to think of it. But, all the same, you must not do it."

"All the same I intend to do it," Atherton replied. "My dear boy, don't waste your breath. If you did not wish me to take a part in your adventure, you should never have told me anything about it. Somewhere within me there is yet the spirit of a boy, and what boy would not be fascinated by the prospect of a search for hidden treasure?—although I believe you

don't like your great-great-grandfather's hidden wealth to be called by that name."

"Only because it makes my search seem wild and absurd, like a dime romance. You know what you thought when I told you of it first."

"Ah! but since then I am quite converted to your views,—so much so that I mean to have a share in finding this treasure. You see, as I have told you, I am a man very much in want of an interest,—a want which I do not feel that a sugar estate in Santo Domingo is at all likely to fill. And, besides, I have conceived an uncommon liking for yourself; such a liking as Alan Breck may be supposed to have entertained for David Balfour. Only I pay you the compliment of thinking you more interesting than David, for whom I confess that Alan's affection seems to me somewhat misplaced."

A gleam of amusement shone in the brown eyes that glanced up again at the speaker.

"I think that I can certainly make as good a comrade as David," said the boy. "It is strange you should compare yourself to Alan Breck, who has been one of my heroes ever since I read 'Kidnapped,' years ago."

"No doubt I flatter myself by the comparison," replied Atherton. "But one quality of Alan I can promise you, and that is faithfulness. In all seriousness, my boy, I have determined to see you through this affair, which you are too young ever to have undertaken alone; and which will require all our united fund of wisdom, cunning and contrivance to carry to success. So let us say no more about it."

"I must say how grateful I am,—how much I feel your kindness—"

"It is really unnecessary, since it is I who am obliged to you for furnishing me with an adventure such as I could never have hoped for; and incidentally for an excuse to visit a country which must be interesting, if only from its unlikeness

to all others, and the novel conditions on which it rests. Now, there are many practical details to be arranged when we reach the Cape, but meanwhile the chief point is settled: we undertake this search together; and if the first Henri de Marsillac's treasure remains undisturbed where he buried it, the second Henri de Marsillac shall obtain it; and here is my hand upon that."

Half-laughing, he held out his hand as he spoke, and the Henri de Marsillac to whom he pledged his assistance could not fail to place his own within it. As it chanced, their hands had never met before, nor had Atherton noticed that of the boy farther than to observe that it was very slender and delicate. But as it lay now in his grasp he became conscious of the fact that it was even more slender than he had imagined; and, although firm and vigorous, clothed in a skin fine as satin.

"By Jove!" he said involuntarily, looking down at it. "What a hand—small and soft as a woman's! You can never have played ball very much, or rowed or—"

"No: I never cared for athletic sports," said the other, coloring, as he quickly drew back his hand. "There are other things that seem to me better worth a man's doing; as horsemanship, fencing."

"So Raoul de Marsillac would have said. You are, I see, a survival of another race in more than appearance. But I fear, *Sieur de Marsillac*, that it will require other hands than yours to dig for your inheritance."

The *Sieur de Marsillac* glanced rather ruefully at his hands.

"I am afraid they are not good for much in that way," he said. "But we must get those whose business it is to dig; and if you give me a pistol or a sword, I will show you that I can at least defend my inheritance."

"You would have surely had to defend it, and the end of the matter would

probably have been that the spot out of which the inheritance was taken would have served as the grave of the inheritor, had you proceeded to the search with only such hands as the country could have furnished. My dear boy, what a good thing it was—if you will allow me to say so—that we sailed on the same ship!"

The boy looked up with a light of almost passionate gratitude on his face.

"It is for me to say that," he exclaimed; "and I do say it with all my heart. It was such great good fortune—for me—that I wish I could send a message across these leagues of ocean to tell those who are suffering anxiety on my account what a helper I have found."

(To be continued.)

Solvitur Acris Hiems.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

AMETHYSTINE flame-wraiths lift and fall

Where in fragrant winds drenched violets flare;

The scarlet oriole's wooing call
Reiterate throbs through the gray-gold air.
Lo! flocks of bluets, pale tethered faery doves,

Flutter and veer in sighs of wistful Spring,
Who, wide-eyed with youth's fresh wonder-
ing,

Wanders, her sandal set 'mong petals shed.
On faint brown foam of runnels purling down
green-topaz woods

Float filmy fleets of crimson maple buds;
Pink peach-blooms whirling sink, sink;
They lie for corals by crinkled pool's blue brink.

And cling to rain-jewelled crosiers of uncurl-
ing ferns.

Shine, Sun, shine!

Shrills Robin from a wet jet spray
Of my slant apple-tree that wears a million
pearls.

Sing! Weep! Sing!—

Sweet April cometh in—cometh in!

Maria Edgeworth and Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

MISS EDGEWORTH, who was one of the conspicuous figures in literary life in the early part of the present century, has been lately brought before the notice of the present generation by the interesting "Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth," which we owe to the prolific pen of Mr. Augustus Hare. When Mr. Hare refrains from writing about Catholic saints such as St. Teresa—of whom he understands about as much as a Zulu savage does of Queen Victoria—he is one of the most charming biographical writers of the day; and certainly Miss Edgeworth was a very charming subject.

Those of the generation now growing old can still remember what joy she gave to their early days by those stories for children which have surely never been surpassed in the English language. We sincerely hope that the children of the present time are not strangers to "Frank," "Harry and Lucy," "Simple Susan," and the rest; though no doubt they do not revel in them as we did, to whom a new book to be conned over and over was indeed an event in life; and for whom such publications as *Little Folks*, *St. Nicholas*, and the like, did not exist. Miss Edgeworth wrote not only to delight children, but to instruct them. She hardly ever touched on religion, but few children could ever have enjoyed her books without being taught or strengthened in the love of truth, honor, uprightness, and unselfishness. Miss Edgeworth did not write only for children; but novels such as "Castle Rackrent," "Belinda," "Helen," and "Tales of Fashionable Life," are naturally obsolete, and could interest few persons nowadays.

One of the most remarkable features in this charming woman's character was

the utter absence of bigotry, for which her father was also distinguished. An Irish Protestant at the time when animosity in Ireland between Catholics and Protestants was at its highest, she was accustomed to see Catholic bishops entertained at her father's table. She could appreciate the sterling qualities of the Catholic priests by whom she was surrounded; and it is clear that there was never an attempt to tamper with the religion of the numerous servants who filled Edgeworthstown House, or the still more numerous poor to whom the family were exceedingly generous. Full of admiration for the literary genius of others, we find her thus writing of the first novel published by Lady Georgiana Fullerton in August, 1844:

"We read 'Ellen Middleton,' by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, granddaughter of the famous Duchess-Beauty of Devonshire; and, whatever other faults that Duchess had, she certainly had genius. Do you recollect her lines on William Tell? Or do you know Coleridge's lines to her beginning with—

'O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learned you that heroic measure?'

Look for them and get 'Ellen Middleton.' It is well worth your reading. Lady Georgiana certainly inherits her grandmother's genius, and there is a high-toned morality and religious principle through the book—where got she 'that heroic measure'?—without any cant or ostentation. It is the same moral I intended in 'Helen,' but exemplified in much deeper or stronger colors. This is—but you must read it yourself."

"Ellen Middleton" might be swallowed by Miss Edgeworth's very Protestants relations; for, although the author was very High Church, she was still a Protestant. It was a different matter with her first Catholic book, published in 1847. That was speedily censured. Miss Edgeworth rose to the occasion, and thus attacked a Protestant parson brother-in-law. She

wrote from Edgeworthstown on the 30th of October, 1847:

"I advise and earnestly recommend you to read 'Grantley Manor.' It does not, Mr. Butler, end ill; and from beginning to end it is good, and not stupidly good. It is not controversial, either in dialogue or story; and in word and deed it does justice to both churches, in the distribution of the qualities of the *dramatis personæ* and the action of the story. It is beautifully written; pathetic, without the least exaggeration of feeling, or affectation. The characters are well contrasted; some nobly high-minded, generous, and firm to principle, religious and moral, without any cant; and there are no monsters of wickedness. I never read a more interesting story, new and well developed."

A week later Miss Edgeworth could no longer restrain herself, but indited the following letter—which now appears in print for the first time—to Lady Georgiana herself:

"O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Where learned you that heroic measure?"

was a question naturally occurring to the poet who addressed those lines to the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire. To her granddaughter, educated as she has been, no such question can be addressed; no such wonder at the development of genius and of high moral and religious feeling and heroic sentiment can arise.

"I do not presume thus to speak of the education of Lady Georgiana Fullerton without some knowledge of what I am saying. Your Ladyship was very young when I had first the pleasure of seeing you, and when Lady Carlisle* did me the honor of letting me not only see her daughters, but when she explained to me her views and principles in education, and flattered me that my father's book and mine on 'Practical Education' had been useful to her.

"Perhaps my vanity in these recollections may have increased the *very great pleasure and pride* I have taken in reading your books, my dear Lady, and in hearing 'the acclaim of universal praise with which they have been hailed.' It can be of no importance to you in the midst of this general and confirmed success to have the single tribute of one living out of the world of letters and of fashion, and of one who from her advanced age (past eighty) may be supposed to be cold and dead to the beauties of works of imagination and romance; yet for the sincere, cordial satisfaction it gives me to pour out my feelings to you, on reading your last work in particular, I trust you will permit me for my own sake to do so; and that you will at least feel secure from any approach to flattery, and from all that 'fetching and carrying of bays' which goes on between authors and authoresses, and which I nauseate, as I am sure you do and must, even from the superabundance that must have been forced upon you. In 'Grantley Manor' the first thing that struck me as agreeable, and uncommon I may say in the novels of the present day, even and especially in those which pretend to portray high life and fashionable manners, was I was undoubtedly in good company, and that what I read must have been written by one early and constantly accustomed to the best. This added a peculiar charm to the ease and accuracy of the polished and varied and beautiful style.

"The characters, as they developed themselves by speech and action, not by description, struck me as new, yet true to nature, and highly interesting and well constructed, without the affectation or straining for contrast; and as we went on, the interest of the story so powerfully increased that all your auditors in this our rather difficult to please in novel-reading family, that we [*sic*] could hardly leave off every night, and were famishingly eager every day till the business of the day was

* Aunt to Lady Georgiana.

done to get to our treat, our delight in the evening. But it was not the mere craving of curiosity, though the story keenly excited curiosity from its being quite *new*.

"Some of the auditors had read great part of it before; yet they listened with, as they said, increased interest to the second reading, from perceiving more distinctly the fitting, and appropriateness and nice construction of the parts and preparation for the events, 'making each cause subservient to its consequence.' A story, however ingenious, which depends solely on exciting curiosity for interest can never bear a second reading; but where the development of characters and the working out of truth in action and moral are the charm and the value, both increase on a second perusal; and the reader has, besides, leisure to taste and savor the delicacies of style.

"The *story* of 'Grantley Manor' is uncommonly ingenious, as far from commonplace as can be without going into the region of absolute impossibilities. As Sir Walter Scott in one of his letters said to me: 'The critics always have us one way or other,—between their complaints of Commonplace and Improbability.' Dr. Johnson's great praise of Shakespeare, if I rightly recollect, is that his genius invents even what would be probable in impossible situations. I do not think any of your hero's and heroine's situations can be called impossible; but, inasmuch as they approach toward it, you are entitled to the praise given by the great critic to the great poet. A still higher praise—or I should say merit, above mere praise, and aiming at no popularity,—your fiction has that of raising a love of virtue, noble sentiments, a noble spirit, and true moral sentiment; and, without one word of exaggeration or *cant*, there is high and deep religious feeling.

"The morality is not appendage or an elaborate *applique* embroidered on the surface; but so skilfully and fairly worked

into the whole texture that the strength is continually felt more than seen as the advantage lasts on our minds, and, without calling for our admiration, obtains our esteem and gratitude. In similar manner the religious feelings raised, and the belief and faith acting upon the characters and conduct, or the want of moral and religious principle, are *honestly* and strikingly dealt with, and most truly and fairly represented; and the effect is produced on both sides, and in all cases judiciously and justly, without one word of controversy or the slightest taint of sectarian ill-will.

"When first we were introduced to your charming, high-minded Italian heroine we began to fear that we should have *Romanism* and Protestantism opposed, and that yours would be a controversial novel. We dreaded this, both from long-fixed principle and from recent experiences, which convinced us that, however able or skilful, the intellectual, the religious gladiator, the dramatic stage, or the arena of Romance, is unfavorable, unfit, absolutely ineffectual for every good purpose in such contest, and liable to be turned to the worst in provoking the passions by partial or erroneous representations and inadequate arguments for or against. We were much relieved when we found how you managed matters, without producing adverse tenets or going into any doctrinal points quite unfit for the occasion, and impossible even to be well stated, much less discussed, in the allotted time and space and unity. And equally impossible and unfair is to produce rational conviction by throwing all the weight of the good characters on the side of the belief or faith favored by the author, and all the obloquy of the bad characters on the contrary; or producing a radical reform in ten minutes by sudden change of sides in the catastrophe.

"All these absurdities and all these serious evils have been wisely and happily avoided by your novel and by your poetic justice; and, I will say more, by your

moral and pious justice. You have done fairly by both churches, and beneficially for the true spirit and prevalence of religion. You have represented the strong and pre-eminently good influence of religion upon your good characters of either faith, when sincere, and practically applied, and steadfastly adhered. And you have shown this in the most difficult circumstances and the most touching and interesting circumstances; and with the finest strokes of pathos. Simply pathetic, some go to the bottom of the heart, and others exalt the spirit by sympathy, by emulation, to the true sublime of virtue.

"Rousseau gave a good, an unfailing rule for judging of the merit—the moral merit—of a book. What effect does it leave on the mind of the reader when he or she lays it down? I can speak for myself as to the effect on my own mind, I am sure, when I laid down this book. I felt that I should always be the better for having read it; that it had excited the love of *good* in my mind by sympathy with the amiable and suffering, and by admiration of your heroine's truly heroic, yet perfectly feminine, character. You have kept up the interest for her, and interest in the development of the characters and in the *dénouement* of the story, to the very last.

"We were very glad that you ended the story happily, and that you allowed even a redeeming power to the wretched sinner, and last act of liberality to the obstinate fanatic Paddy-John-Bull of an old father Squire. That turn opportune and the dry sister's plain goodness are all excellently managed; and the changes of fortune and fate are not hurried too much nor detailed too much. You have said 'no more than just the thing you ought.' But I am afraid that I have said a great deal more than I ought. Pardon my overflowing. It has been from the abundance of the heart and a real pleasure and relief to myself. I must confess a further feeling of self-

complacency. I was and am inwardly proud to know that I can, without any authorship envy or jealousy, warmly and heartily feel admiration of superior genius. I will say no more; but my own family know that what I say is true to the letter as well as to the spirit; for in reading your 'Grantley Manor' I met with one character and with some incidents which were similar to what I had introduced in a story I am writing; but which I saw were so superior in your drawing that I effaced mine immediately, and I assure you without regret.

"Believe me, my dear Lady Georgiana—for *dear* you must permit me to call you,—most sincerely yours,

"MARIA EDGEWORTH."

There was a certain likeness between the two authoresses. Miss Edgeworth's stepmother says: "Maria wrote almost always in the library, undisturbed by the noise of the large family about her." Mrs. Craven says of Lady Georgiana: "Solitude was not necessary to her in her literary work. She was absorbed in it. She wrote sometimes at the corner of a table in a room full of people, sometimes in the garden or on the lawn, sometimes even in the carriage. Nothing that went on around distracted her. One of her gifts, and a great one, was to be able to absorb her mind almost in whatever she chose. It was a gift which added great power to her spiritual as well as to her intellectual life."

At the time Miss Edgeworth wrote this letter Lady Georgiana was at the zenith of that earthly happiness of which God vouchsafed her so large a portion in the early part of her life. She had beside her the mother she adored, the devoted husband, the bright, winsome child of whom such a charming description is given by his grandmother;* and she was just then tasting the sweetest rewards

* Letters of Lady Granville.

of literary genius in the admiration and approbation of those dearest to her—her own family and her intimate friends. Her mother one of the cleverest women of her time; her eldest brother hereafter to distinguish himself as a Cabinet Minister; among her friends, Lord Brougham, Charles Greville, and many other men of letters.

1847—1896—what a contrast! Miss Edgeworth died in 1849, and in 1855 came that sudden loss of Lady Georgiana's only child, which changed the aspect of the world to her, and laid the foundation of that eminent sanctity which she attained, and in the odor of which she died January 19, 1885. On her anniversary in 1895 the Rev. Philip Fletcher, Master of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom in England, preaching in the Church of St. George and the English Saints belonging to the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, in Rome, said:

"To-day, moreover, is the death-day, or rather the birthday into eternity, of a convert. We have had great converts this century in England,—great amongst men, great amongst women. Such names as Newman, Manning, and the other Tractarian converts, have been so powerful that they have drawn to them all thought, all praise, all history. There have been great women converts, and perhaps the greatest Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who was received into the Church in 1846, the year after John Henry Newman, and by the same priest—Father Brownbill,—who afterward, in 1851, received Henry Edward Manning, and on the same Sunday of the Church's year—Passion Sunday. It is her anniversary to-day. Hers is a name which sounded in my ears wherever I went when I entered the Catholic Church. It is a name which, though now it is writ upon her tomb, yet is engraved upon innumerable living hearts, which will never cease to love it. On few hearts is it more deeply engraved than on those of the good nuns, the Poor Servants of the Mother of God.

Her name is entwined with theirs; they hold her in veneration. And if I would seek stones whereon her name is indelibly written, I shall find them in this church, which is her memorial."

As we have hoped that the memory of Miss Edgeworth will not be forgotten by the present generation, so do we still more earnestly desire that the memory of this holy and distinguished convert may be ever cherished amongst us. She lived, suffered and wrote only for the salvation of souls; and the ardent desire of her humble soul was ever—"That I may do some good after I am dead."

A Little-Known Sacred Tragedy.

WHILE the Passion-Play, which has been enacted for so many years by the simple peasants of Oberammergau, is known, even in its smallest details, throughout the civilized world, there seems to be very little knowledge of a sacred tragedy, modelled after the production of the Bavarian country folk, which is performed regularly and with the same reverent spirit by the quiet, homely people of Stieldorf, a small town situated near Rolandseck, on the banks of the Rhine. Concerning this remarkable and almost unknown performance a writer in the *London Players* says:

Stieldorf is out of the beaten track of travellers, and nearly all the visitors who flock there on the days when the sacred tragedy is presented are country people from neighboring villages; so that as yet the absolute simplicity and seriousness of the performance is unspoiled.

Some years ago Michael Weyler, the owner of a small estate at Stieldorf, witnessed the Passion-Play at Oberammergau, and came home filled with the idea of producing a similar play in his own village. For nine years he worked hard to make the idea a reality. First he wrote the tragedy, modelling it on the lines of the one at Oberammergau; but modifying it to suit the ideas and customs of his countrymen, and expressing it in their dialect, so as to appeal directly to the Rhenish ear, mind, and heart. Then he had to pick out his actors—who

had no notion of acting, as most of them had never seen a theatre in their lives,—and to teach and train them. All this took nine years. It was not till 1889 that Herr Weyler ventured to present his play in public, in a playhouse he built for the purpose, before an audience composed of his own villagers and a few outsiders. The following year the fame of the play had spread about the neighborhood; and more outsiders came, and with them success. At the present time people come from all the country round to see the play.

The theatre is a wooden building and holds about 1,600 persons. The stage is lighted by hanging petroleum lamps, and the auditorium is left in darkness. The best seats cost two marks; and the performance begins at three o'clock in the afternoon, under the patronage and personal direction of the village policeman, and lasts till eight. The police functionary in charge, who has a manner at once firm and kind, permits one break half-way through the performance, when he announces in a loud voice: "Everyone may now go out for twenty minutes."

The play itself is so simple, so serious, primitive, and straightforward that it can hardly be called a play at all. It is the story of Christ's life and death presented exactly as it is pictured in the minds of the simple Catholic peasants. The human side of life and its sufferings is brought strongly to the foreground.... Judas is rather curiously portrayed. He is not presented as a villain, who ruthlessly betrays his Master; but rather as a weak, undecided character, swayed chiefly by outside influences. His dialogue with the High-Priest, in which the latter persuades him to betray Christ, is very naturally written, and has some humorous touches. So that even Judas comes in for a small share of sympathy; and his suicide appears to be that of a weak man, overcome by remorse at the treachery into which his weakness has at length led him. The scene of the Crucifixion is most impressive in its beauty and solemnity, and the final tableau is the announcement by the angel of the Resurrection.

The Laureate on Ireland.

BEFORE the echoes of St. Patrick's Day have all died into silence, we wish to note the impressions made by Ireland and Irish life on a thorough-going English conservative—no other than England's Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin. Mr. Austin's first visit to Ireland brought out so enthusiastic a description of that country's charms that his friends advised him not to break the spell by going back

a second time; and apparently the spell is still unbroken. "Well," he writes in *Blackwood*, "I have been to Ireland a second time; and if the conviction that its mountains, lakes, rivers, bays, fiords, are unsurpassed in picturesqueness and fascination; that its climate has all the charm of vernal caprice—for spring never quite leaves Ireland; that its people, when approached in a spirit of sympathetic inquiry, and not in the temper of the drill sergeant, are singularly engaging; and that its ways, though in many respects not our ways, repose on a theory of life, a conception of here and hereafter, not to be brushed aside by a fine air of material superiority,—if this conviction was an illusion, it is an illusion that has not been weakened, but confirmed, by a second experience."

Mr. Austin's poetry has been rather severely handled since his recent appointment; but that he can write passably vivid prose is clear from this extract from the *Blackwood* article:

Irish weather is not so capricious as coquettish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night, and lo! the next morning Ireland is one sweet smile and seems to say: "Is it raining? It was yesterday. Ah! then, I'll rain no more." And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone-walls glisten; the larks carol on their celestial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven. And just won't your honor buy the stoutest pair of home-made hose from a bareheaded daughter of dethroned kings, with eyes like dew-drops, and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most churlish purse? If on such mornings as these you do not lose your heart to Ireland, it must be made of stern, unimpressible stuff indeed.

The Laureate of England would do well to visit Ireland often and make his visits long. The spirit of poetry broods over that beautiful land of mist and mountain. Rural England is not more picturesque, and Italian skies are not brighter or bluer than those of Ireland when heaven smiles.

Notes and Remarks.

The veiling of the crucifix during Passion-tide would have more meaning than it has for most Catholics if that sacred symbol had the place of honor it once held in every Christian home. Statues and pictures have overshadowed it, where it has not been banished utterly. As a consequence, the lessons of the Cross are lost sight of. A crucifix can never be a mere ornament: it speaks to the heart when statues and pictures merely excite admiration or provoke criticism. It is a perpetual sermon, exhorting, admonishing, or consoling, according to circumstances. St. Bernard calls the Cross a pulpit of instruction from which Jesus Christ preaches a lesson to the whole world. "We can not impress upon you too strongly the use of the crucifix," writes the Bishop of Plymouth in his Lenten pastoral. "It is at once a book of meditation, a help in suggesting motives for true sorrow for sin, courage to face difficulties, and bear our own sorrows, and even sufferings, with patience and resignation, and enable us to say: 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"

Were the missions to non-Catholics now becoming so widespread in this country utterly barren of results in the matter of converting those to whom they are primarily addressed, they would still be of incalculable benefit to the Catholics of the cities, towns, and villages in which they are held. Experience in this matter has already demonstrated that an awakening of lukewarm or even nominal Catholics to a realization of the splendid inheritance of faith that is their birthright, and a manifestation of that deeper devotion which is based on fuller knowledge of Catholic truth, are the invariable results of these lectures to those outside the Church.

The University of Notre Dame has done wisely and well in bestowing its Lætare Medal this year upon General William S. Rosecrans. That the venerable soldier is held in veneration by all his countrymen needs hardly be said; but Catholics have reason to feel a special pride in the career of one who

was not only one of the greatest commanders of our Civil War, but a conspicuous exemplar of Catholicity also. Even Protestant historians have thought it worthy of eternal remembrance that he was "a devout member of the Catholic Church"; that "he was never ashamed to recognize the authority of God"; that "on Sundays and Wednesdays he rose early to attend Mass." And there are many persons still living who remember how great was the edification of Protestants and Catholics when General Rosecrans concluded the official report of his memorable victory at Murfreesboro with these humble words: "Not unto us, O Lord—not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory!" It was a happy inspiration to signalize at this time the affectionate and proud remembrance in which the Catholics of America hold General Rosecrans; and we heartily congratulate Very Rev. Father Morrissey and the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame on the excellence of their choice.

A singular example of the gross inconsistency of which the cleverest men are capable is afforded by the conduct of the late M. Charles Floquet, Freemason and most zealous persecutor of the Church in France. M. Floquet spent a few days every year among his relatives at Arcangues, and never failed on these occasions to have the parish priest celebrate a Mass for his dead mother, at which he himself always assisted. Before returning to Paris to continue his Masonic opposition to the Catholic faith, he regularly remitted to the priest in question a considerable sum as stipends for other Masses. Inconsistency or hypocrisy could scarcely go further.

Those journals, secular and sectarian, which profess astonishment that the Pope's letter on Christian reunion should have borne "so little fruit" must read the signs of the times strangely. They could hardly have expected the whole Protestant world to march into Rome in sackcloth and ashes, yet their comment would indicate that they anticipated no less a marvel. In a hundred ways the call of the Holy Father has already been answered. There is now in England an

apostleship of prayer for reunion, which embraces both Anglicans and Catholics; and when men kneel down together and pray to be united some good effect must follow. Another circumstance which has just come to light is even more remarkable, and shows how strong is the yearning for reunion at Oxford. Shortly after the appearance of the Holy Father's letter, forty students met in Christ Church College to discuss it. Abbé Klein, a distinguished French professor, addressed them by request; and at the close of his remarks all present knelt and recited together the Apostles' Creed. The chairman, a grandson of the Duke of Argyll, frankly declared his hope that "the sad work of Henry VIII. might be undone"; and in conclusion they all voted that "there is no one here who, if he had lived at the time of the 'Reformation,' would not have opposed it with might and main."

From a letter of Mgr. Korkoruni, Armenian Archbishop of Melytene, we extract the following:

As for our share of the persecutions in Melytene, 5,000 Catholics and 112 of our fellow-countrymen have been massacred. The church which I was just finishing was burned; as were also the episcopal residence, the home of the missionaries, the Sisters' house, the school for boys and that for girls. Moreover, the pictures and statues have been destroyed, the sacred vessels melted, and the vestments made away with. In a word, all that we had gathered together in the course of thirty-six years was destroyed in a single day. Woe is me, who am only a poor old man, without strength or resources, and who expects nothing now but death!

A similar story is no doubt recounted in hundreds of letters from the East, and the foreign missions should be the recipients this year of more bounteous charity than ever before.

A statement has been going the rounds of the American Catholic papers to the effect that a Catholic priest—the Rev. Father Carr, O. S. A.,—was the first to apply to Washington the honored title "Father of his Country." The occasion is said to have been the first observance of Washington's birthday, February 22, 1800; and the statement was made in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, of that week. Knowing it to be erroneous,

we feel obliged to correct it. A copy of the *Ulster County (N. Y.) Gazette*, dated January 4, 1800, lies before us. It contains an account of the entombment of Washington, beginning with these words: "On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington the Great—the father of his country and friend of man—was consigned to the tomb with solemn honors and funeral pomp."

Another error of greater importance is corrected by this same old-time newspaper. It is commonly stated that Washington was buried with Masonic rites. The *Gazette* states simply that "the funeral service of the Church was performed." On the ornament at the head of the coffin was inscribed *Surge ad Judicium*, below which was the motto *Gloria Deo*. The old paper from which we have quoted is preserved among the historical treasures of the University of Notre Dame.

The Pope's endeavors to effect the union with Rome of the Oriental churches brought out an encyclical from the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople. Apart from the controversial demerits of this encyclical, it contains a serious error of fact, since the Patriarch quotes Leo XIII. as saying that "even after the union each church can preserve its dogmatic and canonical maxims." What the Pope *did* say is that the churches could preserve "their liturgical forms and customs,"—quite a different thing. The learned Father Brandi has published a reply to the Constantinople encyclical; and his able article has been translated into English, French, and many Eastern languages, for general distribution in the Orient.

The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* contains a valuable sketch of "The Present State of the Church in France," by Father Walsh, O. S. A., who has had the advantage of studying the situation on the spot. Like most foreigners who write about France, Father Walsh is amazed that persecution should be rife in a country Catholic to the core. He says:

If they [the leaders whose policy means persecution and disruption to modern France] had won renown in some great crisis of public affairs; if they had talent, diabolical though it be, to make the

worse the better reason, and so delude the people into a belief in their capacity and probity, then one *might* understand the present legislation with respect to ecclesiastical affairs; but, as matters are, there is no such pretension. Their projects of repression are laid before the country naked of all rhetoric, baldly proposed, and accepted by Parliament; constituted a law of the land almost without protest, and certainly without vigorous and well-sustained opposition. When we see what a well-organized band of resolute has been able to achieve in the British Parliament with respect to Irish and Catholic interests, we may fancy what similar action might accomplish here; and we are justified in pushing the analogy further, and concluding that there must be public apathy and appalling political indifference in France when ardor and organization could effect so much more in the somewhat similar circumstances of Irish public life.

It seems that the French bishops themselves have determined to test the loyalty of the people, and at least one leading prelate was lately heard advocating the abolition of concordats, and wider separation of Church and State. Recent assaults upon religious institutions in France have awakened a Pentecostal spirit among the clergy. The results will be awaited with interest.

Clients of Blessed Rita of Cascia will be glad to hear that, in a recent meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, her Cause was again taken up. It was originally introduced before the Roman Curia more than two hundred and fifty years ago. The present *ponente* is Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General of the Pope; the postulator being the Father General of the Hermits of St. Augustine, of which Order Blessed Rita, when a widow, became a professed nun. We are happy to learn that the Cause of the Ven. Curé of Ars is also progressing favorably. The Holy Father takes a personal interest in it.

A practice thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the Lenten season is the abstaining throughout this period of penance and mortification from the use of all intoxicating drinks. The Catholic Total Abstinence Union has sent out 256,000 "Sacred Thirst Cards," the recipients of which take the pledge during Lent in honor of the thirst and agony of our Divine Lord. We are not surprised to learn that the most beneficial

results have followed in every parish into which the practice has been introduced; or that many have become so convinced of the good effects of total abstinence that they are resolved to continue to shun intoxicants and the saloon. Temperance is a virtue for the whole year, and total abstinence is a peculiarly appropriate mortification for Lent.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Stephen E. Aaron, of the Diocese of Erie, who departed this life on the 7th inst.

Sister Henrietta, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Orange Valley, N. J.; and Sister M. Paula, of the Order of the Visitation, Baltimore, who were lately called to the reward of their selfless lives.

Mr. James Swanton, whose happy death took place some time ago, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. John Smith, of Henry Clay, Del., who died a few weeks ago.

Mrs. M. A. Reynold, whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a precious death on the 4th inst., in New York city.

Mrs. Mary Monahan, of Greensburg, Pa., who passed to her reward on the 7th inst.

Mr. Henry A. Cowden, Mrs. Margaret E. Haws and Mrs. Mary O'Donnell, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. John Kane, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. John Leahy and Miss B. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. John O'Connor and Mr. Thomas Horan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Francis Nugent, John A. Heffern, and John Dinsmore, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Jane McCafferty, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. David Sheahon, Patrickswell, Ireland; Mrs. F. P. Lanigan, Mrs. Robert Burns, and Miss Agnes Poetz, Niagara, N. Y.; Mrs. C. A. McDill, Mr. John Kirby, Mr. Louis Geis, Mrs. Mary T. Promald, and Mr. Edward McNeelis, Johnstown, Pa.; John J. Leary, Dorchester, Mass.; Miss Rose Feilty, Zanesville, Ohio; Peter O'Connor, Gilroy, Cal.; Mrs. E. Mooney, Olyphant, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Reale, Cork, Ireland; Mr. Edward Keating, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Mary Stewart, Bristol, R. I.; Miss Margaret O'Connor and Master Charles Kehoe, New York city; Mrs. Catherine Finn, Roxbury, Mass.; Miss Catherine Kenney, Cambridge, Mass.; Daniel O'Callaghan, Mrs. Bernard Dunn, and Jacob Oberst, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Patrick Charters and Miss Catherine Robinson, Ansonia, Conn.; Mr. Michael Hurly, Jr., Miss Sadie and Miss Bessie Hurly, Connellsville, Pa.; Mr. Hugh McGovern, E. Conemaugh, Pa.; also Mr. Frank and Mrs. Mary Gallagher, Latrona, Pa.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Ave!

'HAIL, thou, Mary: grace replenished!
And the Angel nearer bent;
'As the bearer of God's message,
From high heaven am I sent.
He, the Mighty One, is with thee,
And 'mong women art thou blest;
Lo! the great Messiah asks thee
For a home within thy breast.'

A holy hush fell on the universe,
The Virgin's soul was stirred;
Then Mary answered: "Be it done to me
According to thy word."
And never since that *Fiat* low was said
Has grief been all of grief,
For Mary's answer brought to every woe
The source of its relief.

And we, who feel the harmony
Of Gabriel's *Ave* sweet,
Look up in earnest prayer to her,
While *Ave* we repeat.
Then, Mary Mother, bless our every day,
And make it full of grace,
Until thy voice annunciation makes—
"Behold thy Mother's face!"

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

XII.—I SIN AND AM FORGIVEN.

BELLA BONESTELL was the name of a girl in my class at school. She was an only child, two or three years older than myself, much indulged, always nicely dressed, and having a great deal of money to spend for candies, while

my allowance consisted of three cents a week. There were three-cent silver pieces in those days, and on Saturday night I always received one, new and shining, from my father. Often I did not spend more than three cents in a fortnight, so that I had a little store in my savings-bank. And what I did spend was always with the knowledge and permission of my mother. I dare say that some of my readers will think this very stingy and old-fashioned, but I can not agree with them. At home I had everything one could wish for in the way of good and abundant food, with many delicacies,—at least, such as were proper for me to eat. I should never have thought of spending a penny for candy without having asked my mother's permission, or telling her that I had done so.

Bella Bonestell and I generally walked part of the way home together every evening. Her parents resided in the other end of the town. To reach her house it was necessary to pass through one of the principal business streets, where the candy shops were situated. One evening as we were about to separate she said:

"Sylvia, come a little ways farther,—won't you?"

I answered that my mother did not allow me to go anywhere after school. She had told me I must always come straight home.

"But that was a year ago, when you first started,—wasn't it?" asked Bella. "You are much larger now, and accustomed to going about alone. Just one block—do!"

"Indeed, indeed, I can't go," I replied. "I am sure mamma would not like it."

"To-morrow I'll ask her, and maybe she will let me."

"To-morrow I have to take a music lesson at three," said Bella. "We can't walk home together at all. I wish some one *was* going my way!" she continued, with a sigh.

"I wish so too," said I; "but I could not think of it without asking mamma."

"Sylvia," she replied, eagerly, "if you do I'll stop in at Mason's and get a cake of jujube paste, and we'll divide it. I'll give you half."

"Thanks!" I said, a little proudly and boastfully. "I have three cents of my own in my pocket to spend if I like."

"Well, come on, then," she persisted, "and spend it. Your mother won't care. You act such a baby! Come!"

The prospect was tempting. The money was my own, and I reasoned: "How *can* I spend it unless I go to the shop?" For once I would take the responsibility, and could tell my mother when I returned home. I did not anticipate what might be the consequence of my act, which in itself was but a slight fault. At the same time I did not feel very comfortable; for I had been so strictly brought up that my innermost conscience whispered against the liberty I was about to take. However, I slowly turned and joined Bella. The sight of the pretty things in the shop windows proved very attractive, and it was with a little thrill of elation that I walked beside my companion until we reached Mason's.

We entered the store. The first person I saw standing in front of the counter was my cousin Perry, a young man about twenty-one years of age, who was employed in a dry-goods store in the neighborhood. He had come in to have some money changed, he told me; and, after a word or two, hurried away. We purchased the jujube paste,—Bella buying five cents' worth, and I parting with my bright silver three-cent piece.

"Now, let us have some ice-cream," proposed Bella, as I was about to leave.

"Oh, no!" said I. "Mamma wouldn't like it; and, besides, Bella, I have spent all my money."

"Pshaw!" said she. "You are a silly! I didn't mean to ask *you* to pay for it: I wanted to treat. Come on, Sylvia!"

I hesitated, and the moment was fatal. Through the vista of lace curtains in the back of the shop I saw the inviting marble-topped tables, and heard the tinkle of spoons and saucers. The temptation was great; I did not try further to resist it, but quietly followed my companion.

The sun was low in the sky when we issued from the shop. Frightened and remorseful, I went home. And as I sped along there came another temptation, to which I listened with a more willing ear than would have seemed possible to me an hour before. I was afraid to tell my mother of my adventure, and resolved not to say anything about it unless she questioned me.

In front of the shop where my cousin was employed I saw something shining in a clink between the boards of the sidewalk. I stooped to look at it, and saw that it was a five-dollar gold piece. Scarcely knowing what I did, I picked it up; and, holding it tightly in my hand, continued my journey. At the moment I did not think of trying to find the owner; my heart was full of the occurrence of the afternoon. Foolish child that I was, I prayed all the way home that my mother might be out when I returned; or that if she was at home she would not notice my absence.

All was quiet in the house when I entered. Helen was in the kitchen getting tea. She looked at me in surprise.

"And where were you so long, Sylvia?" she asked. "Your mamma went across the river with Mrs. Barber, and she took the little one along. Here's a bit of pie I saved for you from the dinner."

I did not think it necessary to enlighten Helen as to the cause of my late return, but ate my pie in silence. When my mother came home dusk had already fallen, and I was glad of it; for I felt that if it had been daylight she would have seen the guilt in my eyes.

Meanwhile I had begun to realize that the money I had found belonged to some one who was perhaps now seeking for it, and who might suffer greatly by its loss. I could not tell my mother about it without eliciting some questions from her; and the longer I thought of it, the less I felt like telling her the whole story. I was very quiet that evening, and went to bed early, feeling most unhappy. The money was in the bottom of my pocket, where I had placed it on my return; but when I had lain down I got up again and felt for it, to reassure myself that it was really there. After turning the subject over in my mind a great deal, I decided to look at the paper in the morning; and if it were advertised for, I could find some way of returning it to the owner. Not having had courage to tell everything to my mother at the first opportunity, I now found it impossible to do so. I did not pray for guidance or strength; on the contrary, I despised myself too much to do this,—felt that I was a hypocrite,—one altogether beyond the pale of mercy or forgiveness.

There was nothing in the paper next morning, and I went about all day with that gold piece weighing down my pocket and burning a hole in my heart. When my mother spoke kindly to me I could with difficulty refrain from bursting into tears, and yet I could not bring myself to confess. My lessons at school were very ill done; I was irritable with my companions; I was even cross with my baby brother, whom I loved with all my heart. Something within me was continually whispering: "Tell, tell, and it will be all over!" Something that seemed to

be without was also dragging at me, and saying, in a low, small, mocking voice that I fancied everyone must hear: "You can't tell,—you can't tell! You have put it off too long." I was truly miserable. Not knowing how to find the owner of the money, not daring to confess, I now began to think myself a thief also. My agony became so intense that on the second evening, after tea, I kept myself with difficulty from crying out aloud. But the end was near.

We had just finished supper when my cousin made his appearance. My heart stood still; for I feared that he might mention the meeting of the day before. It had not occurred to me till then that my secret might be discovered in this way.

"Halloo, Sylvia!" he exclaimed. "I'm in a peck of trouble. I don't suppose by any chance you or your little friend could have found a five-dollar gold piece I dropped yesterday. You know I had my hand full of money when I met you in the candy shop, and I lost it somehow. Of course I had to make it good, and I don't like it a bit."

The strain was over, the tension snapped. Regardless of consequences, feeling only that the moment had come; and glad, in the midst of my shame and mortification to be relieved of the burden, I burst forth incoherently:

"O Perry, I have it in my pocket! I found it in a chink; and I couldn't tell of it, because of Bella Bonestell and the jujube paste, and the way I deceived mamma."

After I had recovered from the fit of hysterical crying which followed this disclosure, I found no difficulty in making my confession. My father treated the affair somewhat lightly; but the sadness in my mother's eyes, as she realized that her "little Sylvia," whom she had so carefully sheltered from evil, was only very common clay, after all, was something I never forgot. No punishment could have

been so great as that to the affectionate, if erring, child whose idol she was. And yet how peacefully I slept that night after the weight had been lifted from my repentant soul!

My cousin Perry was a great tease, and could not refrain from keeping the memory of this episode vivid in my mind for a long period after it had happened. "Well, Sylvia," he would say, "have you had any jujube paste lately?" or, "Was that good ice-cream, Sylvia?" I endured his teasing good-naturedly enough, on the whole, knowing it to be harmless as well as deserved. But I kept aloof from Bella Bonestell after this; as my mother thought her too old a companion for me, and certainly not a wise one.

About this time I formed my first intimate friendship. My new friend, a little girl of my own age—about nine and a half, I think—was called Mary Lafontaine. Her mother, a widow, had recently moved into a little cottage near ours, and Mary came to the Sisters' school. They were French Canadians. Mrs. Lafontaine was a good Catholic, and Mary seemed like a little nun. She could read both French and English well, which caused me to look upon her with the greatest admiration. From the time of our first meeting until we left school we were inseparable. And yet no two could have been more unlike. Although far more pious than I, she was much more sprightly and gay. Her piety was part of herself—the air she breathed. During all the years we were together—and they were many—I never heard her say an unkind word of another, never knew her to neglect a duty. First in good conduct, first in politeness, first in excellence, first in application, first in music, first in French, was her record year after year. During recreation she was the life of the school, always inventing new plays, and seeing that none were left out.

Mary had a magnificent voice, which would have brought her fame and fortune

if she remained in the world. But she left it at the age of eighteen for the life of a religious. She has long been superior of a convent in Massachusetts; and if she should chance to read this will see that I have not forgotten her who, on the rare but *intense* occasions, when I lost my temper at some supposed injustice at the hands of my companions, or what I fancied the undue severity of *one* certain teacher, was wont playfully to call me her "tempestuous Sylvia."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

King Finvarra and the Queen o' Wishes.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

III.

A few days after the history already related had been written and sent to THE AVE MARIA, began a series of events which led to my return from fairy-land. The visit occurred twenty-five years ago, and upon my arrival upon earth I sent for the manuscript to complete the story. I put off this work for all these years, and now the narrative is fuller.

When Giuoco, the King's jester, was caught upon the postage-stamp used in mailing my manuscript, the other fairies laughed at him; but I was sorry for the poor fellow's discomfiture. The sympathy I then showed him made him very friendly toward me afterward, and this good-will helped me to get away from Aglaia when it really looked as if I could never escape.

I had been in the court of Finvarra six weeks. It suddenly occurred to me that my friends upon earth would be very much troubled at my unaccountable absence. I accordingly went to the King to tell his Majesty that I must return to allay their anxiety. I found him in his private apartments, reading the *Aglaia Daily News*. I said:

"Your Majesty, my friends on earth

must be greatly alarmed at my absence, and I beg permission to go back to them."

He looked at me suspiciously a moment, and his glance was hard and pitiless.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You want to leave us? That is altogether unfortunate. I had no idea you would ever wish to go back; and when I changed you to a fairy I therefore omitted the returning formula. I am utterly powerless in this case."

I fell into a rage at this evidence of duplicity, and at once I rushed upon the King. He laughed derisively, touched me with his ring, and there I lay upon the floor a flopping polliwog. My bitterest consciousness was that I had at last become all tail, which was nearly my exact condition. Within a few seconds I began to feel dry. Soon I had a frightful fever. Finvarra touched an electric button, and George, the negro fairy, came through a trap-door in the floor.

"Put that fellow in a tub of water," commanded the King.

"Yas, yo' Majesty," said George.

The blackamoor tried to pick me up, but I was nearly as big as he was; and I gave him an indignant slap with my tail, which not only amazed him, but knocked him rolling. He sat down violently upon the King's corns.

"Wow!" yelled his Majesty. He gave George a vicious cuff with his ring-hand, and down splashed George as a very black, shuddering tadpole. The ring was set for tadpoles. Then Finvarra laughed long and merrily. He squeezed his ring, touched George's nose, and turned him into a big green bull-frog. He made the frog take me in its mouth and hop out to a fountain in the court, where we dove into the water together. We lay there upon the bottom of the pool panting. George was so angry the water sizzled on his green hide.

"I tell yo', man, dishyeh niggeh jes' tie ole pop Finvarra in a knot some day. See ef I doan!" Then he turned on me. "Yo' doggone polliwog, whuffoh yo' slap me

wiv yo' screw-propellah an' raise all dis ci'cus? Een't yo' got no sinse? Yo' all head an' tail, jes' lak a nole coppeh cint! Ef yo' wuzn't pizen I swallow yo', 'deed I would."

The fit that frog was in was scandalous. He whirled around the fountain in a cloud of bubbles, and kicked up the gravel till he raised the silt in a fog. Then an old goldfish came out of the rocks.

"See here!" yelled the goldfish, "you bloomin' green streak, do you take my pond for a bicycle track? Git!"

The fish's fins were bristling, and his eyes glistened like an owl's near a bonfire. He rushed with his mouth wide open for George.

The frog, scared almost white, climbed out of the fountain in one long jump. The goldfish was so close behind and charging so fiercely that he could not stop himself, and he struck his nose against the edge of the fountain. Then he *was* mad. I crawled under a stone and fanned myself with my tail. I felt ill, I was so nervous at the sight of that fish's gullet. The fish swept around swearing, then he went in among the rocks, and spanked every minnow in the pool with his side fins. Presently his wife came out of some eel-grass and saw the disturbance. "John!" she snapped. That was the end. The old fish slid in behind the rocks and subsided. When the water settled and the goldfish had gone to sleep again, I wriggled up near the surface, and wondered what in the world would become of me.

Within a half-hour Giuoco came out to the fountain. The dwarf looked anxious. He saw me and he whispered: "Come over to the edge. I saw the scene in the King's room through a keyhole. What do you think we had better do?"

"For pity sake," I answered, "get the Queen o' Wishes to come and release me!"

"I'll try," he said; "but she's working hard in the sky just now, warming up the moon. The city council of Chicago wished

for the moon as a suburb, and the Queen can't bring it down to them until it is properly heated. Have patience, old man; and look out for that beastly old goldfish. He's a mean one, and he is fond of raw polliwog-tails."

Giucoco hurried away, for fear he would be seen.

I got down under the stone again and waited. I waited for two weeks that seemed to be centuries, going out when the goldfish was asleep. In the meantime my frog legs grew and my tail got loose. One day the goldfish that chased George nearly saw me, and as I sat down suddenly in my fright I broke off my tail. I sadly buried the tail in the sand behind a stone, for fear the fish would find it and institute a thorough search for its owner; and I continued to wait. I thought Giucoco had abandoned me, and I was in despair. At last, at the end of the third week, he appeared at the margin of the fountain. I shot up eagerly. The goldfish saw me! Sizz! he came after me. I swam frantically. I could hear his jaws snap. Up, up we raced; and as I gave the last kick which would clear me from the water in safety, his jaws shut with a bang! He just missed me. I fell fainting into Giucoco's arms. If I had not buried that tail the goldfish would have attended to the ceremony for me.

"Saved!" exclaimed Giucoco, as he wiped the water out of his eyes which I had dashed over him. "How you have changed! I'd hardly know you."

"Giucoco, is she here?" I cried, earnestly.

"Well, I should say she is. When I told her about your little accident she got mad as a wet hen. She is at present in the throne-room asking his Altitude whether he thinks this the correct way to treat her friends."

Scarcely had Giucoco finished these words when out came the Queen o' Wishes. She was near me in an instant, and before I could say a word she touched my head

with her sceptre. I instantly regained my former fairy state. I knelt at her feet in gratitude and said:

"Gracious lady, I wish that you complete your good deed,—restore me to my mortal condition."

She smiled and again touched my forehead. I fell unconscious. When I awoke I found myself lying on the floor of my own bedroom in Washington.

"Well," I said, "I have had a very long dream about fairies, and I have fallen out of bed."

I started to get up; but, to my horror, I found that my right leg was gone. Then I knew that I had not been dreaming, and I remembered how I had buried part of myself in the fountain.

I got up and sat upon the bed. The tears ran down my face and splashed all over the carpet. "Oh, I wish I had my leg!" I cried. Crash went my window, and in flew the missing leg and fastened itself properly. After my excitement subsided I noticed a curious gold ring, with a black stone in it, on my finger. It was shaped like a polliwog with its tail in its mouth, and the stone was its head. I took it off to examine it, and I found engraved within: "From the Queen o' Wishes. Wish and have."

I put on the ring and wished for clothing. Thirty suits of clothing came up through the floor. I wished myself shaved, and I was shaved instantly. Then I stood before a mirror and straightened my nose, covered up a big bald spot on my head, made my mouth and ears smaller, and my eyes of the same color. It occurred to me that while I was at this work it should be done thoroughly. I tried to make myself beautiful, but I soon saw that I would be obliged to study art in order to do this well; still, the result was wonderful. I tried every possible shade of eyes and hair, even green eyes and crimson hair. I knew this would give me a distinguished, unusual appearance; but

I changed these colors, because ignorant people might laugh at them.

I took a perfect tenor voice, a rich barytone, and a wonderful bass voice; joined all three, and set the result in my throat. Then I put the strength of one hundred locomotives in my muscles. I forgot to put on a habit of using this force delicately; and when I picked up a chair with my left hand, I crushed the part I grasped into sawdust by a slight ordinary pressure. Then I wished for the habit, and that came.

I put on a pair of invisible wings for a while; but I soon found that these were unnecessary. I had only to wish to be in any place, and in an instant I was there. I have visited most of the planets and large stars, and I am at present at work upon an astronomy which will startle the scientific world. The first time I visited the moon I returned in a hurry. There is no air there, and it is as cold as public charity. When I go on these celestial journeys now I carry compressed air in a tank, and I wear heavy asbestos armor with a large crystal face-covering. I keep away from the suns, because I am afraid I may forget to stop the explosions which might surprise me; although I have explored our sun thoroughly. I wore an armor made of a mineral fibre I found on Alderbaran. I stopped the explosions while I was near the sun.

There are no people on Mars, and the "seas" are mere coloration in the rocks. The man in the moon, however, really exists. I have seen him repeatedly. He is an enormous, stupid giant, I regret to say. He can not talk, because there is no air there to carry sound; and, besides, he has no lungs. He is about five miles in height, and he was Moloch, the friend of Lucifer in olden days. He has been condemned to the labor of keeping the moon polished. He moves about ceaselessly with a great brush made of petrified pine-trees set by their roots in a piece of mountain—but you

will be able to read all these things in my book on astronomy when it is published.

After I obtained possession of the ring I lived in a plain manner. There were many things needed in the country; but if I began to supply these wants, I would draw the attention of the world to myself, and I did not wish to do that. This method was adopted: I would accomplish some great work, and then make people really think that they themselves had done these deeds, and the public would also be convinced of the same thing. I confess now that I built the Brooklyn Bridge; I put up the statue of Liberty in New York Harbor; I founded Stanford University; I made all the buildings of the Chicago World's Fair; I built the new American Navy. If I enumerated one-tenth of the great enterprises I set on foot of late years I fear I would not be believed.

Everything moved smoothly for twenty years, and sometime I will publish a detailed history of what I did during that time; but I must now relate how I lost my Wishing Ring.

I had heard much and read more in the papers about the wonderful beauty of her serene Highness, Princess Fidelmia, the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Bohemia. I wished myself in Prague. I was there. I appeared with so elaborate a retinue that the Bohemians thought I was the King of Switzerland. The Emperor invited me to stay at his palace on the Hradschin. A few days after my arrival the Princess asked to examine the curious ring I wore. We were at dinner. For the first time since it had come into my possession I took off the ring and foolishly handed it to the Princess. Instantly the illusion that I was the King of Switzerland vanished.

There was consternation in the palace. The old Emperor got into a white rage. I would have been shot if the government was not afraid that the affair would

get into the newspapers. A squadron of cavalry hurried me to the frontier of the Empire, and I was told to fade out of public notice without delay.

There I was, left in a wood at night, and the rain was flooding the earth. I wished for my ring, but I did not get my wish. The road was muddy, and dark as a crow in a coal mine. I plodded onward in utter despondency, calling myself hard names, when I saw a light through the trees. I stumbled toward it, and I found a cabin among the dripping pines. This happened in July; and as the night was warm, the window was partly open.

I was afraid to go up boldly and ask for shelter, because all my strength went with the ring, and I did not know what sort of people I might meet. I went cautiously near the cabin and looked in through the window. There, reclining upon a table and smoking, were Finvarra, the Fairy King, and Leprehaun, his prime minister. The cabin seemed to be deserted, and the light came from the King's crown. I withdrew from the window, lest I should be seen; and within a minute I could hear the King's voice: "I wonder what is keeping that nigger."

Leprehaun said: "He'll be here presently. I feel that something important has happened."

As silence came I heard a faint patter, like the sound of an animal's feet upon the ground; and a black cat jumped in through the window from which I had just gone away. I stood tiptoe, and I could see the cat upon the table near the King. The beast was perfectly dry, notwithstanding the rain. Finvarra touched its nose with his ring, and there stood George in his Arabian costume.

The darky was greatly excited. "Yo' Majesty," he cried, "he's done lost deh ring!" I knew he was talking of myself.

"What!" exclaimed Finvarra. "Lost it! Good! Now I'm even with the Madame o' Wishes. Her precious *protégé* is a chump."

I fully agreed with his Majesty, but I was surprised to hear such language from a crowned head.

George related the scene at the dinner after I took off the ring. Then he added: "I wuz undeh deh table, en w'en deh fuss begin I jumped up awn deh table by deh Emperuh's a'm, en I wuz so e'cited my tail got awn deh Emperuh's plate. He drap his knife w'en he see deh chump wa'n't ne'e' King o' Swizzehln, en deh knife lak to chop awf meh tail. Some ob meh blood got awn deh plate, en afteh deh scrimmige deh Emperuh done eat dose draps o' meh gore. Now dat de' ole man hez four black kittins alive in his stummick, en he's offul sad."

Finvarra laughed viciously and he said: "Well, those kittens will stay there till his Imperial Highness dies or drinks four draughts from the Trevi Fountain of Rome. He'll be a long time finding that cure."

I said to myself: "Not so long as you think." And I crept away into the wood. Near morning I found an inn and rest.

I remained in the inn, and wrote to a friend at the American consulate in Rome for a quart bottle of water from the Trevi Fountain. He sent it up to me with an anxious inquiry as to my sanity. Then I shaved off my beard and started for Prague.

It was not easy to get at the Emperor. There were four physicians and ten surgeons in the palace who were professors in the Universities of Vienna, Berlin, Gratz, and Prague. They did not know what diagnosis to make in the case. At first they all thought that the Emperor was hysterical; but the tumor just below his ribs on the left side remained, and there were no other signs of hysteria. The sudden growth of the tumor puzzled them. Tumors, like Rome, are not built in a day. Herr Professor Doctor Omne-Scibile, of Gratz, put a stethoscope—an instrument for listening to the heart and lungs—against the tumor during his first

visit. He straightened up with a grave face. The other physicians listened, but said nothing. Then they all withdrew for consultation.

"Well, gentlemen, what did you hear?" asked Professor Omne-Scibile. He was afraid to commit himself by telling what he had heard. There was silence for a while; then Professor Czjzek, of Prague, blushed and said: "If I have not lost my reason, I heard cats mewling!"

"So did we!" cried the others. They knew that no animal could live in a human stomach. Physiologists had experimented by putting live lizards into the stomachs of living dogs, and in a few minutes these reptiles were always found extremely dead.

They sent to Italy for Professor Umbra, a specialist in nervous diseases. The Emperor in the meanwhile was starving. He could not eat because nothing would go into his stomach, owing to its decidedly crowded condition.

Professor Umbra came on a special express train, but he also was in darkness. "I simply do not know what to say," he remarked in the subsequent consultation, "unless we admit the possibility of demoniacal possession."

The others shook their heads sorrowfully. A palpable mewling devil in the stomach of the Emperor of Bohemia at the end of the nineteenth century would be startling news for the medical journals. They would not publish this diagnosis.

That evening the newspapers announced the fact that the surgeons had determined to operate the next morning. Then I went to Prince Zmrzlina, the prime minister. When I was ushered into his office I at once said: "Your Highness, I know what the Emperor's disease is, and I can cure him without surgical interference."

The Prince had confidence in the surgeons, and when he heard my words he grew a little pale. He put his hand into

a drawer of his desk, drew out a revolver, and then began to scream, "Help!"

The room was instantly filled with soldiers, and I was on the floor with six men piled upon me. I cried, "Down!" but they knew nothing of football in that country, and they continued to sit upon me. Finally they arose cautiously and lifted me to my feet.

"Take him to the insane asylum!" shouted the Prince.

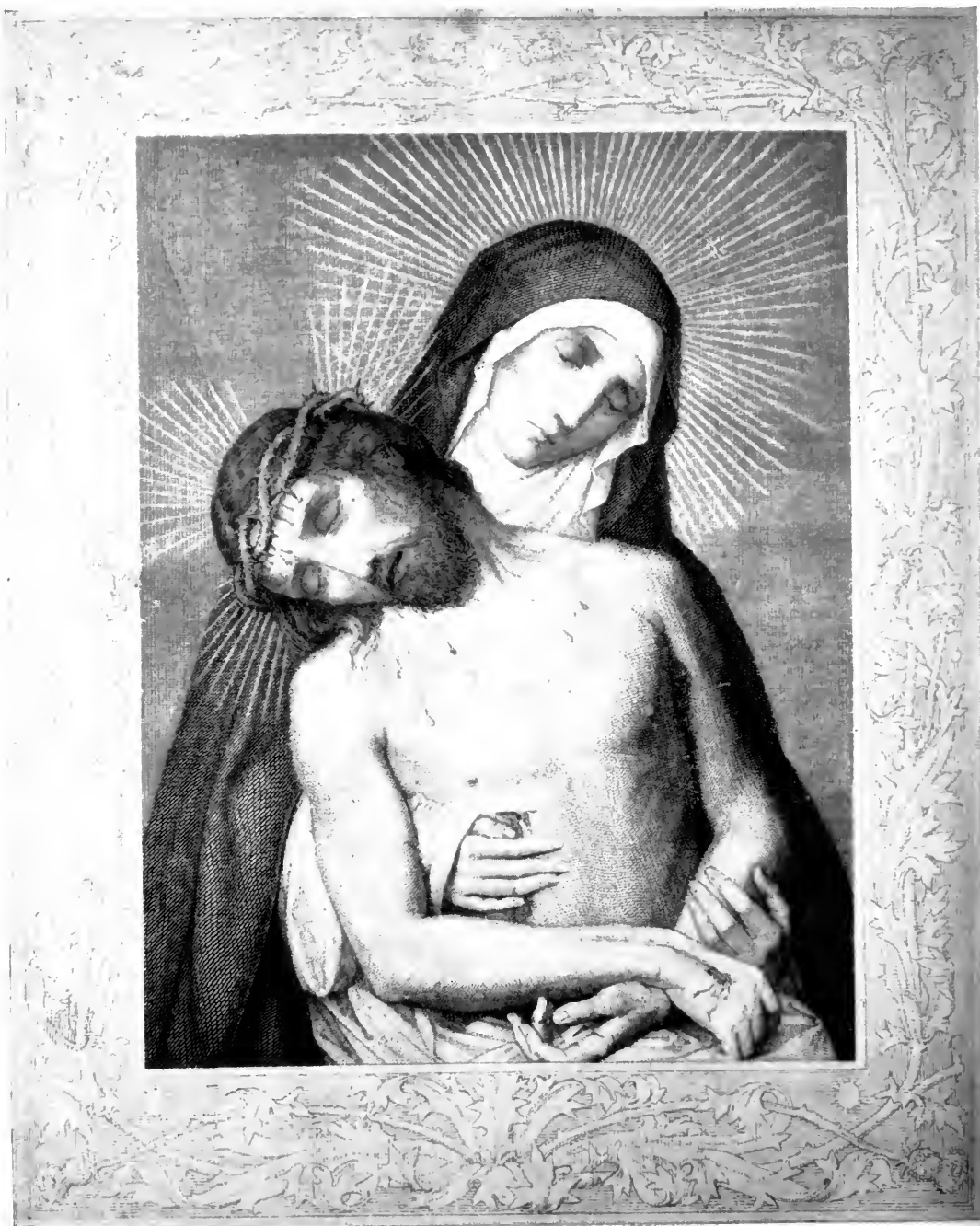
I was in the office of the insane asylum, over at the eastern end of the city, within a half hour. The physicians in charge examined me carefully, but they could find no sign of insanity. I related my experience with the prime minister, and then I said to the doctors:

"It certainly seems strange that an unknown physician should assert he knows the Emperor's disease and its cure without having seen him, and after the greatest physicians of four universities have failed. I can only assure you that I have travelled much, and I have learned things which are not mentioned in your scientific books. I will submit my medicament to chemical analysis to exclude poison before I ask the Emperor to take it, and I will first drink part of it myself."

Then one of the doctors whispered: "We had better hold this man here. He will probably develop signs of insanity within a few days."

I was taken to a private room and left to my alarming thoughts. That very evening a mob came storming at the asylum gates. It seems my adventure with the prime minister and my examination and proposition at the asylum had been published in the afternoon papers. I had not been pronounced crazy by any one capable of judging, and the citizens thought that my remedy should be given a trial. The Emperor was greatly beloved by his people, and they dreaded the surgical operation.





REGINA MARTYRUM,



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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There is No Death.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

"**T**HERE is no death," the prophet wisely said ;

The grave is that which critics deem—

The brooding spectre of, a dying dream,
The semblance not the substance of the dead.
For though the walls that guard the sacred shrine

May crumble into ruins bleak and bare,
The holy breath that thrilled the dome divine
Still animates its buried ashes there.

And so the soul still lives, though flesh be clay,

The better essence is not doomed to die ;
God stamped upon the spirit life away—

The signet of His own eternitie.
The soul was pure ; death's but a wreathed spray

That links our life on earth with life on high.

Holy Week in France for King and People.

BY DAWN GRAVE.

YEARS ago there lived in Versailles, over his gloomy little bookstore, "a noticeable man, with large gray eyes" and flowing gray beard,—tall, erect, and of distinguished bearing. From every fold of his ill-fitting, threadbare garments peered

the thinly-veiled features of poverty ; but, glancing down at his feet, people found there a surprise awaiting them. If the left shoe, comporting with his dress and condition in life, was of common leather, patched and sole-worn, the one which encased his right foot was a marvel of the bootmaker's art, fashioned to order from kid fine as a glove's ; the foot-gear of a gentleman, from the even heel to the polished toe."

"The fool of the right shoe," unfriendly neighbors styled him ; but his own explanation of the anomaly was touching. "Yes, sir, it is true ; some may call it a strange extravagance. I have gone hungry many a time to make up for it. But when you consider I am the only one the good God has left of the twelve little Apostles chosen in that last year of Louis XVI., is it not worth any sacrifice to do honor to that foot? That very foot,—Monsieur, it was once kissed by the King!"

His reserve for the moment laid by, the old Royalist would point to a beautiful blue Easter-egg which, under a glass case, adorned the chimney-shelf of his room,—the sole remaining one of twenty-four, preserved with the greatest care from the destruction, as commanded by the Revolutionary decree, of "all articles whatsoever bearing feudal emblems." With a little urging, one could then draw from him a glowing description of the manner of commemorating the Last Supper at the

court of Versailles in the old kingly days of Catholic France; impressive ceremony, "all of which he saw, and part of which he was."

Among the first Christians, on Holy Thursday, the princes called within the beggars who stood at their palace gates, and humbly washed their feet. To the pious custom, with many modifications, the French court adhered until the Revolution. On the morning of Holy Thursday they assembled, in the great Salle des Gardes du Corps, twelve little boys, chosen not from among the beggars but from the *bourgeois* families of Versailles. Selected a month before, their physical health had been carefully looked to by the court physician, and their sins remitted by Monseigneur the Bishop. Bathed and perfumed till they rivalled in freshness the roses of which each carried an immense bouquet; attired in a picturesque, flowing tunic of some bright crimson stuff, with three ells of fine linen hung about their necks, they awaited the beginning of the ceremony. This consisted in each child's placing his right foot over a basin held by the Grand Almoner. Bending down, the King poured some water over it; and, after wiping the foot upon the linen, knelt and kissed it. The little boy was then presented with a purse containing twelve crowns; the one who had the melancholy duty of personating Judas receiving thirteen.

Immediately after the washing of the feet, the royal family and *personnel* of the court repaired to the Salle des Cent Suisses, where a table had been spread; returning thence in procession, headed by the Grand Master of the Palace, bearing his diamond-studded wand of office; Monsieur the Dauphin, carrying an earthenware plate full of rolls; the Comte d'Artois, a clay jug full of wine and a cup; all the other princes, a stoneware plate of fish and vegetables, all cold,—twelve of such dishes being destined for

each child. If princes were not numerous enough to carry them, nobles aided them in this service.

At the door of the great Salle the King met them; and taking each plate, he handed it to the Grand Almoner, who in turn passed it to the children's parents. The latter, the baskets which they had brought filled to overflowing, then took their departure. As the cold fish and vegetables were of the choicest variety, those who desired to dispose of some of their store found buyers always waiting outside the palace gates. Lastly, the King added a bouquet of rare flowers—not the least-prized gift—and twenty-four colored and ornamented Easter-eggs for each of the twelve little Apostles.

Passing from King to people—from palace to hamlet,—one finds Good Friday most touchingly observed as a day of grief in those villages where the crystal prism of faith has not been breathed upon, and especially among the fisher-folk. Every boat, at sea or in port, flies a flag at half-mast; a black dress, or some sign of sorrow, is worn by every woman; and during the long Office one often hears the sound of sobbing in the shadowed church.

But of all French provinces Normandy has best preserved ancient customs in keeping Holy Week. There, on Holy Saturday, supper consists of *œufs Pâquerets*—eggs, hard boiled, cut in slices roundwise, and served in milk. Thence, it is said, comes the French name of *Pâquerette* for the daisy, with its white leaves and its yellow heart. Toward sunset the young peasants, forming into bands, march through the streets as on Christmas Eve, pausing before each door to sing a sort of Easter "wait." Its music is a weird mingling of sad and gay,—the words, translated, something as follows:

Oh, cease to sorrow, dry your tearful eyes!
The King of the earth, the King of the skies,
This night, this night He will arise,—
Alleluia!

If the door remains closed, they continue:

Awake, awake, ye hearts that sleep!
Pray the dear Lord, whose death we weep,
That, through His grace, our souls may rise
And enter into Paradise,—

Alleluia!

Should the door be opened with alacrity,
and liberal alms forthcoming, they set their
acknowledgments to music as they depart:

Oh, we thank you, brother Christians!

May heart and home be blest!

For you we'll pray by night and day,
And God will do the rest,—

Alleluia!

Similar quaint customs prevail in Auvergne. At Puy-de-Dôme every night in Holy Week the villagers go from door to door chanting a peculiar lament upon the Passion of Our Lord,—one couplet in French and one in the *patois* of the place. Between each verse the leader of the band holds out a basket, in which one is expected to place an egg instead of a coin. When the harvest is plentiful, a portion is reserved to make a gigantic omelet to be eaten on Quasimodo Sunday, called in *patois*, *le Dimanche Pasquette*. The surplus is sold, and other articles purchased to complete the feast's *menu*. In ancient times, the use of eggs having been prohibited during Lent, the faithful at Easter revelled in omelets.

A Persian proverb declares that "the egg is the beginning of all things." From time immemorial it has been symbolic of revivification. An interchange of eggs formed part of the New Year festivals among the Hindus. In the modern celebration of the Jewish Passover, eggs, hard-roasted, are served at the supper of the fourteenth of the month Nisan.

Originally only crimson was used in coloring Easter-eggs, in memory of the Redeemer's Precious Blood; then blue, in honor of the Blessed Mother; then every color, brilliant as those which, blended into garments, it is almost a superstition among the peasantry to wear on Easter morning. "Ah!" exclaimed a little beggar maid, snatching up the one black garment

from some articles of clothing which had been given her, "this Mademoiselle, will be to wear on Good Friday; and that"—designating a bit of brightest coloring,— "that will be for Easter Sunday!"

This sudden transition from fasting to feasting—from the purple gloom and hush of Lent to the gold and crimson gladness of Easter—has found truest expression in the music of some great masters' *Credos*; the thrilling bound from minor to major, from the plaintive sigh of one tremulous voice to the exultant shout of many: "*Tertia die resurrexit—resurrexit a mortuis*"!

An Italian writer has not inappropriately named Easter "*la Festa della Primavera*"; the flower-wreathed joy-day of all the year." Verily, a sadness mingles with Christmas rejoicing. Kneeling by the Holy Crib, one looks beyond Bethlehem. That foreboding mist of sorrow in the sweet Mother's eyes must one day fall on Calvary's height in a rain of bitter tears; the Crown of Thorns must scan that infant brow; all the long *Via Crucis* lays before the baby-feet. But Easter, like an arch of triumph, spans the field of victory.

"All is finished." It is morning of "the third day," and "He is risen!" In all its myriad voices, the Love-redeemed world sends up the cry of "Saved!" Eternal Hope, Eternal Life is ours. No more farewells to call after our dear ones passing from our sight into the conquered land of Death: simply *au revoir*. Ah, yes: the Easter bells send their message pealing through our hearts!

Anniversary of the one glad day

In our dear Saviour's life—hail, Easter; hail!

Thy coming watched for through a night of tears,

To speak thy welcome meetly all words fail.

Glorious Lily, breaking into bloom

Upon His unsealed, angel-guarded tomb!

SENTENCE from the letters of the word death:

D E A T H

Disciple, enter and travel heavenward.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

VII.

A MORNING of wide, tropical splendor—fresh, delicious, filled with the very breath of Eden; the sleeping ocean a flashing expanse of blue and silver; the sky a great vault of lucent turquoise, and a pale, misty, magical coast; a vision of azure mountains, melting and blending in the most exquisite lines, while about their lordly heads were gathered cloud-wreaths of softest beauty and shining radiance,—this was the picture to be seen from the deck of the *New York* as she steamed toward the famous bay of Cape Haytien, once the Cape Français of the French, and earlier yet the Guarico of the Spaniards.

Atherton, who was the first of the passengers on deck, tapped on the closed window of De Marsillac's room.

"Come out!" he cried. "This is no time for sluggardly repose. We are in the most historic waters of the New World, and in sight of its loveliest coast. Come out!"

"In a moment," an eager voice replied. And it was hardly more than that when the slight figure emerged from the cabin door and joined Atherton, where he stood watching the entrancing picture which every minute more clearly revealed.

"I am endeavoring to fancy the feelings of Columbus when this coast first appeared to him," he said. "We are almost in his track when, leaving Cuba, he sailed eastward, seeking, we are told, 'a high, mountainous land which the natives called Bohio.' With what a thrill he must have descried those dream-like heights, which were to be in beauty as in richness the culmination and crown of his discoveries! Had ever explorer before such a reward! Could even his wildest dreams have

fancied *such* a New World! And yet it seemed an earnest of the misfortunes which were to befall him on this Isle of Hispaniola, that in the bay we are entering, on Christmas Eve of 1492, the *Santa Maria* was wrecked."

"Was it here?" the boy asked. "Strange that so heavenly a spot could have been the scene of such a misfortune!"

"Not strange at all to a sailor's eye. This coast is dangerous and treacherous in the extreme. Ask our captain, who has been lying off for several hours waiting for daylight to enter the harbor, what *he* thinks of it."

But nothing could be considered now—not even the memory of the great Admiral viewing from his doomed flag-ship the wondrous coasts opening before him—save the picturesque beauty unfolding as they drew nearer the land. The magical, cloud-draped mountains receded into the background; while close at hand bold, verdure-clad heights rose abruptly out of the flashing tides that broke in white surf against the cliffs and detached masses of rock that formed their base. Light, lovely mists were curling about them, crowning their summits and lying in their green gorges. All was fresh, radiant, enchanting, as if Nature had just left the hand of God. Slowly steaming in, they rounded that rocky headland, crowned with plummy palms, which the Cape thrusts into the sea, and to which clings the old fortification of Fort Picolet, its guns commanding the narrow, winding channel; and saw opening before them the superb bay, with space on its broad bosom for a navy to ride, and with such noble sweep of shore, such divine frame of distant sapphire heights, as not even these "summer isles of Eden" can elsewhere show.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Atherton, as his glance took in the wide, land-locked expanse. "No wonder the buccaneers seized such a harbor! And yonder is the town they founded—the historic 'Cape.'"

Yes, there it lay—the old town which later became the Paris of the West Indies, and later yet the scene of the most horrible atrocities of the negro revolt. Viewed across the emerald waters of the harbor, its mass of gaily tinted buildings presented a strikingly picturesque appearance, occupying a narrow plain which lies between the shore and two noble mountains (known as *les Mornes*) which rise abruptly in wooded steeps behind.

De Marsillac watched with fascinated gaze the gradual revealing of this spot as they drew nearer. His thoughts were with the past—with those of his own blood who had lived here their gay, luxurious, careless lives, lapped in ease and pleasure until the storm in which they perished burst upon them. He thought of his great-great-grandfather dying there, after that wild midnight ride for his life; and of the wife he left, with her infant children taking refuge on a foreign vessel, and sailing away, broken-hearted and penniless, out of this beautiful bay—a paradise transformed into a hell. He was still silent when, the ship having dropped her anchor in front of the town, there came borne across the water the sweetest, clearest, most musical chime of church-bells that ever delighted the ear. As the silvery sound reached them, he looked up with a quick glance toward his companion.

"What an exquisite welcome!" he said. "Does it not seem a good omen that *that* is the first sound to greet me from the island?"

"We will hope so," Atherton answered. "Certainly the appearance of things is calculated to raise one's spirits. Whatever the town may prove on nearer view, it is delightfully picturesque seen from here; while the natural setting of the bay is the most beautiful I have ever beheld. And somewhere in our view along these shores is the place where, out of the material of the wrecked caravel, Columbus erected the fort of Navidad,—the first European

settlement in the New World, though one with a most tragic fate."

"Everything about this island seems to lead to tragedy," said the boy. "There is a blood-stain everywhere,—and yet how divinely beautiful it is!"

"Where is the site of the fort of Navidad?" repeated the purser, who came up at the moment, and to whom Atherton put the question. "Over yonder, I believe, near the village of Petite Anse. There has been much discussion of the matter, you know; but I think historical authorities are at last agreed upon that spot. And there"—he pointed to the westward side of the bay, where, dim, misty, inexpressibly fair in their azure robes, rose the mighty forms of the mountains that divide Hayti from Santo Domingo—"stands the great citadel of Christophe. It is on one of those highest mountains. With a good glass the walls can be clearly perceived from here."

"I must see that," observed Atherton. "From the descriptions given, it is well worth a visit."

"If you are going on with us, you can't manage it at present," the purser said. "We sail to-morrow morning."

"I have decided to stop here," was the reply. "When does your next steamer come along?"

"The *Saginaro* will probaby be along in about two weeks. But you'll not have a very lively time spending two weeks at the Cape with nothing to do."

"'Nothing to do' is a condition I seldom suffer from," answered Atherton. "I shall have much to do; for in that time I intend to see, if not all, at least a good part of Hayti. I shall go ashore after breakfast to look up quarters—and there is the breakfast bell."

"What is this I hear, Mr. Atherton?" said the captain, as they took their seats at table. "Are you thinking of leaving us here?"

"I have decided upon doing so," replied Atherton. "I want to see something of

Hayti, and I am afraid that if I don't take the present opportunity I may not have another. I may leave Santo Domingo by another route, or interest may be lacking, or—or any one of several things. Moreover, I shall have my young friend Mr. de Marsillac as a companion at the present time, which would not be the case later."

The captain glanced a little curiously at the "young friend" indicated. Like others, he had been perhaps slightly repelled by the remarkable reticence of this particular passenger for the Cape. The business of everyone else on board—whether it were logwood, sugar, tropical fruits or railroads—was well known; but this boy had kept his own counsel so resolutely that no one knew what object or interest was taking him to the island. Secretiveness, which is not a very agreeable trait in any one, sits with a peculiarly ill grace on the young; and the frank sailor was not to blame if he felt otherwise than attracted toward this exceedingly secretive youth.

"I hope you'll be repaid," he said; "but I very much fear that you'll find accommodations so bad that you'll wish yourself back on the *New York* before we have been gone very long."

"Mr. Schlagenbach," said Atherton, bowing to a friendly German across the table, "has promised to see if he can not get me quarters with some friends of his. In that case I can make the Cape my headquarters, and carry a camping equipment with me when I take excursions into the country."

"That will be best," several voices said approvingly; and then a shower of advice descended upon Atherton from the surrounding travellers, most of whom knew the different ports of Hayti well.

"For my sins," said one, "as well as for logwood, I must stop here and go to Port de Paix in one of these small sailing vessels that they call in Santo Domingo a *goleta*. I only wish I had your chance of continuing on the *New York*. Hayti wouldn't tempt me much."

"It will not tempt Mr. Atherton a second time," said another, with a laugh. "But it's worth while to see it once, since there's nothing in the world like it."

It was not until breakfast was over that De Marsillac, drawing Atherton aside, asked if his intention to land at the Cape could not even yet be changed. "I thought of the matter all night," he added, wistfully; "and it seems too great a sacrifice on your part for me to allow—"

"You said something of that kind yesterday," interposed Atherton, with good-humored impatience; "and I believe I told you I had no intention of asking your permission to land on the soil of the Republic of Hayti. Consider that I have made the same statement again, and that the discussion is at an end. Can my man do anything for you? I have told him to put up my traps and be ready to land this afternoon. Meanwhile we'll go ashore and see what my German friend can do for us in the way of finding quarters; then come back for lunch, and afterward bid Captain Rockwell and his good ship adieu. Nonsense!"—as the other attempted to speak. "Let us have no more of this. *Allons!*"

It was with a strange thrill that De Marsillac found himself treading the soil of Hayti. A row of about a mile over the sparkling water of the bay had brought them to a dilapidated pier, where they landed, and whence a few steps led them to the principal street of the city of ruins.

For such they found it to be. The appearance of the town, viewed from the deck of the ship, had not at all prepared them for its reality, nor had even the description of those who knew it well. It is indeed impossible to conceive anything like this city, on which fire, sword, and earthquake—the hand of man and that of God,—have alike done their worst. In amazement the two newcomers walked along the uneven, dusty streets, filled with refuse of every possible description—

where great piles of stones lay as they had fallen in the great earthquake of 1842,—and regarded with constantly increasing wonder the immense extent of the ruins which testified what the town had once been, with its stately houses built entirely of stone, its well-paved streets, its open squares decorated with fountains; its churches and public buildings worthy of the opulent, luxurious city which existed here in the colonial days. The walls of those once splendid dwellings stand now, great piles of shattered masonry, overgrown with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. On every side the gaze fell upon carved arches, pillars and balconies, over which creepers ran riot; superb flights of stone steps; courtyards and roofless saloons, in which were growing full-sized palms, bananas, and other trees; while amid these wrecks of past splendor the present inhabitants have erected low, insignificant dwellings of wood—many of them mere cabins,—and all the scenes and conditions of an African village are to be beheld in the midst of these melancholy ruins of an overthrown civilization.

"It is something for which no description can prepare one," said Atherton, as they threaded their way amid the piles of *débris*. "These ruins attest a past magnificence far exceeding one's conception—and in their midst, without attempting even to lift a fallen stone, burrow a race of savages!"

"You have never read the accounts of St. Méry, who visited the colony before the insurrection, and who particularly describes the magnificence of the Cape, else you would not be surprised," said De Marsillac. "For myself, I have the strangest sensations as I walk these streets,—as if I were the ghost of one of the old dwellers here. I have read, heard, dreamed so much of the colonial life—for the subject always possessed a peculiar fascination to me,—that I seem to have made a part of it. I feel as if I had seen

all this before; as if I had been one of those who feasted and revelled within these walls; as if I had once passed up and down those steps"—he pointed to a stately flight of stone steps leading from the street to a great carved doorway, behind which were roofless, partially fallen walls and a wilderness of tropical growth—"to and from a waiting carriage, into which I was handed by a gentleman with powdered hair and a sword at his side—"

"You must, then, have been a woman in those days," said Atherton, glancing at him with a smile.

He was surprised by the flame of color that mounted into the young face, only a moment before so absorbed in imaginations of the past.

"What an absurd dreamer you must think me!" said the boy, looking away. "I often fancy myself all kinds of people. But, dreams apart, I wish I knew which one of these masses of ruins belonged to my great-great-grandfather and was the house in which he died."

"If you lived here in a former state of existence, you ought to know! But, seriously, have you no clue—do you not know the name of the street on which it was situated?"

"It was, I think, in the Rue St. Louis; but how can one tell whether the streets still bear their old names? The people look so forbidding that I feel a hesitation in addressing any of them."

"I will inquire," said Atherton; and, pausing, he addressed a barefooted policeman, in fluent French. The man stared, shrugged his shoulders, muttered something unintelligible, and walked away.

"Probably he does not understand you," said De Marsillac. "I believe the educated class alone speak French. The others speak a *patois* called Creole, which must be a good deal like the *patois* our Louisiana negroes speak."

"You understand that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! One catches it from the

negroes in one's childhood," said the boy.

"It may enable you, then, to talk with these people, which will be a distinct gain in enabling us to dispense with an interpreter. But tell me now, if you were here alone, what could you possibly do to effect your object?"

De Marsillac gazed around at the heap of overgrown ruins, the neglected streets, the throng of strange, black faces filled with hereditary suspicion and dislike of the white man, and his heart sank within him. What, indeed, could he do? How different from his Louisiana, and the negroes who were there his faithful friends and assistants! What foolish daring, what presumption of ignorance, had brought him here with so vague an idea of the difficulties that would confront him! He turned his gaze to Atherton's face.

"I fear that I could do nothing—alone," he said. "But I still believe that God will give me success; and I believe it more than ever since He has sent you to help me. For it seems to me almost a miracle—men being so selfish as they are—that you should do this for me, of whom you know so little."

"Men are, as a rule, very selfish," Atherton replied; "and I have no reason to suppose that I am in any striking degree an exception to the rule. Yet I am resolved to do this; although, as you justly remark, I know little of you. But yonder, if I mistake not, comes my good friend, Mr. Schlagenbach; and I judge from his beaming expression that he has succeeded in obtaining for us the lodgings desired. If not, I think we had better seek shelter in the ruins of your ancestral house than attempt to find our comfort in such an inn as the Cape is likely to furnish."

But Mr. Schlagenbach's news justified his beaming expression. The tall, friendly German was overflowing with satisfaction.

"I am happy to say that my friend will have pleasure in receiving you," he said to Atherton when they met. "And you are

very fortunate, because he has a comfortable house on the outskirts of the town; and, since his wife is just now in Germany, there is no one but himself to occupy it. Therefore he can put several rooms at your disposal."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Atherton; "and more obliged to you than I can express. Will you add to your kindness by introducing us to your friend, so that we can make our arrangements?"

"Oh, with great pleasure! We will go at once to his counting-house. It is on this street, a little farther along."

The street they were now following, which ran parallel with the shore and was more closely built than any other, was chiefly lined with business houses—structures of wood gaily painted, in the second stories of which the families of the merchants lived, as was evident from the glimpses of furnished rooms obtained through the open windows, and the household scenes on the balconies. These shops were well filled with goods, and trade seemed brisk. But the condition of this principal thoroughfare was hardly better than any of the others, while it was filled with a motley throng of black people; very few colored (that is, mulatto) faces being seen, and fewer still white, with the exception of a group or two from the *New York*. Negresses passed along, trailing freshly-starched dresses over the filthy sidewalks, and wearing brightly striped handkerchiefs tied in picturesque turban fashion around their heads. Others, in short blue cotton gowns and bare black legs and feet, carried bundles of one kind or another on their heads, holding themselves surprisingly erect, and walking with an inimitable ease and savage grace. The men were less remarkable, and seemed to De Marsillac much like any average throng to be found on a Southern plantation, or the docks and negro quarters of a Southern city. Here and there faces of intelligence and indicating edu-

cation were to be seen; but the majority were of a very low intellectual and strongly animal type, with now and again a countenance of revolting characteristics.

"If you want to fancy yourself on the Congo, you ought to go and take a glimpse of the market yonder," said Mr. Schlagenbach, as he nodded in the direction of a cross-street. "It is on the next square. And it is not mere report but verified fact that human flesh has been offered for sale there."

"Impossible!" cried Atherton, with an expression of disgust and incredulity.

"Ah! you say 'impossible' because you know not Hayti," replied the other. "Get those who live here to tell you what *they* know. But here we are at my friend's place."

He turned as he spoke into a large warehouse filled with merchandise of various descriptions, the odor of green coffee strongly predominating; and made his way to where a short, rotund German of middle age—dressed, like most men in the tropics, in white clothing—was seated at a desk. He stepped from his high stool as the trio approached; and Mr. Schlagenbach, benignly smiling, introduced his companions to Mr. Hoffman.

"We are very glad to hear," said Atherton, after shaking hands, "that, owing to Mr. Schlagenbach's kind recommendation, you will afford us quarters during the short stay which we expect to make at the Cape."

"It is something which we who live here expect to do for our friends," the German replied. He was a stolid man, with none of Schlagenbach's beaming friendliness, but a certain air which seemed to say that what he promised he would perform. "If we did not," he added, "they would fare very badly. Ever been in Hayti before, Mr. Atherton?"

"Never."

"And you don't come on business?"

"Merely to see the country."

"Ah! Then I fancy you will not require any quarters longer than a good opportunity offers for getting away. Meanwhile, since my family are absent, I can put my house at your disposition. Have you come ashore at present prepared to remain?"

"No: we only came ashore to look at things and make the arrangement now happily concluded. We will return to the ship, and come ashore with our luggage this afternoon."

"If you will name an hour, I will meet you at the wharf with my carriage."

"You are exceedingly kind. Under those circumstances it would be better for you to name the hour yourself."

"Shall we say five o'clock, then? That will give you time to settle comfortably before dinner. By the bye, how many rooms do you require?"

"Three. I have with me an English servant."

"Very well. They will be prepared—oh, no more thanks! We expect, as I have said, to do this kind of thing here on the island, and I am glad to have the pleasure of meeting you. I need hardly say that your father's name is well known to me."

"And therein," said De Marsillac, in a low voice, as they left the warehouse, "lies the secret of Mr. Hoffman's obliging readiness to take us under his roof. You asked me a little while ago what I should do without you, Mr. Atherton. I begin to perceive clearly that I should do very badly indeed."

(To be continued.)

A Passion-Flower.

AN Angel bearing a lily white,
A Maid with a lily-soul,
The gentle hush of a prayerful night,
While star-worlds onward roll;
The earthward flight of a snowy Dove,
And, lo! in the midnight hour,
From the lily-heart of the Lily-Maid
There rose a Passion-Flower.

On a Palm-Sunday; or, What an Hour
may Bring Forth.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

"NEVER, never!" cried Alderman Rooney, thumping his fat fist on the table, and glaring fiercely at his wife, who sat calmly behind the coffee-pot. "'Tis a pleasant subject you are bringing up at the breakfast-table, Mrs. Rooney," he continued,—*"a pleasant subject for to begin the Holy Week. 'Twill give us both full food for meditation from now till Good Friday, if we choose to dwell on it, ma'am,—if we choose to dwell on it. That's as you please for yourself; but it's something I put out of my mind altogether long ago, and I'm not thankful to you for bringing it up again."*

"O James dear!" remonstrated his wife, "you are so changed since—"

"Don't mention it again; don't go over it again!" roared the Alderman, pushing his chair violently back from the table.

"He's your own son," continued the little woman, with a last desperate effort; "you can never get over that. And you may remember it with sorrow on your dying day, when it may be too late."

"Too late for what, ma'am, may I ask?" retorted the Alderman, bringing his huge palms together with a tremendous slap. "Perhaps you mean repentance. Whose was the sin? Who is the culprit? Who was it squandered my hard-earned money for years getting an education? Who was it backed out from being a priest after I'd spent thousands on him? Who was it added insult to injury by marrying an English girl—*an English girl*, of all people,—denying both his faith and his country with one blow? *Who* was it, I ask? Was it *I*?"

His wife remained silent.

"Aha!" he continued, striding up and down as he talked. "You haven't a word

in you now. If you'd always bear those facts in mind, you'd have a still tongue in your head, ma'am."

"'Tis no use answering such an unjust man," she said, quietly; "but, if you like to hear it, I'll tell you once more and for the last time that you know well you're saying what's not true when you accuse Edward of squandering your money. You know well there never was a better or a steadier boy, nor one fonder of learning; and you know well, too, that 'twas you wanted him to be a priest from the first, and that he had no leaning to it. Sure all good men can't be priests, James. What would become of the world if 'twas so? And, by the same token, when you're not so overly pious yourself, I don't see why nothing would satisfy you but having Edward a priest."

"Maybe I'm as just in the sight of God as those that go to Mass every morning and come home quarrelling to their breakfast," answered Mr. Rooney, pausing in his majestic walk.

His wife smiled as she said gently:

"You know well it's little liking I have for quarrelling, James. It isn't quarrelling to be asking one's rights."

"And what rights are you craving that you haven't got?"

"The right to ask my own son, and my *only* son; to my own house," she replied.

"He's a vagabond!" said her husband, sullenly.

"Shame on you again!" said his wife. "You know well there's not a more promising architect in the town. 'Tis proud of him you ought to be,—and so you are in your heart."

"Silence, you aggravating woman!" shouted her husband. "'Tis you have the bitter tongue when it suits, you."

"I'm not afraid of you nor ashamed of my words, James," was the reply. "'Tis proud of him you are in your heart, I say again. But your high temper won't let you speak the good word. You know he

made a good Catholic of the wife, and there's not a prettier nor a more lady-like girl going into St. Lawrence's the day. And sure you wouldn't hold her responsible for the crimes of Cromwell, that died hundreds of years before she was born?"

To this argument the Alderman vouchsafed no reply; but, quietly picking up the morning paper, deliberately turned his back on his wife, and appeared to be absorbed in reading the news. Like a wise woman, she made no further remark; busying herself in clearing off the table and washing up the breakfast dishes. All trace of annoyance had vanished from her comely face when, an hour later, she peeped into the dining-room, arrayed for church, and said, in the gentlest of voices:

"Aren't you coming to ten o'clock Mass, James?"

"No," he answered: "I'm not going. I was at six o'clock, and that's enough."

"Yes, but it's Palm-Sunday," she said, with a little sigh; "and I thought—"

"Don't say it!—don't say it!" her husband answered, sharply. "Be off with you now, or you'll be late." And he returned to his paper.

Closing the door softly, she went on her way, something like compassion stirring in her heart for what she knew to be the pain in his, which no assumption of indifference could hide from the wife who had been his companion for nearly thirty years. She knew also that much of his storm and bluster was but a protest set up against the promptings of his better nature; her faithful heart was filled with hope, and a tremulous smile lit up her face as she stepped briskly in the direction of the church.

After she had gone the old man seemed to lose all interest in the paper. Glancing about the comfortably furnished room, his eye suddenly rested on a crayon picture which hung above the mantel. It was a well-executed portrait of a boy of about

seventeen, with a frank, honest face, and clear, truthful eyes. A pleasant smile hovered about the lips. The old man gazed at the picture for some time, until a suspicious moisture began to gather in his eyes, which he hastily brushed with the back of his hand. Memory was busy in his soul. Twenty-seven years to-day since his boy was born,—the boy whom he now called no son of his. Twenty-seven years to-day—that is, counting by Palm-Sundays—since he had come home from last Mass to find a strong, lusty boy lying by the side of the fair, gentle, pale young mother. How glad and proud he had been! How he had blessed God! And he had playfully put a bit of palm between the tiny fingers, saying, "Look, Bridget! He holds it, tight and fast. This boy must be a priest." Through the infancy and boyhood of the child this idea had dominated him. He was an illiterate man, a good Christian in his way, but dogged when he had set his mind upon a thing. It must be confessed that it was the honor and glory which would attach to his boy and his own name which formed the underlying motive of his wish that the child should become a priest.

The boy was of better, braver, truer mould than his father; and when he came to adolescence there were no doubts in his mind as to his want of vocation to the priesthood. He had been well taught, and had profited by the teachings of his preceptors. If he could not give his life and strength to the exclusive service of God with all that gift implied, he would not set foot in the sanctuary as the servant of the sanctuary. His mother approved of his decision. She was of broader views than her husband; though only a simple, uneducated woman, she had true and refined instincts, and was a Christian in the fullest sense of the term.

It had been a great blow to Rooney's ambition when Edward had failed him in that upon which he had set his heart so

long. Five years of disappointment had just begun to wear off their bitter edge when his son announced his intention of marrying a young English governess, whom he had met at a musical club of which both were members. For England and the English Alderman Rooney had an intense hatred; and when his son thus drove the iron into his soul, he had cruelly and relentlessly driven him forth. He became a changed man thereafter,—moody, morose, and bitter; refusing to speak to his son, and making the life of his faithful companion at times very miserable. But she had such a sunny nature, and her faith in prayer was so great, that she looked upon his unreasonable conduct as a cross sent by God, which sooner or later would be lifted from his shoulders as well as her own. For she knew him so well that she felt no doubt that he was by far the more unhappy of the two.

The old man sat silently thinking for a long time. Sometimes his face would brighten and assume a gentle, kindly expression; again he would knit his brows and shake his head vehemently from side to side. Once he struck his fist on his knee, and was about to repeat the action when a glance at the picture above him seemed to stay his hand. At this moment the noise of a run-away on the street caused him to spring from his chair. The clatter of the horse's hoofs had died away before he reached the window, but his eyes rested, fascinated, upon a belated couple, on the opposite side of the street, who were apparently hurrying to Mass. Young, happy-looking, handsome, and well dressed they both were; but Alderman Rooney scowled when he saw them, although he did not seem able to divert his gaze. A pang went through his heart as he turned away from the window.

"He was laughing," he said to himself, in a tone in which sadness and bitterness were mingled,—“laughing, and his poor

old father, that did so much for him, deserted and lonely!”

From which it will be seen that the preaching of the Alderman was not consistent with his practice. He resumed his seat by the fireside, leaning back in his chair with half-closed eyes. He was still there when his wife returned from Mass, saying half-apologetically as she opened the door:

"I'm a little late, James, on account of the blessing of the Palms and the long Gospel. But I'll have the dinner ready in no time."

"'Tis all right," he said, listlessly without changing his attitude. "'Tis little we want, the two of us, all alone."

She looked at him, surprised; but he did not look at her. Neither could he see her without turning round; yet he was fully conscious of her action when she stole noiselessly to the mantel, and, standing on tiptoe, placed a bunch of the fresh green cedar, which usually does duty for "palm," between the glass and the frame of their boy's picture. "God love him!" she said softly, turning away with a sigh.

"What's that you're saying, Bridget?" inquired her husband, sharply, from the depths of his capacious chair.

"I said 'God love him!' And I put a bit of blessed palm near Eddie's picture, as I do every Palm-Sunday of my life," she replied, a little defiantly—for her.

"'Tis little he cares for your care, no doubt," said her husband; a strong sense of injury still in his mind, since the incident of the morning.

"Now, then, you are mistaken," replied his wife, and there was a note of indignation in her voice. "I thought not to say a word, for I don't want to vex you again the day. They were both at St. Lawrence's at High Mass, and they waited for me coming out. And says Eddie: 'Mother, we'd bring you home with us to dinner, but for leaving poor father all alone.'"

"'Twas very considerate of him, I must

say," remarked her husband, in a tone meant to be sarcastic, but which ended suddenly in something very like a sob.

"I think it was," said his wife briefly, trying in vain to get a glimpse of the face which would not turn toward her.

"And what then?" asked Mr. Rooney, after a pause which indicated she meant to say nothing further.

"That's all. They went in to say a word to Father Brown, and I came along home," said his wife, as she passed into the kitchen, shutting the door between the two rooms.

As it closed behind her the Alderman hurriedly left his chair, taking up his station at an angle of the bay-window from which he could look a long way down the street. As he stood there, nervously twirling his thumbs round and round each other, his breath coming in short, quick puffs, his face crimson, the perspiration gathering on his forehead, he was fighting the hardest battle of his life. Poor man! though severe, the fight was fortunately not prolonged. Suddenly darting across the room, he flung open the kitchen door and called out to his astonished wife; who, in afterward describing the situation, pronounced it the "weakest and the joyfulest moment" of her life:

"O Bridget! Bridget, I say! They're coming down the street now—Eddie and the wife—at a lively pace. Run out, my woman,—run and ask them in to dinner; while I go upstairs to brush my hair and settle my collar."

Christ's Silence.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

THY words are my soul's wine,
Thy every act with mystic meaning
 seems,
Thy miracles surpass the angels' dreams,
Yet more sublime Thy sacred silence seems,
Thick-starr'd with thoughts divine.

Bach and the "Passions-Musik."

THROUGHOUT the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we often hear of mystery or miracle plays, intended as object-lessons to members of the Christian Church. Men and women at that time possessed childlike faith, so they were pleased and instructed by these dramatic representations, in which the characters were drawn from the Bible. The virtues and vices, too, were personified. Usually these plays were given out-of-doors,—sometimes in the streets or pleasant fields, often in boats upon the water. The highest ecclesiastical dignitaries were always willing to assume a part, and never felt their self-respect endangered by so doing. We, who think ourselves so much wiser, would perhaps laugh if we were to see such performances; nevertheless, they rendered an important service at the time.

It was the great St. Philip Neri who introduced the oratorio to a waiting world. He was the founder of the Oratorians, and his musical miracle-play was performed in an oratory; hence its name. The oratorio differed from the miracle-play proper, being sung instead of spoken, and having a concealed orchestra. Then came another form of the oratorio—the Passion music, which was just the play of the Passion set to harmonies, and was the connecting link between the oratorio of St. Philip Neri and the one of which Handel became the father.

Johann Sebastian Bach was to the Passion music what Handel was to the great oratorios. The Bach family was so very musical that at one time as many as thirty members of it were holding posts as organists in Germany; but the greatest of them all was Johann Sebastian. Like so many other musicians, however, he was intended by his family for a different avocation, and had to acquire his education largely by stealth. After conquering

many difficulties, he found a position as organist in the Lutheran church at Arnstadt, where the congregation joined in the chorales, he played so well that they listened instead of singing, much to the scandal of the straitlaced.

The number of Bach's compositions is something marvellous, yet he will always be best known by his Passion music, or "Passions-Musik." Although he wrote five of these works, but two now remain: the one According to St. John, the other According to St. Matthew. There has never been a more suitable musical setting for the great tragedy of Calvary, and to hear the Passion music of Bach fitly rendered during Holy Week is one of the events of a lifetime. On the score of all his religious works was always written S. D. G.,—*Soli Deo gloria*.

We have not the number of little anecdotes concerning Bach which come to mind at the mention of the name of Handel or Beethoven or Mozart. His life flowed on peacefully as one of his own *andantes*. The fact that his greatest music was not appreciated during his life did not disturb him. Like Handel, he became blind toward the last; and when he died his fellow-citizens had no idea that one of the greatest men of earth had been living among them. And it is not known exactly where he sleeps his last sleep.

We may say with King Frederic of the man who has caused a world to weep by the beautiful music of the Passion of our Blessed Lord: "There is only one Bach."

HE that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance: the truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You can not in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been insincere.—*Anon.*

A Work of Paramount Importance.

WE are all the more pleased to publish the following communication because, in calling attention to a work which should be in the front rank of Catholic charities, it has a good word for a much-abused Protestant philanthropist. The writer is the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, secretary of the Southwark Catholic Emigration Society. It will be seen that the spirit in which he labors is as admirable as his zeal for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the strayed lambs of Christ's flock in London. We have taken the liberty to emphasize one or two sentences which hold a thought many times expressed in these pages:

ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL,
Southwark, London, England
March 1, 1896.

SIR:—In a recent issue of THE AVE MARIA I saw a notice with reference to a work with which I am connected—viz., the establishment, in conjunction with the Rev. E. St. John, of a Home Farm in Manitoba for the reception and training into skilled farm laborers of the *elder* boys—I should say, perhaps young men—brought by the Diocesan Society to the Province (no children come farther West than Quebec or Ontario, and are dealt with in a different way). I am sure you will permit me to correct two matters in which your report is unintentionally misleading, and to make one or two observations upon the work of Dr. Barnardo to which you refer.

In the first place, it is Father St. John, and not I, who has planned and who is carrying out this project; my connection with the matter is to assist in any way I can. Secondly, we do not bring, and we do not propose to bring, to Canada any "waifs and strays." The children brought to the more Eastern townships and the lads to come to Manitoba are such as would probably have become "waifs and strays" after leaving our Catholic institutions in which up to the time of their emigration the most part of their childhood has been spent. The people of Canada object very properly to the immigration of "waifs and strays" in the sense in which these words are usually taken. They can have, and they in fact do have, no objection to the introduction of young people who are not waifs and strays off the streets, who are of good character and in sound health; and it is *only* these we bring. I hope any of the Canadian press which may have reproduced your words will kindly reproduce these.

I regret that you, in common with many Catholic editors, think Dr. Barnardo and his work worthy

only of unfriendly remark. Well, I have watched Dr. Barnardo and his labors for now twenty years, and I have a profound admiration for the splendid work he has done and is doing for the *Protestant* children who come beneath his care. I deeply regret that he is very bigoted,—very glad to get any of our children into his hands to bring up Protestants; and that he will never, unless forced by a court of law, give up a Catholic child he has once taken into his charge. I deeply regret that he has any of our Catholic children. But, I said it publicly ten years ago and I say it again to-day, Dr. Barnardo does not take these children from "*our care*"; he takes them from "*our neglect*"! In common fairness, let it be remembered that he has in writing distinctly offered to hand on every destitute Catholic boy and girl to us; but though several of the bishops—mine among the rest—are making superhuman exertions to deal with such children, the support which they receive from the Catholic body in England is not enough to meet even the urgent necessity. We practically say to Dr. Barnardo: "We will deal with as many as we can; those we can not deal with must do the best (or the worst) they can, but don't you touch them. You would only make matters worse; because, in addition to the moral injury they already suffer, you would rob them of their faith." What wonder if Dr. Barnardo, not a Catholic—in fact, very anti-Catholic,—should say: "Stand aside! I will take these children if you won't or can't or don't"?

I have ever said, I say it still, *we ought to put the stoppage of this leakage in the very front of every other work. The soul of one of these "little ones" stretching out his hands to us in vain is far more precious in the eyes of our Heavenly Father than would be the grandest temple of marble we could build.* The Bishop of Southwark is doing his very utmost to deal with every case that comes within his notice in this mighty London, never asking whether the case belongs to his diocese or no; and if means were but put at his command he would be able to say to Dr. Barnardo: "Send me every destitute Catholic child or youth. I will and can take all." In the meanwhile we have, in addition to the two thousand boys and girls in the institutions of this diocese, an ever-open door for a *limited* number of "waifs and strays,"—one hundred.

The links which bind us together of one religion, one language, and of one race, may move the hearts of some of your readers, and may urge them to stretch out their hands across the sea and help to take away this reproach from us.

I would say, in conclusion, Father St. John and myself received when in Canada the most courteous and kindly treatment from Mr. Owen, the director of Dr. Barnardo's Canadian work. We were introduced by him to Mr. Struthers, the manager of Dr. Barnardo's farm at Russel in Manitoba; and the information and the kindly advice and encouragement we received from these gentlemen will be of great value to us.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.

Notes and Remarks.

Dr. J. M. Rice is a friend of the public schools; and this is why he laid bare, with a frankness which won admiration even when its sting was sharpest, the deplorable weakness and inefficiency of our public school system. He now announces a fuller study of the same subject, in which he will show that, "unless the school system be reformed, there is certain trouble in store for the country." It happens opportunely for Dr. Rice that his position has just been reinforced by some very strong testimony. A recent writer in one of the leading reviews stated that, "notwithstanding the public schools, the country people are growing more ignorant generation by generation." And Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, lumps the newspaper and the public schools in common condemnation, adding that "ignorance has increased and is increasing among us." Handicapped as they are, our parish schools are vastly beyond such truculent criticism as this.

Though the Pope's encyclical on Pontifical Primacy is ready for publication, it will not be given to the world just at present. Leo XIII. sometimes holds back important documents for months, awaiting the propitious moment for their promulgation. The state of the public mind in Italy, and indeed throughout the world, at present is not such as would ensure for this encyclical the serious consideration of which the Sovereign Pontiff considers it eminently worthy. He awaits a less agitated moment.

It is lack of insight, we think, rather than lack of sympathy which leads a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly* into so many misstatements regarding "The Irish in American Life." That he can do full justice, however, when he sees his way clearly is proved by this paragraph:

It is impossible, in a brief examination like this, adequately to describe what the Irish have contributed to American life. I should like, for example, to dwell upon their services in the civil war, which, as the world knows, were many and great. I should like also to dwell upon the Irish priests in America,

It may be doubted if there ever was a more zealous, faithful, and efficient clergy; and whenever the occasion has arisen, as when an epidemic of yellow fever raged some years ago in the South, they have shown the courage of soldiers as well as the fidelity of priests. We hear little about them; and so it may be said of the social and moral forces which go to the building of national character,—they are not always apparent. We may be sure that the fine qualities of the Irish peasantry will not be lost in that American type which we hope to see produced, when the present ferment of society has had time to subside. If we wanted an example of generosity, where should we look for it if not among the Irish in America? Day laborers and servant-girls have given millions of dollars to help their relatives and friends in the old country; and in addition to this enormous drain, the Irish, out of their poverty, have built churches, cathedrals, schools and convents. If illustrations were sought of the essential qualities of womanhood—gentleness, self-devotion, and chastity,—the latest emigrant ship from Ireland would supply them in abundance. When we want men with stout hearts and cheerful tempers—tempers which make light of danger and discomfort,—we are apt to look for them among the Irish. It is a common complaint of people who would never face a fire or a mob that there are too many Irishmen in our fire and police departments.

Many of Mr. Merwin's criticisms, it must be said, are petty and others utterly misjudged; but it is good "to see ourself as ithers see us," even if the picture is a little distorted.

This House desires to assure her Majesty's government and the people of the United Kingdom of its unalterable loyalty and devotion to the British Throne and constitution; and of its conviction that, should occasion unhappily arise, in no other part of the empire than the Dominion of Canada would more substantial sacrifices attest the determination of her Majesty's subjects to maintain unimpaired the integrity and inviolate the honor of her Majesty's empire; and this House reiterates the oft-expressed desire of the people of Canada to maintain the most friendly relations with their kinsmen of the United States.

As misrepresentation of the sentiments of any people is essentially an unworthy proceeding, and as public men and leading journals in this country have repeatedly declared that there exists among Canadians a strong and a growing desire for annexation to these United States, we deem it only fair to quote the foregoing resolution proposed recently in the Canadian Parliament, and warmly supported by Conservatives, Liberals, Tories and Grits, and passed unanimously.

If Congress is the mouthpiece of Americans, so is the Federal Parliament at Ottawa that of Canadians; and the speeches made in support of this resolution of loyalty to England have convinced us that, however desirable a step for Canada we may consider annexation, Canadians are emphatically against taking that step. Exercising their undoubted right to choose for themselves between England and the United States, the people of the Dominion have spoken in favor of England. Of course we must hold that they are mistaking their best interests; but there can be no question as to the fact that annexation is not an issue of practical politics in the neighboring Dominion.

Unfortunate as it was, the publication of Mr. Purcell's "attempt on the life of Manning," as it has been happily called, is not an unmixed evil. There could be no stronger vindication of the fine unselfishness and the mental and moral greatness of the lamented Cardinal than the prompt and almost universal repudiation with which Mr. Purcell's caricature has been received. It is understating the truth to say that no book since Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle" has been half so cordially condemned by the leaders of English thought; and edifying anecdotes of Cardinal Manning have showered upon the press. One utterance of his, recorded by his poet-friend, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, is especially worthy of remembrance: "A child's needless tear is a blood-spot on the earth."

Whatever Robert G. Ingersoll may be abroad, he is evidently not a prophet in his own town. He hails, we believe, from Peoria, Ill.; and *The Journal* of that city published a scathing review of his recent lecture on "The Historic Christ." It accuses him of "bigotry and intolerance"—favorite words with Bob,—and of the greatest presumption in lecturing on subjects of which his knowledge is necessarily very limited. "To detect a mathematical flaw in a problem," writes *The Journal*, "the average mortal must be somewhat of a mathematician himself. It is the same with all other branches of human

knowledge; and, while Col. Ingersoll may not be aware of it, his theory is not likely to go very far among educated men, in view of the well-known fact that its author knows as little of theology as he does of the Bible in the original tongues, and not enough of either to save him from the inconsistency of the hod-carrier who should start out to criticise principles in law, or the gardener who would set himself up above all men as an infallible judge of practical navigation." It is evident that the genial Bob is not as formidable as he used to be.

In the Catholic church at Tottenham, London, the seats are free. Voluntary subscriptions and the ordinary collections are counted upon to defray the necessary expenses. It is to be hoped that the system may prove successful, for the actual plan of paying an admission fee at the entrance of the church leads to great abuses. One church is instanced whose fine organ and gifted organist draw every Sunday large crowds, among whom are many Protestants. The result is that a regular "tail" is formed, just as is the case before a theatre when a popular drama is being presented. Another similarity to theatrical methods is the variation in the price of seats according to location. We cordially hope that such methods may soon be eliminated from the practice of Catholic church managers, everywhere.

Sir William Dawson is a Protestant of the Protestants. He himself was a teacher in the common schools, and served for a period as superintendent of education in Nova Scotia. His longer service was at the head of McGill University, and his position in the world of science has given him the distinction he enjoys. But through all his later life Dr. Dawson has continued to pay great attention to the subject of the common school, so that what he now says on that subject will be regarded by many as having high authority. Writing recently to Sir Charles Tupper anent the Manitoba question, he says:

The experience of the older provinces proves that there are really no practical difficulties in securing the educational rights of minorities, whether Catholic or Protestant. In so far as the schools are

supported by fees or local rates, the minority has a right to the benefit of what it pays. In so far as legislative aids are concerned, it has a right to a share in proportion to the population; subject only to the condition that the money shall be expended according to the law, and for the purpose for which it was granted. This can be secured by the same inspection to which all public schools are liable. In the larger centres of population, and where the two creeds are approximately equal, there is no difficulty; and where either party is, locally, in a small minority, and too weak to sustain an efficient school, it should have the power to combine the children of several districts, and, if necessary, to provide means of conveyance for the more distant children. Where even this will not avail, under proper limitations, short time schools and temporary schools may be provided; and such specially weak communities may be aided by a small allowance to poor districts, as provided in other provinces. Even where there are isolated families, for whom neither of the above means are available, experience has proved that there is usually sufficient neighborly feeling to enable the commissioners of such schools to make some special arrangements for the children of such families.

In all that constitutes the essence of martyrdom for the faith, the Irish clergy and people during the penal days were practically a nation of martyrs, and the world has long since accorded them the glory that pertains to such a record. Still, it is always a pleasure to have the Church's authoritative *dictum* as to the pre-eminent sanctity of individuals, and hence we can sympathize with the sentiments of the Bishop of Cork. "With feelings of heartfelt joy," he writes to his flock, "we announce to you that it has pleased his Holiness Leo XIII. to confirm by his apostolic authority the veneration that has been paid since the close of the fifteenth century to the servant of God, Thaddeus McCarthy, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne. Henceforth he will be revered by us with the title of Blessed. His feast will be celebrated in the diocese each year throughout all future time, and Mass will be offered in his honor."

There seems to be only too much reason to credit the report that a number of the Luciferians of Paris (and possibly of other cities as well) make it a practice to approach the Communion rail of Catholic churches and receive the Sacred Host for the infamous purpose of preserving It for the most horrible

profanation in their subsequent assemblies. No more potent incentive to increased love and devotion on the part of all genuine Catholics to the Sacred Heart of Jesus could well be imagined than the knowledge that purely diabolical practices exist. The sacrilegious Communion of hypocritical Catholics who receive the Body and Blood of Our Lord in the conscious state of mortal sin are terrible crimes to think of; but the horrors of this Luciferian system of outrage are peculiarly calculated to inflame even the most lukewarm lover of the Eucharistic God with an ardent desire to effect as large a measure of reparation as lies in his personal power. Here is a thought for the Easter Communion.

It is pleasant to read in the recently published autobiography of John Sherman that the general habit of drinking spirits is far less common now than during the years of his boyhood. We are the more gratified at this blessed change when we read Mr. Sherman's declaration: "Of the young men who were my contemporaries a very large proportion became habitual drunkards and died prematurely." The venerable statesman records that he himself was saved from a career of dissipation by the patient love of his mother. "On one occasion," he says, "I went home very sick from drinking. My mother received me with much surprise and sorrow; but neither complained nor scolded, and with the utmost kindness put me to bed, and watched over and cared for me. I was not stupid enough to be unconscious of my degradation and of her affection, and then and there resolved never to be in such a condition again." Senator Sherman proved his manhood by keeping his resolution, and has lived to enjoy a distinguished career. This incident is well worth recording.

A few months ago the Mayor of Rocoules, in the Upper-Loire district of France, received from the Minister of Public Instruction a box of books destined to form the nucleus of a popular library. The Mayor examined some of the volumes; and, finding them objectionable on the score of morals, failed to distribute them. A petition, got up by a prominent

anti-Catholic, demanded the circulation of the books. The Mayor disregarded the petition. The Prefect insisted, in his turn, on the Mayor's executing the orders he had received. The Mayor replied that his conscience forbade him to demoralize his commune by the spreading of bad literature. Again the Prefect wrote renewing his orders, and he has received word from the vigorous Mayor that before he distributes such works he will burn them himself in the public square of Rocoules. At last accounts the sturdy Christian official was master of the situation.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Michael Robinson, C. S. C., who died suddenly on the 17th inst.; and the Rev. Charles Young, S. J., deceased some time ago at Tullabeg, Ireland.

Sister M. Celestine, of the Order of the Visitation; Sisters M. Sylvina and M. Eugenius, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister Anatole, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. Joseph Wright, of Vancouver, B. C., who departed this life on the 5th inst.

Mr. George Williamson, whose death took place recently in New York city.

Miss Emma A. Clarke, of Paducah, Ky., whose life closed peacefully on the 13th inst.

Miss Jane Carroll, who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 6th inst., in Washington, D. C.

Miss Agnes R. O'Brien, of New York, who yielded her soul to God on the 10th inst.

Dr. Edward E. Madden and Mrs. Agnes Howard, New Haven, Conn.; Mr. Michael Skelly, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Mullen, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Ellen McMahon, Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.; Miss Sarah Morohan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. Nicholas W. Walsh, Mr. J. Madigan, and Mr. James McAleese, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Mullay, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Joseph Kampen and Mr. D. Flemming, New Orleans, La.; Mr. James McNally, Loretta Danderline, and Loretta Hannigan, New York city; Mr. Michael O'Brien and Mrs. Ellen Carney, Johnstown, Pa.; Timothy O'Grady, Derrynane, Ireland; Mr. James Slavin, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Nicholas Coss, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. Catherine Wharton, Co. Carlow, Ireland; Mr. Joseph O'Connell, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Hugh McEntegart, Knockbridge, Ireland; and Mrs. Catherine Sampson, Trenton, N. J.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Queen of Sorrows.

THE sunlight breaking on the dew,
The starlight on the sea,
The rain against the arching blue,
Awaken thoughts of thee.
For as to honor thy bruised Heart—
Thy Mother-Heart in heaven—
A myriad mimic rainbows start,
Revealing colors seven.

The wind among the swaying trees,
The river's murmur low,
The song of birds upon the breeze,
And music's rhythmic flow,—
All bid us think of thy bruised Heart—
Thy Mother-Heart in heaven,—
Whose chords, like subtle harmonies,
For notes hath dolours seven.

When I was a Little Girl.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

XIII.—AN EXCITING VISIT.—MY FIRST COMMUNION.

UNREASONABLE and cruel as is the present agitation against Catholics, it had its counterpart in the infamous proceedings of the Know-Nothings—a society almost identical with the present A. P. A., which for three or four years, in the early Fifties, strove by every means in its power to spread the flames of hatred and discord.

One day, in the early spring of 18—, the Mother Superior received a note,

saying that at eleven o'clock that morning a committee of "gentlemen" would wait upon her with the intention of examining the convent, in order to satisfy themselves whether the stories of dungeons, etc., were true or false. Some of the Sisters were much alarmed, not so the Superior: she awaited their arrival with composure, and when they made their appearance received them with a quiet dignity which should have commanded their respect.

Throwing open the doors of the various apartments, she invited them to enter. From parlor to refectory, from refectory to kitchen, she led them; then upstairs to the school-rooms, music-rooms, and studio. The scholars, in a great state of excitement, not unmingled with indignation, were kept well in order by their respective teachers. I remember that as they stood surveying our school-room one of the party turned to Mother L. and said:

"I understand that you have some pupils who are not Catholics, Madam."

"More than half our pupils are Protestants," she rejoined, with great suavity.

"Tut! tut! tut!" he answered, with that click of the tongue against the teeth so expressive of disapprobation.

At this the girls burst into a giggle, I think with great unanimity. Sister Regina, our teacher, raised a warning finger, which proved effective.

Having made the tour of the school-rooms, Mother L. prepared to descend to the lower floor, when the leader of the committee, pointing to two closed doors on the other side of the corridor, turned with his companions toward them, saying:

"Madam, we have not visited those rooms."

"Sir," replied the Superior, "they are the sleeping-rooms of the pupils and Sisters. Of course you would not wish, as gentlemen, to enter them."

A little discomfited, they followed her; but when they reached the ground-floor the spokesman asked:

"Is this all?"

"All, sir," answered the Superior.

"But we have not been permitted to examine the closets or secret rooms," said one of the visitors, advancing as he spoke to the door of a closet under the stairs, which contained umbrellas and overshoes. "Have I your permission to open this?" he inquired.

"No, sir, you have not," was the reply. "It contains articles belonging to the community."

"Then I will do so without it," he said, the others eagerly crowding about him.

Mother L. was silent. He opened the door. The closet was deep, extending far under the stairway; it was also very dark.

"Now we are in for it!" said one of the group, producing a match and a candle-end from his pocket. "I provided for this," he continued, lighting the candle.

Although hardly credible, it is yet a fact that these half-dozen men almost precipitated themselves upon one another in their eagerness to explore the *dungeon* that yawned before them. Their exit was more speedy and inglorious than their entrance, but the defeat had excited the ire of the leader.

"Madam," he said, "I insist on being taken to the cellar."

"There is nothing there but coal and potatoes," was the reply; "and we do not usually show our winter supplies to visitors."

"We are not ordinary visitors, be pleased to understand," said the rude fellow. "We are here in the interests of decency and for the good of society. We have the

same right to examine every nook and corner of this house that we would have in visiting any other public institution."

So saying he made a step in the direction of the cellar door, which stood ajar at the end of the short corridor leading from the hall.

"Sir," exclaimed Mother L., promptly intercepting his further progress, "this is not a public institution, but a private academy! You came without invitation, but have been treated courteously; you came without authority or warrant, yet you were not denied admission. But if you or your companions set foot one step farther than it has been my pleasure to show you, I will invoke the authority of the courts, with the warrant of the law; and you will, perhaps, find reason to regret the day you sought to wreak a petty spite, and insult with your impertinence a few defenceless women. Go, sirs, at once, without further ado!"

Without another word they went; and stood not upon the order of their departure, but shambled through the door held open for them by the portress, each hurrying to reach it first.

These details were not known to me at the time; but in after years, when reading the annals of the house, I became familiar with them.

One more incident connected with the episode may be amusing to my readers. The feet of these unwelcome visitors had no more than passed the threshold of our school-room, which was nearest the stairway, than, with a sudden impulse which she could not resist, a Protestant girl, the daughter of a judge well known in the history of his State, began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." With one accord we joined in the grand, patriotic strain; and it was with the chorus of our favorite national song ringing in their ears that the discomfited patriots (?) shook the contamination of the "Popish nunnery" from their garments.

When the Bishop heard of the incident he was somewhat alarmed, fearful of the consequences. But he needed not to have been: no more was heard of visiting committees at the Academy of Our Lady. There were three days, some weeks later, when the school was closed, as the streets were filled with excited groups of Know-Nothings who threatened to burn all Catholic institutions. But law and order finally prevailed; and the heroism of good Mother L. becoming known, the fact ensured her many new friends. There were hundreds, not only among Catholics but the foremost Protestants in the town, who, had occasion offered, would have defended the convent and its inmates at the risk of their lives. Indeed they made numerous offers of the kind.

It has often been said, and I think truly, that the occasion of First Communion is the turning-point of one's life. It is the demarcating line between childhood and the dawn of youth, giving a new seriousness to the soul of every thoughtful child, and impressing, with a character that is ineffaceable, even the hearts of the most thoughtless. I was between eleven and twelve when, with about thirty of my companions, I received the welcome news that I was numbered among the favored ones who, on the third Sunday after Easter, were to be allowed to approach for the first time the sacred Banquet of the Lord. I do not know what is customary nowadays, but we made a three months' preparation. All who could conveniently do so were exhorted by their teachers to attend Mass daily, and absence therefrom was the exception. Besides our ordinary catechism lesson with the usual classes, we had an extra one of a couple of pages, which was explained at the instruction for the First Communicants, given after school in the large recreation hall, by dear Sister Borgia, who had a wonderful gift of making the driest lesson entertain-

ing and solidly instructive. This duty she performed for thirty years; she loved it above all others, and they who had the privilege of hearing her are numbered among the thousands.

Every evening a practice was given us for the following day, such as charity in word and thought, humility, obedience, silence, mortification, etc. This served to keep us recollected, and some of us had little books wherein we wrote down the number of times we practised each particular virtue. Sister Borgia strictly enjoined upon us not to show these records to one another; they were held as something almost as sacred as confession.

On Tuesdays and Fridays we had an instruction of an hour from our dear and saintly pastor; Sister Borgia sitting by, smiling and happy at the readiness with which we answered his sometimes puzzling questions. These puzzlers, by the way, were not scattered broadcast, but selected with careful discrimination to be solved by the Solons of the grave assembly. What beautiful stories he told us at the end of each discourse! How pointed his every moral! How solid and reasonable his counsels! What joy to the one who happened to be sitting near the door when he arose to take his departure! She it was who opened it for him, eager yet shy, receiving as he passed a bright smile, sometimes a pat on the head, and always a gentle "God bless you!"

On Fridays we made the Way of the Cross in the chapel, with Sister Borgia at our head, reading the prayers more fervently than I have ever heard them elsewhere. We followed our Saviour through every step of His dolorous Passion, with tearful eyes and souls dissolved in pity and compunction; we heard the strokes, the jeers, the dreadful sentence; we compassionated Him in our innocent, tender hearts as He toiled up Calvary. And when the Stations were over, we repaired to our homes filled with a spirit of recollection

and devotion that lingered with us long.

During these months of preparation the frivolous became serious, the slothful industrious, the chatterers silent, the indifferent pious; while all the school kept sharp watch and ward on the behavior of the "First Communion girls."

During the last three days of retreat we seemed to pass out of the world of our companions, to whom we were forbidden to speak during the time. As we walked to and from the chapel, with eyes cast down and looks averted, the ring of their merry voices sounded very far away, though separated from us only by a slight wooden paling. Those days of retreat were not a season of gloom, nor did the routine of exercises tire us in the least. All were required to bring some needle-work, to occupy our hands during the spiritual readings which were held between the short, interesting and most instructive sermons of our devoted pastor. This served to relieve the mind from too long and serious a tension. And, oh, what joy it was, after the last confession, to come forth absolved, our hearts full of good resolutions, our souls white as snow! Our very bodies seemed to assume a lightness and buoyancy unknown before.

Very little thought was given by us in those days as to what we should wear on the eventful morning. That was one thing strenuously insisted upon at the beginning by our good instructress. Our mothers would see to it, she would say, that we were simply and becomingly dressed in a manner befitting the great occasion we were to celebrate. Among us there were no discussions as to the respective beauties of this or that style of gown; no disputes relative to the superiority of "China silk" over "nun's veiling," or "India muslin" as compared with "dotted Swiss." Fanny did not announce in important tones that her dress was to be trimmed with "yards and

yards of *chiffon*"; nor Addie chime in triumphantly that hers would be adorned with "real *Valençiennes*, which is ever so much more expensive." Neither did the expectants go about for two or three days beforehand with hair in curl-papers, or tightly braided in multifarious small plaits, suggestive of the little darkies of *ante bellum* times, to become a glory of curls and crimps when the morning of the Day of days should usher them to the Sacred Feast.

We were very simple children, conspicuous only by the excessive simplicity of our attire, which consisted of a plain but neatly-fitting muslin gown; hair brushed back and tied with white ribbon; the filmy veils that partially concealed our faces gave a nun-like appearance, which softened the homeliest and rendered still more beautiful the loveliest face. Well and wisely had the good Sisters decreed that there should be no departure from this simplicity of attire. All our thoughts were directed solely to the great act we were to perform.

Oh, the happiness of that long-looked-for morning, when, surrounded by our parents and teachers, we knelt in the beautifully decorated chapel to receive the Bread of Life, which, in the fervor and innocence of our young hearts, we resolved was henceforward and forever to be the sweet and constant nourishment of our souls! Those were blessed tears—the purest tears, the holiest of our lives—that bedewed our cheeks. That was a bliss incomparable this side of heaven which permeated every fibre of our being, as for the first time the Eternal Love became one with us, stooping to dwell within the breasts so long making ready to receive Him.

All joys may pass from us, all other memories fade, but the joy and the memory of First Communion Day endure forever.

King Finvarra and the Queen o' Wishes.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

IV.

Within two minutes after the first attack the doctors had me at the gate of the asylum. I was lifted into an open carriage, which was drawn by ropes in the hands of young men. First I went to my hotel and got the Trevi water, then we hurried across the Karls-Brücke and up the Hradschin. A new difficulty arose as we went up the steep street toward the palace. The entire hill was covered with troops, ready to fire upon the mob. The garrison had been brought there, as the rumor had spread that a revolution had broken out.

Field Marshal Nazdar rode down with his staff and called upon my escort to halt. We all shouted "Long live the Emperor!" Then Nazdar knew there was no revolution. He came to my carriage, and I explained what I intended to do. He grew interested at once, and commanded the troops to let us pass. On we went, amidst enthusiastic cries: "Long live the Emperor!" The soldiers caught up the cheering, and the uproar became terrific.

I was hurried to the imperial bed-chamber. There lay the old man, haggard and very weak. As we entered he asked feebly:

"What means this shouting?"

"Sire," I answered, "your people are cheering for you because I have come to save you."

The sick monarch sat up in bed, and a smile of hope suddenly brightened his face. All the kittens mewed together as they were shaken, and I could hear them distinctly.

I poured out a glassful of the water. "This liquid will at once restore you to health," I said, as I drank the glassful to show that it was not poisonous. "If you r

Imperial Majesty mistrusts me, I will have the University chemists analyze the liquid," I remarked.

"I trust you. Give me the drug!" said the Emperor quickly. I refilled the glass and held it to his trembling lips. He eagerly swallowed the water.

The kittens at once began to raise a row; they caterwauled and spat. Another sip. The meowing grew hideous.

"Quick!" gasped the Emperor. "They are giving me an awful heartburn!"

A third sip, a fourth,—then flames burst from the imperial mouth, and out leaped four black kittens, their backs arched, their tails like helmet plumes, their eyes like search-lights on a man-of-war. They rushed toward the fireplace, and up the chimney they fled in fire and smoke with the roar of a cyclone.

The Emperor fell back in a swoon. Within a few moments he regained consciousness. He said: "I wonder if the old cats came up too?"

"Cats!" I exclaimed. "What does your Majesty mean?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" he answered. "I must have been raving. Why, I really thought I had kittens in my stomach. How absurd!"

"Yes," I commented; "the imagination in illness makes strange images."

He drank some milk and immediately fell asleep.

Word was passed down to the people that the Emperor was saved, and the outburst of cheering was sublime. The cathedral bells boomed; the artillerymen took out the shot from the guns, and a royal salute thundered out upon the trembling air. I ran to a balcony to stop the noise, and the ovation I received almost deafened me. I held up my hand, but they cheered the louder. Then I put my finger on my lips, closed my eyes, and pointed toward the Emperor's room. They understood, and silence fell upon the multitude.

The next day the Emperor was able to leave his bed. He sent for me, and after very hearty thanks he made me Prince of Karlun-Tyn. Princess Fidelmia was present at the audience, and she was most gracious; but I do not remember what she said, because I saw my Wishing Ring upon her finger, and I was plotting even then for its recovery.

When the Emperor made me Prince of Karlun-Tyn, or Karlstein, I received nothing but a title. The Castle of Karlstein was formerly a famous palace of the Bohemian monarchs, but it is at present half in ruins. It is, however, even to-day the most interesting castle in Bohemia. The Emperor Charles IV. built it about the middle of the fourteenth century as a fortress wherein might be kept the Bohemian regalia. The castle is perched upon the top of a conical hill, about a thousand feet high, not far from the River Beraun, in the beautiful Bohemian land about fifteen miles from the city of Prague. In the main tower is the *Kreuzkapelle*, which is richly decorated with ancient paintings and roughly-cut precious stones. There the regalia was kept. Within the walls were numerous barracks for knights and men-at-arms.

No woman was ever allowed to remain over night in Karlstein; and after sunset warders patrolled the walls, crying out at intervals, "Keep far from the castle!" One of the Bohemian Queens grew so curious to find out what the men did in the castle at night that one evening she rode up to the main drawbridge in complete armor and asked for shelter. She was admitted. But the next day they discovered that she was a woman, because when she was riding out under the barbican the sentinel heard her ask her squire:

"Is my helmet on straight?"

Of course they could not punish her, because queens in those days were above the laws.

The castle was so built that it could

sustain a very long siege, and for this purpose a wonderful well was sunk through the rock for three hundred feet before water was found. At the opening of the well—which is still used—is a large wooden tread-mill about twenty feet in diameter and four feet in width. Two people get inside the wheel and turn it by walking. They stand in one place and their road moves. The wheel lifts the water-bucket. I thought it necessary to mention this well, because I was obliged to go down into it before I got back my Wishing Ring.

A week after the Emperor had been freed from the enchanted kittens I went to Karlstein to look at the town and castle. I took my big pet African lion, Achilles, with me. Achilles was indeed a noble fellow. His mane was jet-black and his fell was tawny as the bark of an Austrian pine. A wonderfully powerful animal, too.

The day before I visited Karlstein the Emperor's horse, Al Borak, was standing at the palace entrance waiting for his Majesty, when I came out with Achilles. The lion was following me quietly, minding his own business; but as he passed Al Borak that foolish horse let fly his heels at Achilles. Luckily, the lion was out of reach, but he was insulted. There was one thunderous roar which made the palace windows rattle; Achilles shot up into the air, alighted upon the horse's back, brought the screaming Al Borak to the ground; the terrible jaws shut just back of the horse's ears, and there was no more kicking. The Emperor was in so good-humor that he did not mind the loss of the horse, but I felt myself obliged to replace the dead charger.

When I arrived at Karlstein I found the people greatly excited. A little girl, Marzhenka Pipek, the daughter of the castle-warden, had disappeared. Her father and mother were in a pitiable state. The neighbors had searched every nook in the

hills for miles around, but they came upon no trace of her.

I went to the castle, and got one of the little girl's shoes and showed it to Achilles. He sniffed at it and understood what was required. After a few minutes he found her trail near the castle gate, and he started through the woods. It was late in the afternoon, and I was alone with the lion, because the Bohemians were afraid of the big fellow. We plodded on for three hours over hill and hollow, and I was thoroughly tired, but Achilles never lost the scent. At last we came to a hut in a pine wood as night fell. I told the lion to go back into the shadows, because I did not want to frighten the people who lived in the cabin with the sight of him.

When Achilles had vanished I knocked at the door. An old woman came to the threshold. She was very ugly and fierce-looking, and there was something catlike in her face. The eyes glittered in the faint light, and her voice had a purr in it that was not pleasant. I said: "Madame, did you see a lost child, a little girl, in these woods to-day?" She made no answer, but she beckoned to me to enter the cabin. When I went in there was a peculiar soft yellow light in the room, and I was surprised to see that it came from a large spherical glass globe which was filled with hundreds of glow-worms.

I was startled when I looked at the old woman in this brighter light. Her head was covered with short fur instead of hair, her ears were pointed, and she had long mustaches just like those of Achilles the lion. When she invited me to sit down she showed long yellow teeth that were all pointed like a cat's teeth.

As soon as I took the chair she said, in a peculiar meowing voice: "Yes, I saw the girl this morning; but you can't get her. King Finvarra, who lives just now at the bottom of the Karlstein well, saw her, and he took a fancy to her and carried her off."

I was in despair. The chances of getting Marzhenka were few if that old reprobate Finvarra had her. Just as I heard this bad news there was a scratching at the door as if a big dog were outside. I thought that Achilles had returned, but the old woman said: "Eh, there's my son!" She went to the door and opened it. In stalked an enormous panther. I must confess that my hair stood up till my head looked like a big chestnut burr. I tried to whistle for Achilles, but my lips were too dry. The beast crouched; his eyes began to glow, all his claws were unsheathed, and his lips curled open. But the old woman said something in a language I never heard before, and a moment later the panther stole noiselessly into the back room.

Immediately a very handsome young man came out of the room. I could see that his ears were pointed, but he had no fur on his head. He looked pleasantly at me and said: "May I ask, sir, what your business is?" Then came more scratching at the door. "Pardon me a moment!" exclaimed the young man, quickly. "That is my sister."

He went to the door, and in came another big panther carrying a dead fawn upon its back. This panther darted a glance at me, then it seemed to be pleased. It dropped the fawn upon the floor and leaped into the back room. The next instant a beautiful dark lady came out of the room, and said, as she held out her hand to me: "You are welcome to our house, sir. I owe you a debt of gratitude. You remember how three summers ago you found a panther in the wood back of this mountain with a great thorn in her foot, and that you pulled it out and washed and dressed the wound when you got over your scare at sight of the wild beast? I was that panther."

I never did any such thing, but I did not know what to say. I ejaculated: "Really!" And she said: "Yes."

Then she smiled, and I saw that all her teeth were like needles they were so sharp. I did not like the appearance of this family, and I determined to leave them as soon as possible, and to trust to Achilles to find the path back to Karlstein. I arose to go. Then the old woman spoke to the young lady in that strange language used before, evidently telling her about the lost child, because the Lady-Panther followed me and whispered: "Meet me near the castle to-morrow at dawn, and I will tell you how you may recover the girl. You had better bring a rifle with you."

I bade the strange family good-night and went out into the forest. The moon was then shining brilliantly. I whistled for Achilles, and the lion came trotting out of the underbrush, his great mane all damp with dew. I got upon his back and rode away toward Karlstein. The moonlight sifted down through the trees, and once I saw a party of fairies dancing around a poor old toad that was nearly scared to death, but nothing else happened. I went to the inn and told the people that I had not found the child, but that there was some trace of her, and that I would take up this clew on the next day.

The following morning I went up to the castle, and the Panther-Lady was there, but as a young woman. She took my rifle and told me to hide in a clump of bushes. She got within a hollow oak and began to mimic perfectly the cry of a raven in distress. Presently three great ravens came flapping through the trees, scolding and croaking in alarm. Instantly *crack!* went the rifle, and down tumbled the King Raven. A King Raven has a white feather between his eyes. The Panther-Lady came out and called me. Then she took the dead bird, and with a small knife she removed its heart. She washed the heart in a brook that ran near by. Next she went to a certain bush

growing near the brook and plucked four berries therefrom. I know the bush, but I promised her not to divulge the secret for many wise reasons. She put the berries within the heart. Instantly she disappeared. Then she reappeared like a lantern-slide thrown upon a canvas-screen, and I saw the heart in her right hand. When the heart was in the right hand the possessor was visible. She gave me the heart and said:

"Now, my remarks about the wounded panther were invented. I knew that you are a friend of the Queen o' Wishes; and my mother, who is the greatest witch in Europe, hates her. But I love the Queen, and I would assist you for her sake. Go into the castle immediately and have yourself lowered into the well. Down near the surface of the water you will find a passage running under the mountain. Get into that and make yourself invisible. You must carry no light, because Finvarra may be there; but grope forward until you find the passage blocked by a wooden door. You will find a window in the door; and you can see whether the Fairy King is in the chamber beyond, because it will be lighted. The child will be seated in the steel Chair of Mystery, asleep, in the middle of the chamber. If Finvarra be absent, go into the room. The little girl can not be awakened or even removed from the chair until you say the charm over her which is concealed in the back of the chair. There is a secret door in the back of the chair. Press the eyes of the eagle head upon the chair, and the door will open and disclose a sheet of parchment containing the charm. Read it aloud, and the child will awake, and you can carry her off."

I thanked the Panther-Lady and hurried up to the castle. I got two men to lower me into the well in a large bucket, after I told them that the little girl might be at the bottom thereof.

Half-way down the shaft I found that I

was passing through a large vein of coal. The old well-diggers did not know what a treasure they had in this deposit. Just near the surface of the water I found a passage, about five feet high, running into the mountain. I left my lantern near the opening of this tunnel, and groped inward carefully for nearly a hundred yards before I found the door. There was a small window set in the door; and, after making myself invisible, I looked through the opening. The chamber was lighted dimly by sunlight, which filtered in through a narrow rift in the roof-rock. There sat a little girl asleep in a polished steel chair. I could see no sign of King Finvarra, so I opened the door. I tried to lift the child, but she seemed to be fastened to the chair. Then I pressed the eyes in an eagle's head. I went around to the back of the chair, but no door was opened there. Then I was in a quandary. There was evidently something wrong in my method or in the Panther-Lady's directions. What should I do? If I went back to seek the Lady, the whole day would be used up, and Finvarra might return in the meantime. He would see my footprints on the damp mould in the chamber (I noticed I made footmarks, although I was invisible); and he would grow alarmed and carry off the child.

I tapped upon the thin back of the chair, and it sounded hollow, but it was very strong. Suddenly an inspiration came to me. I ran back to the well as fast as I could in the darkness, and signalled to the men to hoist me out; I went to a photographer in the town and bought his best camera, and I borrowed a Crooke's tube from the principal of the town school. I determined to photograph that charm written on the parchment through the steel door by Professor Roentgen's X rays.

Within an hour the apparatus was prepared. Covered wires were run down the well to carry the electricity from the town. The rift in the rock was closed

with black cloth; the Crooke vacuum-tube was set to work at one side of the chair-back, and a photographer's plate at the other side of the chair, just over Marzhenka's head. After a half hour I took the plate up to the town and developed it. To my delight there came out a faint picture of a set of five words written one above the other thus:

S A T O R
A R E P O
T E N E T
O P E R A
R O T A S

I saw that these senseless Latin words read the same backward or forward, from top to bottom or the reverse, and even crosswise. That must be the charm. I hurried down the well to the chamber. Marzhenka still slept peacefully. I read the words hurriedly, and the little girl opened her eyes. She jumped up and said: "I want my breakfast!"

"You do, do you!" cried a thin voice just behind me.

I turned, and there was King Finvarra on the floor. He was pale with rage. He could not see me, because I had the raven-heart.

"Who has been here? Who made those footmarks?" he fiercely demanded from the little girl.

"I did not see any one, Mr. Doll," she answered timidly.

The old rascal jumped upon the child's shoulder to pinch her black and blue, as fairies do when they are angry.

Then I stooped quickly, caught Finvarra by the legs and turned him upside-down. It is well to know that when a fairy's head is hanging downward he is perfectly harmless. I had a narrow bottle in my pocket. I stuffed his Majesty into that head-foremost, corked the bottle, and put Finvarra I. in my waistcoat pocket.

I carried Marzhenka up and handed her over to her mother. Then I hurried to Prague. I went to my apartments in the hotel and took out Finvarra from my

pocket—but not from the bottle, you may be sure. I loosened the stopper somewhat, and talked firmly to him through the neck of the bottle.

"Now, old fellow," I said, "I'm tired of your nonsense. You must get my Wishing Ring inside of an hour, or I'll seal you and this bottle in a metal case and sink you to the bottom of the Karlstein well."

Finvarra was thoroughly frightened. He whimpered: "Let me out of this bottle and I'll get your ring."

"Well, I think not!" I said. "I don't let people fool me more than once."

"Take me out of this beastly bottle!" he gnarled. "I'll get apoplexy standing here on my head."

"Oh, no!" I answered. "The ring or the well."

"All right," he said. "Take me out, so that I can whistle for George."

I pulled him up, taking care to hold his head downward. He whistled, and George came. The darky's eyes grew bright with amazement when he saw King Finvarra in difficulty.

"Go to Princess Fidelmia's room and bring the Wishing Ring here," said his Majesty to the negro.

I noticed that the old man winked at George, and I suspected treachery. As soon as the negro had disappeared, I stuffed Finvarra into the bottle again and put him in my pocket. Then I took the raven-heart, and I became invisible, with all the clothing upon me and the bottle. It was well I did this. Within a single minute George returned with the ring. I caught him while he was wondering where I was, and I pushed him into an empty ink-bottle, head-downward. Then I put on my Wishing Ring. Instantly my door opened, and in came the old witch whom the Panther-Lady called mother. She was, you remember, a friend of Finvarra. She had a long knife in her hand; and she evidently knew I was in the room, though invisible, because she began to

stab viciously about her. I kept out of her way, and amused myself by hitting her on the head with books and other articles. When I grew tired of her antics, I turned my ring and wished she were a black cat. She turned into a black cat. I then threw her out of the window, and I locked Finvarra and George and their bottles in a safe in the room. I do not know what I shall do with those two fellows, but they are very harmless at present. So my yarn is spun out; and, as an old woman in a far-off land used to say to me at the end of her fairy tales,

"Cucurucù,
Ss' 'o vuo' cchiù bello, t' o dice tu!
Cucurucù,
If you want it better, tell it you!"

(The End.)

The Legend of the Aspen.

There are many references in literature to the "coward tree," but the old French legend about the aspen, called in that language the *tremble*, may be unknown to our young readers.

On the night of Our Lord's Passion all Nature shared in the anguish. The flowers hid their white faces in the earth's heaving breast; the clouds groaned in thunder; the birds shrieked; shrub and tree—all things green and growing tossed as if in mortal pain;—all save a slender poplar, which, motionless as though carved in stone, upreared its silvery head.

An angel speeding back to heaven, beholding that moveless tree among the earth-bowed oaks and rocking pines, cried: "O thou most heartless one! dardest thou alone remain insensible to the universal sorrow? Light penance for thy sin if through all time thou shouldst never more know one instant's repose." And, smiting the aspen's haughty crest, "Tremble, thou cursed one among trees,—yea, and tremble forever!"



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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The Madonna of Easter.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

OUT of Thy splendor, O Thou Easter Sun!
Which gives new life to all God's living things,—

Out of Thy splendor shine
New love, new peace, new meanings,—all
divine

Because the Sun is risen: Holy One,
The just, the merciful, who spilt the Wine,—
The Wine of Blood and Passion for this world!
High in the east Thou risest, and there
sings

The choir of souls that greet Thee;—inter-
twine

Wove harmonies, that shiver light, from lines
Of glittering seraphim, who hurled
Their strength against the strength of
Lucifer.

Out of Thy splendor shines the face of Her,
The Mother of all healing,
The Rose of Easter time,
The Wand of amber and the Box of myrrh;
The one fair Flower that blooms in every
clime,

All lovely tints revealing,—
The Rose of roses that can never fade!
Deep in Thy splendor, speared about by
rays,—

Lucent as crystal are the rays of peace!—
Stands the sweet Mother of the risen Word.

Thou art the spring, O Maid,—
Thou art the spring!

Thou bring'st us beauty to gold all our days;

Thou art the spring, whose joy will never cease
To fill with loving all the changing year.
Less thee God were not man; less thee this
day,

Like days that went before it, might have
passed,
And left no new-born hope upon its way;
Then would our old spring know not any bird,
Or any flower but fading ones of earth.

O splendid Sun, Thou givest us New Spring!
O Lady of the Spring, givest thou this Sun!
Son, Mother, God and man!—all angels sing
Of Him at Easter; and we, unafraid,
Sing with them: "Mother, thou didst give
Him birth!"

The First Easter.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.



THE Place of Skulls was a low
hill outside and slightly above
the middle of the western wall
of Jerusalem, between the Tower
of Psephinus and the Damascus
gate. On that Friday evening in
spring all trace of the eclipse had dis-
appeared. The bare mountains of Judea
were beautiful through a thin wine-colored
haze. You could see a faint, shimmering
light beaten back from the pinnacles of
the Temple on Mount Moriah over against
the eastern wall, and from the pediment
of Pilate's house to the north, and from

the palace of Herod still farther northward on an eminence in the Bezetha Quarter. The west was cloudless. Hills were black there in front of the deep topaz glow of the sky, that blended off into a hint of tender green, like that of new leaves, where the evening-star floated tremulously.

On Golgotha the dank grass and weeds were trampled flat. There were three bare crosses standing there, with blackish-red streaks along them. The place was very still. Presently, in a stunted wild olive just under the brow of the hill, a returned nightingale began to whistle fitfully. The bird flitted through the shadows and alighted upon the right arm of the middle cross. The day burnt out. Then the bird flooded all the lonely hill with delicious melody.

Below the southern slope of Golgotha, toward the city, was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre. A great stone had been rolled up against the door of the tomb. The gnarled olive-trees were dim in the quiet dusk. The moon came up wide and red behind the Temple, and the pinnacles faded to black tracery across its disc. Soon the gate of the garden creaked as it gave inward, and ten Roman soldiers, guided by a young Pharisee, came up to the tomb. The Pharisee felt the seal of the priests upon the stone of the sepulchre; then he went away through the shadows silently. Two soldiers began to patrol the garden; the others wrapped themselves in their cloaks and lay down upon the new grass and slept.

The night passed away, and the Sabbath day dawned in beauty and went onward into the night again. In the garden nothing happened. The guards were relieved at intervals. Through the day they talked of the strange events of Friday,—told stories they had heard of the dead Nazarene; gambled with dice; cursed the Jewish priests who had them detailed for this extra guard-duty. They sat with their

backs against the great stone and sang ribald Roman songs. No lamp burned before that tabernacle.

Saturday night came, and two soldiers again patrolled the garden paths while their comrades slept. At last the sky flared saffron in an instant. "The day cometh!" said one of the sentinels. Soon the outer clouds kindled to vermilion; the world was gray, and a low wind awoke the olive leaves.

Suddenly the earth shook violently and the sleeping soldiers sprang to their feet, clutching up their shields and lances. Lo! an angel of God stood before the stone. His face gleamed as lightning, his raiment white, like a sun-smiten cloud in midsummer. The guards fell as dead men. When they won back their senses they fled in terror.

Then in the dim morning the angel touched the great stone at the door of the sepulchre; the seals snapped, the stone rolled outward. The tomb was empty. Grave-cloths lay there upon the floor, and the napkin that had been about His head was wrapt up and set by itself. He was in Jerusalem with the spoil of Dis in His train, and our dear Lady was glad that morning. She even smiled—for the first time since the terrible day of Simeon's prophecy.

The white angel (I would like to think that it was His Guardian Angel) sat upon the stone and waited, and the sun poured torrents of light through the trees. St. Mark says: "The sun being now risen." Yes, risen, nevermore to set.

Then out of the city gate on the Via Dolorosa came Magdalene, with Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, carrying ointment and spices to anoint again Him they thought dead. Into the garden the women came, and they said one to another: "Who shall roll us back the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" And, looking, they saw the stone rolled back. Magdalene's beautiful,

dark face, haggard with the horror of Good Friday and the sleeplessness, could grow no whiter. She stopped under the olives and cried softly: "They have stolen Him away from me!"

The women hastened to the tomb and entered the low door. There stood two men, strangely noble of countenance, and their eyes were like the eyes of heroes when the trumpets of victory are blaring and the long, fierce roar of cheering armies is thundering steadily. They were raimented in shining apparel, these men—Michael and Gabriel haply,—and they asked:

"Why seek you the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen!"

What did Magdalene care for this wild talk! Risen, forsooth!—she did not even hear the words. She runneth therefore and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith to them: "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him." Then she, dry-eyed, fell upon the floor; and they left her and ran to the sepulchre. Presently her strength came back, and she went out again blindly through the streets toward the tomb. He was not there, but she must take her heart to look again at the place where He had been laid.

The garden is still. The grass is wet, and the young sun slants thereon and lights the dew on the blade-tips to quivering rubies and emeralds. Olive leaves flare from deep green to white in the fragrant breath of spring, already sated with the innumerable rose. A lark rises from the grass with her Easter hymn outwelling, and all the Orient laughs.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

And there was that poor girl tottering up the garden path; and there was no sunlight for her nor breath of blossoms.

She stood without the low door, and the hopelessness of it all and the ending of it all bore in upon her. No good in further love. He was not only dead, but they had stolen His very body away from her heart. So the tears came.

Then she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and she saw two angels in white, sitting one at the head and one at the feet where the body of Jesus had been laid. They say to her: "Woman, why weepest thou?" She saith to them: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." She was not startled: she was listless. What are angels when Christ is absent?

Then she turned, and One stood there she did not know. O Mary, how near He can come and we see Him not! His eyes are no longer sad. That is the strangest fact of all. Remember His eyes will be sad nevermore. That is the reason Mary did not recognize Him, just as much as her lack of faith. His dear face was peaceful as God; and the angels had crept out softly behind the Magdalene, and their eyes were hungering before His beauty. The dew was on His sandals, and glistened about the wounds in His feet that had been weary; and the thorn-wounds were gone from His forehead.

Then He saith to her: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She, thinking that it was the gardener, said to Him gently, not even looking at Him: "Sir, if thou hast taken Him away, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

The two angels were watching His eyes; they knew He was expecting that great leap of her heart which He had waited for from all eternity. Then He saith to her:

"Mary!"

She was quiet then. Her heart stood still. She sank upon the grass, and I almost think His eyes filled when she whispered:

"*Rabboni!*"

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

VIII.

AT five o'clock in the afternoon, their luggage having already been sent ashore under care of Atherton's capable English servant, the two friends shook hands with the genial captain and such of the passengers as had formed their acquaintance, went down the ladder at the ship's side to the boat awaiting them, sprang lightly into it as it tossed up and down on the green waves, and were rowed across the bay to the city lying under the shadow of its superb heights, where their adventure was to be carried out to the final issue of success or failure.

According to his promise, Mr. Hoffman met them at the wharf with a light carriage, such as those foreigners who do business in the Cape but live outside generally use.

"I have sent your man on with your things," he said to Atherton, who glanced around. "Jump in, both of you, and we'll be at my place in fifteen minutes."

Complying with this request, they rattled away in an opposite direction from that which they had taken in the morning, crossed a stone bridge over a dry watercourse, and, driving along a road which followed the shore, with masses of overgrown ruins on its landward side, presently descried before them a red roof showing with picturesque effect above a great mass of greenery, which Mr. Hoffman pointed out as his residence.

It proved to be a very attractive place. The large house, although single-storied and rather slightly built of wood, was an ideal dwelling for tropical purposes, with wide doors opening in every direction to take advantage of every sea or land breeze,

and broad verandas completely encircling it, as it stood in the midst of a garden filled with luxuriant trees, shrubs, and flowers. The rooms in readiness for the newcomers were all that could be desired in cleanliness and neatness; and when they sat down to dinner there was something very suggestive of home to the young Louisianian in the black faces of the servants who waited upon them. Mr. Hoffman apologized for shortcomings on the ground of his wife's absence, but to the two who had feared faring so differently there seemed no need for apology at all.

Dinner over, the host proposed that they should adjourn to the veranda to smoke; and while he and Atherton lighted their cigars, their companion walked away from them to another side of the building, where he paused to contemplate the picture spread before him, with the strangest possible mingling of thoughts and feelings.

It was a picture to rouse many thoughts, apart from its personal significance to himself. The air was perfectly still,—hardly the whisper of a breeze stirred the heavy tropical foliage drooping around the veranda; and the waters of the wide bay seemed sleeping like an inland lake, while the masts and spars of the ships lying at anchor upon it showed like marine etchings in the delicate mingling of starshine and moonshine,—an exquisite radiance in which the hushed waters, the far outlines of shore and mountains, the town gleaming with lights, and the dark, majestic heights above it, were all touched with a mysterious beauty and charm. What memories of the past rushed upon the mind of the gazer as he stood looking out over the tranquil scene!—memories of the great Genoese, for whom no doubt these waters slept as softly and plashed as caressingly as if they had not betrayed him to shipwreck, and whose eyes first gazed upon the enchanting beauty of these

shores; memories of the doomed defenders of Navidad, with the unwritten tragedy of their fate; memories of the buccaneers sailing into this noble harbor with their booty from plundered Spanish galleons, and founding, in piracy and bloodshed, the town which was to be a hundred times washed in blood; memories of colonial wealth and splendor, and of the constantly arriving ships laden with their dark freight of slaves from Africa,—the black cloud which was to whelm in ruin the prosperity it helped for a time to build; memories of the terrible scenes of the insurrection, the continuation beyond seas of the not less terrible scenes of the French Revolution, and of the wave of savagery which had submerged forever this fairest and most fertile spot of all God's earth!

"That seems a nice boy you have with you, Mr. Atherton," Mr. Hoffman had meanwhile remarked, as the slim young figure passed out of sight around a corner of the building.

"He is a very nice boy," Atherton agreed,—*"a descendant, by the bye, of one of the old proprietors of the colonial days. His people owned large estates near here, and he is anxious to visit them—in fact, that is his chief reason for coming ashore at this place. I suppose there will be no difficulty in paying such a visit?"*

"That depends upon how far he wishes to go," the other replied. *"There are parts of the country that are neither agreeable nor safe for foreigners; but if the estates are in the immediate neighborhood of the Cape, he might venture to visit them,—although I should not advise him to mention the fact of his being the descendant of their former owner. The hatred and suspicion of the negroes toward white men are inextinguishable, and would naturally be greater toward the representative of one of their old masters."*

"I should have fancied that a century of independence might have eradicated such feelings," Atherton observed.

"A century of independence has eradicated nothing and improved nothing in the character of this people," was the reply. "In point of fact, the whole truth has never been told to the world in regard to Hayti, else civilized nations would grow ashamed of protecting in a farce of self-government a race of savages as steeped in barbarism as their fellow-countrymen on the west coast of Africa."

"Everything which I have heard and read has led me to the same conclusion," said Atherton; "but, from certain dark hints which are let fall by those who know the country, I fancy the worst is *not* known outside. For instance, what do all these stories about cannibalism amount to? I confess that I have heard them with incredulity."

"Very likely," said the German, dryly. He smoked for a moment in silence. "Most strangers hear them with incredulity," he added; "but there is nothing more certain than that they are true, and that the constant effort of the government is to ignore and hide this crime rather than expose and suppress it."

"But do you, a resident of the country for years, of your own knowledge declare this thing?" Atherton persisted.

"Of my own knowledge!" repeated the other with emphasis. "I have not seen the cannibals at their feasts—if that is what you mean,—but, short of that, I know it as thoroughly as I can know anything,—as thoroughly as everyone else on the island knows it. Why, it is an undenied fact that the police are bound to examine the basket of every peasant who comes in to market, to prevent the smuggling in for sale of human flesh, and that time and again it has been seized. Don't you know that the mysterious disappearance of children, carried off to be sacrificed at their Vaudoux rites, keeps every mother on the island in terror? Look yonder!"—he pointed to the immense mountain overshadowing them, where

midway up its dark side a light gleamed like a star. "That light indicates the dwelling of a Vaudoux *papaloi*, or priest. There, it is well known, the negroes go to celebrate their infernal mysteries, of which the worship of the serpent is chief; but they would tell you that they do not offer human sacrifice. Yet it is only a few years since two white men—one an American, the other a Dominican—witnessed the murder of human victims in that very spot."

"*There!*" said Atherton, gazing in horror-struck fascination at the light which seemed to shine with so baleful a glow out of the deep obscurity surrounding it. "In sight of a sea-port where contact with the outer world might be supposed to produce some glimmer of civilization,—what horrible audacity!"

"No particular audacity was required," replied his host, quietly. "But these facts will give you some idea of how shallow the civilization of Hayti is, and will indicate what I meant when I said that I would not advise your young friend to venture too far into the country in the attempt to visit the former estates of his family. If he disappeared—well, do you know what was said in open court to the jury by the advocate of a negro who had murdered a Frenchman in Port au Prince? '*Après tout, ce n'est qu'un blanc de moins.*'"

"He will not disappear," said Atherton, grimly. "I think I can promise so much. But in going into the country for a few days I shall want a guide. Do you know any one trustworthy whom you could recommend?"

Mr. Hoffman smoked meditatively for a moment before he replied:

"I will speak to one of my servants to-morrow, who may be able to obtain for you what you want. He is an American negro, with a very low opinion of the Haytians, and he may find some Jamaica or Turk's Island negro, of whom there are

a few here, for your service. How soon do you want to start on your expedition?"

"As soon as we can get ready."

"And is your destination only the old estate of which you have spoken?"

"By no means. We wish to see as much of the country as possible,—taking in, of course, the famous palace and citadel of Christophe. There is no difficulty in visiting those places?"

"None at all in visiting the palace, but you will need a permit from the general commanding this department to enable you to enter the citadel."

"I thought it was in ruins?"

"So it is—partially, at least. But, all the same, no foreigner is allowed to enter it without a permit. If you wish to go there—and it is decidedly worth your while to do so,—we will apply for a permit to-morrow."

"By all means, if necessary. How many days are required for the excursion?"

"Not more than two. That is the time usually occupied in going and returning, and seeing the palace and fort."

"I shall take more time. There is no need for haste, and we will visit my friend's family estate *en route*."

"Is it situated near here?"

"It is in the Plaine du Nord. That is near here, is it not?"

"Very near. Passing around that great mountain yonder, you soon enter upon it. It is a magnificent plain, covered with the ruins of old estates; and, if it were in the hands of any other people than these, would be again the wonder of the world for its fertility. Does Mr. de Marsillac know the exact situation of his family place?"

"Exactly enough for all practical purposes. I think we shall be able to locate it without difficulty. I shall also take a camera with me; for I wish to obtain a number of photographs, and I have an idea of doing a little prospecting in the hills. This country should abound in minerals

and yet, I believe, there has never been any attempt to prospect it."

"It has never been in a condition—at least, for a century past—to make prospecting possible, or its results (if any were found) very valuable," said Mr. Hoffman, dryly. "But I don't think that even the Spaniards ever looked here for gold. The mines they worked were all in the Dominican mountains."

"Gold is not the only valuable mineral," said Atherton. "But what I chiefly wish to gratify is a scientific curiosity by finding what the hills do contain. Therefore I shall take with me a geological equipment—hammer, pick, and shovel. I presume there will be no objection to my exploring a little in this manner?"

"There is no telling what these people will do," was the discouraging reply. "I think that if I were going to attempt anything of the kind, I should carefully avoid opposition, by prospecting only in a quiet place and to a limited extent."

"I think I can promise that my prospecting will be to a very limited extent, and in a very quiet place," said Atherton, smiling. "I can obtain the necessary tools here, I suppose?"

"I will obtain them for you. It will excite no attention for me to do so, but a stranger is always an object of attention and suspicion. I must warn you, however, that you will not find any accommodation in the country. You can get a night's lodging at Milot—the village of the palace of Sans Souci,—but I doubt if it will be of a nature to tempt you to remain there longer than one night."

"I shall not even ask for that. I intend taking with me a camping outfit. In expectation of such excursions—for I have come to the West Indies to spend some time,—I have a light tent and several hammocks. My servant is also experienced in camping. He spent last summer with me on a hunting tour in the Rocky Mountains. We will take provisions with us,

and ask no accommodation from the people of the country."

"A very good plan," said Mr. Hoffman, approvingly. "Well, I will do what I can for you; and I hope"—with a rather doubtful accent—"that you may not get into any difficulties. It is necessary to bear in mind that it is very easy to get into difficulties in Hayti."

"I shall bear it in mind," answered Atherton, amused at the evident solicitude of the speaker lest he himself might be involved in the difficulties which he feared for these rash strangers.

The more rash of the two strangers—that one the extent of whose rashness was indeed only gauged by some anxious hearts far away—was still gazing out over the shadow-haunted bay and shores, when a little later Atherton came up and laid a hand on his shoulder.

Now, as more than once before, he was struck by the manner in which the boy shrank from anything like personal contact. He drew the shoulder abruptly away as he turned, with a slight contraction of the brows, to see who had approached him.

"Did I startle you?" Atherton asked, with surprise. "You must have been very much absorbed in your thoughts."

"So I was," the other answered. "For the moment I was at home, thinking of my people and of all that has brought me here upon what seems to you so wild a venture."

"It is beginning to lose its wild character as one comes down to practical details," said Atherton, drawing forward a large bamboo chair and settling himself comfortably. "I have just been discussing these details with our host, and we have pretty well arranged them. I came for you to talk matters over a little further; but just now he is engaged with a visitor, so we'll lounge here and wait his leisure. Meanwhile I'll light another cigar—you

don't smoke, sensible boy!—and you shall tell me something about your people. I fancy that your sisters must be very attractive."

"Why do you think so?" asked the other, with some surprise.

"Don't be too much flattered when I say because I judge of them by yourself. It is impossible not to fancy that the qualities which render you an uncommonly attractive boy must exist in an accentuated degree in them."

"And you are quite right in fancying so," was the reply. "Any attractive qualities that I may possess certainly do exist in a very accentuated degree in my sisters—at least, in one of them. No one could be more attractive than my sister Diane."

"Diane!" repeated Atherton. "What a charming name—Diane de Marsillac! It seems to suggest some court beauty of old France."

"And that is what Diane looks like!" cried the boy, quickly. "Everybody says so; and, in fact, one can see for one's self how much she is like the pictures of the famous beauties of the time of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze. You might think her one of them restored to life,—and there is not one more beautiful than herself."

"Why, you are more enthusiastic than brothers usually are over the charms of a sister," observed Atherton, amused and interested. "She must be very fascinating, this fair Diane."

"She is that above all," was the serious answer. "She fascinates everyone—not a special class, like some women, but *everybody*. Young and old, rich and poor, black and white,—there is not any one who knows her and who does not love Diane. And that," the speaker added, half-unconsciously and in a changed tone, "is her misfortune."

"Why?" inquired Atherton, surprised and yet more interested by the thrill of

emotion which had suddenly come into the expressive voice.

"Because there is a love, if one can call it love, which is more cruel than hate," was the unexpectedly passionate reply,— "a love more to be dreaded than death; for it is more ruthless, more unsparing. This love it has been the fate of my poor Diane to inspire; and she will be sacrificed to it—that is, she will sacrifice herself—unless I—I alone—can save her."

"Pray tell me what you mean," said Atherton, suddenly sitting upright and speaking in a tone of such interest as demanded response.

And the voice, with its thrilling inflections of passion and pathos, told him. Loneliness and the deep human need of sympathy overpowered with the speaker all considerations of prudence; and so, here in the distant Hayti, Atherton heard the story of the home on the Bayou Tèche, and of all that had brought the descendant of Henri de Marsillac to seek the wealth which the latter had striven to save.

Whatever was most sympathetic, most generous, and, it may be added, most chivalrous in the nature of the listener stirred at the recital as he listened; and he said to himself that the whim which had led him to break off his voyage to accompany this lad on his adventure had been well followed.

"I am very glad that you have told me this," he said, presently. "If I was anxious to help you before, I am much more anxious now. With such a motive I do not wonder you have crossed the sea and are ready to encounter any risks to seek what is yours—and theirs. And we will find it,—never fear for that! Your Diane has gained another champion. Time, labor, money,—we will spend them like water, but she shall have her ransom. I pledge myself to that."

Even in the dim light he could see that De Marsillac looked at him with glowing

eyes, and that for the first time, of his own motion, he extended his hand.

"If we succeed or if we fail," he said, in a tone of exceeding sweetness, "I can never thank you more than I thank you now for the aid without which, as I clearly perceive, I could do nothing."

"But, as it is, we will together do everything," answered Atherton, confidently. "And when we have succeeded, you shall reward me for whatever I have accomplished by introducing me to this fair Diane, whose sworn knight I hereby constitute myself."

(To be continued.)

English Saints and Shrines.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF AUGUSTA
THEODOSIA DRANE.

I.—VEN. BEDE.

ARUGGED cliff, washed by the Northern Sea,

Whose tossing billows once the Vikings rode,
Bears on its brow a church and ruined walls—
All that is left of Jarrow. On this spot
A good, great man lived, studied, taught and prayed.

On that blue line of far horizon must
His eyes have dwelt, as, sitting in his cell,
He mused and wrote of England's ancient glory.

English in heart, he did not scorn to use
The rude, rough accents of his native tongue;
But gathered little children to his knee,
And taught to Saxon lips the Saxon creed.
Wise, simple, pure, he led a happy life,—
A holy, happy life, of useful toil;
A quiet, earnest worker, so he lived,—
Worked to the last, then closed his book and died.

And fitly does the universal Church
Revere his saintly, venerable name;
And in all distant lands that own her sway
Call on her doctors and her priests to hear
The plain, wise lessons of our English Bede.*

* St. Bede's Lessons in the Breviary.

II.—ST. CUTHBERT.

Pass farther north, to where the Holy Isle*
Rises from out the waves that gird her round;
Then, treading lightly o'er the golden sands,
Kneel down and kiss the soil where Cuthbert lay.

Over those sands they bore his sacred dust
On that sad night when Danish spoilers came
And gave fair learning's home, the school of Faith,

The light of modern Europe, to the flames.
They took their treasure and they journeyed on,—

On, over barren moor and forest wild;
And where at last they rested, in a fair
Green wilderness, and built their wattled huts,
A city gathered, and a church upreared
Her stately towers over Cuthbert's grave.
There sleeps he still, awaiting, as we trust,
The golden morrow of a better day;
When pilgrim steps shall once more tread the aisles—

The princely aisles of Durham,—and bow down

Their haughty English heads to kiss the dust
Where Bede and Cuthbert slumber side by side.

III.—ST. OSWALD.

Leave not Northumbria's rugged mountain land

Ere thou hast stood on Hexham's bloody field.

There many a battle has been fought and won,

And many a noble, gallant heart has bled.
But none like thine, O royal martyr, named
King of the Open Heart and Open Hand!
Thou who didst meekly stand by Aidan's side,
And give his teaching to thy people's ears
In the rude idiom of their peasant tongue:†
Oswald, 'twas here that thou didst raise the Cross,

Thine only standard 'gainst the heathen foe;

* Lindisfarne.

† St. Oswald translated the sermons preached by St. Aidan, standing by his side, and acting as interpreter. He was killed at Hexham, under the cross he had set up as his standard. For the story of St. Aidan blessing his hand, see Bede's Eccles. Hist. The hand was preserved at Tynemouth Abbey in a silver case till the Reformation, and was perfectly incorrupt.

Here, 'neath its shadow, didst thou take thy
stand,
And like a Christian hero fight and fall.
A martyr-king indeed,—a royal saint!
His jewelled crown, it may be, fell to dust;
But still his hand—the ever-open hand,
That gave its all, and knew not how to close,
Blessed by a Saint and by the poor—survived,
And in its silver case knows no decay.

(To be continued.)

In the Battle for Bread.

PAUPER POLLY.

BY T. SPARROW.

I.

POLLY KENNEDY began the world handicapped, for—she was a workhouse girl! Life was circumscribed to a rigid routine, with little to break the monotony and nothing to widen the mind. Individuality was sternly repressed, and temperament was expected to be as dull and equable as the uniform. When, at fifteen, Polly was summoned before the matron and curtly told that a situation had been found for her, at a shilling a week, though she only dropped a curtesy and said, "Thank you, ma'am!" her little workhouse heart gave its first thrill of real, unbounded joy since she had entered those dismal walls, ten dreary years before.

Her new mistress was to call for her in a week's time, and that week was a period of unalloyed bliss to Polly. The suet puddings were swallowed without a grimace; the boards were scrubbed by a little red-armed scrubber, whose imagination was dazzled by the visions conjured up of a world full of beautiful and well-dressed women, velvet lounges, and savory food; for Polly was a diligent reader of the penny religious periodicals handed out to the inmates on Sundays, which abounded in various descriptions of lovely

young ladies dispensing gifts to the poor, and marrying, as a reward, a wealthy, mustached young man. Polly thought the streets were crowded with them. She even covertly examined the fashions of the aforesaid young ladies, with a view to spending her wages on a somewhat similar get-up in the near future.

"I must wear a fringe, for sure," thought Polly, surveying her well-cropped head quizzically in a cracked looking-glass; "and—who knows?—if I am a good girl, maybe a rich man will take a fancy to *me*."

And then the humor of the thing struck her, and she laughed aloud, nodding to herself, and showing the two white rows of small, pearly teeth which were her one great beauty. For it must be owned that at this period of her existence the appearance of my heroine was not prepossessing: she was even plain. She was dwarfed in every way: short of stature, sparely built; clean and wholesome-looking even her enemies would admit; but her wandering grey eyes lacked expression, and her large, loose mouth was undefined in shape and lacking in determination. She was one of those creatures who gave no clue as to how they would develop. "Very biddable" the workhouse authorities called her; but who could tell if the "biddableness" came from weakness of will, or the shrewdness that knew when resistance was futile?

Workhouse children learn early to be wise. The government is essentially one of fear; not that the managers are actively cruel, but they seem to think they could not keep so unruly a crew in order without threatenings and fierce looks. The punishment of a whole day in the dark soon reduces the most refractory girl to submission; and cutting off the half or whole of an already frugal meal has a deterrent effect on all but the most rebellious. On the other hand, honesty and truth are strenuously inculcated; and if the greater number come out narrow-minded

and bigoted, but a small proportion end at the gallows or the jail.

Polly's first disillusion was the "lady" herself. The slim, dove-eyed vision had to be consigned where other day-dreams are laid to rest. The "lady" was elderly, spectacled, sharp-visaged and not a little sharp of tongue.

"You never told me she had a snub-nose," she remarked fretfully, staring at the offending feature through her glasses. "My lodgers can't abide 'em. Snub-noses are always pert."

Polly crimsoned almost to tears. Suppose the lady should leave her behind, after all? The matron saw the child's discomfiture and came to her assistance.

"Polly has given us no trouble in that direction," she said, chillingly. "At her age you can bend them as you will."

"It is the age for breakages and blunders," grumbled the other, disparagingly. "My 'usband 'e ses: 'Marier, you are too generous. Wot does a gal want with pocket-money? Sixpence a week and wittles is abundance for the likes of 'er.'"

"A shilling a week and all provided was the agreement," replied the matron, closing her lips firmly. "You can take her or leave her as you please."

The woman looked at Polly and her neat cotton bundle; and as Polly told me afterward:

"I hated her, Miss, from that minute. She reckoned me up, appetite and all; and says she to herself: 'I can get my shilling's worth out of her.'"

So the iron gates were opened, and Polly followed her new mistress out into the world, with never a good-bye blessing from those she left behind, and not a scrap of regret or affection in her own heart for a single one that had so long shared the same living and been sheltered under the same roof.

They proceeded first to the underground railway, and Polly's spirits sank to zero as they rumbled through what seemed

interminable darkness. She was glad when they were hustled up the stairs into the streets again, where there was more light if also more noise.

Polly's round eyes got wider and wider as she trotted by the side of her companion, deafened and dazed by the sights and sounds of the busiest of London's thoroughfares—the Strand. Sharp as a needle, the woman darted in and out between the passers-by, and Polly found some difficulty in keeping up with her. Up Chancery Lane, across Holborn, through Southampton Row, down a side-street, till finally they stopped before a row of dingy, high, grim houses, with uncleaned windows and unwashed steps.

The woman pulled out a latch-key.

"Your boots are dirty,—you go down the area," she said, pointing to the ladder which led to the basement.

So Polly gingerly descended and timidly knocked at the kitchen door. As no one answered, she entered; and, standing in the doorway, saw a rough, black-bearded man sprawling in his shirt sleeves on an arm-chair, reading a newspaper; and a girl of her own age, with her hair screwed up in hair-curlers, cutting some bacon as she rocked a cradle. A wizen-faced boy of four was in a corner, playing with a basket which contained a fox-terrier and some pups. A chubby-cheeked girl of three was squeezing a kitten in her "pinny," as she poked a stick between the bars of a cage where sat a very woe-begone cockatoo. A stout, red-faced woman was on her knees, presumably washing the floor, if slipsloping wet patches all about and dabbing them with a wetter rag can be called washing.

Polly, who called herself A 1 at scouring, looked on with deep disdain, and her peaky red eyebrows met in comical horror. Luckily, before she gave voice to her scorn Mrs. Thorne, her mistress, came into the kitchen.

"Come along, Polly!" said she, tartly.

"Don't stand idlin'; clean up the 'earth—yes," in answer to a look of inquiry from her husband, "this is the work'ouse brat."

Such was Polly's introduction to her career as lodging-house "slavey." While Polly is taking stock of her new surroundings, I had better give you a glimpse of the people she had to serve.

The district is permeated with houses similar to the one which had become her home. It is pre-eminently the locality for struggling talent, impecunious respectability, and out-at-elbow failures. Here hide their heads shady city men whose speculations would not bear the light of day; here dwell enthusiastic scribblers (mostly young), who are confident they were designed to write the one play or the one poem the beauty of which will resound from pole to pole. Here lie concealed men more than middle-aged whose indulgence in drink has been their doom; and here live multitudinous foreigners, underselling one another in their eager fight for existence,—trampling on the weaker, shoving back the poorer in the mad, wild rush for worldly gain.

It is an understood thing in this land of Bohemia that pay is precarious, from the drawing-room lodger to the top-floor back; and it is no uncommon thing for everyone under the roof at the same time to owe the landlady part or all. In which case she naturally has to owe rent and taxes, tradespeople can not be paid, and "duns" have to wait for their money. Then all sorts of shifts are resorted to. Lies are glibly told to conceal poverty; trinkets and clothing pass from the possession of the lodgers to pawn-brokers and money-lenders; petty trickeries take place upstairs, petty pilferings down below. The plea is bread and the cry is work; and in such a shambling, Godless existence who can think of prayer, or kneel with a contrite heart to their Creator? Into this sordid, shiftless world our poor fledgling Polly was cast; circumstances

had to mould her character, and make or mar her eternal future.

The present dwellers of Fennimore House were a retired captain, wheezy and old, who lay in bed all day drinking brandy and soda; but when friendly night came he donned a seedy dress-suit and swaggered to his heart's content at a neighboring club. Above him dwelt a young man who painted pictures but never sold them. His clothes were shabby, and his hacking cough told a sad tale of bravely endured want. He ate very little but he smoked a great deal. He was often heard to sing in the morning, if the sun shone; he was also heard to sob at night, when he thought all things were still. Men friends came sometimes and smoked and drank in his studio, singing comic songs till an early hour of the morning. They would clap him on the back and praise his talent sky-high, call him "genius in a garret," and bid him think of future fame; they gave him hope, they gave him encouragement, but they never thought to give him—bread!

On the same floor resided a comic actress,—a pretty, warm-hearted, reckless little thing, capricious and fickle in her moods and very changeable in temper. She was not *very* young and never forgot the fact. She spent most days lying, with the blinds down, on a sofa, in a faded dressing-gown, devouring romantic novels; but when night came she arrayed herself most gorgeously, and drove in a hansom to the music-halls where she performed. She was the only lady except myself; and, with two reporters, completed the household.

On these people Polly had to wait, carry meals, scrub floors, scour stairs, run messages, and be everlastingly at their beck and call. She had come to give Bertha, the girl in screw-curlers, a rest. And apparently Bertha indulged in it to the very utmost; for she was never seen except elaborately dressed, arm in arm out with her young man.

Polly slaved from morn to night; for when the lodgers were attended to, she had the children downstairs to wash, the kitchens to clean, the shopping to do, and I dare not tell how much beside. She was at it from six o'clock in the morning, and midnight never found her asleep. Who spares a lodging-house "slavey"? The captain sent her out in drenching rain for brandy; the actress upstairs rang for her a dozen times to water her flowers, or attend to the canary, or do some trifle she could very well have done herself. Mr. Thorne sent her for his beer at eleven o'clock at night; Mrs. Thorne dragged her out of bed, to walk about with the teething baby or hush young Lizzie's howls. It is easy to see she had no time to gossip with the lodgers, and but for a chance incident she might never have been more to me than the hard-working automaton she was to everybody else.

One night I was disturbed by stertorous breathing, apparently near by. I lighted a candle and opened the door. There on the rug was Polly, huddled up in a shawl, fast asleep. My movements awoke her, and she jumped up in piteous fear.

"Don't tell!" she cried, clasping my hand. "They will kill me if they know."

"I am not going to tell, dear child," I said, drawing the shivering figure to the fire; "but tell me why you sleep on the cold landing there?"

"I'm so afeerd," she sobbed, with eyes wild with terror. "They make me sleep under the dresser in the kitchen all alone, and the beetles come and crawl over me, and I hear burglars in the street all night long. O Miss, let me go back to the Union! We all slept in dormitories there, and they gave us time to be clean."

So the little "slavey" had nerves! And overwrought they were to the highest degree that night. Only fear could have loosened her tongue, as she went on between the hard, tearless sobs:

"Don't drive me away; let me sleep on

your mat. I feel safe there. I did say my prayers every night, but God won't hear me because I am bad. I shall burn in hell like the children in the fiery furnace."

"What have you done so very bad?" I asked, softly.

"I steal, I am so hungry!" she whispered. "They never give me enough to eat. They have chops for supper, and throw me some bread; and I am that faint I sup the beer as I bring it home, and have a taste of the captain's brandy in the dark passage. O Miss, do you think it will really hurt in hell."

So the lodging-house "slavey" had a conscience! Another revelation. But that was not the time to discuss theology; so, having well warmed and soothed her, I coaxed her to return to the kitchen, for fear of detection, and promised to help her on the morrow.

From that time Polly and I were fast friends; though I had to be cautious in my dealings, lest she should neglect her work and thereby incur Mrs. Thorne's wrath. But the knowledge that some one was interested in her brightened the girl; she lost much of her stolidity, and her quickened senses were even embarrassing at times. It was her place to bring up the letters, and she was sharp to notice that most of mine were in masculine handwriting,—being business communications from editors and their kin; so they were pocketed from prying eyes and delivered surreptitiously, with a knowing glance and a glad whisper: "Another sweetheart, Miss!" For Polly was devoted to romance and penny novelettes, which the actress, Miss Dewar, gave her in abundance. Religion she dreaded; it had been of too severe a tendency in the workhouse for her to take kindly to its tenets. Catholics especially she regarded with horror.

"O Miss, do not be a Catholic!" she implored me, "Master and missus is. They make me have nothing but bread and dripping all Friday, because I am a

'heretic,' and I have to take them beef-steak for breakfast in bed."

Conversion under such circumstances was likely to take time.

And now occurred a terrible incident, which startled us all out of our calm. The delicate artist had not been heard singing for days. Polly was quite sad about his cough. "He just says 'Thank you!'" and never moves when I go in," she observed, wistfully. Polly had a soft spot in her heart for the gentle young man, who had always a civil word for her.

One cold night she chanced to be in my room, drawing the curtains and making up the fire.

"Do you know Mr. Maude has no fire," she said, "and he pawned his overcoat long ago?"

"Would you like to take him some of this soup?" I asked. "But don't say it is from me."

Delighted with her commission, she placed the things on a tray and left the room. Seeing that she had forgotten the salt, I followed her down the stairs. She opened his door, stood a second, then crash went the tray, and she sprang forward with the cry: "Oh, you coward to do that! What will God say to you?"

I hurried in in time to see her knock a pistol out of his hand, which exploded, smashing a large mirror to atoms; while she stood panting, flushed, bright-eyed, before him,—one rough, red hand firmly grasping his arm, while he quailed before that unflinching gaze, sick unto death and white as a sheet.

(To be continued.)

EVERY tear that falls from one's own eyes gives a deeper tenderness of look, of touch, of word, that shall soothe another's woe.

LET us so live as to be an inspiration, strength, and blessing to those whose lives are touched by ours.

The Lady of the Veil.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

I.

IN 1840 M. and Mme. Breaux kept the shop of curios in the Rue Royale, within the shadow of the trees in the garden of Monseigneur the Archbishop of New Orleans. The apartments over the shop they rented to a better class of tenants, for theirs was an exclusive neighborhood.

One spring morning, in this year 1840, an elderly gentleman came to the shop of curios and introduced himself to Madame as M. de Croissy, a lawyer of Baton Rouge. His business with Madame was, he stated, to rent the suite of rooms over her shop for a widow, her child (a babe scarce a year old), and her maid. "As for references," said the lawyer in French, "my name, De Croissy,—perhaps that is sufficient." Madame had heard the name before,—who had not? It was amply sufficient. And the name of the widow? Her name was Blanc; she was disconsolate; she would live very retired,—would not visit or receive visitors, said the lawyer.

Mme. Breaux knew *De la Blanc*; Blanc she did not know. Still, Monsieur's name was sufficient; and, as he found the terms for the rooms reasonable, it was quickly arranged that Mme. Blanc should occupy the apartments the following week. Then, after a vain attempt on the part of M. Breaux to attract his attention to a beautiful vase said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette, Monsieur de Croissy took his departure.

On the following day, and on several days after, vans loaded with handsome furniture arrived at the old Moorish-looking house, with latticed balconies, on Royal Street; and upholsterers came and transformed the apartment. Precisely a week after the lawyer's visit a close carriage drove up to the private entrance

leading to the old house, and a lady in deep mourning and heavily veiled was helped to alight by Lawyer de Croissy; and then a young colored girl, bearing in her arms a sleeping infant, descended from the carriage. The party swept by the smiling and bowing Mme. Breaux; only the lawyer paused to take the keys from her and to say that Mme. Blanc was much fatigued.

"Madame would like a cup of coffee; it can be procured immediately," insisted Mme. Breaux, anxious to see the features of the veiled lady, whose bearing was certainly very *distingué*. M. de Croissy refused the proffered cup, and further informed Mme. Breaux that her tenants would be served from the restaurant of Belot close by, and a famous eating-house in those days.

Mme. Breaux shook herself and her face glowed. Who was this Mme. Blanc that she should not be allowed to speak to her? Why, was not she, Mme. Breaux, the landlady? Very unreasonable her husband found her that day; and when, in heated gesticulation over the twelfth relation of the refusal of the coffee, she cracked the frame of Mme. du Barry's hand-glass, it was as when fell the walls of Jericho. Then there were tears; and Madame ran off to pray before the altar of the good St. Louis, under the dim arches of the old cathedral.

II.

Six years went by almost imperceptibly in the precincts of the old cathedral; and time left few traces on the Rue Royale and the inhabitants thereof, save on the very young. The babe of Mme. Blanc was now a boy of seven, his head a mass of kinky, golden curls, with a pair of handsome black eyes set in his face. A child "most beautiful," as all declared who saw him. But in those years no one, not even persevering and persistent Mme. Breaux, pierced the reticence of the mother of the boy Adoni. No one had so much as

seen her features. Mme. Breaux was not admitted to the lady's apartment; and when she went abroad—as she did daily to Mass, for she was devout—the heavy veil she wore, and that descended to her feet, hid her face completely. Some one spoke of her as the "lady of the veil." Another took up the name, then another, till the Lady of the Veil became her title; and people followed her with curious eyes as she hurried in the early hours to the cathedral, accompanied sometimes by her boy and the negress her maid.

At the end of the six years M. de Croissy again came in a close carriage to the curiosity shop. Trade was not brisk that morning; and when Mme. Breaux saw the slight form of the lawyer ascend the staircase of the private entrance, she seized on a broom and duster and declared to her husband that the upper corridors needed cleaning, and that she could not trust the sweeping of them to a servant. She went about her work quietly; and, having lingered, through unconquerable curiosity, before the door of the drawing-room of Mme. Blanc, she heard the voice of M. de Croissy ask by what name the boy Adoni should be known.

"Adoni de Lorme—his father's name," answered the Lady of the Veil.

From the broken words that now reached her ear, Mme. Breaux gathered that the lawyer objected.

"The marriage would not be recognized by the law of Alabama," he said, finally.

The lady's voice was soft, but of a rich, full tone; and she answered:

"The Church blessed our wedding. My husband was a good Catholic; he loved me. I heed little a wicked law of man that would have kept us apart, or made me a nameless woman."

"Well, it *has* made you that, my poor Celeste!" said the lawyer, mournfully. "Still, I was not thinking of that, but of the danger of the boy's discovering his parentage through his name."

The voice of the Lady of the Veil trembled as she replied:

"He will be far from here; he will not return; he is the last of the De Lormes: he has no kin,—there is no one to tell him but you; and surely you will not let the taint in his mother shame him!" she cried out.

"Oh, you speak too loud!" exclaimed M. de Croissy, and then their voices sank almost to a whisper.

Mme. Breaux heard nothing further; and, hardly realizing that it was meant to listen, she descended to the shop, pondering deeply.

"There is something wrong going on," she vouchsafed to her husband's inquiry as to why she was so silent.

Then two customers entered; and, in the midst of a bargaining over an unique cabinet, Mme. Breaux rushed out to the sidewalk, drawn thither by the loud sobs of the little Adoni, who was led from the house by M. de Croissy. The boy waved his hand to Madame; and then, before she could collect herself, he was lifted into the carriage. The lawyer sprang in after, the carriage door banged, and the horses trotted away over the cobble-stones, down the old street.

"*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated Mme. Breaux piously, and returned to the shop.

Scarcely had she entered the house than Mme. Blanc's maid appeared in the doorway of the shop that led to the hall of the staircase, and beckoned to her. Mme. Blanc was ill, and would Mme. Breaux come up for the sake of the good God, that her mistress might not die with her alone, implored the maid.

Mme. Breaux literally rushed into the presence of the mysterious lodger she had long desired to see. The beauty of the woman, who lay in a fainting condition on a sofa, her head propped up, almost appalled Madame; but not as did the discovery she made almost immediately. The palms of the hands of the Lady of the Veil were

exposed, and across their ridges was a dusky tinge, as though they had been bruised or exposed to the smoke of burning pitch. The lady was whiter than the white in the complexion of her face, but Madame read in that dusky tinge the story of an octoroon—one of a despised race, one who had probably been a slave; and the discovery put a great gulf between the women.

Madame was not without heart, however. Deftly lowering the woman's head, she applied water to her forehead, and let her inhale the aromatic salts she bade the maid bring.

"She has only fainted,—it is not dangerous," Madame assured the maid.

Presently the lady sighed; and, opening her eyes, she saw Mme. Breaux bending over her, and learned from Madame's gaze that her secret had been discovered.

"You know, Madame!" she exclaimed.

Though a good soul, perhaps Madame's lip curled as she nodded her head that she did. The Lady of the Veil was very young, and her face was that of a pleading child as she implored Madame not to reveal what she had learned.

"For my child's sake!" she pleaded.

Madame assured the Lady of the Veil that she would be silent. "But what does it all mean?" she ejaculated.

It was late in the day when Mme. Breaux's kindness won on Mme. Blanc to tell her story. Her name was Celeste. Who were her parents she did not know, only that her mother had been a slave. Her mistress, a widow by the name of De Lorme, gave her her freedom, had her highly educated her, and made of her a companion.

"I was not treated as an inferior, but the knowledge I possessed that I was the child of a slave was a source of much unhappiness to me. The ladies who visited my mistress were kind to me, but there was always a difference. I was brought up piously, and I think I might have

desired to enter a convent, but my mistress died suddenly."

These things took place in Alabama, and to the funeral of Celeste's mistress came her nephew and heir, a Louisianian by the name of Adoni de Lorme. Celeste and the young man learned to esteem each other, and this esteem was rapidly succeeded by a reciprocated love. To say that young De Lorme was a practical Catholic is to say that he was an honorable man; but in the eyes of the law Celeste was a black woman, and marriage between whites and blacks was forbidden by the law of Alabama. Nevertheless, their marriage was blessed by the Church; for in the city of God there is no distinction of condition, color, or race. Less than two years after their marriage De Lorme died of pneumonia while they were travelling in Belgium.

"M. de Croissy was appointed by my husband's will the trustee of his estate for our boy. I returned to New Orleans to live where my husband lived; and to-day I have parted from my boy forever, that he may not know the taint in his mother's blood. Ah, Madame, you will never tell him!" said the Lady of the Veil as she ended her story.

"No! no!" exclaimed Mme. Breaux; and, drawing the Lady of the Veil to her bosom, she let Celeste weep there tears that refreshed and consoled.

III.

The spring of 1862 saw the Federal occupation of New Orleans. The city was in a turmoil of excitement, even within the cathedral precincts, where Mme. Breaux raged against the "blue-coats" and shut up her shop to bar out their possible intrusion. She and the Lady of the Veil had become warm friends, and she now accompanied her to Mass, declaring that it was not safe for Mme. Blanc to go alone. One morning the pair knelt in the cathedral, waiting the hour of Mass, when they heard the clank of swords and the regular tread

of soldiers' feet on the marble pave; and, looking up, they saw a group of officers pass up the dim aisle and take possession of an empty bench before them. One of the officers, a young lieutenant, knelt and, crossing himself, was soon wrapt in prayer. The head of the lieutenant was crowned with crisp, sunny curls; his position was that of a monumental crusader, his face and features were those of a beautiful Greek god.

The Lady of the Veil clutched the arm of Mme. Breaux convulsively.

"M. de Croissy has written me he is in the army of the North. I feel it is he!" she gasped in a whisper.

Mme. Breaux looked at the kneeling officer, and snorted under her breath:

"Fighting against his father's people!"

"He has no people," was the whispered answer.

A bell tolled; Mass had begun, and the women relapsed into silence.

When Mass was finished and the officers departed, the Lady of the Veil, dragging her companion with her, hurried after them. One white-haired officer lingered on the cathedral steps; and Mme. Blanc approached him, touched him on the arm, and asked, as she pointed at the lieutenant then crossing the garden called the Place of Arms:

"The name of that officer, Monsieur,—the one with the curls of the sun?"

The officer smiled. How he would quiz the lieutenant! The Lady of the Veil trembled visibly, and she raised her interlaced hands:

"For the good God's sake, Monsieur, his name?"

The officer looked down at her gravely.

"Lieutenant Adoni de Lorme. Shall I call him?"

"No, no, Monsieur! I thank you."

She bowed; and, catching the hand of Mme. Breaux, she hurried off with her in the direction of the house with latticed balconies.

IV.

New Orleans has had her days of joy and her days of sorrow, but few that have been sadder than in the year of the disastrous Red River expedition. Though they strove to rejoice in the transitory success of their cause, the hearts of the people were crushed by the anguish they witnessed; for not only were the hospitals crowded to excess, but warehouses and private dwellings were turned into abodes for the wounded and dying.

In those days two female figures haunted the office of the adjutant-general—the Lady of the Veil and Mme. Breaux.

"I do it for you, Celeste," Madame would say, and the tone of her voice was morose; for were not her own husband and son fighting on the other side?

One day the women were informed that Lieutenant de Lorme, badly wounded, was on his way to the city. Then Mme. Blanc made her petition. The hospitals were overcrowded; she had known Lieutenant de Lorme's father and his family intimately; could he not be carried to her apartment, there to be nursed?

There was running about and consultation; there were doubts and indecisions; and when she had despaired and was going away, the white-haired officer she had addressed on the steps of the cathedral approached Mme. Blanc and informed her that her petition was granted.

V.

"Somehow, Madame, this room is very familiar to me," said Lieutenant de Lorme to Mme. Breaux, as he lay stretched on a bed in the apartment of the Lady of the Veil.

Madame smiled and cautioned him not to talk. The doctor's orders were for him to keep very quiet. He smiled in return, and his eyes wandered from one object to another, recognizing them as something he had once known in a dream; and presently his tired lids drooped and he

slept, overcome by the opiate that had been administered him.

The Lady of the Veil stole softly into the room, and, her finger on her lips, looked at Mme. Breaux.

"He sleeps!" whispered Madame.

Then the mother stole noiselessly to the bedside and bent over the wounded man.

"My son! my son!" she murmured.

He stirred uneasily in his sleep; and, shrinking back, she left the room.

And so day after day and night after night, while he gradually sank into the arms of death, the mother visited him when he slept under the influence of the drugs the physician prescribed. She would not visit him in his waking moments, lest she might betray herself.

"He may recover; there would have to be explanations; and, should he learn who his mother is, all I have suffered in our separation would be for nothing. Could he endure it—he so white,—to know of the taint in his blood?" she said hopelessly to Mme. Breaux.

But her son did not recover, and the day arrived when the *curé* brought him the Heavenly Food for the journey of his soul. The priest had gone, and only Mme. Breaux remained with the dying man. The mother came swiftly into the room, and, motioning Madame away, knelt by the bedside and took her son's hands between her own. His eyes opened and he looked at her bewildered.

Outside there were the tramp of armed men and the strains of martial music,—a regiment on its way to Chalmette. Within there was silence; only the mother and the son gazing the one at the other, and Mme. Breaux in the background weeping.

He was sinking fast; there remained but a moment. "Adoni, my child!" she exclaimed, but her eyes were dry.

His face glowed strangely. "Mother! mother!" he cried.

She raised him in her arms and let his head rest on her bosom. And thus he died.

In the summer of 1895 the old Moorish-looking house with latticed balconies, remained much as it was in 1840. M. Breaux rests in the cemetery, and the business is carried on by his son and daughter-in-law.

The day was warm, and aged Mme. Breaux reclined in an arm-chair on the sidewalk, under an awning. Two women came up the street of shadows cast by the multitude of balconies that overhang the *banquette*. The women were robed in the garments of a sisterhood that cares for the orphans of the negro race. One Sister was black, the other a sweet-faced lady of more than ordinary whiteness. They paused a moment to speak to Mme. Breaux, who grasped the hand of the sweet-faced lady and addressed her as Sister Monica. Then they passed on their way to the cathedral; and Mme. Breaux dozed, for she is very old.

Of all the people in the neighborhood Mme. Breaux is the only one who knows that Sister Monica once went by the name of the Lady of the Veil.

Risen.

BY MARION MUIR.

THEY are not dead who lend our lives
Remembrance of heroic days;
He is not dead whose heart survives
Among the children of his race.

Not in the dark and silent tomb,
Beloved, shalt thou find thy own;
He is not here: yon house of gloom
Holds not the life that thou hast known.

But, risen and immortal fair,
That love redeemed shall come to thee,
Clad in the light that angels wear,
And touch thine eyes, that they may see

Beyond the pain, the joy of rest;
Beyond the cloud, the coming dawn;
Past stormy seas, those havens blest
Whence night and shadow have withdrawn.

A Deplorable Neglect.

THE saying that there can never be an excess of anything good is not a faithful one. A deplorable result is to be attributed to the multiplication of religious books, most of them excellent, the greater number highly recommended, and all well-intentioned. The ill effect is the neglect of the Holy Scriptures by the present generation of Catholics. Cardinal Manning has referred to this evil as one of the hindrances to the spread of Catholicity. Dr. Brownson deplored it as a chief cause of the widespread hostility to the Church among sectarians, and of the weak faith and worldly spirit of so many Catholics. If Protestants have abused the Bible making it a sort of fetish, the children of the Church in our day, on the other hand, have been guilty of neglect.

Many of the saints were most zealous to promote the knowledge of the Holy Scripture; and the masters of the spiritual life exhort their disciples to read the Bible in preference to anything else. "It is a great mistake," says Father Lalle-mant, "to read spiritual works so much and Holy Scripture so little." All other books; however excellent, he tells us, speak to some extent the language of nature; the Bible speaks ever the language of grace. If the frequent reading of Sacred Scripture is a means of receiving the Holy Spirit and of being guided by His direction, it follows that neglect of the Bible lowers the standard of Christian life and aspiration.

A reaction in favor of the popular use of the Holy Scriptures is a consummation devoutly to be wished. If St. Gregory Nazianzen, who is said to be the only one among the Fathers whose works are free from errors which have been condemned by the Church; and St. Basil, whose doctrine is remarkable for its solidity, read nothing but Holy Writ for eleven or

twelve years, it ought to be preferred even to the Fathers, not to speak of innumerable religious books published in our day, of which the highest praise is that they contain nothing contrary to faith or morals. In many cases *imprimatur* means: let it be printed; it may do some good and can not do much harm. But the excellence of the Holy Scripture is positive. The Gospel is the standard of morals and the medicine of souls. It reveals God to man and man to himself.

We all admire the faith of the Middle Ages. It was strengthened by the very means which it is popularly supposed was most neglected. The fact is that the Bible was read and studied much more before the rise of Protestantism than at present. Ignorance of the Holy Scripture was considered ignorance of Jesus Christ. Dr. Janssen points out in his "History of the German People" that the Bible was multiplied throughout the country before Luther was born; and so highly did the Church favor the knowledge of it that priests who were convicted of neglecting to instruct their flocks in the Holy Scriptures were threatened with excommunication.

A marvellous thing about the New Testament is its timeliness—its perfect adaptability to present needs. The world is filled with misery because of its forgetfulness of the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount. That is the standard of morals which must ever be upheld, affording a solution of problems which men seek for in vain elsewhere. The exhortations contained in the Epistles of St. Paul are as applicable to the present generation of Christians as to the first converts of the Gentile world. The more one reads the Holy Book the more meaning he derives from it. Although we may have read it through a hundred times, yet if we persevere in the study of it we shall be benefited continually more and more.

Notes and Remarks.

There are two figures in our national history of whom Americans never tire of hearing—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. It happens that the public prints are just now devoting unusually large space to them. In the course of a careful study of "The Personal Side of Washington," published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, Gen. Greely writes:

While present at the First Provincial Congress in Philadelphia he went once to the Roman Catholic and once to the Episcopal Church. He spent four months at the Constitutional convention, going six times to church,—once each to the Romish High Mass, to the Friends', to the Presbyterian and thrice to the Episcopal service. He respected the devout religious attitude of the Romish Church by forbidding the celebration of Guy Fawkes' Day in the army, and again in repeatedly impressing upon his officers the necessity of respect and consideration for the religious faith of the French Canadians, whom he hoped to win to the American cause. Nor can it be believed that this was a question of policy, as the whole tenor of his life was in this direction.

It is well that the broad toleration of Washington and Lincoln should be recalled at a time when the pent-up bigotry of a half century has broken out with fresh fury. The example of such men ought to save Americans from folly. It can not, however, be expected to influence the A. P. A. idiots. They are Orangemen, to whom the spirit of King William means vastly more than the spirit of the vindicators and preservers of our national liberty.

A comparison of the life of Leo XIII. with that of the Cardinals who elected him discloses the fact that his days have been exceptionally prolonged. He has outlived all but seven of the members of the Sacred College created by Pius IX., and not a few also of those whom he himself created. Since 1878 no fewer than one hundred and nine Cardinals have passed away, and there seems no good reason to doubt that Leo XIII. will survive other members of their august body. The Rev. John S. Vaughan, in a letter to the *London Tablet*, affords the latest assurance and proof of the actual strength and vigor of his Holiness. The writer was

present at a special audience in the Vatican on the occasion of the Pope's eighty-sixth birthday (March 2), and had a position within a few feet of the papal chair. At the conclusion of an address delivered by Cardinal Monaco, "the Holy Father threw off his scarlet cloak and stood up to reply. Though he had seemed weak and somewhat weary while he had sat listening to the address, his whole manner entirely changed so soon as he himself began to speak. His eyes sparkled, his whole countenance brightened up, and his words came forth with a clearness and a force which surprised us. He spoke not merely with dignity and with power, but with a warmth, an animation and a vigor which compelled one, for the time, to forget his extraordinarily advanced age and the innumerable cares and troubles that weigh upon him. As one watched him stretch forth his hands, and as one caught the rich, strong accents of his penetrating voice, one could not help feeling that many years may yet remain to him in which to rule over and guide the Church of God."

According to our esteemed Parisian contemporary *La Croix*, the iniquitous crusade against the religious communities in France will not be confined to the congregations. "Not a single Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, not a reunion of the Children of Mary, not a protective school committee will escape," remarks *La Croix*; and, in support of its statement, it cites a circular letter forwarded to the Sisters of Charity who conduct a free school at Cherbourg. It does indeed appear that Catholics in France must make ready for additional persecution, not less real because called something else.

Were the old-time Puritans who held town-meetings in Boston one hundred and fifty years ago permitted to return to this mundane sphere and note all the changes that have been wrought since their day, they would assuredly be far more astounded by the actual standing of Catholicity in New England than by all the inventions that have revolutionized life during the past century and a half. "Whereas," to quote a record

of a Boston town-meeting of 1746, "it is suggested that there are several persons, Roman Catholics, that now dwell and reside in this town, and it may be very dangerous to permit such persons to reside here, in case we should be attacked by an enemy, therefore voted that Mr. Jeremiah Allen, Mr. Nathaniel Gardner, and Mr. Joseph Bradford are appointed a committee to take care and prevent any danger the town may be in from Roman Catholics residing here, by making strict search and inquiry after all such, and pursuing such methods relating to them as the law directs." By the law in question "liberty of conscience is allowed in the worship of God to all Christians except Papists."

One hundred and fifty years have passed, and the "several persons, Roman Catholics," have most stubbornly increased and multiplied, until in the quondam Puritan stronghold of New England they outnumber by one-third the adherents of all Protestant churches. Another century and a half and—why, there may be in Boston only several persons *not* Roman Catholics! They, however, will assuredly be allowed the fullest liberty of conscience, even if they happen to be members of the A. P. A.

Apropos of the bill before the British House of Commons dealing with the Christian Brothers' schools in Ireland, the *St. James' Gazette* observes: "Irish Catholics have built and equipped these schools with their own money, and they are entitled to manage them in their own way; and to get government assistance for the secular part of their education, which it is acknowledged they conduct with complete efficiency."

Of course our American system of public schools is the complete apotheosis of perfect wisdom and justice; but, just for the sake of argument, why would not the *Gazette's* words apply equally well to the Catholic parochial schools in these United States?

The late Lady Isabel Burton deserves to be remembered for at least one act in her remarkable career. Her husband, Sir Richard Burton, the distinguished traveller and Orien-

talist, had labored, it is said, for fifteen years on the translation of certain Eastern books that have never been published in any European language. The translation was completed the day before Sir Richard died, and Lady Burton was offered a small fortune for the manuscript. But the moral tone of the book is said to have been shockingly low; and, although Lady Burton needed fifty thousand dollars badly, she threw page after page of the manuscript into the fire until all was consumed. For this act she was set down as a vandal by those who knew nothing of the pecuniary sacrifice she made; but Lady Burton was always a good Catholic—she was one of the Arundels,—and her duty in the case was plain. May she rest in peace!

The Diocese of Scranton is blessed in its coadjutor, who was consecrated in the episcopal city on Passion Sunday. Bishop Hoban is a man of brilliant parts and fine cultivation, and the sixteen years of his priesthood have been full of fruitful labor. The diocese whose administration he will share with the venerable Bishop O'Hara is one of the most prosperous and populous in the United States. Fifty years ago only two priests labored in the territory now covered by the See of Scranton; to-day there are 120,000 Catholics, over 400 teaching Sisters, and 136 priests. As in all American dioceses, however, there is still much to be done; but Bishop Hoban happily assumes the burden of the episcopacy with the affection and confidence of pastors and people.

Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Reims, recently addressed the Holy See on the subject of the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis, which is to be celebrated with great solemnity during the present year, and solicited from the Holy Father the favor of a national Jubilee in connection with the glorious event. In his reply to the Cardinal's request, Leo XIII. takes occasion to impress upon the French clergy and laity perfect unity of action in making headway against the inimical forces that are striving to do away with Catholicism in France. "In order," he writes, "that these solemnities

may yield to your noble nation those fruits of salvation which we so ardently desire, it is absolutely necessary that France should understand and appreciate the benefit whose souvenir she celebrates—her regeneration in Christ, her birth to the faith.... Let all the sons of France, more and more docile in listening to our counsels, unite in truth, in justice, in mutual respect and fraternal charity, as children of the same Father. Let them be convinced that forgetfulness of the principles which brought about their grandeur will infallibly lead to their decadence; and that forsaking the religion which is their strength will leave them without defence against the enemies of property, the family, and society.... The baptism of Clovis and his warriors should reproduce, fourteen centuries later, the marvellous fruits of other days: social union under a wise and respected authority, and sincere fidelity to the Church."

Wolves in sheep's clothing are far more dangerous than wolves undisguised; and the Bishop of Ghent in Belgium apparently realizes this fact. In a recent pastoral he writes: "In view of the evil effected here by weekly journals whose editors style themselves Catholics, yet refuse to follow the Holy Father and the hierarchy, we can no longer postpone, however painful the duty, warning the faithful against reading such sheets."

The logical outcome of the course adopted by the condemned papers would be a scission among Catholics; and the action of the Bishop of Ghent has been taken none too soon against the so-called Christian democratic press.

Out of more than forty-five cases for divorce before one court in New York city last month not a person concerned was Irish. In stating this fact Judge Pryor remarked that "there must be some controlling influence." There is.

If one's ideal of the episcopacy were as high even as Cardinal Manning's, one would be forced to the acknowledgment of its realization in many of the Bishops who have labored for the spread of the Church in this

country. They would have done honor to their office in any country or in any age of Christianity. Apart from intellectual attainments—most of them were as learned as they were devout,—what pious men they were! Who that knew Bishop Timon or Archbishop Alemany, Bishop O'Connell or Archbishop Spalding, Bishop Brute, Bishop Baraga, or Bishop Flaget, could forget their saintlike example? And what is related of one of these might be told of all the rest,—the long hours devoted to prayer, the perfect regularity in all religious exercises, the unction of their sermons, the zeal of their pastorals, their recollection in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, etc. In his eloquent sermon at the funeral of the late Archbishop Kenrick, his old-time friend and coadjutor, the Archbishop of Philadelphia, dwelt especially on the venerable prelate's saintlike piety. The audience must have been deeply edified when the preacher thus referred to Archbishop Kenrick's inner life:

During the first seven years of my priestly life, when I lived in the house with him, he said Mass every morning at five o'clock, after an hour of prayer and meditation; and heard one and sometimes two Masses of thanksgiving afterward. Between the various religious exercises of the day he preserved union with God by almost uninterrupted ejaculatory prayers. During the year that I travelled in Europe with him as his secretary I could not but observe this holy practice. Frequently forgetting himself and not adverting to my presence, he repeated those prayers so that I could easily overhear him. This union intensified perpetually his personal love for our Divine Lord, which is the very life of the inner life, and may be called the sacred, predominant passion of the saints of God.

As Cardinal Newman said, English literature must always remain Protestant. The makers of it were largely non-Catholic, and few of them could deny themselves the luxury of a fling at the old Church or a sneer at Catholic customs. Happily, a great change is working in the minds of cultured people of the present generation. The flings and sneers are now left largely to the ignorant and vulgar, and the people whose books entertain and instruct us manifest at least the desire to be honest and sympathetic. An evidence of this change is contained in this note from that charming

story-teller, Miss Wilkins, to a gentleman who has contributed a sketch of her to *Donahoe's Magazine*: "I really feel honored that a distinctly Catholic magazine should feel interested in a writer of different religious antecedents like myself. It makes me hope that my work may not have offended any of those religious faiths which should be held sacred in any soul where they exist, but has simply served the common cause of humanity."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Father Lerchundi, superior of the Franciscan mission in Morocco, who died suddenly last month.

The Rev. Hugh O'Hare, CC., whose lamented death took place a few weeks ago, at Mayobridge, Ireland.

Brother Polycarp, C. S. C., who passed away at Notre Dame on the 26th ult.

Mother M. Bernardine, of the Order of the Visitation; Sister Agnes Clare and Sister Patricia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; also Sister M. Edana, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who were lately called to their reward.

Mr. Andrew Dunn, who departed this life on the 13th ult., in Montreal, Can.

Mr. James B. Culhane, of Brisbane, Australia, who yielded his soul to God on the 20th of February.

Mr. Henry Schable, of Effingham, Ill.; Mrs. Catherine Hain, Marietta, Ohio; Mrs. Clara Hipp, Amelia Roth, Mr. Francis Kelly, and Miss — Krouse, St. Marie, Ill.; Mrs. Anna Wheeler, Dundas, Ill.; Mr. Richard and Mr. Edmund Cummins, Mrs. Catherine and Miss Katharine Cummins, Fairview, South Australia; Mr. M. McDonald, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. W. Haney, Galena, Ill.; Mr. Patrick Gately, Co. Roscommon, Ireland; Mr. Daniel Hennessey, Cortland, N. Y.; Mr. William O'Donnell, Co. Limerick, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Brady, St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. John Welch and Mr. Michael Ford, Allegheny, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Spain, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. Patrick Keane, Newtown, Conn.; Mr. W. D. Riordan, Ansonia, Conn.; Mr. Daniel McManus, Derby, Conn.; Mr. Thomas Ennis, Mr. F. Toner, and Agnes M. Brady, Baltimore, Md.; Johanna H. Connor, Montchanan, Del.; Mr. John McEnerney, Mrs. Catherine Toban, Mr. Richard Palmer, and Mr. John E. Kennedy,—all of Vallejo, Cal.; also Mr. John Dumphy, San Francisco, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!




*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

On Easter Morn.

BY MRS. MARY E. MANNIX.

 HEARD a robin singing
 Upon a lilac tree,
 And all the air was ringing
 With that sweet melody;
 And this is what the robin sang:
 Alleluia! alleluia!


I heard a glad bell ringing
 Adown the distant vale,
 Abroad its music flinging
 Through all the wakening dale;
 And far and wide the clear notes rang:
 Alleluia! alleluia!

I saw an angel winging
 His flight across the sky,
 And all Heaven's choirs were singing
 As he went swiftly by;
 And this is what the angels sang:
 He is risen! Alleluia!

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

 HE long vacation had come, and in the Colton household were evidences of preparation for a summer migration to the country. The window draperies had been taken down; the furniture attired in brown linen covers—or "pinafores," as the young people called them; an odor of camphor prevailed, and the rooms already wore a desolate appearance.

"We are going to Grandma Campbell's," Elizabeth informed her schoolmates when taking leave of them for the season; and they, on their part, felt that, "granted a real *live* grandmother," all the good times at Hazelbrae might be supposed to follow as a matter of course. A *live* grandmother could only be equalled in their estimation by a *live* grandfather, and Elizabeth was actually blessed with two of each.

All the children in R— knew old Mr. Colton—a stout little gentleman, with white hair that curled all over his head in tiny rings; who drove about in a chaise drawn by a sleek, grey-coated cob; and whose pockets were always filled with pennies and small change, which he dispensed liberally to Elizabeth and her friends. They were also well acquainted with old Mrs. Colton, and often stopped on the way home from school to look into her beautiful garden, with its trim box borders and plots of flowers destined for the altar of the parish church, its snowball tree and shady grape-arbor. But Elizabeth's other grandparents lived beyond New York, and her visits to them made her quite a traveller.

In the plans for the coming journey, she noted with surprise that, besides the usual party—father, mother, Leo and herself,—they were apparently to have another companion. At length the mystery was solved. Polly Tracy, the sister of Morgan, who had saved Leo from drowning, was going with them. Grandma Campbell had offered the young orphan girl a home; and, although Morgan's heart sank at the prospect of the separation, he realiz

it would be for her good to accept the advantages held out to her, and promised to go and see her at Christmas.

The day of departure came at last. The Coltons' house was left alone in its dreariness; and a hack, which Leo persisted in calling a "funeral carriage," bore the family away to the railway station.

Here Morgan met them with his sister. Polly was a year older than Elizabeth and an inch or more taller. She had a pale, thin face, deep blue eyes, a long nose, a high forehead; and her dark hair, drawn straight back and kept in place by a round comb, was cropped across on a level with her ears. "An intelligent child, who may grow up rather pretty," Mrs. Colton had described her.

But now Polly's eyes were red from tears shed at parting with the good Sisters; and another shower was imminent whenever she looked at Morgan.

"Oh, cheer up, Poll!" he whispered. "You are to come back if you are not contented, and if you stay I will go and see you."

The travellers had taken their places in the train. Now the bell rang. Poor Polly clung sobbing to her brother; then he was obliged to hasten away, and she buried her face in her hands.

"Here he is again!" cried Elizabeth.

Polly started up; he was looking in at the window. The cars began to move; there still stood Morgan outside, smiling and waving his hat. She would have rushed out and jumped off had not Mr. Colton restrained her.

Presently the train passed through a tunnel, and a puff of smoke blew a cinder into Elizabeth's eye. Being a sympathetic little creature, Polly shortly forgot her own grief for a while in concern for her neighbor.

"Look at those orchards!" said Leo, when Elizabeth decided dubiously that she was not quite sightless, after all.

Polly began to recover her spirits, and

gazed with interest on the fleeting pictures of acres of waving corn and grain, white farm-houses and red barns. The glimpses of browsing cattle, of fresh pastures and running brooks,—all made her draw a deep breath of happy satisfaction; for she had never in her whole life spent a day in the country.

The sun set beyond fragrant salt meadows; the train arrived at the Fall River Boat, and a quarter of an hour later the girls were in their pretty white cabin, which Polly pronounced the "cutest" room she had ever seen.

When the steamer was under way Mrs. Colton knocked at their door, calling:

"Come to supper, girls!"

As they entered the supper room their eyes were dazzled by the glare of the thousand scintillating prisms of the crystal chandeliers. With a flourish, the head waiter passed them on to another obsequious dandy, who conducted them to a small table. Elizabeth and Leo were quite at their ease; Leo even "tipped" the attendant and went through nearly the entire bill of fare. But Polly was so engrossed with the novelty of the surroundings, and in observing the people about her, that she hardly did justice to the meal.

How delightful it was afterward, when the young folk walked up and down the grand saloon, where all was animation and glitter likewise, and listened to the music of the brass band; and when they sat on the deck with Mr. Colton, watching the path of the moonlight upon the waters of Long Island Sound, the foaming track of the steamer, and the lighthouses that marked the coast!

But the pleasantest of evenings must come to an end. In the morning the boat reached the pier at an early hour; and, after a hasty breakfast, they took up their position in the saloon to wait for Grandpa Campbell, who was coming to meet them.

"You watch for him at one staircase

and I'll keep a lookout at the other," said Elizabeth to Polly; for Leo was already down below at the gang-plank.

"But I have never seen your grandfather," demurred her companion.

"Oh—well, you will know him by his pepper-and-salt whiskers!"

Polly peered over the balustrade, curious to behold a personage so singularly endowed. Some time passed; she heard her name spoken, and, turning, saw Leo and Elizabeth coming toward her, each holding fast to an elderly gentleman, whose hair and beard were streaked with grey, but whose laughing face and kind eyes were still as bright as those of a boy.

"Here is Polly, grandpa!" cried his granddaughter, practising a dancing step.

"How do you do, Polly?" said Mr. Campbell, releasing a hand and taking both of hers in his cordial clasp. "You look very wide-awake after your journey. Now, ho for Hazelbrae!"

The party proceeded to the Ferry, crossed the North River, and were soon in the cars again, speeding away toward the wooded slopes and picturesque valleys of upper New Jersey.

Ere long the train reached the then sparsely settled village of Gordonsville, and they alighted on the platform of the little station.

Polly felt as if she had been set down in another world,—a world of fertile meadows and verdant hills; of skies that looked as if they never could be anything but blue, and a wealth of golden sunshine.

"There's the carriage—why, grandpa, you have a pair of new horses—hullo, Patrick!" cried Leo, as Mr. Campbell's coachman drove up.

Patrick was no recent acquaintance. The Coltons all had something to say to him, and his face wore an expansive smile at seeing them once more. The social nod he gave Polly, too, seemed to assure her she would find many friends at Hazelbrae.

"And here is Wilhelm also, with old

Fanny harnessed to the jersey wagon," said Elizabeth.

A large-featured, middle-aged man, of a sunburnt, leathery complexion, approached smiling, sprang from the wagon, raised his hat to Mrs. Colton, and returned the children's handshake with a pleased chuckle.

"You young people will have to wait until the carriage returns, or else follow us with Wilhelm and the trunks," said grandpa.

"We will go with Wilhelm," answered Elizabeth and Leo, scrambling into the wagon. Polly followed their example, and the family cavalcade set off.

What a pleasant drive it was, over the rural road, past ancient Dutch farm-houses of brown stone with long, sloping roofs, and the more modern residences of New York merchants like grandpa, who had established themselves in this neighborhood, to the dissatisfaction of the quaintly, unprogressive descendants of the primitive settlers!—for all this district was once included in the colonial province of New Netherlands.

Now the carriage turned in through a gateway. Fanny did the same without any guidance.

"As Patrick says, she could find her way home if she were blind of one eye and couldn't see out of the other," asserted Leo. Then he stood up and shouted "Hurrah!" as the fields of Hazelbrae came into view.

"It is the same old place!" declared Elizabeth, in delight.

Polly was excited too. The scene before her was attractive. To the left of the winding avenue lay the apple and pear orchards; on the right, smooth green banks sloped down to a noisy little brook, that, crossed by several rustic bridges, strayed like a merry child through the fairest lawn in all the country round,—gaily sporting hither and thither until it reached a small, gleaming lake, that reminded her of a beautiful, pear-shaped

pearl upon a bed of emerald velvet she had once seen in a jeweller's window.

At the summit of a gentle knoll stood a grey house of many gables, one vine-covered end facing the drive-way. Polly's observations were cut short by the barking of dogs, and straightway a Scotch collie and a large Newfoundland came tearing down the road.

"Hi, Fingal, you rogue!" cried Leo.

"Good Watch, splendid fellow!" called Elizabeth—"oh, there is grandma on the terrace, and here comes Aunt Janet!"

Leo jumped clear of the wheels and ran to his favorite aunt; and the next minute Elizabeth, at the risk of falling off the wagon, leaned forward to receive her welcoming kiss.

"Take care, don't tumble!" laughed Miss Janet, reaching up to shake hands with the little girl beside her. "I'm glad to see you, Polly."

Escorted by the leaping, yelping Fingal and the more staidly jubilant Watch, they arrived at the clematis-wreathed veranda, where grandma was waiting. What a warm greeting she gave them! Polly, feeling shy and a trifle lonely, stood in the background, an awkward spectator.

Mrs. Campbell was a large, fine-looking woman, with a great deal of natural stateliness and dignity, aristocratic features, and old-fashioned side curls which were vastly becoming. She was as overjoyed to see Leo, Elizabeth and their parents as they were to be with her. Quickly, however, she asked:

"But where is Polly?"

"Here she is," answered Elizabeth.

"Come here, my dear."

Polly bashfully drew near; and, bending-down, Mrs. Campbell kissed her with motherly kindness.

From that moment the young orphan was happy at Hazelbrae, and knew she had found in Elizabeth's grandmother a friend for all her life.

But Elizabeth, impatient to make sure

everything was as it used to be, hurried her away to go through the house. What a charming home it was, with the antique furniture, the summer breeze blowing through the spacious rooms and wide halls, and the general air of comfort! Vases filled with flowers adorned the chimney-pieces in the drawing-room and south parlor; flowers decorated the dining table; and when Polly was shown to her own little nook under the northwest gable, she found upon the small bureau a bunch of geraniums and sweet alyssum.

Meanwhile Leo, after walking around the grounds, made his way to the stables. All was quiet here; the horses were again in their stalls, and the men had gone to work in the fields. He patted old Fanny, and talked to the new bays at a respectful distance; for Patrick had cautioned him that they were apt to be restive.

"But I wonder where Sport is?" he soliloquized.

A droll whinny made answer; and the white pony in the box stall was nearly as demonstrative in his recognition as Watch and Fingal had been. The cackling of a hen interrupted the interview.

"Good-bye, Sport! I guess I'll see what it looks like upstairs now," said Leo.

He mounted the ladder-like steps and entered the silence of the upper barn. On all sides were great stacks of hay, in some sections rising almost to the roof. Before he had time to more than glance about him, there was a slight rustling in a shadowy corner, and a sound as of some one breathing. This was startling! Could a tramp be hidden away there? He stood staring at the spot whence the stir proceeded. It continued—and directly, to his astonishment, a boy larger than himself, in blue overalls and wearing a brimless straw-hat, emerged from a pile of hay, and regarded him with the dazed surprise of one just aroused from sleep.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" demanded Leo boldly, relieved to

find that the supposed vagabond was a lad instead of a man, and taking his measure as a preliminary to a possible conflict.

The boy laughed, then assumed a good-humoredly defiant air, picked up a straw and beginning to chew the end of it, answered:

"I might ask the same question of you. I'm here to take care of the barn and drive off any idle fellows that come prowling about."

Leo winced. The stranger gazed at him with so comical a leer, however, that the scowl which for a moment darkened his face cleared away, and he went on in a less peremptory tone:

"I suppose, then, you are some one employed on the farm?"

"Yes: I'm Bernard."

"And who in thunder is Bernard?" he thought; adding aloud: "I never heard of you."

"Well, that's queer," returned Bernard, quizzically. "But I know you are Leo; so take a perch on those bags of grain, and I'll tell you who I am, and all the news in the bargain. I did not understand you were coming by the early train."

And Bernard forthwith proceeded to devote himself to Leo's entertainment with much good-will.

(To be continued.)

An Easter Legend.

A verse which may be familiar to some young readers runs as follows:

Ever since that blessed night
When Death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird changed their hue,
And burn with red and gold and blue,—
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day.

When our Blessed Lord, so the ancient legend tells us, was tenderly laid in the tomb, a tall tree was growing near, spreading its branches lovingly over the structure of stone which was to shelter

for a while that precious Body; and in the topmost branches a bird was sitting upon some eggs, waiting patiently for the time when the little feathered songsters would come forth from the shells. It is not every mother-bird that can sing, but this one was so happy that she had been crooning low songs; and, in her bird-fashion, thinking of her unhatched children, and the beautiful spring days in the near future when hope would have fulfilment.

Then, all of a sudden, the joyous notes were turned to wails; for they were bringing to lay in the tomb near by her own dear Lord, mangled, bleeding, dead! All night, all through Saturday and the hours of darkness which followed, she ceased not to moan; and then—happy bird!—she saw a glorious angel roll away the stone from before the tomb and her Blessed Creator come forth, the victor forever over sin and death. And so her happy song beat upon the soft air once more,—no simple song of hope as at first, but a jubilant cry of "He is risen! He is risen!"

And all the other birds gladly took up the chorus, and the branches of the great trees waved; so that the angel, noticing, said:

"Sweet bird, be forever blessed—thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-covered nest!"

Afterward, they tell us, the eggs of that bird were no longer of a sober hue, but some of them were of a bright red, to symbolize the Blood of Christ; some of them blue, the type of hope; some of them gold, to remind us of our treasure laid up in heaven; and others white, the color of a purified soul.

So when you color your Easter-eggs think of the mother-bird that mourned for our dear Lord that first Easter morning, and that changed her song to a triumphant strain when the white robes of the angel shone through the darkness, bringing light and joy to the world.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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English Saints and Shrines.

Our Lady of Kevelaer.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF AUGUSTA
THEODOSIA DRANE.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IV.—ST. WINEFRIDE.

A DIFFERENT scene is this, where now
we stand,
Amidst the Cambrian mountains of the West,
And catch the sound of Celtic tongues, that
pray
As prayed their fathers of a holier time.
What power is thine, sweet Saint, that in an
age
Of little love, huge in its selfishness—
An age of scorn and hollow unbelief,—
Thou still shouldst linger by thy Holy Well
And work thy wonders as in days of yore!
St. Winefride, thou patron of sweet joy,
Thou kindly Saint that wilt not be forgot!
To thee from north and south, and east and
west,
There gather still a lowly pilgrim band,
As once they gathered to the feet of Christ.
The sick, the maimed, the halt, the blind are
there;
And round thy fountain, gushing evermore
And sending forth its wonder-working stream,
Faith hangs her trophies* by the poor man's
hand,
Which unbelievers dare not sweep away.

(To be continued.)

* Votive offerings of crutches, etc., hung round
St. Winefride's Well by persons who have been
miraculously cured.



ESPITE the miracles that long
have been, and still are, of con-
stant occurrence at that favored
spot, the shrine of Our Lady of
Kevelaer, in the Lower Rhine provinces,
is perhaps less known than many others
to the religious world. It can not boast
such great antiquity as the sanctuary of
Einsiedeln, nor has the soil on which it
stands been watered with the blood of a
martyr; it has not the prestige, the world-
wide fame, of Loreto, Bon Secours, or
Genazzano; it does not, like Lourdes, at-
tract crowds of visitors from every quarter
of the globe; and yet for more than two and
a half centuries it has been a wellspring of
health and benediction to the inhabitants
of Belgium, Holland, and West Germany.
Humble in its origin, unnoted in its
development, the shrine of Kevelaer is
situated apart from the world's highway.
The village which has grown up around
it breathes an atmosphere of seclusion,—
a spirit of simplicity, modesty, and indus-
try, akin to that which characterized the
lowly Mother of God, who is pleased to
dispense some of her choicest blessings
on this spot.

In the early part of the sixteenth cen-
tury the original village of Kevelaer, not

far distant from the Rhine and about two hours' journey to the north of Dusseldorf, was completely destroyed by fire. It was not rebuilt; for until almost the close of the century the country was devastated by bands of rough and lawless soldiery, in consequence of the long struggle against the Spanish power in the Netherlands. After that came the miseries of the Thirty Years' War. Nor was this all; for a pestilence swept away a large proportion of the population, and whole tracts of land became a scene of desolation.

Toward the close of these troublous times, in the end of the year 1641, a trader named Buschmann, who carried on a small business in the adjacent town of Gueldres, was crossing the deserted moors where the village of Kevelaer formerly stood. His road led him past a wayside cross, protected by a rude erection of wood from sun and storm. The winter day was fast drawing to a close, and he was still some distance from home; yet the pious burgher drew bridle when he reached the sign of our redemption; and, dismounting, knelt for a few moments to recite a *Pater* and an *Ave*, and commend himself, as well as all solitary travellers in that dreary region, to the care of our Blessed Lady. His orisons ended, he was about to proceed on his way, when he heard a voice distinctly say: "You will build a sanctuary in my honor in this place." Startled and surprised, he looked all around; but no living creature was in sight; no sound broke the stillness of that lonely spot. Concluding that he had been mistaken, Buschmann pursued his journey, and thought no more of the matter. The next time, however, that business led him by the same road, the selfsame thing occurred; and again on a third occasion, shortly after, the voice was heard to repeat the words.

He could no longer believe himself to be laboring under a delusion, nor was it possible that any one was playing him a trick; yet he felt puzzled as to the

meaning of the admonition, since he was a poor man, quite unable to furnish the funds required for the erection of a chapel. However, he resolved to do what lay in his power. He told the story to his wife, and bade her put aside two or three copper coins each day out of the meagre profits of their little business. By this means the sum of 100 florins would gradually be amassed, which should be devoted to the building of a simple shrine.

Thus the winter passed away without anything noteworthy taking place, until, about a month after Easter, Buschmann's wife, awaking one night, beheld the humble chamber she occupied illumined by a brilliant light, in the midst of which was a small sanctuary containing an image of the Blessed Mother of God. The image was not unfamiliar to her: it was the same as one a print of which had been offered her for sale a short time previously. She remembered that two soldiers from Luxemburg had recently entered her shop, and asked her to purchase one of two pictures which they had been charged to take to their lieutenant, then a prisoner in the fortress of Gueldres, but which, as they had no money in their possession, they were anxious to dispose of for a trifling sum.

These pictures represented the image of Our Lady at Luxemburg, venerated under the title of *Consolatrix Afflictorum*, which had gained celebrity some years before, when the ravages of a fearful pestilence had been arrested in the city through the all-prevailing intercession of the Mother of God. At the time of which we are speaking religious pictures, though but rough, uncolored woodcuts, were very rare, and highly valued by the unlettered peasantry. Doubtless the good wife would dearly have liked to possess one of the prints offered to her; but, small as was the amount asked for it, thrift got the better of her desire to purchase it; and the two pictures were therefore taken to

the officer for whom they were originally destined.

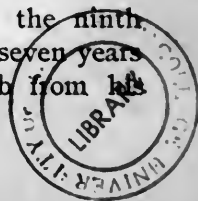
When Frau Buschmann related to her husband the vision she had seen, he would not believe a word of it. He was, however, convinced of its reality when, later on in the day, the neighbors and the watchman informed him that in the dead of night, when all lamps were extinguished, they had remarked that the windows of his chamber were lighted up in a most extraordinarily brilliant manner. Thereupon he immediately took steps toward commencing the erection of a shrine on the model of the one his wife saw in the vision, upon the spot where he had three times heard the mysterious voice. At the same time he sent his wife to make inquiries of the Hessian soldiers as to the whereabouts of their lieutenant, who had meanwhile been set at liberty. On learning where he was, she went to him and implored him to give her one of the much-prized prints. At first she could not induce him to part with either, but at length her entreaties prevailed: he let her choose between the two, and sent her home rejoicing. Her husband commissioned a painter to prepare a board to which the picture should be attached, in view of exposing it for public veneration.

Meanwhile the wonderful incidents that had occurred got wind. The Carmelite nuns at Gueldres heard of them; and, at their request, the picture was entrusted to them for twenty-four hours, during which time they kept solemn watch before it. When Buschmann took it back to his own house, the concourse of townspeople who desired to see it—many of whom brought gifts of money or wax-tapers—was so great that the good man, finding the privacy and tranquillity of his house destroyed, asked the Capuchin Fathers, who had a monastery at Gueldres, to give it a temporary place in their chapel. This they did; but so many were the visitors who crowded into the chapel—some urged

by curiosity, others by an honest desire to pay homage to, or petition help from, the Consoler of the Afflicted,—that the Fathers requested it might be removed as soon as possible to the shrine that was being prepared for it. Thither it was proposed to carry the picture in solemn procession on the 1st of June, 1642; but the parish priest of Kevelaer, fearing that so large a gathering of people might, in those unquiet times, be regarded with suspicion by the civil authorities, preferred to carry it to the shrine himself, under cover of darkness, during the night preceding the 1st of June, on which day it was placed in the little chapel.

The place at once became an object of attraction for pilgrims from the towns and hamlets of the surrounding district. In fact, the pilgrimages and processions were so numerous that the priest, aware of the bitter animosity of the Protestant portion of the population, in consequence of the religious wars, became uneasy, and begged that the picture might be removed elsewhere. Once more it was taken to the Capuchin chapel, but only for three weeks, at the close of which the priest was persuaded to consent that it should occupy a permanent position in the little shrine. He soon found himself unable to minister to the spiritual needs of all the pilgrims, in addition to those of the population of Kevelaer. Three Oratorian Fathers were deputed by the Bishop to assist him; and a dwelling-house, which still bears the name of *Kloster*, was erected for their accommodation.

Before many weeks had elapsed the report of the extraordinary cures which were experienced at the shrine of Our Lady of Kevelaer reached the ears of the ecclesiastical authorities. A little girl four years of age, who had been born blind, suddenly obtained her sight whilst her mother was carrying her for the ninth time to the sanctuary. A boy seven years old, living in Gueldres, dumb from his



birth, was found by his parents, on their return from a pilgrimage to Kevelaer, to speak distinctly. On being taken before the municipal authorities, he recited the Angelic Salutation without hesitation. Several children from different parts of Holland, who were cripples, recovered complete use of their limbs in presence of the miraculous picture. Nor was it to children alone that the loving kindness of our Queen was made manifest: adults of all ages, suffering from one or other of the manifold diseases to which the human frame is subject—cancer, carious bone, long-standing wounds,—found immediate and permanent cure. The lame left their crutches at the shrine; the blind were restored to sight; the deaf and dumb returned home singing the praises of God and of His ever-blessed Mother.

In 1647, by order of the vicar-general of the diocese, a synod was held, at which thorough investigation was made into the reputed miracles. The depositions on oath were taken of various inhabitants of Gueldres who had recovered their health at the shrine, as well as of Buschmann and his wife; the result of the proceedings being that the cures obtained by the intercession of Our Lady of Kevelaer, on a visit to her sanctuary, were declared to be miraculous. After this the devotion spread rapidly.

As soon as Kevelaer became a place of pilgrimage, the building was begun of a church of considerable size, adjoining the chapel erected by Buschmann. The offerings of the pilgrims were devoted to this object; for, although they belonged principally to the poorer classes, few came empty-handed; and many gave largely, in gratitude for favors received. About ten years later the primitive shrine containing the picture was superseded by the present chapel—the *Gnadenkapelle*,—consecrated in 1663 [by the Bishop of Roermond. It is hexagonal in form, and surmounted by a dome and cupola. The image of the

Holy Mother of God, which constitutes its most prominent feature, is an exact copy of the image of Our Lady *Consolatrix Afflictorum* at Luxemburg.*

The chief treasure, however, contained within the precincts of the little sanctuary—the magnet that attracts thither so many sufferers both in soul and body,—is the original woodcut: a quaint, rough little print on paper, of no artistic worth, some five inches high and three in width. Framed under glass, in a silver-gilt frame, it is built into the masonry of the wall in the rear of the altar, behind an iron grating; on the arch above is inscribed in large letters the consoling title under which Our Lady is invoked. The space behind the altar affords room for about sixty persons at most. A door on the Epistle side admits the pilgrims in single file; they pass before the picture, stopping to venerate it devoutly upon their knees, and return into the body of the chapel on the Gospel side.

A number of silver lamps, and other offerings of greater or less value, hang around this treasured, wonder-working picture. On festivals of Our Lady, and other days when the concourse is greatest, the pilgrims pass before it in unbroken succession from dawn of day until a late hour of night. And some, in fact, do not succeed in approaching it at all; but are obliged to content themselves with kneeling on the steps at the side of the altar, whence, through a screen, they can obtain a full though more distant view of the sacred object they have travelled far to venerate.

At the time of the French Revolution, when the army under General Miranda occupied the left bank of the Rhine, all pilgrimages and processions to Kevelaer were suppressed. Soldiers were quartered

* Since the destruction of the chapel containing this image during the French Revolution, it has occupied a place above the high altar in the cathedral.

in the house of the Oratorian Fathers, four of whom were taken to France as hostages for the payment of a fine of 15,000 francs. The miraculous image was concealed in a cavity in the tower of the parish church, the sacred vessels and other valuables being sent to Münster for safety. The chapel was reopened in 1802; but the Oratorians were not permitted to retain their house, which passed into the hands of the municipal authorities. Later the sanctuary was roofed with copper-plates, and the exterior restored and decorated. The whole of the interior also has been adorned with frescoes,—some symbolical, others representing scenes and personages taken from Biblical history.

In 1858 the foundation stone was laid of a magnificent church in Gothic style; the stone itself came from Rome, being a gift from Pope Pius IX., at whose command it was taken from the Catacomb of St. Callixtus. Six years later the nave and tower were solemnly consecrated by the Bishop of Osnabrück, afterward Cardinal Melchers. The building, which can accommodate 9,000 worshippers, was not completed until 1883. It is beautifully decorated with frescoes representing subjects from the New Testament, and the "four last things."

(Conclusion in our next number.)

THERE is no happiness in the world like that of a disposition made happy by the happiness of others. There is no joy to be compared to it. There is no sorrow that is not softened by it; for it is the balm of unselfishness. There is no inheritance a mother can leave her children comparable to that which flows from the luxury of doing good to others. The jewels which wealth can buy, the rewards which ambition can secure, the pleasures of art and scenery, the abounding sense of health, and the exquisite enjoyment of mental creations, are nothing to this pure and heavenly happiness.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

IX.

THANKS to the efforts of Mr. Hoffman—who showed himself extremely anxious to fulfil the injunction to speed the parting guest,—and thanks yet more to a lavish use of that talisman which proves an "open sesame" in all countries, the third day after their arrival at the Cape found the travellers equipped and ready to set forth upon their journey.

It was a morning of such radiant freshness and brilliance as only these enchanted tropical regions know. The warmth of the sun was tempered by the breeze already blowing from the limitless expanse of silver sea; and the wide, flashing bay, the distant sapphire heights, and the great, green masses of the Morne rising above the picturesque town, were all bathed in an atmosphere of the most exquisite beauty.

It was a scene upon which the eyes of the strangers had not ceased to dwell with delight since their arrival; but to-day they were for the first time heedless of its loveliness in the excitement attending their departure. Before the veranda stood five horses—two passably good, three very sorry,—on one of the last of which several servants were packing the camping outfit: tent, hammocks, etc. Gilbert, Atherton's well-trained English servant, was directing and assisting; while the guide—a chocolate-colored Jamaica negro with an intelligent face—stood by, offering now and then a word of advice. On the veranda Mr. Hoffman was also bestowing some last words of advice upon his departing guests, who assured him of their intention to be as prudent and cautious as possible. Presently Gilbert, approaching his master, announced that all was in readiness.

"You are sure nothing is forgotten?" Atherton asked.

"Nothing, sir, I think."

"Then we are off! A thousand thanks for all your kindness, Mr. Hoffman; and I trust we shall be able to report on our return a successful expedition."

"I sincerely hope that you may," was the reply. "I'll expect you here, of course, on your return."

Hands were shaken cordially; Atherton and his companion mounted; Gilbert, with the guide leading the pack-horse, followed; and they rode out of the gates of the merchant's pretty residence.

Their way lay directly through the town, so that they had another comprehensive view of its squalor and filth; its immense masses of overgrown ruins, with their picturesque aspect and unspeakably tragic suggestions; its flimsy houses, and its throng of black faces. Followed by curious glances, they rode through the unevenly paved, crowded streets, by the grass-grown, ruin-encircled *place* where stands the church with its musical bells, and so reached the northeastern gate of the city, where, passing a barefooted sentry, with whom their guide exchanged a few words, they found themselves in the open country, upon a broad, hard road which led across saline flats and around the base of the great mountain known as the Western Morne.

"Here we are at last, fairly on our way to the place we have come to seek!" said Atherton when the town was left behind them. "Of what are you thinking, Henri, that you are so silent?"

The boy whom he addressed started, and turned toward him a pair of eyes shining with that excitement of the mind which is like a strong stimulant in its effect upon the body.

"There are so many things of which to think!" he replied. "But just then I was thinking of my great-great-grandfather riding for his life along this road, yet

carrying his death wound with him, on that awful night of the first outbreak. I am the first of his blood to ride here since then."

"A second Henri de Marsillac retracing his steps, with the gulf of a century between!" observed Atherton. "It is certainly a thought to stir many memories,—especially when one recollects why you are here. I fancy, by the bye, that the first Henri rode that race with death as much to save the secret which he carried as to warn the Cape—which by that time must have needed little warning—and to see once more his wife and children."

"Who can tell?" the other answered. "There were reasons enough, God knows! But I hardly think he thought of *that* after it was done. Events followed too fast. He and his faithful Jacques at once set out to save themselves, and carry the news of the insurrection to the Cape; but they met a party of the insurgent slaves and were forced to flight. They had fire arms and fast horses, which the others had not; so, although poor Jacques was killed, my great-great-grandfather escaped—but with a mortal wound. His horse was a splendid animal, and carried him like the wind away from the fiends through whom he had fought his way. Can you not fancy horse and rider as they dashed madly along this road,—the man staunching the blood from his wound as best he could, and praying, no doubt, just to keep his senses and his seat until he should reach the lights of the Cape that shone ahead, while hell itself seemed behind in the burning glare which lighted the Plaine du Nord from the plantations where the slaves were making a carnival of murder?"

"One would think you had been with him," said Atherton, "you seem so well acquainted with every detail."

"Oh, that is not remarkable! I have heard the story so often, and pictured it to myself in connection with all I read of

that time. In fact, I fancied it so clearly that the only strange thing now is to find myself here, where it happened. I can hardly believe that that is not a dream."

"We will prove it a most solid reality. And if we find untouched what Henri de Marsillac buried on that night, I hope his spirit may have the satisfaction of knowing it."

"I am glad you don't hope that it may be 'by to see,'" said the other, with a slight laugh. "Great as my regard for and interest in him have always been, I confess I could not hope that."

"You believe in ghosts, then?"

"I—don't know. But one would rather not tempt the unknown. And you must acknowledge that if the ghost of Henri de Marsillac haunts a spot of which we know, it has more reason for doing so than many ghosts, or reputed ghosts, have for their appearances."

"I can't agree with you. It strikes me that it would have been much more to the purpose if he had manifested himself to some of your family in Louisiana during the hundred years, when his secret lay buried there as well as here."

"Perhaps he waited for the moment of supreme necessity, and then directed my idle search—but this is absurdly fanciful! Let us speak of practical things. Shall we seek the estate to-day, or go to the palace and citadel first?"

"I thought we had settled that point. My plan is to locate the estate to-day—that is, find exactly where it is,—and then go to Milot for the night. To-morrow we will see the palace and citadel, and return; and to-morrow night we will spend in the home of your ancestors. How long we will remain there depends on—circumstances."

"Yes," in a low voice. Then abruptly: "Already I am trembling with the anticipation of disappointment."

"And I grow more sanguine of success the nearer we approach our destination. I

am surprised at your loss of faith. Instead of anticipating disappointment, a boy of your age ought to be all aglow with hope and excitement. I don't mean to be offensive, but, with all your courage, you are really most extraordinarily like a girl."

A flush came into the other's sunburned cheeks. "You have said that several times before," he answered; "and I think it *is* offensive. Did you ever hear of a boy who was not offended at being told he was like a girl? And I never was told so before. At home they always said—"

"Well," as the eager voice suddenly dropped into silence, "what did they say?"

The reply was a nervous laugh, and then: "Never mind what they said. I wish—oh, how I wish that I could hold my tongue!"

"That," said Atherton dryly, "strikes me as the most unnecessary wish I have ever heard. For one of your age—"

"It seems to me that you dwell a great deal on my age," interposed the other.

"You are quite the most secretive person I have ever known," concluded Atherton, without noticing the interruption.

"I don't think I have been secretive as far as you are concerned," said the boy, with a sigh—which was of sincere repentance for a too impulsive confidence. "I have told you things which I never could have imagined myself telling any one."

"And have probably regretted it ever since." (A chance shot, of the accuracy of which the speaker had no idea.) "But if you were wise you would not regret what has given so much added zest to my desire to help you. Who would not wish to be the rescuing champion of a fair maiden in distress and danger of sacrifice?"

"If I regret it," was the answer, in a low voice, "it is because you jest on a subject which is so serious to me that I could not feel more if Diane's life were at stake."

"Jest! My dear boy, you mistake me!" answered Atherton quickly. "If I jested,

do you not know how much seriousness a jest may hide? I was never more deeply touched than by the story you told me. I fancied you understood that. As for your beautiful Diane, I have simply fallen in love with her, on the strength of her name and—of *you*."

Again that nervous, half-hysterical laugh. Surely this was the strangest of all strange boys! But after a moment he grew grave.

"When we have succeeded, we will talk of Diane," he remarked; "but not while everything hangs in doubt. When do you suppose we shall reach the *Plaine du Nord*?"

"Very soon, I think," replied Atherton. "You see, we are turning quite away from the shore and rising to higher ground."

In fact, they had already entered upon that famous plain. The barren saline flats were left behind, and on each side spread an expanse of rich but almost wholly uncultivated land. On the side of the road—the ancient French highway, still, after the neglect of a century, in a state of good preservation—grew, tall and thick, trees which had originally been planted for hedges; while here and there a plantation patch was the only sign of cultivation,—although large tracts were covered with what seemed at first sight a species of scrub timber, but which proved to be coffee trees left to grow wild. Soon also there appeared ruins of gateways and houses, all built so durably of stone—the gate posts and *façades* of the dwellings handsomely carved—that they had, in a measure at least, resisted every agent of destruction employed against them. In what remained of these mansions no one dwelt; but near the gates were frequently seen the palm-thatched cabin of some negro descendant of the slaves who once tilled these broad and fertile lands, now again abandoned to Nature.

"Do you suppose that the inhabitant of that cabin is the owner of this place?"

Atherton inquired of the guide on one of these occasions.

The man laughed. "Oh, no, sah!" he answered. "De owner live in de Cape—big man—general. Black, all de same."

"Doesn't he—don't any of the owners of these estates ever live on them?"

"Never heard of any what did, sah. Spect dey's all 'fraid. All say old houses haunted by de white people what used to live in 'em."

A smiling glance passed between the two companions.

"What a lucky thing for us if they have such an idea about *your* place!" Atherton murmured. Then aloud: "A very natural idea on their part, since they—or at least their ancestors—murdered most of the white people. But, as I mentioned to you before we started, we are in search of one of those old estates, and we now depend on you to find it for us."

"All right, sah. I'll find it for you, if you'll tell me where to look," the man answered. "But all round, everywhere"—he made a sweeping gesture with his arm—"old plantations all grown up, and old houses. Mus' know where to look."

"I am afraid the search will be a little difficult," said Atherton. "Who could have imagined that the country seats of the old proprietors would be so numerous! What a paradise this plain must have been before the insurrection!"

It required indeed no great stretch of imagination to picture its beauty and fertility when covered with superb plantations and stately homes, its broad fields of cane and sugar divided by citron hedges, and the whole crossed in all directions by roads so admirably constructed that their stone bridges, culverts, and ditches still remain in evidence of the fact that to make and maintain good roads is as practicable in Santo Domingo as in Porto Rico or Jamaica.

"A paradise indeed!" echoed the other, glancing over its wide expanse, bounded

by glorious masses of azure mountains, cloud-crested against the deeper azure of the sky. "And now given up to utter ruin and desolation! *Eh bien!*" turning quickly to the guide, "do you know where is the village of Grande Rivière?"

The man nodded assent. "Oh, yes!" he replied. "Grande Rivière over yonder," pointing eastward.

"Very well. Take us toward Grande Rivière. The estate we seek is in that neighborhood, about a league distant from the village."

"But if we go to Grande Rivière, we mus' leave road to Milot,—and road from Grande Rivière to Milot pretty bad."

"That does not matter. We have all day before us, and we desire to visit that place first."

It was after they had, in accordance with this direction, taken the road leading from Petite Anse to Grande Rivière that the guide pointed out the famous estate of Limonade, from which was derived the title bestowed by Christophe upon its first negro possessor, and still borne by his descendant. The ruins of great estates were now on every side. Riding slowly, they paused now and then to ask information of the persons they met—all negroes of the class of agricultural laborers, if the term can with any propriety be applied to those whose labors are so small. But none of these were able or willing to give the information sought. Some merely stared when questioned, muttered a word or two in *patois*, and went on; others knew of a place called Beaulieu, but were very indefinite in their description of the locality where it might be found.

"All big fools, dese Haytian niggas!" said the Jamaican, with scorn, after one of these encounters. "Bes' not talk to 'em any mo', sah,—look for ourselves."

"We must be near the place, I think," observed De Marsillac, whose excitement, though restrained, was now intense. "Let us ride on."

On they rode, the country around them growing constantly more beautiful, with wooded hills making a background for the rich plain; and ever beyond, the blue majesty of the great mountains enthralling the vision.

Presently, attracted by a magnificent avenue of royal palms—the finest they had yet seen—which led from massive gate pillars of stone toward the ruins of a large house beautifully situated on the crest of a gentle hill, beyond which rose bolder heights, they paused again, and Atherton said:

"This may be the place we seek,—at least, I think we should examine it. We may find some one to tell us what estate it is and if—"

He was stopped by an exclamation from his companion, who pointed to one of the stone pillars on which was deeply carved the name:

"Beaulieu."

(To be continued.)

In the Battle for Bread.

—
PAUPER POLLY.

—
BY T. SPARROW.

II.

FROM a downtrodden, browbeaten scrub Polly became the heroine of the hour. Mr. Maude's rash act was followed by an illness. His relatives were telegraphed for, and his poor mother could not do enough to testify her gratitude to the girl who by her prompt courage had saved a fellow-creature from self-destruction. Mrs. Maude insisted that no one but Polly should share the nursing. She gave her fine dresses and made her eat and drink of the delicacies bought for the invalid. It appeared that Frank Maude was the only son of wealthy, high-born parents, who looked upon art as a synonym for

paganism; and when he announced his intention of devoting himself to painting, they expressed their abhorrence so strongly that the self-willed youth (he was only nineteen) left his home without giving a clue to his whereabouts, and came to London to climb the slippery ladder of fame, without experience and with limited funds.

His mother was a well-bred, sweet woman, but weak and only too fond, whose own folly fostered the next disturbance in Polly's fateful story. The good food, the pretty clothes, the atmosphere of caressing affection, completely transformed the ugly duckling. The eyes were no longer devoid of expression: they darkened in color and glowed with a soft, subdued light, as if half fearing to believe the happiness so newly come. The mouth settled into lines, alluring in their utter trustfulness and content. She was growing fast, and her fitful coloring gave a touch of refinement to the face that so lately had been heavy and dull. She was just at that crisis in girlhood's stage when nature is absorbed in feeling, and thinking is pushed out of the way. She was just at that age also which, to an artist of sensibility, has its special charms. So can we wonder that as week passed after week, and Frank lay languidly on his couch, he began to watch her with interest, and, in default of other employment, made her sit for him as a peasant girl in his rustic pictures, or as a country maid in some village landscape?

Such attention and such flattery would have turned a stronger head than Polly's. She bore in equable silence the rough usage below stairs of those who were jealous of the favoritism shown. Their vulgar taunts elicited no reply; for she had been well trained in endurance, and angry recrimination was not her line. But they had their effect in deepening within her a resolution that became more strongly rooted every day. This was no less than to ask Mrs. Maude to let her go

back with them to their country-house. The silly child thought that they would let her lead there the same life they were leading now; and what more happy than to spend the remainder of her days ministering to Mr. Frank and posing as a lay figure for his pictures? But, in her ignorance of the wiles of the world, poor Polly set about accomplishing her object the wrong way.

Mrs. Maude was going out one afternoon to meet her husband at the station, and bring about a reconciliation between him and Frank. The latter, uneasy at the approaching meeting, had worked himself into a nervous fever; his cheeks were flushed and his eyes had a brilliant glitter. His mother hung over the couch, loath to leave him.

"Here, Polly," she said, in her soft, cooing voice, "you must amuse Mr. Frank while I am away.—Suppose, my boy, you finish the pretty sketch of the maiden on the stile? I will dress Polly up for it before I go."

So Polly was arrayed in a picturesque hat, with a light shawl gracefully draped round her shoulders; the wooden bars were placed in the required position, and Polly seated herself on the top. Then Mrs. Maude lovingly kissed her son and departed. For a long time he worked in silence; and the only sound was the milkman as he cried his cry in the street; and the distant tune of a barrel-organ, which sounded specially harsh and discordant in the hot summer air.

At length Frank flung down his brush.

"There! It wants only the finishing touches, and I wonder where I shall be when I give them?"

"Are you thinking of leaving soon, Mr. Frank?" asked Polly timidly, as she pulled the friendly shawl closer to hide her roughened arms.

"I suppose the 'governor' will take me home; that's what he is coming for," replied Frank, with little pleasure in his

voice. "I shall have to promise to learn to be a true squire's son,—to shoot and hunt and farm—everything I detest. But they have been so good I can't refuse."

"But will it be soon?" repeated Polly, who seemed to grasp nothing but the fact of their departure.

"To-morrow or the next day, I suppose,—as soon as the *mater* can be ready. We can't ask my father to kick his heels about town in August an hour longer than necessary."

There was no time to be lost. Polly saw a vista of steaming hours of unsweetened labor, fretful children, drunken lodgers, heartless employers grudging her every mouthful. To escape from such drudgery she took a desperate step.

"O sir," she cried, slipping down from the stile, "don't leave me behind! I meant to ask your mother, but have never had a chance. Take me home with you; do, if it is only to clean your shoes—"

"That will do, Polly!" interposed a stern voice from behind. "You can go back to the kitchen; we sh'an't want you any more."

It was Mrs. Maude who spoke, as she and a tall, soldierly gentleman entered the room. Oh, the fuss that followed! Mrs. Maude came to me, tearful and upset.

"The ingratitude and the treachery of it!" she said. "What shall we do?"

I am afraid I was not very sympathetic. I understood poor, innocent Polly better than she. But I was urgent on one point: if they did not mean to do anything substantial for the girl, the sooner they left, the better for her peace of mind. So they bundled out the next day, with never so much as a good-bye to the creature who had saved their son's life, and not so much as a penny piece for the way she had waited on him day and night. Bits of chicken and jelly and a few articles of clothing were recompense enough in their eyes.

Polly bore her trouble bravely. She

tightened her lips and squared her fragile shoulders for the burden which almost bore her down. The jealousy of her employers found full vent now. 'They must teach her to know her place,—they must'! And she was scolded, half-starved, given the most menial duties, and kept working as a very beast of burden.

At last the girl's health gave way: the round face had become oval, the cheeks transparent as alabaster; and the large, limpid eyes had a wistful, yearning look, as if her soul had sought some gift which had dissolved when just within reach.

"What a pretty, interesting girl Polly's growing!" said the actress to me once as we ascended the stairs together.

"She is going into a decline, I fear, unless something can be done for her soon," was my reply.

This set Miss Dewar thinking. She was kind-hearted, if a little erratic in her ways. The next time Polly was in her room she watched her narrowly. The episode of the pistol had just that dramatic touch in it which appealed to her professional feelings, and it was with a rush of genuine interest she noted the pathetic droop of the delicate fledgling who had made one flight for liberty and had been bruised in the attempt.

"Polly, I am going travelling presently; would you like to accompany me as my maid?" she asked, abruptly.

"Do you really mean it?" said the girl, a little wistfully.

"Mean it! Of course I do, child. Send Mrs. Thorne up to me now and I will arrange with her. But remember, Polly, though you will get plenty to eat with me, I am very bad-tempered and can't bear contradiction. Why, bless me! the girl's crying,"—for broken-hearted Polly had taken her hand to kiss, and two big tears had fallen upon it.

Miss Dewar had no half-measures in her kindness. She made Mrs. Thorne give Polly up from that hour.

"I can't have her looking half starved," she said, peremptorily. "I must care for her myself."

So Polly ate with her, drank with her, slept in her room, and shopped in her company. She soon learned to be of real use. She was gentle in her movements and deft with her hands. Miss Dewar began by making a great deal of her *protégée*, and gave her only too much freedom in reading all the rubbish in which she herself revelled. Polly was romantic and inclined to indulge in sentiment, and novels are not the best weapons with which to fight a prosaic world.

One day while Polly was on her knees packing she came across an ivory crucifix and a pair of beads.

"Why, are *you* a Catholic too?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, but a bad one," answered Miss Dewar, lightly.

"It seems to me most people are bad when you come to know them," remarked the girl, with youthful cynicism; "and Catholics worst of all."

"Oh, no!" said Miss Dewar, shocked. "It is because you are with a very bad lot you say that, Polly. If you had been brought up in a convent, as I was, you would know that real Catholics are sweet and holy and self-sacrificing. It is indeed a lovely life, if you act up to it."

"And why don't you do so?" asked candid Polly.

Miss Dewar suppressed a yawn behind her yellow-backed literature.

"One has to give up too much in a way you are too young to understand; but I would like to die a Catholic, though I have never lived like one."

"So would I," said Polly, "if they are real good."

The life she was now to lead was the life of her early dreams. Plenty of change, bright dresses, dainty meals, excitement and rush,—there was little time to think and less to pray or study. Miss Dewar

was popular, being vivacious and sociable. She gave merry "at homes" and even noisy reunions. Polly travelled everywhere with her, and in leisure moments altered her dresses and attended to her wants. But she was never really happy: she was not strong enough for the glare and glitter of such constant dissipation, and there was something growing up in her mind which caused her to tire of the giddy frivolity of it all. Miss Dewar made her powder when fatigue lined her face, and rouge when her cheeks were pale. She yielded; for with her, poor child! it was always easier to submit than resist. But she hated the hollowness of her life, and her heart cried out for something true. Miss Dewar, too, was variable and exacting; jealous if Polly got any attention, annoyed if she was left out.

Polly's greatest pleasure was the visits of a well-known spiritualist, whose white beard and fatherly manner inspired her with confidence. He would come in the evening when her mistress was at the theatre, and tell Polly of the wonderful revelations his science had unfolded about the future world. And the girl listened, half-fascinated, half-shrinking; her great eyes dilated with wonder as he suggested what a splendid medium she would make if she but gave herself up to his will.

While her budding mind was thus being taught to work and to wonder Miss Dewar fell suddenly ill. The doctor pronounced it typhoid fever; and Polly, having little experience of illness, grew alarmed when delirium came on. As she was just beginning to believe in a soul, her friend's state made her anxious; and, remembering her nominal religion, she went out and summoned a priest. Polly could always be spasmodically bold, as we have seen, and her boldness had generally good results.

"What on earth made you do that, child?" exclaimed the patient, when Polly revealed her action.

"You told me once you wanted to die a Catholic," she replied, naively.

"But I am not going to die yet, you little fidget!" she said, irritably. "And I am looking so unbecoming, too. Be a saint yourself if you like, but for goodness' sake let me be a sinner a little longer."

I don't know that Father D—— ever made much headway with the volatile actress, but he was at once taken with the gentle, pure-souled Polly. He won her confidence immediately, and she talked as none of us knew the workhouse "slavey" had it in her to talk. She went daily for instruction, or he gave it by the bedside of the invalid, hoping she would profit by it as well. Polly was eager to be received into the Church, but Father D—— was always slow and sure with his converts.

Meanwhile Miss Dewar's illness had brought them to money straits. She was never a woman to save, and when convalescence approached she was confronted with an overwhelming array of bills.

"Look, Polly," she said one day, "there is no help for it. Our company goes to Leeds to-morrow, and I have no money to pay your fare. You must try to sell my dresses and any little thing I leave. I will send part of your wages when I can."

Polly was too stunned to reply: the heartlessness of the way it was done struck her dumb. She packed for her friend in silence and let her go without a word. At the usual hour she presented herself at the presbytery, and Father D—— at once noticed the white, weary face. A few kind inquiries and he knew it all.

"Have you any money?" he asked.

"Half a crown," she said, with a quivering smile.

He thought a moment.

"Well, come to me to-morrow at ten o'clock. I will see the Sisters to-night about giving you a home."

Polly gratefully promised. But ten o'clock arrived and Polly did not appear.

(To be continued.)

Life.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

THE flowers spring, the birds sing,
All Nature smiles to see;—
The flowers die, the birds fly,
And Nature weeps with me.

The gold locks grow silver,
The ruddy cheeks grow sere;—
A mad day, a sad day,—
The life of man and year.

The Grandchildren's Novena.

THE wind whistled through the firs outside the cabin like a storm at sea; and the children, listening for a moment, turned round again and sank back into sleep. But Katie could not sleep. She was the eldest of the flock, and the thought of the four little ones lay like a heavy weight on her heart in the stormy morning. She could not keep from thinking of the woman who had died under the bridge,—the stark figure, and the neighbors watching all night to keep the rats away. The strained look on the wasted face had been terrible to see, telling as it did of the wild hoping against hope,—the anguish that had killed her. And yet she had once been a bonny, prosperous farmer's wife, with a pleasant home up the Knock. But her husband had died; times grew bad; and she had been dispossessed, with no alternative but the workhouse or the bridge-arch for shelter. She chose the latter, and it was from there she made all her wild pilgrimages to the house of the titled lady whose agent had evicted her. She had never been able to see the lady, who would perhaps have pitied her: there were always servants to bar the way against the haggard, half-desperate creature. And so, still planning one more attempt, she died under the bridge.

It was a gruesome little story, but the ugliest part of it all was the rats. Even now Katie could hear her grandmother groaning in the next room: "O God help us! The children—Mother o' Mercy!—the rent due,—the winter at its worst,—an' the terrible bridge!"

At breakfast time the poor old woman pushed away the cup of tea and piece of dry bread, and limped drearily out to cut nettles for the ducks' breakfast.

"Don't go near the bridge, darlings!" she called to the children when they were setting off to the bog for *scraws*.*

"She's killed from thinking of that awful bridge," said Katie. "An' what'll we do at all? Sure all the money we have is seventeen shillings, an' where'll we get the rest o' the five pounds?"

"Oh, the ducks!" ventured little Nora, only half-willing to have the friendly waddlers sold.

"I'd only get three shillings for the five of 'em," sighed Katie; "but we must let 'em go."

They tried to think of something else that they could sell, but there was actually nothing. Every head of cabbage was sold; the rick of turf and even most of their little store of potatoes had all gone the same way.

"Katie," asked Nora, "couldn't you an' I go to service? 'Twould spare the potatoes, an' we'd have money for granny."

"Sure I tried at nearly every house in the town myself," answered Katie; "but 'twas a big girl they wanted."

"Ah, when we had poor Mopsy," said Joaney, "you used to get a lot o' money, Katie, selling the milk in town!"

"I used. The rent was easy to us then 'Twad a bad weed in the field that killed poor Mopsy."

They looked forlornly at the hungry birds hopping in and out of the dripping hedge. There was a ragged little nest exposed in one place, and Katie went over

to cover it more carefully. It was last year's, and deserted; and she was drawing out her arm, having made this discovery, when something tumbled out of the clump of ferns to the ground. It proved to be a mildewed little prayer-book; and as she picked it up a picture fell out of it,—a small gilt picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor.

"Oh, what was blinding us at all," cried Katie, "never to ask the Blessed Mother's help? She will ask the good God, and He will never refuse *her*. Come an' let us begin a novena to her, an' everything will be all right,—never fear."

With thrilling hope, the three knelt and began their prayer—that, through His Mother's intercession, the merciful Lord would "open a way to the rest of the rent"; that He would "take away the fright out of granny's mind"; that He would keep them "all from the terrible bridge," and make them fit to go to heaven when they died.

Their load of sodden *scraws* seemed no weight at all as they trudged home at nightfall, hungry and cheerful; and they ate their potatoes and salt with light hearts. When the meal was over, and they had the kitchen swept, the table scrubbed, and everything shining on the dresser, the grandmother eyed it all dismally.

"What's the good of it, dearies?" she groaned. "The steward was here to-day to tell me that the draper in town wants our little fields, an' will pay six pounds instead of our five for 'em; an' he'll want this house for his laborer. We'll have to tramp out in the snow, like Mary and Joseph and the Holy Child."

But even this did not dishearten the little grandchildren in their novena.

"Wasn't it grand that we thought of asking the Blessed Mother?" whispered Katie to the others that night. "Now we needn't care for *any* one,—the steward or the shopman, or any one. You know we have *our friend*!"

* Pieces of the "skin" of a peat-bog.

On the day the rent was due the steward came up to notify them that on the following Monday the incoming tenant would require possession of the fields and house.

"I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Doyle," he said; "but her ladyship is as hard-pushed, in a manner, as yourself—"

"I know,—I know, Mr. Fives. There's many a call on the high in station that we know nothing about. I don't blame her at all; but may the merciful Lord look down upon us! Where can I turn with the children?"

The sleet beating in through the open door added force to her words, and the man could not repress a shudder.

"Have courage, granny darling,—have courage!" said Katie. "'Twill be all right, please God. Leave us in the house, sir, till Thursday instead of Monday, and that's all we'll ask."

The novena would be finished on Thursday; and she felt that something would happen then, if not before.

"Well, I'll manage that for you," said the steward. "I wish I needn't bother you at all, but you see how it is. You must promise, though, not to put in a single other pleading against the ejectment."

"Oh, we do,—we do!" replied Katie.

The days flew by too quickly, and at length it was the fateful Thursday. The grandmother was utterly prostrated. Katie had stayed in to feed the ducks and mind Pixie and Shawnie. It was bitterly cold, and there was nothing to make a fire of but the wet *scraws*, which would not kindle. The little ones cried desolately in the black chimney-corner.

"Whist! whist!" said Katie, soothingly. "We'll go to meet Nora and Joaney. Maybe they'll have the brooms sold that we made last night, an' they'll bring you a bun each."

With Pixie wrapped in granny's shawl on her back, and holding Shawnie's hand, Katie set off. The snow was beginning to fall, and,—alas for her hopes!—she saw

Nora and Joaney coming round the turn as heavily laden as when they had set out in the morning. Not a broom sold.

"Well, never mind," said Katie, as they turned toward home again. "And, Pixie, don't cry, loveen! The Blessed Mother won't leave us long hungry and cold."

They were struggling with the fire when their grandmother said:

"There's no good in bothering with it, darlings! The steward will have to put it out when he'll shut the door behind us."

The word struck a chill to Katie's heart, but in a flash came back the thought of their *friend*; and, while Nora and Joaney worked at the fire, she rocked the half-perished little ones in her lap, and sang in a low voice, "Mary, remember me!" After a while Shawnie and Pixie joined sleepily in; and Nora and Joaney added their clear voices, while they fanned the reluctant *scraws* with their pinafores. And that was how the steward found them.

"'Tis a bad day for the clearing-out, Mrs. Doyle," he said; "but I'm after doing the best I can."

Something seemed choking Katie. She ran out, and, with the snow falling thick upon her, lifted her hands with a heart-wrung cry: "O sweet Mother of Mercy, do not desert us!" The outbursting tears blinded her, and it was only when some one spoke close to her ear she was aware that she was not alone. It was the postman. He had never called at their house before, and Katie stared blankly at the letter he handed her.

"For Mrs. Doyle," he said, briefly,—“an American letter.”

The grandmother, who was mechanically collecting the chairs, looked in the same vacant way when Katie held out the letter to her.

"Open an' read it, deary," she said, "an' I can be going on with the chairs."

Opening the envelope, Katie took from it two closely written sheets, out of which something fluttered to the floor. Nobody

noticed it but Pixie, who called on the others to look at the "purty lady."

Mr. Fives took the paper out of the child's hand.

"Murder alive!" he shouted. "'Tis a cheque for twenty-five pounds!"

The old woman fell back in her chair, stunned, speechless, at the good news.

"'Tis the novena,—'tis the novena!" cried Katie and Nora and Joaney in a breath; and then, unheeding of everything but their gratitude, they knelt and thanked in broken words the Blessed Mother of Perpetual Succor for remembering them in the day of their sorrow.

When they were all calm enough to hear the letter read, the grandmother said:

"It must be from your Aunt Joaney, that I wrote to after your poor father an' mother were taken away by the fever."

"Yes, the name is Joanna Clery," said Katie; "and this is what she says:

"DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I have had sad trouble for the past two years, and so neglected answering your letter. My only boy was ill, and up to a month ago grew steadily worse. I was ready to despair about him, when our pastor here suggested to me to make a novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Succor for his recovery. I did so, and before it was finished my darling child began to improve, until a month ago he was able to join his companions at school and play, as strong as any of them.

"This little gift to you is my thank-offering to the Merciful Mother. It will be repeated every year (*D. V.*) until we see what further steps to take. I have sent five pounds to Mr. Frewen in the town, to send you such winter supplies as may be useful. Write and tell me how you and your little flock are, and do not forget to pray that I may be forever grateful to God for the blessings that have been given to me.

"With love to all,

"Affectionately yours,

"JOANNA CLERY."

As the letter was finished there was a sound of "cars" outside; and there, when they all hurried out, was a procession of wagons laden with coal, flour, potatoes, cabbages, onions and other vegetables; then came a great box of groceries—sugar, tea, butter, bacon,—big packages of them, and of things from the draper's; all real luxuries in that humble home.

Mr. Fives himself helped to unload the wagons, and unaccustomed tears were in his eyes as he looked, ere leaving, at the happy creatures, with the firelight shining on them, kneeling once more and, led by the grandmother, thanking the Giver of all good gifts, and Her who had been their intercessor, for what had befallen them.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

WANTED: MORE LADIES!

ONCE the word lady had a specific meaning. Then it became abused. So sensitive was the average American "citizeness" concerning the respect due her that she demanded to be dubbed "lady," irrespective of her right to or fitness for that honorable appellation. The men, as ever, were obedient to her behests. A San Francisco judge, for instance, decreed that no female prisoner in his court should be spoken of as a woman. And so "ladies" were sentenced to San Quentin for twenty days, for unladylike offences; and "drunk-ladies" filled the patrol wagons on their unpleasant journeys to the police stations. Everywhere it was the same. Book agents, peddlers, dry-goods clerks, hack drivers, Pullman-car porters, and steamboat captains, with strange excess of gallantry and paucity of taste, addressed as "lady" every individual in petticoats. Then, when each woman in the land became a wearer

of the good old Anglo-Saxon title which originally belonged to the *chatelaine* who dispensed loaves to her dependents, the reaction set in.

But the pendulum swung too far. Leaders of fashion, who were waited upon in shops by "salesladies," and whose orders for bonnets at the milliner's were taken by "fare-ladies," tacitly resolved to make a distinction by speaking of one another as "women." Society reporters were quick to feel the pulse of the smart set; and we began to read of the women who attended exclusive functions, and of the men (for with *lady* went its companion *gentleman*) who were ushers at Lord So-and-So's wedding. Girls at finishing schools were trained to speak of their men friends; and so energetic was the war upon the hated words that they were run to earth, like rabbits on a fair day in the hunting field.

But although the word "lady" has been banished from good society, the fact which it represents happily remains. It takes a very delicate judgment to determine when the term shall be properly used; but, as philologists tell us that a word is but a vocal or written symbol of an idea, used it must be, or the lady herself may follow the word to oblivion.

May it be long before the old-fashioned lady ceases to be! She is not necessarily rich or learned or idle or versed in the subtleties of *étiquette*; she may even be guilty of lapses in her grammar and guiltless of a pedigree; but if she is gentle and true, and sweet-voiced and clean-hearted; if she gives loaves to the hungry, and keeps herself unspotted from the world; if, above all, she is an imitator of the Lady whom the Angel called Blessed, she is one whose place can not be filled by all the new women from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

CHILDREN have more need of models than of critics.

A Fine Parallel.

THE drawing of parallels between historic characters is a species of composition attended with peculiar dangers. Such parallels being for the most part professed exhibitions of fine writing, the historian is liable to seek for striking contrasts even at the risk of inaccuracy in his presentment of the characters with which he is dealing. Macaulay loved a sparkling antithesis too well to allow historical truth to stand in the way of his employing it; and, as a result, many of his parallels are more brilliant than truthful. Perhaps no other personage in modern history has been so variously, and on the whole so unjustly, treated by delineators of character as has Mary Queen of Scots; and it is especially gratifying to see that tardy justice is at length being done to her memory.

The following parallel between Mary and Elizabeth occurs in a recent work published by a professor in a Protestant college in Bombay, and is a pleasing instance of the historian's impartiality:

Mary represented a great idea—viz., legitimacy, Catholicism, the old religion, the principle of authority in Church and State. Never was a great cause more worthily represented in human form. She was indeed a perfect type of womanly beauty, piety, wit, culture, breeding, cheerful resignation,—virtue in a state of unparalleled difficulties and infinite suffering, ending in martyrdom; gold tried in the hottest fire, and never found wanting. Elizabeth, on her side, represents no principle; she is the supreme and accurate representation of Machiavellian success. *Nothing succeeds like success* might be written on her tomb. A bold, heartless, unfeminine coquette; capricious, vain, jealous, and exacting; false, mean-souled, cruel to a perfectly sickening degree; a bastard, the tool of a party; without a speck of womanly feeling, generosity or magnanimity; the vices of a woman without her virtues; head without heart; cunning and tact without a touch of that sympathy which makes the whole world kin,—she is the very emblem of politics in the narrow, diplomatic sense of the word,—the genius of statecraft. Each had her appropriate reward: to Elizabeth, success; to Mary, the scaffold. But there is a tribunal before which each must appear, and this judgment will be reversed.

It is quite possible that close students of history may discover in the foregoing characterization of Elizabeth a little "high coloring"; but there can be no question that the picture here drawn of the natural daughter of Henry VIII. partakes far less of hyperbole than does that suggested by the obsolete appellation, "good Queen Bess."

Notes and Remarks.

One of the most important literary productions of our time is Mr. James Gairdner's calendar of "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII." Being the work of an eminent Protestant historian, it is all the more effective on that account. King Hal does not improve on close acquaintance. The cruelty and hypocrisy of the man, his ruthless plunder of the monasteries, and the peculiar meanness with which he treated his daughter Mary, are shockingly evident. The latest volume in the series shows, too, the unpopularity of Henry's religious policy, as well as the deep disappointment of the Reformers because he refused to proceed faster in the overthrow of Catholic doctrines and practices. We wonder whether Mr. Gairdner's precious volumes will ever find their way into public libraries in this country.

A remarkable incident, for which the judicious *Tablet* stands sponsor, is related of the miraculous Madonna venerated at Wilna, in Russian Poland. "In February a Russian, who unfortunately can not now be identified, brought to the parish priest of the Ostra Brama chapel several very large wax-candles, with the request that they might be kept burning night and day before Our Lady's image. The request excited no surprise, as even the schismatic Russians have a devotion to the Madonna, and frequently bring offerings to the shrine; but, as it would have been imprudent to leave the candles burning all night without watching, the sacristan was told to sit up in a room near by the altar. About midnight the watcher extinguished

the candles. Asked next morning why he had done so, the man declared that in his sleep he had repeatedly heard the cry 'Put out the candles!' and, with some natural feeling of awe, had done so. Upon careful examination, the candles turned out to be hollow and filled with gunpowder. There is no doubt an attempt had been made to destroy the famous Madonna which for so many centuries has been looked upon, even by the Russians, as the mighty protectress of the Catholic faith. The parish priest immediately informed the authorities of what had happened, but the only satisfaction he got was the advice to 'keep the occurrence quiet.'"

"The daily newspapers," observes the Nestor of American journalists, "seem to be gradually separating themselves into two species: one publishing the news, with an occasional use of pictures for illustration; the other publishing pictures, with now and then a little news mixed in to fill up." The remark is true of magazines as well as newspapers. Not a few of our magazines are primarily picture-books; and the pictures are not always of a class that exercise an elevating influence on the minds of the beholder, either. The cheapness of engraving in our day is not a sufficient excuse for overburdening the pages of a magazine with questionable reproductions of symbolic or realistic art. Excessive illustrating is one of the fads of the time, and it bears about as much relation to the genuine purpose of a magazine as pantomime bears to the legitimate drama.

If ever the Anglican church is reunited to the Church Catholic, it will hold the name of Lord Halifax in perpetual remembrance. No prelate could show greater zeal for Christian unity than this titled layman, and no apostle could labor more patiently and whole-heartedly. It must be said, too, that he understands the issue better than most non-Catholics. His article in a late issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine* closes with these hopeful words:

Who will be the leader in the return to unity. Must there be some *one* manifest leader? Can there

be any permanent union without some one strong centre? We do not know what the providence of God may have in store for His Church—what things, new or old, He may bring forth from the treasures of His wisdom. But, if I may express my own personal conviction, I should say that the course of history points to the Chair of St. Peter as the centre of unity. The Church of Rome possesses in a high degree the qualifications for successful leadership. She combines a rigid hold on every principle once laid down with a wonderful facility in applying principles to cases. . . . I do not speak of the higher qualities of faith and patience, for I am considering my subject rather in its human aspect. For some centuries the Church of Rome has been repeatedly negotiating the rennon of various members of the Eastern Church. The results have been disappointing, but disappointments have their lessons. Surely it is not for nothing in the designs of Providence that the Roman Church has gained these stores of experience, ready for use when the time for action comes. When the determination of Christian men to seek peace and ensure it has reached its due development, they will find ready to their hands all the resources of the Apostolic See, whose venerable occupant is even now calling them to a wider love, rousing them to a greater energy, inspiring them with new hopes and the power of unfailling prayer.

We believe that the American view of the English aristocracy is none too high. But if there are many titles worn by men of the stamp of Lord Halifax, the American view sadly needs revision. Noble is who nobly does. Lord Halifax is a true nobleman.

At length Crispi is fallen—"like Lucifer, never to rise again." Politically, he is as dead as Nero, and about as popular. Those who chanted his praise and enjoyed his favor a few months ago now celebrate his downfall with a fervor wholly unnecessary. Crispi undertook an African campaign and failed; down with Crispi! The people execrate his name, and the students in the universities burn him in effigy, after a mock funeral. "Leave the aged man in peace," urges one of the few friends who still stand by. "His disgrace is so complete that *that* is sufficient punishment."

The most respectable of the daily newspapers recognize a point of indecency beyond which it is not proper to go. That point is fixed with amazing liberality; but when a few sensational newsmongers in New York passed beyond it recently, all their esteemed

contemporaries were deeply shocked. The Chicago papers were very much scandalized. A Boston journal was thus impressed:

They were screwed up to the top notch of horror on the first page, and that keynote was kept up from beginning to end. A more ghastly collection of gruesome, nauseating, terrifying, blood-curdling, hair-lifting, miserable "special articles" it would have been impossible to find elsewhere on the globe;—for which let us be thankful.

Another thinks:

There will surely be a reaction in the matter of newspapers of thirty or forty pages, made up principally of stories of real and imaginary crimes, and the details of happenings which should never appear in print. A newspaper which is printed solely for the dollars which come back to the publishers, and without any consideration for decency and self-respect, is a menace to society. A clean and reputable newspaper is an agency for good, but a "crime sheet" is the agent of crime itself.

The venerable Mr. Dana believes that—

Moral irresponsibility explains it all;—moral irresponsibility, unscrupulous greed, perverted impulses, and utter carelessness of personal reputation.

Now, this is very edifying,—the *editorial* page of newspapers often is highly edifying; but the news column of these virtuous journals are not much more respectable than the papers they so vigorously denounce. Pots and kettles have no business calling one another names.

We have already noted the interesting fact that the arms with which King Menelek's men defeated the Italians were the identical guns with which the Papal Zouaves defended Rome against Victor Emmanuel in 1870. To this must now be added the "curious coincidence," noted by an English correspondent, that Baratieri, the defeated Italian general, was one of Garibaldi's red-shirts; and that the German ship which, having been accidentally sunk in the Suez Canal, delayed the arrival of reinforcements, bore the name of the old General of the Pontifical army, Kanzler.

The fears for the disappearance of song birds lately expressed by one of our contributors were by no means exaggerated; and the statement that the wearing of birds' feathers on female headgear involves an enormous destruction of bird life is borne out

by facts. The meadow-lark of California, famed for its incomparable notes, is being exterminated by the hunters, who kill larks for the markets at so much a hundred. One dealer in London is reported to have received in a single consignment 32,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000, pairs of wings,—which latter, it is said, are often wrenched from living birds. Such barbarity as this in the interest of fashion would have shocked people in the ages called Dark.

The venerable Father Kneipp, of Water-Cure fame, has published another exposition of his treatment, under the title, "My Will: A Legacy to the Healthy and the Sick." His one desire is that this book may help to make his own experience helpful to mankind. "I am seventy-three years old," he says; "and if I am to accomplish my wish, there must be no delay." His method of treating the sick is already employed in more than one hundred places. It is a little remarkable in our century, that a man should so freely give his knowledge, his time, and his strength for the healing of others. It is suggestive of the Middle Ages rather than of our worldly-wise epoch. But there are corners in Germany, as in many other countries of Europe, where all that was good in the Middle Ages is preserved in pristine purity.

About as silly a shibboleth as has ever been adopted by a political party is that of the Canadian opponents of the Remedial Bill dealing with education in Manitoba. "No coercion!" they shout in parliament, on the platform, and in the press; and so vigorous is their denunciation of the Government's policy that one might well imagine Manitoba was being threatened with some such iniquitous system as that to which Ireland has frequently been subjected. Divested of all the claptrap with which perfervid debaters and ultra-patriotic editors seek to enshroud it, the "coercion" in question amounts simply to this:—Premier Bowell's government says to Manitoba: "The highest legal authority in the British Empire states that you have wronged the Catholic minority. We have called on you repeatedly to redress that

wrong; and, as you have failed to do so, we purpose redressing it ourselves." Imagine a sneak-thief, when forced by a policeman to give up the purse he has snatched from a lady's hand, appealing to the popular sympathy by vociferously shouting: "Let me alone. No coercion!"

A missionary in Japan thus appreciates the natives of that heathen land: "The Japanese are the finest race of pagans on the face of the earth. If they become converted they will undoubtedly render great services to the Church." One of the most pressing needs of the missionaries at present is the aid of catechists, auxiliaries of whom there are far too few in most of our foreign missions.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii. 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. M. Wren, rector of West Drayton, England, who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 13th ult.

Sister M. Loreto, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Kansas City, Mo.; Sister M. Joseph, of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Los Angeles, Cal.; and Sister M. of the Immaculate Conception, Ursuline Convent, St. Martin, Ohio, who lately passed to their reward.

Mr. James H. Underwood, Sr., of Worcester, Mass., whose death took place last month.

Mrs. Robert J. Carson, who departed this life on the 1st inst., at San Diego, Cal.

Mr. Francis K. Ward, who died a happy death last month in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. F. J. Fleming, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who yielded her soul to God on the 20th ult.

Mr. Henry Murphy, who passed away last month in the same city.

Mr. Robert Whelan and Mrs. Mary McCormick, of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. William T. Blondell and Mrs. Margaret McQuirk, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. F. P. Wingerter, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. P. J. Tyrrell, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Anastasia Farrell, Foxrock, Ireland; Mr. P. Elward, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. Mary T. Murray, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Margaret Brennan, Bellaire, Ohio; Mr. Felix McMenamin, Shenandoah, Pa.; and Miss Margaret McGiverin, Marengo, Iowa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

To Philomene.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

"YOU must write me a poem," she said
one day,

"Just for myself alone."

And who could resist such a pleader, I pray,
Or dream for a moment of saying her nay?
No poet e'er lived but he bowed to the sway
Of Beauty, and knelt at her throne.

I of course smiled assent, just as you would
have done

Had Fate sent the charmer to you;
And now it is time that my lay were begun,
Or she surely will fancy I'm trying to shun
The task that she set me in half-earnest
fun,—

A result I should certainly rue.

But what shall I sing of? Her beauty, her
grace,

The play of her eloquent eyes?

The smiles that go rippling in mirth o'er her
face,

Her fair, rounded brow where the curls inter-
lace?

On such themes could my pen without doubt
run apace,—

But perhaps such a course were unwise.

No; there's surely no need I should cudgel
my brains:

It would only provoke her to laugh,

Did I send her such polished, mellifluous
strains

As maidens once heard from their amorous
swains;

And for even *this* "pome" I'll be thanked
for my pains

By my sweetheart—aged six and a half.

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

II.



NE dreary morning of the
previous winter the family
at Hazelbrae had awaked to
find themselves cut off from
all communication with the
outer world. The snow, which had been
falling all night, lay in drifts around the
house; the roads were obliterated; and,
as it would have been next to impossible
to reach the station, Mr. Campbell decided
not to attempt to go to his business in
New York, but to remain comfortably
at home.

The storm of wind and sleet continued
the greater part of the day. Mrs. Campbell
and Miss Janet, however, were too agree-
ably occupied to mind the weather very
much. With the assistance of Hannah
the cook, they were packing a box to send
to the Coltons.

How Elizabeth and Leo enjoyed the
arrival of those well-filled boxes,—the first
view of the plump chickens selected by
Patrick with especial care; the hams cured
in the smoke-house under the apple-trees;
the crock of butter made by grandina's
own hands; the fruit-cake from Aunt
Janet; and the store of hickory-nuts and
walnuts tucked into every gap and crevice!

The thought of the picture of this old
home the opening of the box would
conjure up for her married daughter, of

the pleased faces of the young people, caused Mrs. Campbell's own countenance to wear a smile that, her gallant old husband averred, made summer indoors despite the inclement blasts without.

Aunt Janet went to and fro, singing snatches of a quaint Scotch song that Elizabeth particularly liked; and Hannah bustled about, wishing she could put in more rosy pippins and a larger store of sweetmeats, till indeed it seemed as if the box would expand into a car-load of the generous products of the farm.

During the forenoon the men put together an impromptu snow-plow and opened up the avenue down to the turnpike, which was being cleared in the same manner by order of the town committee.

"The Lord keep any one who may have lost the road in this storm, and guide him or her safely to shelter!" ejaculated Mrs. Campbell, as she paused a moment to look out of the window.

Shortly after midday Patrick returned from the station, whither he had made his way for the mail.

"There's a deal of damage done," he reported when summoned to the dining-room, where the family were assembled, and the ladies had resumed the packing which had been interrupted by dinner. "The telegraph wires are all broken, and the Banins' cottage is blown down. It was only a hovel, to be sure, but there was a great time; because, you see, the mother and children were inside. And Mike, the good-for-nothing father, would have been there too had he not set off for the tavern a bit before. 'Twould take all the snows of Rooshia to keep Mike from the tavern, bad cess to him!"

"What! the poor mother and children buried under the ruins! Were any of them injured? What do they need most?" interrupted Mrs. Campbell.

"I came round that way, since the road was clearer," continued Patrick, who was not to be hurried with his news. "There

was a group of people about the fallen house; the woman and the children had rushed out, and it was thought everyone was all right, when of a sudden the mother screamed like a wild creature. 'My baby, my baby!' cried she. 'It's dead for certain, or breathing out the last of its poor little life beneath that mass of cruel rubbish.' It seems she thought Joey, the eldest girl, had taken the baby; and Joey thought she had it, and between them the child was left behind."

"Wishia, glory be to goodness!" interjected Hannah, almost dropping a plate containing a goodly half of a pumpkin pie she was removing from the dinner table, and toward which Patrick had cast one or two sidelong glances.

"And what happened then?" urged Miss Janet, eagerly.

"Well, Miss," rejoined he, "at that, without reflecting whether it was right to leave the beast, I called out to a boy who stood by, 'Hold this horse, can't you, my lad?' and, springing to the ground, I ran forward, saying: 'Don't despair, woman; for belike with God's help the little one may be saved to you.' The men about at her first outcry were dull and benumbed most, but now we all set to work together to clear away the timbers,—which same had to be done with great care, you mind, lest something should give way and crash down on the youngster beneath. At last we cleared the place where the kitchen had been; still there was no sign of the baby, and the mother kept on wringing her hands and wailing like a mad woman. But all at once, amidst the confusion and noise of the storm, didn't we hear a faint crowing sound, Miss! 'Twas puzzling to know where it came from; for whatever there had been in the kitchen had all gone to smash, barring the stove; and that stood on its four legs, as whole as when new. Again came the queer sound; and at last, stooping down and glancing under the stove, there I spied the year-old child,

staring about bewildered like, but quite safe and unharmed."

"Sure, man, what a romancin' tale you bring to fash the master and mistress!" said Hannah, with incredulous asperity.

"Sorra a bit of romancin' is it, but every word true. 'Twas only by chance indeed that myself discovered the child; but any one in the village will tell you the same story, sir," answered Patrick, aggrieved, turning to the head of the house.

"You were right, Patrick, in helping these unfortunate people with celerity and expedition," remarked Mr. Campbell, who sometimes used large words.

"Please, sir, I did it mostly with *my two hands*," corrected Patrick, misunderstanding him, and inferring that he was speaking of a crowbar or a pickax, which would have facilitated the clearing away of the *débris*.

A gleam of humor flashed from Miss Janet's eyes, but no one laughed till the kind-hearted fellow had retreated to the kitchen, to be rewarded by the mollified Hannah with an extra good dinner, including the before-mentioned generous share of her incomparable pastry.

Mrs. Campbell was not long in collecting some provisions and warm clothing for the Banins.

"Poor creatures, to be driven out of house and home in such a storm as this!" she murmured.

"Jake Hopper let them go into his vacant cottage near the crossroads, but of course they'll be very grateful to you for the provisions and things, ma'am," said Patrick, now ready to start off again.

He was speedily dispatched with the basket and bundle, and the household relapsed into quiet.

But this was fated to be an eventful day. About the middle of the afternoon Miss Janet, still hovering over the Coltons' box, raised her head suddenly, exclaiming:

"Hark! Wasn't that some one calling?"

"It is only the wind, Miss," hazarded Hannah.

"The story of the Banins' trouble has made you somewhat nervous, my dear," added Mrs. Campbell.

"There it is again!"

The others listened for a moment. Sure enough, a faint halloo reached their ears at intervals.

"Oh, the trainmen on the railroad are shouting to one another!" Hannah suggested.

"No: it is some one in distress," declared the older lady, now thoroughly aroused. "Open the kitchen door and try to discover the exact direction from which the sound comes."

Hannah flew to the door, threw it open and peered out amid the thick, falling sleet. The route of the railroad lies along the ridge of hills to the west, and divides the farms of this part of Gordonsville. All trace of the Hazelbrae road up to the "track" was lost in the deep snow.

Mrs. Campbell and Miss Janet hastened to the door also. Presently they saw, not many rods distant, a dark object frantically waving above a snowbank.

"The Lord preserve us, but that is an arm!" faltered Hannah.

"And see the top of a cap, and now a struggling figure!" added Miss Janet.

"It is a boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, readjusting her spectacles. "Blinded by the storm, he has stumbled into the drift and can not get out. Poor fellow! He must have just missed the narrow path Patrick made up to the barn, although indeed it is getting covered over very fast."

Without another word, the strong and sturdy Hannah, seizing the broom that stood in a corner, darted out through the storm, and, laboriously and with considerable difficulty, plodded along the path to a point near where they had seen the stranger. Her ringing voice could be heard directing him; and, after some tugging and the vigorous use of the broom, she

succeeded in pulling the prisoner out of the drift; then, half-guiding, half-dragging him along, made her way back to the house. He was a forlorn-looking object, truly: a boy of about twelve years, half dead with cold. His tattered clothes were bristling with sleet, as was also his curly hair; his features were blue and pinched, his shoes broken; and the coarse and ragged mittens, much too large, that hung upon his hands were stiffened by frost.

"If his feet and ears are not frozen it will be a mercy!" cried Hannah, panting after her exertions. "I think I'd better first bring him into the laundry, where there is no fire."

She did so, took off his broken shoes—stockings he had none,—and rubbed his feet briskly with snow. Mr. Campbell, who had been called in by Miss Janet, treated in the same way the little chap's ears, which were just beginning to turn white. Mrs. Campbell made some coffee and brought it to him. He drank a small quantity of it eagerly, but seemed too stupid and sleepy to know much about what was going on around him. If his shout had not been heard, and Hannah had not so promptly gone to his assistance, perhaps in a few minutes more, succumbing to the fatal drowsiness that comes from intense cold, he would have given up the fight. Soon, however, he began to feel the grateful warmth of shelter.

"Come into the kitchen now," said Hannah, when it was safe to allow him to do so. "Here, take some more of this hot coffee."

That boy was Bernard.

III.

"How came you to be out in such a storm, my boy? And where were you going?" inquired Mrs. Campbell of the young wanderer.

"Nowhere,—at least—I don't know, mum," he mumbled, confusedly. "I set off on a tramp to look for work. My father and mother are dead, and I've lived with

my sister that's married. Her husband was always hard on me, and *she* got to hating me too. Last night they turned me out of doors, saying they were too poor to keep me any longer."

Tears rose to his eyes; but, being a courageous and manly fellow, he blinked desperately to keep them back. However, the hardships he had undergone during the last few hours, the reaction caused by the warmth and cheerfulness around him, the kindness of these good people who had taken him in,—all were too much for his ordinary coolness! hiding his face with his arm, he began to weep bitterly.

Hannah laid her heavy hand sympathetically on his shoulder.

"You must have been stubborn and disobedient," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, mum," he acknowledged with unlooked-for readiness; "but I was sorry, and begged them not to turn me out, as it was beginning to snow. I said I'd do twice as much work,—although it did seem as if I'd as much already as I could get through with; and I promised I'd never tell any one how the man beat me. But it was no use: I had to go."

There were tears in Miss Janet's eyes now too; for the little chap had evidently been cruelly maltreated. She inquired:

"Where does your sister live?"

"Away up near the State line," was the response. "Last night I walked and walked till I came to the railroad. There was an empty freight-car on a switch, and I stowed myself into it. Early this morning a train picked up the car. I thought I was bound for New York, and was mighty glad; 'cause if I could get there I'd be able to make a living selling papers or something. But the car was run off again on the switch up yonder. The storm was so bad I didn't dare to stir out; till at last I got so hungry and cold, thinks I it is death by freezing or starvation, if I stay, and I'll have to try and find

my way to some house for a bit to eat. But I never would have got here only for you," he concluded, nodding toward Hannah, and at the same time taking an enormous bite out of a great slice of thickly buttered bread which she had put into his hand.

"If that boy goes to the city he is more than likely to become a vagabond, or else he will turn up in a hospital before the winter is over. Of course you noticed what a racking cough he has?" said Mrs. Campbell to her husband an hour later.

"Yet, if he does *not* go, what do you propose to do with him?"

"Make inquiries; and, if we find his story to be true, keep him," returned the good lady briefly. "He will be useful on the farm."

Mr. Campbell laughed.

"Have we not Patrick and Wilhelm and Hannah? How many more people do you want about? You are always giving employment to vagrants, besides; but with what ingratitude have they repaid you!"

"Since God has blessed us with prosperity, surely we ought never to refuse a helping hand to the unfortunate. I am sure you think so too," replied his wife, confidently.

He laughed again, and added, in confirmation of her words:

"Well, do as you think best, my dear. There can be no harm in giving the boy a trial."

Thus it was that Bernard remained at Hazelbrae. The Colton young people had heard of his dramatic arrival in the midst of the snowstorm, but they did not know he was still there; hence Leo's astonishment upon meeting him in the barn. Bernard had done very well, on the whole, since he had been with the Campbells. Occasionally, to be sure, he would idle away his time, as on the morning when Leo had roused him from a nap in the hay; but, as a general thing, he made himself useful, being good-tempered and

willing. And although his love of fun led him to play countless mischievous pranks upon Hannah, he did many small chores for her too.

"Sure his little jokes and nonsense do brighten me up wonderful, ma'am," she often said to her mistress. "And, though he is so full of spirit, there is no real harm in him."

Leo soon discovered that the "stranger boy" was a companion much to his taste. Bernard knew so many things,—where the chippies' nests were to be found; how to train field-mice; the best place in the brook to catch minnows, and where it was deep enough to float a punt, which they could easily make for themselves.

One day, shortly after the arrival of the visitors at Hazelbrae, Mrs. Colton drove with her mother and Miss Janet to call upon some friends at X, about seven miles distant.

"Oh, dear! What shall we do this afternoon?" exclaimed Elizabeth, as the young folks sat on the grass in the orchard playing mumble-de-peg, or "stick knife," a game in which she and Polly were almost as expert as the boys.

"We have not been up in the fields above the railroad yet. I wonder if there are many wild strawberries there this year?" said Leo. "Don't you remember what a lot of them we found last summer, 'Lizabeth—"

"I'll wager you didn't get more than there are now," interrupted Bernard. "I was coming through the upper pasture a day or two ago, and saw them almost as thick as the blades of grass."

"Oh, let us go a-berrying!" cried Polly, jumping up and clapping her hands.

"Yes, do!" chimed in Elizabeth. "It will be grand fun."

The boys were nothing loath; for Bernard was always ready for any kind of an expedition, and Leo smacked his lips at the thought of the luscious red fruit. His sister ran into the kitchen.

"Hannah," she began, "give us a tin kettle. We are going after the wild strawberries on the hill. Bernard says he saw any quantity of them, and we shall bring back the kettle full."

"Well, glad enough I'll be to have them," admitted the good-natured cook; "for the strawberries in the garden are nearly all gone, and I was wonderin' how I was goin' to get enough for tea. There is a kettle on the dresser you may take," she continued, with a nod to Polly, who had followed close upon the heels of her companion.

"But we ought to have small baskets, or something of the kind, besides, to pick into; for we can not keep near together all the time," said Elizabeth.

"There must be some in the cellar, only I don't know exactly where to lay my hand on them," Hannah answered. "Stop, though! There's that large pewter cup—a regular Dutch tankard, my dear,—in the dinin'-room pantry. Mrs. Campbell bought it among other trumpery at the sale of the Van Loon belongings, shortly after the old man died. It will hold nearly a quart of berries."

Elizabeth ran off, and soon returned with *two* cups.

"You take charge of the kettle, Polly," she said; "for the boys will eat so many berries it will never be filled if we give it to them. We will let them have one of these big cups, and I'll keep the other—"

"Mercy sakes, child!" cried the cook, who was engaged in making most tempting apple-pies. "Put back the tankard you have in your right hand just where you found it. That is solid silver, and belonged to the Van Loon plate. I don't dare to say, how much your grandma paid for it at the auction; because some folks, seein' she had taken a fancy to it, ran up the price."

Elizabeth started to obey; but there was nothing else in the pantry to suit her

purpose, and she did not want to search for the baskets.

"Lizabeth, do hurry!" shouted Leo from without. "We shall not have any time to stay up in the pastures if you delay so long."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the little girl to herself. "What harm is it, after all, to take the silver cup? I'm old enough to be trusted with it, I hope. I won't give it to the boys, because Leo is so careless. But nothing will happen to it if I just keep it myself. I don't have to mind Hannah, anyhow."

"Elizabeth, please hurry!" reiterated her brother. "Here is Polly, and now we are all waiting for you."

"Yes—coming!" she answered; and, with a tight grasp of the silver cup hidden under a corner of her pinafore, she ran out of the front door of the house, banging it after her. The others were so eager to be off that they regarded her haste to get away only as an effort to make up for having loitered.

Not until they were out in the shady lane did Polly spy the silver cup.

"Oh-oo! Why, you took it, after all!" she stammered.

"Yes; it was stuff and nonsense for Hannah to say I must not," answered Elizabeth. "I'm not going to lose it, and there is nobody to steal it up in that quiet pasture."

The party went on gaily; the girls dallying now and again to pluck some of the wayside wild flowers, which they thrust jauntily through the ribbon bands that encircled the crowns of their broad-brimmed straw-hats; the boys amusing themselves by shying pebbles at the toads that crossed the path, with the purpose of determining how fast they could hop; or poking about with sticks among the bushes in low, swampy spots, hoping to unearth a snake for the fun of seeing the girls scamper out of the way. They passed under the railroad bridge, penetrated into

the woods a short distance, and then, turning from the beaten track, crossed the brook that farther down, rambles through the lawns of Hazelbrae, climbed a slight ascent, and emerged into the upper fields.

"How lovely it is here!" mused Polly, gazing about her in delight.

They were almost on the crest of the long ridge of hills that distinguishes Gordonsville. Behind them rose the dark woods; below lay the beautiful Paradise Valley, tranquil and smiling, with its snug farm-houses, capacious barns, and fertile acres extending away to the blue highlands at the horizon.

"The Hudson River is just beyond those hills, twenty miles away," observed Elizabeth. "Some time perhaps grandpa will drive over there with us. Leo and I went there with him once,—ever so long ago."

An exclamation from the boys recalled her to the present.

"Gee whiz! but these are splendid ones!" exclaimed Leo, who was already on his knees in the grass.

"Did I not tell you so?" answered Bernard. "Look, look!"

Elizabeth glanced down at her feet. The ground was almost covered with the strong little leaves of the strawberry plant; and peeping out from beneath their green shelter were scores of the daintiest, reddest, most luscious-looking berries imaginable. The boys had already begun to pick, but only to pop the crimson fruit into their mouths, without a thought of the kettle to be filled for the tea-table.

"What beauties!" said Polly, who had never seen strawberries growing before.

After sampling them, she conscientiously proceeded to drop almost all she gathered into the kettle, while Elizabeth set to work to fill the silver cup. Their companions, however, were not disposed to labor so assiduously.

"Oh, come now, boys!" remonstrated Elizabeth. "You must not eat *all* you

pick. That is not fair. Let us fill the kettle first, and then help ourselves."

Leo and Bernard laughed to scorn this provident suggestion.

"No time like the present," maintained the former, tantalizingly holding above his head a tiny stalk from which dangled three or four of the small, sweet berries, and dropping them one after another between his white teeth.

"I always calculate upon disposing of about a quart of berries to commence with," added Bernard.

"They are real mean! But never mind. Let us go off by ourselves. We shall have enough before a great while, even without their help," counselled Polly.

When she and Elizabeth were lost to sight beyond a clump of scrubby evergreens, the boys decided to make amends for their teasing; and soon Leo tramped over to show his sister the pewter cup full of berries, and turn them into the kettle.

At first the girls remained together; but gradually, as each pressed on in her search for the patches where the berries grew thickest, the distance between these two busy workers increased; until finally Elizabeth found herself alone near the fence of the lower pasture, where Dion, the young Jersey bull, was grazing.

(To be continued.)

Some Quaint Privileges.

There are certain old families in Europe that possess special privileges which they value even beyond their titles or their money or their ancestral acres. In the history of almost every monarchy there have been favored beings who enjoyed the right to stand in the presence of their king without removing their hats. Etiquette was of much consequence in the Middle Ages; and for a sovereign to permit a subject to remain covered before him was, in a way, acknowledging him as

an equal, and saying that he was favored above all the rest of the nobility. Lord Kinsdale, premier baron of Ireland, who died lately at a good old age, was one thus honored by his king; and would not, although he was poor, have parted with his special inherited privilege for any worldly advancement.

In the sixteenth century a British peer gave up in behalf of the Crown his claim to great estates in the south of Ireland. Ever since then his descendants have been allowed to clothe their servants in the royal livery,—the only family in England not of the blood royal that enjoys this prerogative.

A great many years ago a king of Spain was hunting and was overtaken by a violent storm. In the confusion which followed he became not only drenched through, but separated from his companions and unable to find his way. He wandered until night; and then, coming to the hovel of a cattle-herder, knocked and asked for lodging. This the man readily gave; and the king was soon made happy by dry clothing, warm food, and a good night's rest. The next morning he asked for his bill; but the cattle-herder showed surprise bordering on indignation at such a question. He promptly made answer:

"You can not be a true Castilian or you would not offer your host money for hospitality."

The story ends like all these pretty tales of a more romantic age. The king took the good fellow with him to Madrid, conferred on him the title of duke, gave him lands appropriate to his new condition, and commanded that each year, on the Feast of the Epiphany, a suit of the king's clothes should be taken to the ducal palace as a memento of his kindness to his unknown king. The custom is still observed.

There is one quaint Spanish usage of which no one seems to know the origin.

Certain people called *monteres*, who come from the village of Espinosa, have for centuries been delegated to go through the form of watching over the slumbers of the King of Spain. It takes several men to constitute this guard. First there is the grand functionary, who, with his keys, his lantern, and his escort, appears each night at eleven o'clock to close the gates of the royal palace. At six in the morning this imposing personage comes again to reverse his action of the night before. Meanwhile in the palace two *monteres* occupy the ante-chamber of each room where one of the royal household sleeps. They neither sit nor lie down, but stand, leaning motionless upon their halberds, until the dawn; while up and down the corridors other guards pace, silent and watchful, saluting one another with but a motion of the hand. Some one with a love for the curious may in time discover why it is that the village of Espinosa has the honor of furnishing this guard for the royal slumberers.

Spanish Legends.

The Spanish peasants say that on Ascension Day, when the Host is elevated at High Mass, all the leaves upon the trees fold themselves together in the form of a cross. They also tell us that once the rosemary had no perfume, and was just a common field bush; but that one day the Blessed Virgin after having washed the garments of the Christ-Child, hung them upon its branches to dry, making the leaves fragrant for evermore. Ever since the death of our Blessed Lord, they go on to say, no Friday has passed that has not witnessed fresh rosemary leaves on each bush, which come forth on that day as if to wrap His sacred Body. The little periwinkles which dot the fields in springtime are called the Tears of Jesus by these same pious peasants.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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To Our Blessed Lady.*

BY ANTHONY STAFFORD (1635).

I.

DAUGHTER and Mother and the Spouse
of God,
Alike of kin to that Most Blessed Trine
Of persons, yet in union (one) divine,
How are thy gifts and graces blaz'd abroad!

II.

Most holy and pure Virgin, blessed Mayd,
Sweet Tree of Life, King David's strength
and Tower,
The House of Gold, the Gate of Heaven's
power,
The Morning Star whose light our fal hath
stay'd.

III.

Great Queen of queens, most mild, most
meek, most wise,
Most venerable. Cause of all our joy,
Whose chearfull look our sadnesse doth
destroy,
And art the Spotlesse Mirrour to man's eyes.

* The Rev. Dr. Lee has kindly copied the above from a rare publication entitled "The Femall Glory," a perfect copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. The author was an Anglican, but on page 223 occur these words, which Dr. Lee has also transcribed: "Till they are good Marians, they shall never be good Christians; while they derogate from the dignity of the Mother, they can not truly honour the Sonne." Dr. Lee is probably unaware of the fact that "The Femall Glory," "printed for Iohn Waterson, and to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Crowne," was reprinted in 1869 by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A., who afterward became a convert to the Church.

IV.

The Seat of Sapience, the most lovely Mother,
And most to be admired of thy sexe,
Who mad'st us happy all, in thy reflexe,
By bringing forth God's onely Son, no other.

V.

Thou throne of glory, beauteous as the moone,
The rosie morning or the rising sun,
Who, like a giant, hasts his course to run,
Till he hath reach'd his twofold point of
noone.

VI.

How are thy gifts and graces blaz'd abroad,
Through all the lines of this circumference,
T' imprint in all purg'd hearts this virgin
sence
Of being Daughter, Mother, Spouse of God!

In the Battle for Bread.

PAUPER POLLY.

BY T. SPARROW.

III.



T was the evening of the day
on which Miss Dewar had so
cruelly left the friendless girl,
and Polly was sitting alone
in the shabby little parlor. As you will
have gathered from what has gone before,
Polly was not of the stuff of which martyrs
are made. She was not strong physically
or morally; she was inclined to cling
with an utter *abandon* to just one person
in particular, and she suffered accord-

ingly when that person played her false.

She was sitting in the firelight, crying bitterly, a plaintive figure of forlornness, when the Professor, Miss Dewar's spiritualistic friend, was announced. With a cry of delight, she rose to greet him.

"I can't help it," she said, blushing, as she wiped the tears away. "You know I am dreadfully frightened of being alone."

The Professor thoughtfully stroked his silvery beard.

"It was not a kind thing to do certainly on Miss Dewar's part," he said. "But keep a brave heart, Polly; things are working for the best. The spirits told me long ago that there was something more in harmony with your ethereal nature in store for you. Maybe the time has come. Why should you be alone any more? Why not come and help me in my researches of the unknown world? You shall be treated as my daughter, and money given you in payment for your services. Polly, would you like to come?"

The fatherly manner, the benevolent blue eyes struck a responsive chord in the lonely heart of the impressionable girl. She fluttered like a timid bird caged in the captor's hand.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said; "but Father D—— said I was to go to him to-morrow morning. He has some plan of my going to the nuns. Perhaps I had better tell him first."

The Professor did not answer for a moment; and when he spoke it was in the slow, meditative way that had a caressing charm for Polly.

"You are a good little girl, and what you say is right; but it places me in a difficulty. Long ago the spirits made known to me that this should come to pass, and I resolved that I would claim you as my child from the moment you were left without a friend. I even told my sister I would bring you to our home to-night. I have noted with pleasure and affection the spiritual tendency of your

mind; and I foresee what good you can effect toward mankind, if you will let me train your gifts to the end for which they were designed. It is a noble life I ask you to lead, my child."

Poor Polly was awed and thrilled by his persuasive earnestness. She trembled as she stood before him, beneath the gaze of those soft, searching eyes.

"Oh, but what about Father D——?" she stammered.

"I know a little of those nuns," he replied, evading her question; "perhaps rather more than he does. Did you like the workhouse, Polly child?"

She started, and reddened and paled by turns. Her origin, she thought, was a secret safe and secure. He smiled compassionately at her embarrassment.

"Do you think the spirits have concealed anything about you from me?" he asked, affectionately. "But I have no wish to remind you of the past. I only did it the better to explain the service the nuns will require from you. It is the workhouse and worse."

"Then let me come with you!" cried the nervous, credulous girl. "Only save me from that life and I will be your willing slave."

His victory was complete. He left her for a couple of hours to make arrangements with his sister; during which period Polly packed her trifling belongings, and wrote a rambling, inconsequent letter to Father D——. By midnight the trio were travelling in an express train to a large town in the Midlands.

Professor B——'s sister was not like himself. She was short and plump, with beady black eyes, and an unfeminine gift of holding her tongue. She waited on Polly more as a maid than an equal; petted her, coaxed her, flattered her, but told nothing of her brother's ultimate plans.

A strange life now began for the orphan waif. She was treated with the utmost kindness by her adopted father, but she

instinctively felt that her every action was watched; that her very food was prepared; that her reading was supervised; and that even conversation was carefully led up to certain subjects relating to mesmerism and hypnotic experiments.

More and more was she withdrawn from external influences, till the time came when she never saw, nor wished to see, any but her protectors. At first she had faintly struggled for a little liberty; but freedom of soul was choked by the semblance of kindness, and gratitude to those who had given her bread did the rest. More and more she succumbed to the crushing will of her master, till she became a passive victim in his hands, and developed into the best medium that had ever yielded to his unholy powers. When he was able to exhibit her in public his success was instantaneous and certain. With a few passes of his magnetic hands her volition vanished; and at his command she told the secrets of the past, she opened up the future, she laid bare dark thoughts carefully cherished, she revealed the traitor's schemes, she made known the love-dreams of the young and fair.

I saw her, I heard her, and never recognized the "slavery" of that dismal house in Bohemian London. She looked the very type of refined guilelessness as she reposed on a red velvet couch, dressed always in creamy white; though her robe was not as pale as the marble fairness of her cheeks, on which the long lashes of her closed eyelids rested. People said it was like a picture to see the venerable, majestic figure of the Professor, with his halo of silver hair and his flowing white beard, as he bent over his lily-fair "daughter" and magnetized her at his will; but to me the sight was soul-sickening, revolting, repulsive in the extreme.

As his fame increased so his care of the girl deepened. Nothing that could disturb her calm was allowed to approach her.

Would-be admirers had no chance; even woman-friendship was forbidden. Less and less food was given to her; tranquil sleep was produced by artificial means; the nerves were held in a state of perfect quiescence, and the dormant mind kept concentrated on themes as far as possible removed from the terrestrial. Daily she grew more shadowy, till life seemed but a shimmering flicker; yet the Professor, in the intensity of his enthusiasm, was blind to the limits of her corporeal endurance. He pushed on and on with his spirit-tests as to what the soul in its earthly frame could learn of the beyond; and doubtless the girl would have been slowly starved, strained to death if buxom Miss B—— had not stoutly confronted her brother with some unpalatable truths.

"You will be hanged for murder,—that's the long and short of it," she said, emphatically; "and I am not going to be caught as an accessory. So I have arranged to marry Mr. Dart, the surgeon across the way. You will get no more help from me."

The Professor was nonplussed. His beloved spirits had not warned him of this awkward contingency. His sister had been invaluable as a housekeeper and practical manager, and to replace her was next to impossible. Miss B—— was as good as her word. She married Mr. Dart by special licence, and left her brother to "feud" for himself.

"When you get a chance of anything so substantial as a rich husband," she said, "it is time to throw up trickeries."

Unluckily for the spiritualist, Polly—or "Mlle. Marie," as she was billed—was in that state of transcendent unnatural existence that a change of environment might dangerously diminish her relations with those of another sphere. There was no telling what a servant might say or do to upset his strivings of a lifetime. The more the perplexed man puzzled over the problem, the more plain it became to him

that the soundest way out of his difficulty was to marry his medium, and then let things go on as before. The question was how to bring it about without disturbing her trance-like equability.

While pondering the matter over in his mind, he had to give a *séance* before a crowded and distinguished audience. In the front row sat a young student for the priesthood, who watched with growing intentness the various phases of the performance. Did I say he was an Italian and could speak only his native tongue? From the first the medium had been troubled. Her answers were slow and fitful, her movements restless and betokening perturbation of mind. In one of the pauses the clerical student ascended the platform. With animated gestures, he spoke fluently to the dismayed Professor, who did not understand a word; and, stooping, placed round the girl's neck a blue ribbon to which was attached a miraculous medal.

From that moment the medium was dumb, and the Professor had to close the *séance*, amid the grumblings of a disappointed crowd. But their disappointment was nothing to that of the spiritualist. For once he lost his self-control. Instead of eating his supper, he walked restlessly up and down; while Polly, worn out but conscious, languidly lay back in a chair.

"I shall put such audacity beyond their reach!" he exclaimed. "When once you are my wife, such things shall not be."

To his surprise, the girl rose to her feet, two crimson spots dyeing her thin cheeks, while her eyes regarded him with wonderment and fear.

"What did you say?" she asked, in such an accent of horror that he saw his mistake too late.

"I want you to give me that silly charm," he said, soothingly. "You know you never take presents from any one."

But she clutched the medal tight with her frail white hand.

"Go away!" she repeated once or twice. "Go away!"

Just then he was summoned on business connected with the hall, and was absent about a quarter of an hour. When he returned the room was empty, nor did a diligent search reward his efforts; for Polly had disappeared.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

X.

DOUBT was now at an end. The situation, the name, both indicated that the De Marsillac estate was found. Turning into the gateway, the small party rode along the avenue of palms which, fully a mile in length, crossed what had once been fertile fields, but was now a scrub-covered waste. The stately stems of the royal trees, exquisitely tapering, rose on each side to a height of fifty or sixty feet, where the great fronds of plummy foliage then sprang out and mingled high overhead, forming a vista which framed at its termination the house toward which it led. Viewed from a distance, it was difficult to believe this house a ruin, so nobly did its walls still crown the eminence on which they stood, and so little of decay was visible. But when the end of the avenue had been reached, and, dismounting before a handsome flight of stone steps, where the attendants were left with the horses, the two explorers (for such they felt themselves) ascended to a broad terrace, they saw that what stood before them was indeed but a shell. Like the ruins of the Cape, it was roofless, while great trees grew within its walls, and vines of many kinds rioted through the empty doorways and windows.

For a moment both remained motionless, regarding in silence this melancholy wreck of a once stately and beautiful home. With Atherton it was but another proof of the complete destruction which had overwhelmed the civilization of the island and doomed it to barbarism; but to the descendant of those who had for long years made this the seat of their gay, luxurious life and boundless hospitality, it had a more personal and tragic significance. Yet it was not so much upon those days of prosperity almost without parallel that his thoughts dwelt, as upon the insistent recollection of that night of terror when the last possessor of this house had fled from it—to meet his death and leave a fortune lost behind him. Again the thought, "Since then, I am the first of the race to stand here!" brought with it a sense of something akin to awe; and, seeing how he was wrapped in memories of the past, Atherton laid an imperative hand on his arm.

"Come!" he said. "There will be time enough for dreams when we return. At present we must satisfy ourselves without delay that this is the place we seek."

"The place we seek!" repeated the other, quickly rousing himself. "How can there be any doubt? The name—the situation—"

"Then let us lose no time in finding the spot of which we are in search. Where shall we look for it?"

"In the gardens. They"—glancing around with eagerness—"must be in the rear of the house."

"Come, then Henri; come—and leave the ghosts behind, at least until we find what we seek."

"Poor ghosts!" said the boy, with a sigh, as they moved away.

"And why 'poor ghosts'? They had their day—which is more than many ghosts can say,—and enjoyed it royally."

Passing without difficulty around the ruins of the house, they found a wilder-

ness which had once plainly been a very place of delights. A series of terraces cut out of the hillside were covered by a tangled, luxuriant growth of such vegetation as only the tropics can produce. Evidently every tree, plant and shrub which could lend adornment had been brought thither; and, all restraining care long since removed, had, as if exulting in recovered freedom, converted the beautiful pleasure-ground into a very jungle—an unimaginable mass of broad green leaves and glowing blossoms; of twining, climbing parasites, and trees of magnificent growth spreading thick crowns of foliage. Great bushes of heliotrope filled the air with fragrance, together with unnumbered other aromatic shrubs; roses grown into trees were covered with cascades of blossom; immense clusters of pink and yellow lilies flaunted in the sunshine; the scarlet hibiscus burned like a flame; bamboos clashed their tall, feathery spears together; ferns and palms of countless varieties grew everywhere; and over all myriads of vines, among which the passion-flower and many-hued convolvuli were conspicuous, rioted in wild grace.

To penetrate this overgrown but really enchanting wilderness appeared at first glance almost impossible; however, closer inspection revealed the fact that what had formerly been broad walks and rose-lined avenues were not even yet wholly impassable; and the two companions, making their way wherever it was possible to do so, found everywhere evidences of the beauty and luxury with which the old possessors had surrounded themselves. Kiosks, at the ends of what had once been lovely vistas, were buried under thickets of tropical foliage; balustrades and vases wrought in stone still held their places; while here and there were the empty basins of fountains once filled with crystal water brought from the neighboring hills; water that also fed a great swimming-bath in a spot so picturesquely secluded

that Diana and her nymphs might have sported in it. But, look where they would amid all this wild luxuriance of loveliness, the explorers failed to find a sun-dial within a circle, so completely had the rampant vegetation obliterated all but a few demarcations of the grounds.

"One thing only is certain," said De Marsillac, when, disappointed, they finally returned to the first terrace, from whence they overlooked all that lay below: "the spot we seek is on the second terrace. *'On the second terrace of the garden, at the east side of the sun-dial which stands in the circle containing the statue of the nymph,'*—that is precisely what Henri de Marsillac wrote."

"It is explicit," replied Atherton. "A circle—a sun-dial—a statue. We should be able to find those things, for the place seems only ruined and abandoned: nothing apparently has been taken away. I should judge that it has never been occupied since Henri de Marsillac left it; which makes me sanguine that, when we discover the indicated place, we shall find what he buried untouched."

Evidently his companion was also sanguine. Hope had again taken possession of him like a flame, had lighted a scarlet flush on his cheek and wakened a shining glow in the brown eyes. He did not answer immediately, but stood, studying with eager intentness every feature of the scene below. Suddenly he pointed to where a large group of citron-trees rose out of a mass of lower verdure on the second terrace.

"Does it not seem to you that those trees form a circle?" he asked. "It looks to me as if they have grown up from what was originally a hedge. If so, that may be the place. Let us go to it."

Without waiting reply, he ran down the stone steps which, still in a state of perfect preservation, led from one terrace to another, and began breaking a way through the dense growth that inter-

vened between himself and the citron-trees. Atherton followed; and, after a few minutes of difficult work which made the latter wish for a hatchet, they reached the group, and found that, as the boy had divined, they had indeed grown up out of what was once a hedge, much of which still remained in the form of tall bushes. Forcing a passage through these, they entered a circle so completely enclosed by its wall of tall, green foliage, so secluded, and so wrapped in the deep stillness that comes from the absence of all signs of human life, that it was like a spot enchanted. The same thought struck them both, as they looked around. Within this charmed and, as it were, sentinelled space any operations might be conducted with impunity from observation. A better place for such work as they had to do could not be imagined. But was it the place they sought?

Impossible at first to say. The whole interior of the circle was overgrown with the same luxuriant vegetation which existed elsewhere, covering the space so entirely that what else it contained was purely a matter of conjecture. Only one fact was plain—no statue stood here. If the other silent witness for which they looked, if the sun-dial was also missing, then one of two things was certain: either this was not the circle sought, not the place where Henri de Marsillac and his servant had buried the money and jewels, or else the objects which marked it had been removed. They looked at each other with the same apprehension.

"We have a circle, but everything else seems lacking," said Atherton. "I fear this is not the place."

"We can not decide yet," answered the other. "I believe that it *is* the place."

"Then where are the sun-dial and the statue?"

"We do not care where the statue may be, if we can find the sun-dial. That alone is necessary. The other might be over-

thrown, broken, carried away; but no one is likely to carry away a sun-dial. Where would it be situated?—Ah, how stupid I am! In the centre of the circle, of course. There we must look for it.”

Again waiting for no reply, he plunged into the tangled mass of plants and vines and made his way toward the centre. Reaching it after some difficulty, he paused and glanced up at Atherton, who had followed closely.

“Are we exactly in the centre now?” he asked.

“Exactly enough,” Atherton replied, beating down the riotous growth around them with a stick which he carried. “And I see no sign of a sun-dial.”

“How can you tell?” cried the boy, in a sharp, nervous tone. “It—it *must* be here!”

He moved a few paces as he spoke—and suddenly his foot struck against something buried in the luxuriant verdure; and, stumbling, he almost fell. Atherton caught his arm; but he drew it quickly away, and with a cry fell upon his knees.

“It is here!—it is here!” he exclaimed, with a sob of passionate excitement and relief. “I have my hands upon it—oh, thank God!”

Other hands were upon it also the next moment,—hands which paid no heed to thorns and briars as they tore away the closely-matted vegetation covering that which, once cleared, revealed itself as indeed the old sun-dial beside which Henri de Marsillac had buried his treasures!

(To be continued.)

THERE is a wholesome unconsciousness, a noble pre-occupation with good and pure things, which is a far more promising protective from evil and its temptations than a keen scent and an eager notice of every tainted thing in the wind. If you choose the crow for your guide, you must expect your goal to be carrion.—*W. R. Alger.*

English Saints and Shrines.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF AUGUSTA
THEODOSIA DRANE.

V.—ST. GUTHILAC.

FULL many a shrine to simple pilgrims
dear

Our England once possessed. Look out and see
The wide, low fens so desolate and bare.
Here where the wild fowl gather, and the reed
Sings its sad music to the wandering gale—
A lonely desert in the olden times,—
A Saxon courtier hid him from the world;
Here in a marshy islet did he dwell,
Fighting with loyal heart the fight of faith.
The wild birds only heard his matin prayer,
The wild winds only sang his even-song.
Perchance they bore its music on their wings,
And told his secret to the busy world;
For soon the lonely desert ways were
thronged

With crowds who came to gaze on one who
prayed.

Then Guthlac learned that saints are never
hid:

The fragrance of the rose betrays its haunt,
And draws us to the thicket where it blooms.
And so they came, and drove the heavy piles
Into the deep morass; upon their backs
Bore the huge stones, and laid the broad
causeway,

Till Croyland rose in that grim wilderness,
And the wild fens became the “Shire of
Christ.”*

VI.—ST. EDMUND.

Another city clusters round the grave
Where rests another royal martyr-saint,—
The stateliest of all our English shrines,†
Whose wreck and ruin are a wonder yet.
Glance back a thousand years, and see the
wood

Where all the day a bloody strife has raged;
And where the Anglian prince, so strong and
true,

Who would not pledge his knightly faith
to sin

* The fen country was so called from the multitude of churches it contained.

† Edmundsbury.

Or foul his Christian lips with pagan words,
Is doomed by those grim Danes to cruel death.
They dragged him to a tree and bound him
fast;

There, with his back against his native oak,
Sebastian-like he stood and faced his foes.
They did not dare to meet his brave blue eye;
But, standing off, they shot him with their
darts,

And gave his soul to freedom and to God.
Freedom! How chanced I on that glorious
word?

Fit word indeed to utter at *his* shrine;
For truth makes freemen,—truth for which
he died.

And here, before the altar which uprose
Where sainted Edmund's buried relics rest,
In after years mailed warriors came and laid
Their mighty hands upon the Holy Book,
And sternly swore never to sheathe the sword
Till they had won for this fair English land
Her chartered freedom from a ruffian King.*
Full well does England hold their memory
dear,

Those iron barons of an iron time,—
Those grand old earls who set their country
free

And taught her kings that Right was more
than Might.

Yet little reck's she of the sacred dust
Whose hallowed soil gave birth to noble
deeds,—

The martyr-saint who sleeps amid these
stones,

And died for Freedom when he died for
Truth.

VII.—ST. WALSTAN.

And can I fail to think and speak of thee,
Thou homely lover of the rustic life—
Good Walstan, who didst lay thy state aside,
And hide thee in the peasant's garb and
work?

I knew thee not till thou upon a time
Didst choose to make thy name and story
known.

I mind the day when evermore there came
Into my mind and on my lips the prayer:
"St. Walstan, pray for me! St. Walstan,
pray!"

* The barons swore here to obtain Magna Charta from King John.

And when I took my book to pray indeed,
Within the leaves (I know not whence it
came,

And none could say whose hand had put it
there)

A picture met my eye.* It was a field,
An English harvest-field, where knelt in
prayer—

His scythe and reaping-hook beside him
laid—

One with a kindly, simple Saxon face;
Staying his work to pray amid the corn.
The tower of a rural village church,
A cart, and two rough oxen by its side,
And underneath his name: and this was all.
Well, 'twas enough; and soon I learnt the
rest:

How well he loved his simple rural days
Among the corn-fields of his Norfolk home;
Hard work, fresh air, the stillness of the
fields,

The quiet communing alone with God,—
This was his life. There was not much to
learn,

Save that he left a name that never died.
Great saints have been forgotten in the land,
But Walstan's humble story still survives;
His well still yields its cures to simple faith,
His name is borne by curly-headed boys
Who play about the village where he died.
And everyone in Babur knows the tale
Of the good Walstan's oxen and his cart,—
Nay, it is painted on the church's walls.
So pilgrims come to drink beside the well,
Which to the villagers is holy still;
And any child will point you out the way
The oxen took down the green field, and
there

Across the stream;† and here, they say,
there stood

The chapel o'er his grave, where every year
The mowers and the husbandmen were wont
To come and pay their vows at harvest time,
Till ruthless Henry came and took it down.

* A simple fact. I had gone on being quite bothered by those words; and when I saw the picture almost fainted. No one had ever seen it or could tell me anything about it, and I had never heard of him before.

† St. Walstan died in the field; and his body was placed in the cart, and drawn by the oxen, unguided, to the place of his burial.

VIII.—ST. DUNSTAN.

White is the apple bloom of Avalon,
And white the hawthorn of the Glassy Isle.
Here once there wandered from a Southern
shore

A saintly pilgrim from a Holy Land.
'Twas he who in his meek and reverent
hands

Took down the Sacred Body from the Cross,*
And laid it in his own new tomb, and gave
A rich man's burial to his outcast Lord.

'Twas here, so ancient legends say, he bore
The sacred prize, the mystic Sangreal;
And here he struck his staff in English soil,
And the white hawthorn gave its double
bloom.

'Tis not of him that I would speak to-day,
Nor of the last of all our British kings,
Who died here, as they say, and whose fair
name

Has magic still to wake the voice of song.†
Nor yet of all the noble saintly crowd
Who came to lay their dust in Avalon—
Holy of holies unto British eyes.

But my heart turns to one, a saint indeed,
Perchance the greatest of his nation's sons,
Who paid the debt which lofty genius owes,
And wrestled here with his own fiery soul.
He fought, and he was crowned, and bore
away

A noble prize—the mastery of will.
But the sharp iron pierced him with its pang,
And his grand heart was shaped with many
a blow.

Dunstan! thou of the seer's mystic gift;
Thou poet, artist, statesman, prelate, saint,
Whose secret anguish burnt and seared away
All human fear, and made thee giant-strong.
The evil world still shudders at thy name,
And hates the mighty hand that kept it
down;

Yet wheresoe'er thy steps may yet be traced
Within the Glassy Isle, or far away
In that fair palace in the Sussex woods,‡
Thy memory makes a beauty of its own.

* St. Joseph of Arimathea, founder of Glastonbury, who brought with him a vessel of the Holy Blood. The Glastonbury thorn, which flowers at Christmas, was his staff stuck into the ground at "Weary-All-Hill," where first he rested.

† King Arthur.

‡ Mayfield Palace.

A lingering light of holy ancient days
Hangs like the ivy round those crumbling
walls;

And when the low wind sighs its mournful
tones,

It seems as though thy harp were hanging
still

In its old place, and breathed its mystic strain,
Touched by no mortal finger, as of yore.*

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Our Lady of Kevelaer.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

ALTHOUGH the first pilgrims to the shrine of Kevelaer were chiefly the poor and needy, personages of distinguished rank and high position followed in their steps,—coming, like the Magi of old in the wake of the lowly Shepherds, to venerate the Child and His Mother, and lay their offerings at her feet. The first who offered a silver lamp of great beauty was Count von Wils, the governor of Limburg, in thanksgiving for a miraculous cure obtained in consequence of a vow made to the Mother of God. Since that time the annals of Kevelaer record the visits of many princes and prelates, principally from the dioceses of Germany and Holland. The celebrated Bishop von Ketteler was frequently to be seen there, hearing confessions or delivering exhortations from the pulpit; also his Eminence Cardinal Melchers, who passed several days there previous to his enthronization as Bishop of Osnabrück. At the time that the May Laws were in force the Bishop of Münster, during the period of his nine years' banishment, could not refrain from repairing to Kevelaer—always his favorite resort,—in order to commend himself and his distressed diocese to the Comforter of

* St. Dunstan's harp gave out melody of itself as it hung on the wall.

the Afflicted. Despite his beard and the colored suit he wore, he was recognized by one of the railway officials, who had formerly been employed at Kevelaer; and the persecuted prelate had no small difficulty in imposing silence on the man. As soon as he was again permitted to exercise his episcopal functions, one of his first acts was to bless a peal of bells for the new church, one of which bore the name of his patron, St. Bernard.

Literary and scientific men have also been seen kneeling in supplication at the feet of Our Lady of Kevelaer. Johann Janssen, the illustrious author of the "History of the German People," while quite a youth, dedicated himself, in presence of the miraculous statue, to the service of the Church and of historical science.

Among the benefactors of the sanctuary is recorded the name of one whom we should little expect to find in such company—King Frederic William I., father of Frederic the Great. The following account is given of a visit he paid to Kevelaer:

"In the year 1714, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, an official arrived early at the monastery of Kevelaer to announce the coming of his Majesty. The Father Superior, who was absent at the time, was summoned hastily, and returned in time to receive the royal visitor in the afternoon. In company with the Superior, the King visited both the chapels; he bowed low before the tabernacle and before the miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin. Then he asked to see the votive candles; and selecting the largest among them, laid it upon his shoulder, saying: 'This taper shall be lighted and burned in honor of the Blessed Mother of God.' The Superior begged that a Brother might be allowed to carry the taper to the chapel; to this his Majesty consented, but he persisted in paying for it.

"Before taking his departure, the King laid his hand kindly on the arm of

the Father Superior and said: 'Father, I assure you of my good-will toward you. Ask of me whatever favor you like.' The Superior answered that he had no better wish than that his Majesty should take the devotion to the Mother of God under his august protection, encourage Catholic practices, and confirm the privileges granted to the people of Kevelaer. The King answered: 'I certainly will protect, favor, and maintain them. But, Father, you must ask something for yourself. I will grant it you, never fear.' The Superior hesitated. 'I do not wish to take advantage of your Majesty's condescension,' he replied; 'but, since you bid me make a request, may it please your Majesty to promise that the charge of the parish of Kevelaer shall always be given to the priests of our Congregation.' To this the King assented willingly. He ordered that the book containing the rules and regulations of the monastery should be taken to Cleves the next day, that a clause might be inserted to that effect. And as he got into his carriage to depart, he turned once more and said, in a clear voice that all present could hear (some six hundred persons had assembled round the door): 'It is my wish that the taper be lighted and burned in honor of the Blessed Virgin.'"

In 1728 the same King of Prussia sent the price of a taper of wax, fifty pounds in weight, to be lighted in the chapel; and a silver shield, to be hung on the candlestick, bearing the royal arms and the Prussian Eagle. This shield is still to be seen in the chapel. Such was the conduct of a monarch whom history declares to have been ultra-Protestant in his belief, and most desirous to further the reformed opinions in his family and among his subjects.

Two years before his death King Frederic William I. visited Kevelaer a second time, accompanied by two royal princes and several high dignitaries of State. In

the most amiable manner he said to the priest who received him: "Although I am a Protestant, I have not the slightest hostility toward you." The truth of this assertion he proved by purchasing a quantity of rosaries and prayer-books, for distribution among his soldiers in Potsdam.

Kevelaer had another royal visitor in the person of King Frederic William IV. when he was Crown Prince of Prussia. He was conducted over the chapels, and made inquiries concerning the history attaching to the spot, the number of pilgrims, etc. On being informed that the number had diminished of late years, owing to the strict regulations as to passports, he promised that these should be removed, as the people who came thither could not be dangerous to the State. He also made a donation of fifty dollars to the shrine; this sum was unostentatiously slipped by his own hand into the box placed for the offerings of pilgrims.

Three jubilees have been celebrated in Kevelaer, each one far surpassing its predecessor in pomp and solemnity. On the first occasion, in 1742, it is said that from thirty to forty thousand persons were present; on the second, in 1842, the number was computed at two hundred thousand,—the festival lasting from the 1st of June until September. On the 1st of June, 1892, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the shrine was celebrated. Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Cologne, in presence of several bishops and high dignitaries both of Church and State. Bishop Korum, of Treves, preached the sermon on this occasion, which was no ordinary one; for the statue of the Mother of God was to be decorated with a magnificent crown of gold.

Before the Holy Sacrifice began, four bishops—attended by some two hundred clergy, secular and regular, besides representatives of all the Catholic nobility of the diocese, the Knights of Malta, and

other orders and confraternities—went in procession to fetch the venerated image. It was lifted from the niche in which it stands, and carried beneath a baldachin upon the shoulders of four priests to the new Church of St. Mary. After the celebration of Mass the crown was solemnly placed on its head by the Bishop of Münster. The spacious edifice was crowded to overflowing; in fact, thousands stood without, unable to find standing room inside. The ceremony closed with the *Te Deum*; after which the procession formed again, and the *Gnadenbild*, or miraculous image, wearing the brilliant crown of gold, was carried through the place before being deposited in the chapel. The bishops, in mitre and full pontificals, walked before, the Archbishop of Cologne immediately behind the image; they were followed by an immense train of people—ecclesiastics and laymen, high and low, learned and unlearned, rich and poor; all animated with one and the selfsame desire—to pay honor to the Mother of Mercy, the Comforter of the Afflicted.

The image recently crowned—a counterpart, as the reader will remember, of the one at Luxemburg—is a quaint figure of carved wood, attired in a robe and stiff mantle of cloth of gold. A necklace of gems adorns the neck; the countenance is dignified and benign; the right hand holds a sceptre, the left arm supports the Divine Child.

Thus the humble little shrine erected by a poor peddler on a deserted moor, its sole attraction a common paper print, has, by the will of God, who chooses the weak things of the world to confound the strong, become one of the great sanctuaries of Christendom. And if little is heard of the wonders wrought there, this is in keeping with the character of Mary, whose humility made her anxious to conceal from the eyes of the world the high privileges bestowed upon her.

Nearly four hundred thousand persons,

it is said, visit Kevelaer annually. Many of these come regularly each year; some are known to have made the pilgrimage no less than fifty times. In 1890 a woman, whose life had been spent in domestic service, journeyed thither on foot for the seventy-fifth time. Carried to the shrine by her mother as an infant, never since that day had she missed fulfilling the vow her mother then made for her—that the visit should be repeated each year.

Nature has given the Rhinelanders an eye for effect and taste for music. Hence none know better than they how to organize and conduct a procession; and in summer-time numerous are the processions—often composed of simple villagers, headed by priest and acolyte—which wend their way in unbroken order along the dusty roads, bordered with lofty poplars, to the shrine at Kevelaer. On festivals several of these processions, from the towns and hamlets of the vicinity, may be seen there at once, winding round the square, passing through the *Gnadenkapelle*, or devoutly making the Way of the Cross. The various costumes of the peasantry of different districts, the snow-white caps and glittering gold ornaments of the women, the scarfs and badges worn by the men, who carry colored lanterns and embroidered banners, can not fail to please the eye; while the voices, sounding from far and near, in earnest prayer or melodious song, speak to the soul and touch the heart of everyone present. And when the pilgrims reach the shrine from one and all, in various tongues and differing dialects, the same cry ascends to Heaven: "Mother of Mercy, pray for us!"

The processions to Kevelaer form the subject of a beautiful ballad by the poet Heine. It was suggested by the story of one of his comrades at school, who had been cured of a long-standing wound in the foot on being taken by his mother to Kevelaer, where she offered a waxen foot on his behalf. When a student at the

University, Heine chanced to meet once more his former schoolfellow. The latter reminded him of the miraculous cure he experienced as a child; adding, with a sigh, that if he went to the shrine again, it would be to offer a waxen heart this time to the Mother of God. The poet was given to understand that the young man had been disappointed in love. Some years afterward he was one day watching from the window of a house in Bonn a long procession on its way to Kevelaer; among the pilgrims he recognized his friend, looking ill and worn, leaning on the arm of his aged mother. Shortly after he heard that he was dead.

A few stanzas from this truly Catholic ballad will not form an unfitting conclusion to the account that has been given of a spot chosen by the Mother of Mercy herself as the site of a sanctuary, and where she delights to show herself mighty to deliver her suffering children in the hour of their need:

The mother turned from the casement low
To the bed where her sick son lay;
"Wilhelm, my child, say, wilt thou not rise
And view the procession to-day?"

"Nay, mother, I can not hear or see:
I am too ill to rise," he said.
"My heart is sore; I care for naught more,—
Now Gretchen, my dear love, is dead."

"Come, Wilhelm,—come! Take taper and book:
To Kevelaer's shrine we will go,
And pray the gracious Mother of God
To heal thy sick heart of its woe."

In the morning breeze the gay banners wave,
The pilgrims are chanting a lay,
While through the streets of Köln, on the Rhine,
The procession wends its slow way.

Mother and son are there in the crowd,
They follow and sing with the rest;
The song that they raise is one of praise—
"Let the name of Mary be blest!"

The poet proceeds to speak of the cures wrought at Kevelaer, and the custom of offering as *ex-votos* wax representations of the member needing cure. The mother purchases a waxen heart, which her son presents at the shrine, confiding his grief to the merciful Heart of Mary: That same

night the anxious mother has a vision, in which she sees our Blessed Lady enter their humble chamber and approach the couch of the invalid.

Gently she stooped o'er the sick youth's bed,
With countenance sweet and benign;
On his wounded heart she laid her hand,
Then vanished without sound or sign.

The mother thought it was only a dream;
And when from her sleep she awoke,
The dogs barked loud in the street below,
And the dawn through the casement broke.

Her son lay stretched on his narrow couch,
The rosy light played round his head;
But the mother saw by his pallid cheek
That the child of her love was dead.

Devoutly folding her hands in prayer,
By what feelings she knew not possest,
She said again the pious refrain:
"Let the name of Mary be blest!"

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

I.—A SLANDEROUS TONGUE.

ONE evening we were all assembled in Tim's room, waiting for a story.

"It's borne upon me, children," said the old man, "that I promised ye a tale of a slanderous woman I heard tell of wanst. Do ye mind it?"

"Does that mean humpbacked, Tim?" asked little Rebecca from her perch on his knee.

After the hearty laugh which ensued had subsided, Tim answered:

"Never mind them, darlint. 'Tisn't so long since they were babies themselves. It manes true humpbacked, *avourneen*. Them that's afflicted with the complaint have crooked souls, and that's a disease that's harder to cure than any bodily evil that ever was known. The woman I'll bid to tell ye of was so well known on account of her tongue that there was a song made about her. Would ye like to hear it, children?"

"Oh, yes!" was the unanimous reply. "Sing it for us, Tim."

"'Twas runnin' in my head all day an' I weedin' the potaties," said Tim. "An' 'twas long before that I thought of it at all. 'Tis a fine song, if well sung. I mind a cousin of my mother, Nellie Connor—God rest her soul!—that could give it just the proper turn. She was a saucy *colleen* herself, an' if she hadn't been well reared there's no tellin' what her rattlin' tongue might have brought her to. But, then, she sobered down fine after she married; and there wasn't a better-hearted girl in the five parishes than that same Nellie."

Heaving a gentle sigh, Tim assumed the peculiar reminiscent look which always prefaced his narratives. Then, throwing his head back and lightly closing his eyes, while swaying the child on his knee in rhythm with the time, he began:

"Yes, yer Reverence, 'twas I told Bid Miles she have a tongue;
Right well I knew her wicked mind when from the door she flung;
'Tis out in Mass she should be read for racin' here an' yon,
Retailin' gossip through the town an' slanderin' every one.

The snares of her, the airs of her,
Are sickenin' every way;
Unless Tim Blake bewares of her,
He'll rue it many a day.

"No, yer Reverence, sure I thought to pass a joke: no more;
There's not a woman carefuller than me in all Kilmore.
What! *Me* a gossip! Tim said *that*, an' he my uncle's son!
God knows his mother's kilt with him,—backbitin' every one.

The jeers of him, the sneers of him,
They'd make a donkey cry;
'Tis curious tales one hears of him,—
Ahem! I'll pass them by.

"Well, yer Reverence, I'll not boast, but I was reared to know my place;
Savin' yer presence, sir, I'd like to meet them face to face.
For Bid I scorn, an' Tim I loathe, when all is said an' done,—
The murderin' villains that they are, defamin' every one!

The air of them, the pair of them!
Sure have they souls at all?
I long to cry, "Beware of them!"
From this to Donegal.

"Well, what do ye think of that for a song?" said Tim, when he had finished. "To be sure, ye can't understand it, an' it isn't for the like of ye to understand. It was in regard of a girl and a boy she slandered wanst that song was made. 'Twas written by a first cousin's son of my father, from Kilmore, County Wexford, where the woman lived; an' 'twas well thought of indeed. He was a schoolmaster, an' a great hand for writin' ballads an' screeds of all kinds. How did ye like the song, children, I ask ye again?"

After we had all expressed our admiration for the work of art, to which Tim's nasal voice and bagpipe-like intonations had added extraordinary charms, the old man resumed:

"'Tis in regard of this same gossip and scandal-monger that I'm goin' to tell ye the story. 'Twill tache ye never to harm another by word or thought,—especially when ye're not in any ways sure that what ye're sayin' is the truth. Not that I'd be levellin' the like of ye innocent children to the even of a professional gossip like Sallie Kelly; but there's no harm in a warnin' occasionally. An' all alike, rich an' poor, young an' old, gentle an' simple, do be tempted sometimes."

"Was Sallie Kelly the woman's name?" inquired Rebecca.

"Sallie Kelly was her name," replied Tim; "and 'twas well known through the barony by reason of her gossipin', lyin' tongue. She had an evil mind an' a jealous mind, and there was seldom a spite or a quarrel in the village but could be laid to her door. But 'tis a long lane that has no turnin', and Sallie's lane turned at last. She had a terrible death. Everyone said 'twas a judgment. But ye're waitin' for the story."

"Well, Sallie kept a little shop in the seaport town where she lived—Kilmore; that's how she came to be such a retailer of news maybe, though it was natural born in her to be a gossip. Any one that

got a look at her peaked nose could tell that; and many's the good lecture the parish priest gave Sallie, but it ran off her mind like water off a duck's back. He threatened her with every judgment, but she never heeded him. But the hand of God is sure and swift when He pleases, children; though He may hold off His vengeance long. •

"One day there came a couple into Sallie's shop to buy some little things. They were young, and the man looked like a sailor and a furriner; for he had two rings in his ears—what ye'll never see on an Irishman. The girl was very shy and had nothin' to say. Sallie made to be very friendly with them; but the man was distant, and that vexed her. He paid for what he got in good English gold; 'twas matter of a sovereign, an' that's more than Sallie took in mostly in a couple of days. A woman passed them an' they goin' out, an' says she:

"'Who's them, Sallie?'

"'I don't know,' says Sallie; 'but I don't like the looks of them. We'll bid to be careful of the like of them.'

"'An' why do you say that, Sallie?' says the woman.

"'They're shabby dressed,' says Sallie; 'an' yet they have a pocketful of gold. Where did they get it, I ask ye? *How* did they get it?'

"'Honestly, I hope,' says the other. 'They're a very innocent-lookin' pair. Ye should mind yer tongue, Sallie Kelly.'

"'This angered her. She wouldn't be put down from her assertion by any meddlin' neighbor woman.

"'I'm a woman of discernment,' says she, 'as well as discretion. I'll not tell what I know, but we'll all bid to look well to our belongin's while you couple's in the place. I tell ye that much an' no more, Mary Hines.'

"With that she closed her thin lips tight, and made a pretence of bein' busy with jars and boxes behind the counter.

Not another word would she say; and the woman left with the belief that Sallie knew a dale about the strangers, and that not to their credit; for, bad as she was known to be, no one thought her equal to slanderin'—*on no foundation* whatever—a strange man an' woman that had never done her harm.

"Now, it happened that this same Mrs. Hines had a sister that kep' lodgers near the quay, an' it wasn't long till she made her way down there for an afternoon visit; an' who did she see sittin' at the window but the young woman she met comin' out of Sallie's shop that day a week?

"Well, Norah, an' who's that new lodger ye have?" says she, pointin' to the window above.

"'Tis a sailor an' his wife,—at least, I'm thinkin' he's a sailor by his gait an' them rings in his ears. They're very quiet, and pays prompt.'

"With that Mary Hines went over the story Sallie told, and maybe added a word or two; an' says she: 'Sallie has a bad tongue, but I'm thinkin' she wouldn't lie downright; an', by the way she shut her lips an' shook her head, I know well 'twas strivin' *not* to tell all she knew she was, an' not belyin' them. An' ye know, Norah, 'twould give a bad name to the house to have suspicious characters in it.'

"It's right ye are, Mary,' says Norah; 'an' I'm thankful to ye. A lone widow like myself must be more careful than ordinary. I'll give them notice to-night. Now that I come to think of it, they're very unsocial an' to themselves, an' have a mysterious way that's not assurin'.'

"Like as not they'll cross the street to Peggy Beaton's,' said Mary Hines; 'an' as she's a far-away cousin of our own, an' a widow like yerself, maybe ye'd better put a flea in her ear.'

"Well, not to make my story too long, the word passed from house to house, till there wasn't a lodgin' to be let to the poor young things, goin' wanderin' around in

sorrow an' dismay. But the man was no fool; an' when, after gettin' a cottage on the edge of the bog, he settled his wife in it, he went back to the last landlord that refused him, an' says he:

"Tell me honest why is all this town turned against me and my poor wife, that never harmed one of ye?"

"I'll tell ye,' says the man. 'There's a story abroad that ye're a pirate an' a villain; that ye've no claim to the woman ye call yer wife, but that ye killed her husband an' father and took her away; that her father was a ship captain an' her husband the mate; that ye scuttled the vessel, an' stole several bags of gold; an' that ye're both here in hidin' from the officers of the law.'

"And *that's* what they say about us, is it?" says the young man, an' he white with rage. 'An' pray where did ye learn it first?'

"From So an' So,' says the other.

"Well, he went direct to the next, an' the next, an' the next, till he traced the story to Mary Hines, who sent him to Sallie. Ye see, as the ball went rollin' it had grown larger, an' by the time it got back to Sallie she didn't know her own nurslin'. But the poor man had no mercy upon her.

"By all that I hear of ye, woman,' says he, 'ye are a gossip an' a scandal-monger, the pest of the town an' the terror of yer neighbors. I came here to wait for Lord F—— [the landlord of the place]. I'm to have charge of his yacht, an' I thought it would be a nice place for my wife while I'd be away. She's an Irish girl from the South, with a kind, lovin' heart; an' 'twas but natural she'd like to dwell among her own people, or them that would be next to her own people—bein' Irish like herself. But sooner than lave her here now I'd kill her,—yes, *kill her*,' says he, shakin' his fist at Sallie. 'An', says he, 'I've somethin' else to say to ye, woman. In my country there's a terrible sayin'—'The tongue of the slanderer is accursed, an' thrice

accursed be it!' An' that's my last word to ye, woman. Accursed is yer tongue, an' accursed be it!'

"With that he turned an' left the shop, lavin' Sallie a heap of rags an' nothin' else, so terrified was she at them awful words. Well, the people made up to them a little, after that; but he would have nought to do with the townsfolk, barrin' the barest civility. An' when Lord F—— came with his yacht, from the Mediterranean Sea, the both of them went away in it—he an' she,—an' no one heard tale or tidings of them after. But it wasn't three weeks till there came a small blister on the tip of Sallie's tongue, like them white blisters people say come of tellin' lies. (By the same token, if it was true, Sallie's tongue would bid to be full of them, summer an' winter.) She didn't take great account of it till it began to grow larger an' larger, an' her tongue to swell up an' burn like a coal of fire. I'll not frighten ye nor disgust ye, children, to give a better description of it; but soon she couldn't shut her mouth at all, with the size of it. An' it wasn't long till she took to her bed; an' there was a doctor from Dublin attendin' Lord F——'s family, an' the priest prevailed on him to see the poor crathur. 'Twas a cancer he said, no less; an' there was no hope, only a slow an' a hard an' a lingerin' death.

"'Twas then Sallie bethought of the curse; an' she told the priest of it, an' made her peace with God; an' enjoined him, by way of satisfaction for her sins of slander, to tell the tale over her dead corpse at the funeral. An' so he did; an' 'twould have made yer blood run cold, 'tis said, children, to hear him,—though he made light of the curse itself. But he thought it a lesson not to be lost. An' it was a good lesson; for there's evils an' evils, an' sins an' sins; but, for right down wickedness, an' mischief, an' workin' of harm, an' sowin' of whirlwinds, there's nothin' approachin' a slanderin' tongue."

Catholic Deaf-Mutes.

IN the current issue of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, Mr. L. W. Reilly has a lengthy and most interesting paper on "The Education of Catholic Deaf-Mutes in the United States." As the subject possesses deep interest for thousands of our readers who are not likely to see so distinctly clerical a periodical as the *Review*, we are impelled to give a summary of the article, not doubting that both author and editor will be pleased to have its usefulness extended, and to enlist the sympathies of as wide a circle of Catholics as possible in a cause that can not but appeal to the generous-hearted among the faithful.

Of the 40,562 deaf and dumb in the United States, according to the census of 1890, Mr. Reilly affirms that between 8,000 and 10,000 must be Catholics; and nearly 2,500 of these are between the ages of five and twenty. Yet, of the 10,679 deaf-mutes collected in the fifty-five public and thirty-four private schools in operation, only about 800 are in Catholic institutions.

There is too much reason to fear that these afflicted members of our faith who attend the "non-sectarian" public institutions are virtually lost to the Church. Uninstructed in their religion when they leave home, they are exposed to a thousand dangers in their new surroundings, whose very atmosphere is unfavorable to the preservation of the faith; and sad experience has shown only too clearly that very many of the thousands of Catholic children who have been educated in the State institutions during the past eighty years—Mr. Reilly, indeed, says a majority of them—can no longer be counted among the Church's subjects. A zealous deaf-mute parson of central New York was once a Catholic, as was also an Episcopalian lay-reader now working in Baltimore.

Attentive consideration of deaf-mute statistics leads to the conviction that in the important philanthropic and religious work of alleviating the hardships and illuminating the intelligence of these unfortunate members of society, Protestant zeal has far outstripped our own. That Protestant resources are largely in excess of ours is only a partial extenuation of our remissness; we could certainly have done, could certainly do, much more than we have done or are doing to train up these children into fervent members of that faith which is their most precious heritage.

"We Catholics," says the *Review* writer, "have neglected our deaf-mutes. If we had not, there should be in our schools more than 800 out of our 8,000 to 10,000. Only in eight out of forty-five States have we as much as one school for them. Only a handful of our 10,000 priests know the sign-language. And the very few schools that we have are treated by the Catholic public with cruel indifference, and suffered to sink or swim as best they can. In New York they have State aid; outside of that commonwealth, God only knows how they get on. In the Ephpheta School, in Chicago, during the winter of 1893-94 the Sisters were so destitute that they had to sell various articles of their convent furniture to obtain money for current expenses; and when they had disposed of everything they could spare, they were forced by absolute want to go out into the city every day, after their exhausting labors in the class-rooms, to beg for food, in order that they might keep their pupils and themselves from starvation. They thought of themselves last; and some of them, stinting themselves to save the children from hunger and cold, broke down in health under the strain of labor, anxiety, and privation."

Little wonder that they broke down! Teaching, especially teaching by the sign-language, is in all truth an occupation sufficiently taxing to the most robust

organisms. And when there was added to teaching the ungrateful task of soliciting daily alms, not always readily forthcoming, the lives of these devoted Sisters undoubtedly took on some of the characteristics of prolonged martyrdom. We can readily understand the earnestness with which a Sister in another locality wrote to Mr. Reilly: "I sincerely hope that your article will stir up some interest in deaf-mutes, and induce generously-disposed persons to turn their attention toward this afflicted portion of the community, and aid Catholic schools which are struggling to give them an education."

Of these Catholic schools for the training of deaf-mutes the *Review* article gives a number of historical and other details which our limited space forces us to pretermit. It will be sufficient for the purposes of this summary to indicate the localities in which they are situated, and the religious communities by whom they are conducted.

In St. Louis, Mo., there are the Mariæ Consilia Institute for girls and the St. Joseph's Institute for boys, both establishments being under the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph. In Buffalo, there is Le Couteulx St. Mary's Institute, conducted by the same Sisters of St. Joseph, with separate accommodations for girls and boys. *Le Couteulx Leader*, an excellent periodical, is "set up" and printed by the pupils of this school, and some of them even contribute to its reading matter. In New York city, St. Joseph's Institute, with three distinct departments, is conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary. The Xavier Deaf-Mute Union, to which Father Stadelman, S. J., devotes his attention, is also doing good work in the metropolis. Coming nearer home, we have in Chicago the Ephpheta School at St. Joseph's Home, where some 105 girls and boys are tenderly cared for by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary. These pupils write for, illustrate, and print

the *Ephpheta Paper*, published for the benefit of the institution. In St. Francis, Wisconsin, the St. John's Institute provides for boys, under the direction of a lay-professor, and for girls under the Sisters of St. Francis.

In Philadelphia, Catholic children in the State Institution at Mt. Airy have their religious training attended to by priests and Sisters; in Cincinnati, the Sisters of Notre Dame have a school for deaf-mute girls; in St. Paul, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary have St. Mary's Institute for deaf-mutes. There is a deaf-mute Institution of the Holy Rosary at Chinchuba, La.; a Catholic Deaf and Dumb College at Oakland, Cal.; and the Catholics in the Maryland State school at Frederick have religious attendance. An asylum for the deaf and dumb is projected in Boston, but the institution is not yet in operation.

Mr. Reilly mentions an offer of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary "to establish at least one school for the deaf and dumb in every State or in every ecclesiastical province in the Union, and to conduct it without pay." Moreover, should any bishop be unwilling to introduce their Sisterhood into his diocese, they agree to train, free of charge, members of other communities for this special work.

"Can nothing further be done," concludes Mr. Reilly, "for this generation of the deaf and dumb?" And we feel like answering: Yes, a great deal more may be done. At the very least, more active sympathy may be extended to those who are laboring in this field of usefulness, and more frequent charity exercised to aid those institutions whose resources are inadequate for the work they have been established to perform. Wealthy Catholics throughout the land may surely address to their purses more frequently than heretofore the miracle-word *Ephpheta*—"Be thou opened,"—used by Our Lord when He cured the deaf-mute mentioned in the seventh chapter of St. Mark.

Notes and Remarks.

We hail with pleasure the announcement that a Catholic Hall, under the direction of the Jesuits, is to be opened in Oxford University, and another in Cambridge, chiefly in connection with St. Edmund's College. This movement is part of a plan matured at a conference of the English bishops last year, for the purpose of meeting more effectively the spiritual needs of Catholic students. The authorities of both universities are well pleased with the plan, and public opinion has endorsed it unanimously. The establishment of these halls is interesting, as being the first instance of the return of the religious orders to their former connection with the Universities. The choice of the Jesuit Fathers was also, we believe, a wise one; for, since the Tractarian Movement especially, that Order has counted a large proportion of Oxford and Cambridge men—and not a few Fellows of these Universities—among its members. Now, after many years, the project on which Newman had set his heart seems about to be realized.

A clever woman, writing in the *National Review*, makes fun of those well-meaning people who fancy they have converted the Africans when they induce them to wear clothes. It has always been the mistake of Protestant missionaries to confound conventionalities with essentials. They ignore race differences, and, as Miss Kingsley observes, "regard the African minds as so many jugs, which have only to be emptied of the stuff that is in them, and refilled with the particular form of doctrine which the missionaries are teaching." The church-going and school-going, the hubbards and the trousers, amuse the negroes for a time, but they soon become bored; and when a negro is bored there is an end of his religion. Miss Kingsley advises her coreligionists to confine their energies to mere civilizing agencies, such as industrial schools, etc.; declaring that the negro is not capable of high civilization. That the negro is the equal of his white brother in some respects is clear enough from this: "I

have tackled several mission-trained men and women, and asked them how they could go on in the way they were going—openly contrary to the teaching they received. What they said I will not write down,—I should prefer to give a *verbatim* report of the observations of a sea-captain when the steering has broken down; but it amounts to this: that they know they are doing wrong, but intend to repent in time." After this who shall say that the negro may not be "civilized"?

It is worthy of note that the movement in favor of total abstinence is still gathering strength in Ireland. Dr. Owens, the new Bishop of Clogher, made this appeal to his flock in a letter read in all the churches of the diocese on St. Patrick's Day: "Let us, in God's name, make a combined, generous, and well-sustained effort to root out this accursed vice, and implant in its stead a solid and lasting habit of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks." He tells his priests that people who are throwing off this vice need constant supervision and encouragement, but especially do they need religious instruction and frequent recourse to the Sacraments. It has been said that no country in the world has improved so much, in respect to sobriety, as Ireland since the days of Father Mathew. The spirit of Bishop Owens and his collaborators is a guarantee that this gratifying progress will not be interrupted.

Notwithstanding the flourishing (financial) condition of the various Protestant churches in New York, and the organization of the "Volunteers," the "Army of the Cross," etc., the Rev. Thomas Dixon, a Protestant minister of that city, declares that not only is Protestantism a failure in the metropolis, but that the "town could not be held from the devil twenty-four hours if it were not for the Catholic priesthood."

An interesting paper in a Parisian exchange deals with the question of Sunday rest, and proves from scientific experiments, and from historical experience as well, that the repose enjoined by God for the seventh day not

only fills a moral and religious want, but corresponds to a 'physical necessity. The physician not less than the pastor demands that Sunday labor be abolished. The attempt, in the time of the French Revolution, to make every tenth day the day of rest proved abortive. Macaulay asserted that had the English people not observed the Sunday, they would in his time have been a much poorer and less civilized people. Lord Palmerston attributed, as Mr. Gladstone attributes, his exceptional vigor at an advanced age to his total abstinence from work on the Lord's Day. Numerous comparisons established at different periods between men and animals forced to work every day and those allowed to rest on the seventh have shown clearly that the Sunday rest is commercially as well as spiritually advantageous. As the French writer concludes, "Time may be money, but the Sunday rest is health,—something more precious than all treasures."

A Parisian publishing house not long ago sent out to 40,000 addresses an indecent prospectus. With the exception of a brief article in the *Croix*, none of the city newspapers protested against such infamy or even commented thereon. A French exchange, discussing the matter, calls attention to another and more dangerous form of corruption than that of indecent literature: obscene pictures. "Children and the poor," it says, "have no cents to give for licentious journals and bad books, and the ignorant do not know how to read. But the immodest picture that all can understand is given for nothing. In the form of advertisements for this, that, and the other commodity, such pictures meet the eye at every turn. In the name of public morality, decent people should protest against this method of sowing the seeds of vice in the hearts of the young."

The words of our French contemporary remind us of a danger against which Catholic parents in this country can not be too strongly warned. A number of the cheap and popular magazines in these United States abound with illustrations, and all too frequently the illustrations are reproductions of the nude in art. Without entering upon the discussion of the harmfulness or harm-

lessness of these pictures as regards grown men and women, we decidedly reprobate the custom of placing them before the eyes of the young, or allowing the magazines which contain them to be at the indiscriminate disposition of all the members of a family circle. "To the pure all things are pure" is a dictum that may be stretched beyond its legitimate meaning; and a good many Catholic parents are, in this matter of magazine pictures, furnishing their children with veritable occasions of sin.

The friends of the venerable Oriental scholar, Monsig. de Harlez, whose name is not unknown to our readers, have arranged for a worthy celebration of the Silver Jubilee of his professorship at Louvain University. The celebration, as is the wise custom in Germany, will have for its main feature the publication of a memorial volume of essays on special subjects of Oriental learning. The contributors to the volume were chosen from the most eminent philologists in Europe, and nearly all of them were pupils of Monsig. de Harlez.

Spain is not using the Anglican Archbishop of Dublin well. Lord Plunkett has been anxious to convert Spain to Anglicanism; and not only does that ungrateful country refuse his good offices, but it actually has the effrontery to take a hand itself in the conversion work. Several noble English Protestants have recently embraced the Catholic faith in Madrid. This is indeed the apotheosis of contemptuous repudiation, and Lord Plunkett may well feel disgruntled.

A very sensible crusade has been projected against the oath taken by English sovereigns at the time of their coronation. Father Bridgett, writing in *The Month*, describes the oath as a "national act of impiety"; and some of the English journals speak of it as "a grave affront to the ten millions of Catholics subject to the English Crown." The honesty and truthfulness of Catholics are impugned by implication in terms "vile and insulting"; and this, of course, in presence of many Catholics, official and lay.

When the young Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the absurdity of the ceremony was pointed out by the historian Lingard; and the honest Charles Waterton was moved to exclaim: "Had I been near her sacred person, the sun had not set before I had imparted to her royal ear a true and faithful account of that abominable oath. It is a satire on the times; it is a disgrace to the British nation; it ought to be destroyed by the hand of the common hangman." The oath is indeed an anachronism; it is a relic of barbarism. We fancy it must be especially distasteful to our Anglican friends, who, despite their protests, have been unable to disprove to the world that Henry VIII. was the venerated founder of that church, which they say never lost faith in the Sacraments and the Mass.

It will be remembered that a recent lawsuit in Hartford, Conn., emphasized the fact that Freemasonry is sometimes used to defeat the ends of justice. Another incident with the same moral has come to our knowledge. Some time ago, in the Superior Court of Anderson, Ind., one W. H. Freeman appeared in the interest of a client. The judge was a prominent Mason; and Freeman, who sat in a prominent place and wore the Masonic pin, despairing of a successful issue of the suit, proceeded to give the Masonic sign of distress, which was promptly recognized by the jury. But the judge, though a Mason, was a man of honor, and promptly fined the attorney for contempt of court. The *Chicago Legal News*, commenting on the occurrence, says that the distinguished Judge Thompson, of St. Louis, who was not a Mason, was frequently approached by persons giving the Masonic signs.

It is well known that when the "Old Catholic" schism broke out in Geneva, the Swiss government "transferred" a number of Catholic churches to the schismatics, who were to retain them "as long as a single member of the flock can be discovered in the commune." The Old Catholics of Geneva are hardly a baker's dozen now; nevertheless, the government has just vetoed a petition to restore the church property to its right-

ful owners. Commenting on this action, the *Vaterland*, of Lucerne, observes:

A law of 1878 united the Roman Catholic Church commune of Thonex with the Old Catholic one of Chênebourg. In order that the Old Catholic minister of Chênebourg might hold service once a fortnight at Thonex, he was regularly paid 500 francs a year. But since 1878 in the church of Thonex there has not been a single baptism, a single marriage, a single funeral service, or a single sermon. Once a fortnight the punctual sacristan has rung the bell and lighted the candles on the high altar; the Old Catholic minister has appeared, waited five minutes; and then, as nobody appeared in the dusty benches, cheerfully gone home again. The candles are extinguished, and the church doors locked, and a fortnight later opened once more with the same regularity. So this farce, which has lasted for seventeen years, has already cost the loyal Catholics of Thonex a sum of just 8,500 francs—that is to say, \$1900,—for a service that nobody in the commune wants, and that, as a matter of fact, has never been held.

Commenting on the somewhat bellicose feeling apparently prevalent among most civilized nations at present, *Harper's Weekly* discovers a connection between this feeling and the recent growth in the popularity of fighting stories. Mr. Weyman, Mr. Crockett, and Mr. Anthony Hope are instanced as authors who, having "blood-letting at every third page," have become remarkably popular. It is to be hoped that the pugilistic tendencies of the peoples will be sufficiently gratified by these fights in fiction, and that the reign of peace is not in any imminent danger of coming to an end, at least in the last years of this century.

The San Francisco *Monitor* records another of those shocking tragedies which happen periodically to warn young women of the insane folly of marrying a dissipated man for the purpose of reforming him: "There is lying on a couch in the city prison a delicate, half-crazed woman, who, goaded almost to madness by the brutal treatment of her husband, in a wild moment shot him, perhaps to death. Her moan is: 'There is no future for me, whichever way this affair may turn! My life is all ended now.' Those who have known this woman since her childhood tell tales of her self-sacrifice, her womanly unselfishness and heroism, that are touching

in the extreme. One friend speaks of her as 'the noblest girl I ever knew.' A marriage to a man who seems to have regarded less his duties as a husband and a protector of his home than he did drink and dissipation was her misfortune, the ruin of her life. Her love and devotion counted as nothing against the allurements of liquor and evil company." Priests and physicians could tell of countless other tragedies, not less terrible, though they may not be so publicly flaunted, that have blasted the lives of young women who married in haste.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, recently distributed 120,000 lire (about \$24,000) among the missionaries of the Congo and Zanguebar, to aid in the anti-slavery crusade. This sum was made up by contributions from the faithful, particularly in Europe.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xlii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. F. MacCormac, of the Diocese of Ottawa, who yielded his soul to God on the 18th ult. Brother Celestine, C. S. C., whose happy death took place at Notre Dame, Ind., on the 7th inst.

Sister M. Aloysius, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Tucson, Arizona, who lately passed to her reward.

Mr. Vincent Roy, whose life closed peacefully last month at Superior, Wis.

Mrs. Mary G. Randolph, of Baltimore, Md., who died a holy death on the 25th ult.

Mr. T. J. Moloney, who departed this life on the 9th inst., in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. Theodore Davie, of Victoria, B. C., who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 22d ult.

Mr. Henry Murphy, who piously breathed his last on the 26th ult., in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. John Hoover and Mr. John Flaherty, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Joseph A. Deney, Troy, N. Y.; Elizabeth Roach, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. Bridget Cooper and Mrs. Bridget Tucker, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. D. B. Murray and Master John Murray, Bellaire, Ohio; Mr. P. King, San Rafael, Cal.; Mr. Denis Daly, National Home, Wis.; Mr. Patrick Noonan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ellen Murray, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Elwood, Ansonia, Conn.; Mr. William Fitzpatrick, Mountrath, Ireland; Mr. and Mrs. John Madigan, Mr. Thomas Toomey, and Mr. Stephen McDonough,—all of Co. Limerick, Ireland.

May they rest in peace!



*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

A Baby Drama.*

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

SCENE I.

(A Miserable Room.)

POOR MOTHER.

WHAT can I do for thee,
O my babe in pain,
Withering upon my knee,—
Thou who didst come to me
One frozen night, born into poverty?
Thy sweet lips are grey,
Thy face is cold as clay.
Writhe not so uneasily:
Lie still upon my knee,
While my tears like rain
Fall over thee in vain.

(Enter two ANGELS.)

FIRST ANGEL.

See this poor mother, perishing of want!
For her no work, because her arms o'erflow
With her diseased child.

SECOND ANGEL.

The fire is scant;
No bread upon the shelf. The ice-winds blow,
And down the smokeless chimney whirls the
snow.

FIRST ANGEL.

My gold is on my head. That's counted trash:
Heaven's coinage is not current in this
world.

An angel may not thief, yet could I smash

The baker's window, an my wings were
furled!

SECOND ANGEL.

Hist! there are Sisters passing. Brother,
come

And lure sweet Charity to this sad home.
See how they modest walk, each fair face hid,
Enveiled each eye beneath its snowdrop lid.

FIRST ANGEL.

I'll fetch them with a word breathed as they
go.

Oh, mercy! mercy! (Be it whispered low.)

FIRST SISTER OF CHARITY.

I hear a plaintive cry. Some soul's in need.

SECOND SISTER.

Or body maybe.

FIRST ANGEL.

Here they come with speed;
I'll push them gently.

FIRST SISTER.

'Twas the wind alone
Did hustle me across this threshold stone.

SECOND SISTER.

A kindly gale. From here the cry did come
Of "Mercy! mercy!" 'Tis a famished home.

FIRST SISTER.

Poor mother, give thy sickly babe to me,
And come and see
His little bed with comfort spread.

SECOND SISTER.

And, as for thee,
Thou shalt have meat and bread—

THE TWO ANGELS (*in a whisper*).
And cups of tea!

* This little drama was written by Rosa Mulholland, well known as the author of many beautiful stories and poems, in the interest of St. Joseph's Hospital for Sick Children, Temple Street, Dublin, an institution under the care of the Sisters of Charity. A monster bazaar for its benefit is to come off in April, 1897, under the novel name of

Moy-Mell, which means "Field of Honey," and is the Irish name for heaven, where all grow young and strong and never get old again. THE AVE MARIA has the privilege of putting this little drama into print thus early, in order to give children from far away full time to send their help to the poor sick children of St. Joseph's Hospital.

MOTHER.

O lovely ladies, angels you must be!

(The ANGELS smile.)

FIRST SISTER.

Be sure the angels are not far away,
 Else we were not here to-day.
 Give your babe into my veil;
 In his bed yourself shall lay
 His sweet limbs; no more his wail
 Shall your tender heartstrings rend:
 God has sent to you a friend.

SCENE II.

(The Children's Hospital.)

MOTHER.

Here I sit by my babe's cot;
 Sweet he sleeps, his pain forgot.
 Yonder doctor-gentleman
 Lightsome touched him with his han';
 After just a little while
 Baby Jim began to smile!

All around are little beds
 Set in rows; and baby heads
 Lie on pillows smooth and white.
 There's a mother for each mite,
 Moving soft, with noiseless feet,
 Round her nurslings day and night.

I have been home to tell the news to John,
 My darling's father. "Where's the baby
 gone?"

Says he, afear'd; and when I told him
 true,

"God bless them, wife!" he cries. "They
 have saved *you*

As well as him; for you were dying too!"
 (You see, John had no work these three weeks
 last;

That's why we had no bread. Thank God,
 that hunger's past!)

Then out he laughed to see that the fire
 burned,

The floor was swept, and that the tea was
 drew.

Now, after supper, here I am, returned.

To-morrow I will leave him with the Sisters;
 They will take care of him,
 My little Jim,
 Till I may come again another day
 And find him nearly ready for his play.

God's blessing on their bottles and their
 blisters!

FIRST ANGEL.

You may go home, poor mother! Do not fear:
 Our time is all our own, and we stay here.

SECOND ANGEL.

That little friendly shove the wind did give,
 I think it was well done. The child will live!

The Two Communions.

I.



OME here, my child."

A little girl about ten years
 old advanced to her mother's
 side, and knelt on a cushion
 at her feet. The mother laid
 down her embroidery and placed her hand
 upon the child's head, saying, in a tone
 of mingled gentleness and severity:

"Beatrice, a few moments ago I saw
 Simone presenting you with a bouquet of
 hawthorn. What have you done with it?"

Beatrice blushed, but said nothing.

"Have you taken it to the chapel?"

"No, mamma."

"To your own room perhaps, to place
 it before the statue of Notre Dame de
 Rumengol?"

"No, mamma."

"Ah! then you have left it in mine?
 I like the sweet hawthorn blossoms."

The cheeks grew more and more crim-
 son; the dark lashes had tears upon them
 as the child cast down her eyes in mute
 embarrassment. For a moment her mother
 regarded her fixedly; then she said, with
 a sigh:

"So it must have been your voice I
 heard in the courtyard scornfully saying
 to poor little Simone: 'I do not want
 those ugly flowers! They smell of your
 dirty cottage. Take them away!' O my
 child, and this almost on the eve of your
 first Holy Communion! Such unkindness,
 such pride, frightens me. From whom
 have you learned it?"

"O mamma, forgive me,—forgive me!"

"It is not *my* forgiveness you must ask, Beatrice, but that of the God whom you have offended,—God whom you will receive into your bosom in a few days, and whom you have wounded in the person of this poor child."

"O mamma, I was vexed at something else! Raoul had been teasing me; he ran away with the ribbon from my hair,—my pretty new ribbon; and when Simone came with the flowers I—I—"

"Beatrice, that is the flimsiest of excuses. What a shame to have vented your anger on the innocent girl!—one, too, who had come with a little gift which she thought might give you pleasure. And what did Simone do?"

"She went away crying, mamma," said the child, now weeping herself as she hid her face in her mother's lap.

"Listen, Beatrice," said her mother. "Deeply as you have wounded the heart of Simone, you have hurt mine still more; for the thought that you could dare to go to Holy Communion with sentiments of pride and haughtiness dwelling in your soul is unbearable to me. Beatrice, do you think yourself worthy to receive the Bread of Life; to share in that heavenly Banquet to which the best of us—poor, worthless creatures that we are—can only bring as an offering pure and contrite hearts filled with the love of God and our neighbor?"

"O mamma," exclaimed the child, "I am sorry,—indeed I am sorry! If you would only believe me!" And she clasped her arms around her mother, weeping.

"I wish to believe you," said her mother, after a short pause; "for I can not think that the instructions and prayers of these past few months have gone for nothing. I believe also that your arrogance is more in the manner than in the heart; for I am well aware that after a hasty action, you are always willing to make atonement. You have two grave faults: a

quick impulse to anger, and haughtiness to your inferiors. Try to overcome both of these in future."

"I will, mamma,—I will," said the child, raising her large blue eyes to her mother's face.

The Marquise continued: "For nearly a year you have been preparing for the greatest event of your life,—an event which may decide your whole future. Everything depends on a good First Communion. O my dear child, remember the Last Supper! Eleven were faithful, but one was faithless."

"Mamma," said the child, "you frighten me. I will be humble, I will be kind; I will try never to be haughty again."

"That is my own Beatrice!" said the mother, clasping her to her bosom. "And now there is one thing more: I wish on the morning of your First Communion that you should kneel side by side with Simone, the daughter of my foster-sister, the granddaughter of the kind old nurse who was to me a second mother. Will you do so, Beatrice?"

"Surely, mamma," replied the child, kissing her mother again and again.

"Go then at once, before the day is over, and tell her you are sorry for having refused her flowers."

"Yes, mamma," said Beatrice, her tears dried, her face illumined by a joyous smile, as she left her mother's arms and bounded away.

"She has a kind heart, after all, the darling!" said the fond mother, watching her until the flying curls could no longer be seen across the lawn. "It cost her so little to promise atonement for her fault that I am confident she will improve as she grows older."

It was thus that one of the hated "aristocrats," who was, not many years later, to die upon the guillotine, with true lessons of "liberty, equality and fraternity" prepared her daughter for her first Holy Communion.

II.

While the foregoing scene was being enacted at the *château*, Simone was also weeping at her mother's side. She had returned from her errand of carrying home the newly washed linen with her bouquet still in her hand.

"Ah! little one, what is this?" asked her mother, dropping the handle of the mangle which she was turning. "Why do you weep, and why have you brought back the flowers?"

"Oh, my poor flowers!" sobbed little Simone. "If I had taken them to the Blessed Virgin, she would not have refused them. I never would have believed that Mademoiselle Beatrice could be so cruel." And then, with many tears, she told her pitiful story.

"Eh, no, *petite!*" replied her mother, when she had finished. "Mademoiselle Beatrice is not cruel, but you are silly. I told you she would not care for those poor little hawthorn blossoms. At your age I should not have dared such a thing, but now people are different."

"I love her so dearly, *mamma!*"

"Poor little one," said the kind mother, taking her hand, "do not cry! She has already forgotten it."

"But, *mamma*, I can not forget it," said the child, her tears falling on the flowers, which she still held in one hand.

"Let us pray to the good God," said the pious mother. "By prayer all things are made easier to us. Let us pray for Mademoiselle Beatrice. Maybe she is a little proud; but they are not like us, you know. She is the child of our kind master and mistress, who have done so much for us. She has hurt you a little, it is true; but our Blessed Lord prayed for His enemies—"

"Why, *mamma*," exclaimed the child, "Mademoiselle Beatrice is not my enemy! It is because I love her that I weep."

"Well, well!" continued the mother.

"We will pray all the same. It always soothes the mind and comforts the heart. Soon you will receive your first Holy Communion; one can not pray too much at such a time."

In a moment mother and daughter were on their knees before a statue of Our Lady of Rumengol, reciting the "Our Father." As they repeated the words, "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," the door flew open, and Beatrice stepped across the threshold.

Somewhat abashed, they arose. Gently throwing her arm about Simone's shoulders, Beatrice cried:

"I am sorry for what I did an hour ago. Will you forgive me?"

"O Mademoiselle Beatrice," answered Simone, "do not speak of it!"

"I want those flowers; please give them to me," said Beatrice, taking them from the table. "Mamma has made me ashamed of my awful conduct. And, Simone dear, do you know we must kneel side by side at our First Communion? That is settled."

"If you wish it, Mademoiselle," said Simone. "But it is too great an honor."

"An honor!" repeated Beatrice. "You are a thousand times better than I, and it is the best people that please Our Lord most. Now I must go. Good-bye, Simone! Good-bye, Mère Daniel!" And she ran away as suddenly as she had arrived.

"Ah, what generosity, what sweetness!" exclaimed Mère Daniel, looking after her. "Simone, my girl, never forget how much we owe to that dear family; never think any service too great to perform for the child of our good master and mistress."

Two weeks later, on a beautiful spring morning, the children of the village approached the Holy Table for the first time. Two among them, who knelt side by side, attired with equal simplicity, were noticeable for remarkable recollection and modesty; they were Beatrice and Simone.

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IV.

Seeing a rich batch of berries beyond the fence, Elizabeth peered at them longingly, and then looked toward the bull.

"He is fierce, not so much, however, from viciousness as because he is proud of his strength," Patrick had said, in warning the young people to keep away from this particular pasture. "Animals are much the same as human beings *sometimes*; and I've seen those who would fret and fume and strive to drive everybody before them, same as Dion,—handsome, high-spirited creature that he is."

Dion was browsing at the other end of the field, however, and looked quite mild and unaggressive.

"I'm not afraid of him," the little girl went on, talking to herself. "I'll just creep in between the bars of the fence, pick the berries, and steal away again without his knowing I've been there at all. It makes me think of the game 'Old man, I'm in your castle,' that I used to play with the girls at home, when the castle was our sidewalk, and the player who took the part of 'old man' had to chase the others off it, till some one else was caught."

She laughed as she slipped through the bars. The berries on the sunny knoll were certainly the finest she had yet gathered,—for of course she began by tasting them. And what a quantity there were! Her cup would be filled in less than no time.

"I wonder what luck the others are having?" she thought. "I do not believe the boys are picking very fast: they are talking too much, and Polly is singing to herself,—Aunt Janet says she has a good voice."

So intent was Elizabeth upon her task

and her own reflections that unconsciously she ventured farther and farther into the field, until she came to a small pile of stones, which she recollected very well.

"Oh, dear me!" she said. "There is a snake's nest here. I remember it from last summer. I'll keep clear of this place."

She edged off and had nearly got past the spot, when all at once a black, arrow-shaped head appeared among the stones; and straightway a long, slimy shape dragged its glittering length along, quite close to her, and disappeared among the vines of the very strawberry patch where she had lingered a few moments before. She shrank back with a little cry, and made good her escape. But, alas! in fleeing from the loathsome reptile she forgot the bull, until, stopping to take breath, she saw his attention had been attracted. He was still at some distance, but was quietly regarding her with an air of incredulity and astonishment, which would have impressed her as comical under some other circumstances. Now it rendered her very uneasy; yet, fascinated, she remained as if chained to the spot. Leisurely the splendid animal drew near, as if impelled by a royal curiosity to inspect at closer range this queer little personage who had dared to trespass upon his domain.

Elizabeth grew frightened, tore off her hat, waved it frantically, with the idea of keeping away the great, threatening creature, whose surprise was very quickly giving place to displeasure; and darted to and fro distractedly, screaming with the full force of her lungs. The bull became excited too, curveted around, and then, lowering his horned head in an ominous manner, prepared for a plunge at her.

The poor child was certain her last moment had come: already she seemed to feel those terrible horns. A sudden faintness seized her; and, as even through the darkest storm a gleam of lightning would have revealed every object in the

valley below, so her whole life flashed before her as in a picture, and a confused prayer rose in her mind.

At this instant there was a barbaric yell from the side of the field next to the upper pasture, followed by a deafening clangor, not unlike the din of the gong by which the darky on the Fall River boat had announced supper. Dion, astounded at this proceeding, and diverted from his purpose of summarily dispatching the first intruder, paused in indecision.

Elizabeth, dazed with fear as she was, now saw as in a dreadful dream Bernard within the boundary of the bull's preserves,—Bernard, capering to and fro like a toreador; and, in lieu of a flaunting red flag, flourishing the berry kettle, and beating it vigorously with a stick; while Leo, perched on the top rail of the fence, hallooed and gesticulated desperately.

"Run, 'Lizabeth,—run!" he shouted.

Recovering her strength, she *did* run as if all the wild animals in creation were after her; reached the opposite corner of the field, and crept through the fence to safety. Just then she heard a shriek from Polly, and Leo called:

"O Bernard, look out!"

So strong is the instinct of self-preservation that she had not realized at what a risk to himself the bold boy had come to her deliverance. Now, as she crouched in the grass, a faint cry broke from her lips:

"O dear God, don't let anything happen to him; for he rushed into danger to save me!"

The bull stopped short in his mad careering and again lowered his horns. It was a perilous moment. Elizabeth's heart went thump, thump, like a steam-engine. Bernard, with his eyes fixed on the savage brute, had steadily retreated toward the fence; now he could touch the topmost rail with his hand. The infuriated animal dashed forward,—another minute and the boy would have been tossed in the air, probably fatally injured. But in

this terrible strait his presence of mind did not desert him: he vaulted lightly over the fence and ran some distance; then, turning, in a spirit of bravado shook his fist at the baffled bull, which attacked the rails of the fence as if to tear them down. Bernard and Leo did not wait to see if he would succeed, but scurried into the woods as fast as they could, while Polly and Elizabeth precipitately fled thither also.

It was after they had all paused breathless, beside a clear little spring of water which came bubbling up from beneath a rock, that Polly noticed how pale and quiet Bernard was, and how glad he seemed to have the drink of water she offered him out of a tiny cup she made by deftly folding a maple leaf.

As for Elizabeth, no sooner had they gained this resting-place than she sank down on the ground and began to cry.

"O Bernard, Bernard!" she sobbed, "you are a brave boy, a regular hero! Are you positive you are not a bit hurt?"

She clutched his arm as if to make sure he was the real Bernard, and not a bogey, who had escaped from the bull.

"I can't say I'm not hurt if you pinch me so," he answered, forcing a laugh, and trying to interrupt her somewhat incoherent expressions of gratitude.

"You are a brick, sir!" declared Leo, slapping him on the back; "for it was a mighty close shave."

"Yes, closer than I'd care to come to the big fellow's horns again," Bernard acknowledged.

After a while, amid the peacefulness of their surroundings, he recovered his ordinary happy, rollicking mood; and Elizabeth, drying her tears, began to chatter as usual.

"Alas, the berries,—oh, the delicious berries!" sighed Polly, deprecatingly. "To think they are all gone, and we must go home without any, although we had the kettle nearly full!"

The kettle, showing marks of hard usage, lay at their feet. Elizabeth drew it toward her and glanced into it.

"She wants to make sure it is quite empty," said her brother, quizzically.

"Well, it is not," she replied, drawing out the pewter tankard which Polly had deposited therein, having instinctively picked it up when Leo dropped it, in his haste to follow Bernard.

As Elizabeth held it aloft, however, her face suddenly clouded, and she exclaimed with a catch in her breath:

"O Polly, the *silver* cup! I *have* lost it! What shall I do?"

Polly looked aghast at this news, and even the boys became grave.

"Can you not remember when you had it last?" asked Leo.

"I think I had it until the bull frightened me—or did I leave it in the grass when I ran away from the snake?" was the hesitating answer.

"Anyhow, no one can go back to the field for it now," said Polly, with decision, fearing Bernard might recklessly offer to do so.

"No: it would hardly be safe to brave Dion's anger again," he agreed, after a pause. "It will be better to go home. I'll tell Patrick; and, after the bull has quieted down, he will drive him into another field; then he and I will go back and search for the cup."

They acted upon this advice accordingly. Hannah met them at the kitchen door, and, without noticing their air of discomfiture, said hurriedly:

"How late you are! The folks arrived home an hour ago. Give me the berries quick. What!—an empty kettle! Well, you ought to be ashamed. What will your mother say, Elizabeth Colton?"

"O Hannah, it was not our fault!" began Elizabeth; and thereupon she and Polly volubly poured forth the whole story,—every word of which was excitedly

corroborated by Leo, while poor Bernard remained diffidently silent.

"Sure, ma'am," cried Hannah, appearing in the dining-room and addressing her mistress, "they have not brought home a bit of a berry. But only for Bernard, they say, Elizabeth would have been attacked by the bull; and it is a mercy they are all here safe and sound."

This announcement was naturally received with general consternation, soon followed by thankfulness and rejoicing. Everybody shook hands with Bernard, and commended his heroism and presence of mind; while Elizabeth was petted and made much of for the rest of the evening. Ah! if she had only told then about the silver cup, Grandma Campbell would not have given a second thought to its loss. But, unfortunately, the foolish little girl could not summon sufficient courage to acknowledge her disobedience.

"Besides," she argued with herself, "the cup will be found, and I can put it back quietly without any one's being the wiser.

As soon as possible after supper Bernard enlisted Patrick's aid, and they went over the field, but in vain.

"Perhaps we have missed the place in the dusk," remarked Patrick. "We will try again to-morrow."

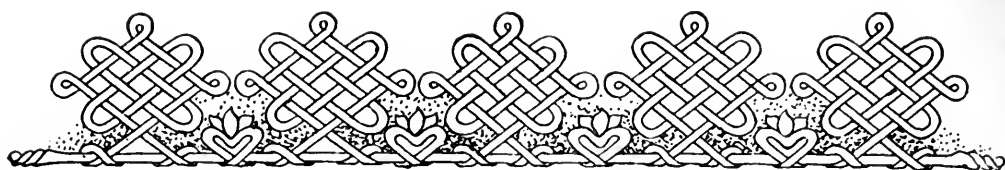
Early the next morning they renewed the search, with no better success. During the day also the girls hunted through the pasture, Dion having been transferred to a neighboring one. Yet their perseverance was unavailing likewise.

"Probably a tramp going across lots stumbled on the prize and made off with it," decided Bernard.

"Then I must confess to grandma that I have lost it," said Elizabeth, dolefully.

After a few days, believing she had done so, the boys forgot all about this part of the adventure. But Elizabeth put off the unpleasant avowal, and Polly was not one to carry tales.





AT THE SEPULCHRE.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED—St. Luke 1:28.

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Hope's Message.

WITH grief-bowed hearts they sought
His tomb;

But gracious light
Broke on their sight,

And he who guarded Love's gray sepulchre
Spoke words of cheer:

"He is not here,—

He whom you seek is risen from the dead."

So memory seeks the past's gray gloom

With tear-dimmed eyes,

Where buried lies

The stricken joy that life once held most dear;

But Hope is there,

With visage fair,

Who whispers, "Joy is risen from the dead."

Lepers in the Middle Age.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D.D.

AS it malice? Scarcely. His record is that of a fair-minded, high-toned man. Ignorance alone could have led Mr. Chauncey Depew, a few months ago, to tell a Buffalo audience that in the Middle Age "there was no such thing as charity as we understand it,—no asylums, no hospitals." The famous after-dinner orator is a fair specimen of the presumed educated American Protestant; one of a class who

know about as much," concerning the Middle Age as Sitting Bull knew of sublime metaphysics. The Church had scarcely emerged from the Catacombs when she founded everywhere asylums destined to assuage every kind of physical misery; and several years ago we showed the readers of Our Lady's magazine how extensive, how richly endowed, how wisely and considerately managed, were the numerous hospitals of the Middle Age. We also showed how those hospitals were at least the equals of any which the nineteenth century has established.* It might be well to repeat some passages from that article for the benefit of those whom our Chauncey's Buffalo address "gulled" so egregiously; but since such repetition is not practicable, we would ask attention to a point which is cognate to those which we then treated, and which will interest all whose hearts have throbbed with sympathy and admiration for the sainted Father Damien. Now, in that needlessly pitied time, when, as Mr. Depew thinks, "it is a wonder that men ever did anything that was worth living for," men like Father Damien were not uncommon; and from the treatment which the Middle Age accorded to the leper we can form a good estimate of the charity of that age, and can appreciate at its true value Mr. Depew's platitudinous declamation: "During that

* See THE AVE MARIA for May 13, 1893.

time it was a question of the survival of the fittest; and only those with great physical and moral strength were able to rise from their surroundings and become good citizens, and not outlaws, robbers, and brigands."

Much has been written concerning the *lazaretti* of the olden time; but very little of truth has been imparted by either the false humanitarians, the sentimental romancers, or the irreligious historians who have handled the theme with the object of decrying the Catholic Church. "Michelet and his school have seized on the phantom of leprosy, shaking it, just as the leper himself used to shake his rattle to frighten the passer-by. According to these writers, leprosy was a consequence of the filthiness of our ancestors. People never washed in the Middle Age; therefore leprosy was the result of a spontaneous generation in the dung-hill on which society was rotting. And since the Catholic Church had formed medieval society to her own image, she alone was responsible for the ravages of the terrible malady. And the Church not only originated leprosy, but she persecuted its victims. She thrust the unfortunates into loathsome huts, banishing them forever from human society; she cruelly condemned them to be devoured by the fire in their frames, augmenting their physical sufferings by the tortures of perpetual solitude. The theme has become hackneyed." *

Nor are there wanting some Catholic writers who have assisted in propagating false notions as to the lot of the lepers in the Middle Age. Even the tender Xavier de Maistre forgot, or perhaps was unaware, that the strict isolation of the leprous was not enforced before the dying agonies of the Middle Age had begun,—in that fourteenth century when men's hearts had commenced to lose some of the charity which had characterized the Middle Age

in its Catholic fulness; and hence it was that the sympathetic were invited to pity the woes of the "Leper of Aosta" in pages where pathos strives with exaggeration for prominence. Xavier de Maistre should have known that in the Middle Age the lot of the leper was diametrically the opposite of that which he depicted. When treating of the hospitals of the Middle Age, we showed that the constant aim of our Catholic ancestors was to furnish the sick with all the benefits accruing from a union of independence with a community life; and this beneficent idea was actuated in the case of the leprous, just as with the sick from other causes. No sooner had Catholic Europe realized the fell nature of the evil which the returning Crusaders brought from the pagan East than the generosity of the faithful, of those reputedly merciless demi-barbarians who are evoked by the imagination of Mr. Depew, erected and endowed thousands of institutions for an amelioration of the lot of the afflicted. If the reader would like to know the characteristics of these *lazaretti* (also styled *maladreries* and *leproseries*), we shall not regale him with the product of a feverish imagination, but present to his consideration the regulations of one of these establishments which was founded in the thirteenth century.

Probably the reader is familiar with at least the names of the chief societies of France, developments of that principle of association which our century has borrowed from the Middle Age, and which have merited so well of the science of history. Great is the fame of the Société Bibliographique, whose name indicates its programme very imperfectly; of the Société de l'École des Chartes, which has really founded a school of serious historical criticism in France; and of the Société de l'Histoire de France, which has proved worthy of its founders (1833)—Guizot, Thiers, Pasquier, Barante, Count Molé, Champollion-Figeac, etc. But throughout

* Lecoy de la Marche: "La Lepre et les Leproses," Paris, 1892.

France there are many minor societies working on lines more or less similar to those occupied by these more famous organizations; and every now and then the records of their sittings show how some indefatigable member has unearthed a precious monument of the past, a study of which sheds much light upon some important matter of history which has hitherto been beclouded or travestied.

Among these societies the least distinguished is not the Société Académique de Saint-Quentin; and in 1891 one of its impartial and disinterested members drew forth from the musty archives of Noyon a document which demolishes completely the theories of the school of Michelet regarding the lepers of the Middle Age. M. Abel Lefranc read to his fellow-academicians, and illustrated with apposite and erudite commentaries, a collection of rules for the leper-house of Noyon, which had been composed by Mgr. Vermond de la Boissière, who occupied the See of Noyon in 1250-1272. The reader shall judge whether the generally accepted opinion in regard to the olden leper-houses is well founded,—whether these establishments were hideously loathsome habitations; whether the regulations governing their inmates were pitilessly severe; whether no one approached the abodes of misery without terror; whether the unfortunates were really obliged to ring a bell or sound a rattle as warning to the wayfarer to flee their presence; whether they were strangers to even those joys and distractions which were permitted to the galley-slaves; whether, in fine, the lepers were truly “living-dead,” painfully awaiting a final dissolution which would free them from the implacable anathema which a Catholic society had launched against them.

In the first place, the code of rules promulgated by the good Bishop of Noyon proves that the lepers in his establishment occupied a more than tolerable position;

since the prelate was obliged to obviate an abuse of the privileges of the *lazaretto*, on the part of healthy and well-to-do persons who frequently wished to join the community. In our article on the hospitals of the Middle Age we had occasion to notice how, even in the fourth century, many of the poor envied the comparatively happy lot of the sick, the crippled, the blind, whom the Catholic asylums supported and protected. A similar envy was often expressed in the Middle Age in regard to the lot of the lepers. So numerous and striking were the advantages of residence in the *lazaretto* that the managers could not satisfy all who begged as a favor to be admitted, even at the risk of contracting the horrible disease. “This strange yearning for a life in the leper-house,” observed M. Lefranc, “is easily explained. We must remember that most of these institutions were richly endowed, having extensive territorial possessions, and therefore receiving revenues far more than sufficient for their support. In those days no person made a will without leaving large legacies to charitable establishments, and especially to the leper-houses. In time the property of these abodes of misery became enormous. Then life in them was easy, and even lavishly sustained. There was nothing onerous in the labors which most of the lepers performed: they merely cultivated the lands near to the asylum, the rest being leased to farmers. We can easily perceive how many persons, in spite of certain inconveniences, sought to find refuge in these tranquil homes.”

But, above all, we must remember that the spirit of the Middle Age was pre-eminently one of charity and self-sacrifice, actuated in the hope of pleasing God by succoring the creatures for whom He died. Therefore many were attracted to the leper-house, not merely in the hope of finding tranquillity, but by the more commendable intention of assuaging the

sufferings of God's children. As we have said, Damiens were common in the Middle Age. He who has read even in a cursory manner the lives of the saints who lived in that period of exuberant faith knows that there is no exaggeration in this assertion. Who were the attendants, the nurses, of the lepers? Ignorant and heartless mercenaries of the State? Praters about philanthropy—blatant friends of abstract humanity, with no real affection for the concrete man? No! Such persons can not furnish the material out of which the Church fashions an Elizabeth of Hungary or a John of God,—Saints whom she has duplicated thousands of times, and will continue to duplicate when the laicizers of her institutions of charity shall have sunk into oblivion, or be remembered only to be condemned by men of common-sense.

The reader knows that in many monasteries and convents there are two kinds of religious: those of the choir (a species of religious aristocracy) and the lay-Brothers or Sisters. The menial offices of the establishments—a means to gain heaven equal to the more intellectual offices performed by the choir religious—are the province of the *conversi*, or lay-brethren. Now, in the leper-houses who were the aristocrats of the institutions and who the servants? The loathsome lepers were the honored patients and masters; the nurses, guardians, and servants of these unfortunates were healthy, even wealthy persons, who had given themselves to the service of Christ in the guise of His afflicted members. These heroic souls formed a religious confraternity, under the immediate and exclusive authority of the bishop; but the immediate superintendence of the community, lepers and all, was confided to a "master" and to a "council," all elected by the lepers.

The sexes were separated; the male volunteers attending to the men, and the female volunteers to the women. All the inmates were required, one year after their

entrance, whether lepers or nurses, to take simple vows of chastity and obedience; the vow of poverty was optional. All dispensations from the rule, all punishments, were pronounced by the "master." The punishments varied according to the gravity of the fault. A very flagrant offence was followed by perpetual exclusion; then there were temporary banishment, a deprivation of some choice but unnecessary article of food, a deprivation of wine, etc. All who were able took their meals in the refectory. The inmates wore a uniform; but, as M. Lefranc gathered from the Noyon rule, "this dress presented nothing of that sombre and repulsive aspect of which we often hear." The men wore a plain skirt and a wide-sleeved mantle. The mantle of a woman was of lamb's wool, and she wore a rather coquettish head-dress. Each leper had an excellent bed and plenty of clean linen. No leper was allowed to enter the kitchen or the bakery, but all the rest of the establishment was open to them. Every possible provision was made for the most minute and scrupulous cleanliness of person, as well as of every nook and corner of the institution. There were numerous fountains; but, quite properly, certain of these were restricted to the use of the uninfected inmates—a necessary provision. The utmost care was devoted to the spiritual interests of the lepers. They had a beautiful church, and a chaplain always at hand. Games of chance were prohibited, but all other means of recreation were provided.

Certainly this picture of the leper-house of Noyon is very different from that presented by those who can discern no good in medieval times, and whose denunciation is always in strict proportion to their ignorance of even the salient characteristics of those days. But it may be retorted that this rule of Bishop Vermond de la Boissière shows the good treatment of lepers in only one isolated instance. We

are fully justified in supposing that the *lazaretto* of Noyon may be regarded as a specimen of all the leper-houses of the time; because, firstly, no medieval documents can be adduced to evince the contrary; and, secondly, because we know that more than a century before the birth of La Boissière there were in Europe over 19,000 well-organized leper-houses, most of which were served by the members of the Order of St. Lazarus which had been instituted for that purpose.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

X.—(Continued.)

"NO," said Atherton half an hour later, "it will not do to alter our plans. We must go on to Sans Souci and the citadel, in order to support our character of sight-seeing travellers."

There was a mutinous light in the brown eyes that looked up at him. The pedestal on which the statue of the nymph erstwhile stood had been found on one side of the circle; but its present occupant, instead of the nymph, was the slender figure of the boy. His attitude as he sat carelessly on the block of stone had, in these sylvan surroundings, a suggestion of faun-like grace; while his face, from which the hat was pushed back, with its flush of excitement, its shining eyes, and damp, clustering curls, was brilliantly handsome as he lifted it toward Atherton, who stood beside him.

"Why should we support a character in which nobody is interested?" he asked, with some impatience. "Who has noticed us? Who will care whether we are sight-seeing travellers or—or anything else?"

"Let us once give reason for the suspicion that we are anything else, especially

seekers of buried valuables, and I fear we should excite an interest far too lively for our comfort or perhaps our safety," Atherton answered. "We must conduct this affair with every precaution that prudence can suggest. And although I grant that it is very hard, having found the place of the treasure, not to assure ourselves at once that it is there, still it is but a short time that we have to wait for the assurance; and our safety depends on our exercising due discretion."

"How can you tell," demanded the impatient boy, "that while we are gone it may not be discovered—"

"After having remained undiscovered for a century? Ask your common-sense if that is possible."

"Or we might be killed by some accident, and never return; *that* is possible, you must admit."

"Possible, but not very probable, I hope. Come, this is nonsense! I am sorry to thwart your wishes, but my judgment tells me that it is necessary for the success of our plans that the original programme should be carried out. We must go on."

"But if I insist upon staying?" said the boy, passionately. "After all, it is *I* who have come here to seek what is buried in this spot, and it is on my success that everything depends."

Atherton felt himself growing angry. He did not take into consideration the intense excitement which possessed the speaker; nor how hard it was, in the face of long expectation wrought to battling hope and fear, to turn away still in suspense, knowing as little as he had in distant Louisiana whether or not Henri de Marsillac's hidden treasures did or did not lie untouched beside the old sun-dial. He only perceived an unreasonable obstinacy and folly, as well as forgetfulness of all his efforts to make success possible for this perverse boy.

"Very true," he replied, coldly. "It is your interests alone which are at stake in

this matter; and if you choose to risk them, I have no right to prevent you from doing so. Stay if you like. I fancied you something more than a foolish child ready to throw away everything rather than restrain impatience; but it seems that is what you are."

He turned and walked away, leaving behind him on the pedestal of the nymph a very crestfallen person. To have full liberty accorded to do that which is unwise or wrong is with some natures the surest means of rousing reflection, awakening conscience, and preventing such action. So it was now with De Marsillac. Thus suddenly granted what he asked, he saw his conduct in its true light, and shame overtook him. He had no thought of resenting Atherton's last words; he was only struck with a deep sense of his own ungrateful perversity displayed toward one who had done and was doing so much for him; and, springing from his seat, he followed the tall figure still striding away. In his eagerness to make amends for the folly which had wounded his friend, it hardly cost him a pang to turn his back upon the sun-dial.

"Mr. Atherton!" he cried. And then, as Atherton paused and turned, he went on quickly: "Forgive me for being so obstinate and foolish. I will certainly go on, if you think it best."

"I am sure it is best," Atherton replied. His anger melted at once at sight of the contrition and appeal in the beautiful eyes uplifted to his own. What strange power did this lad possess to disarm him at a word? He asked himself the question with something of wonder, as he laid his hand on the young shoulder. "My dear boy," he added, in his kindest tones, "do you think I would ask you to go if I did not know what success means to you, and how necessary it is to take every precaution against failure? Suspense is hard to bear—do you suppose I am not feeling it in sympathy with you?—but

you who have borne it from Louisiana to Hayti can surely bear it from Beaulieu to La Ferrière and back."

"There is no comparison," was the reply. "The first *had* to be borne, but this—to have stood on the spot and yet not know—"

"You may know; for, after all, there is no reason for suspense. We may be sure that had the spot ever been disturbed, the sun-dial would not be standing where it is: it would have been overthrown, cast aside. Those who secured the treasure would never have left it untouched, nor paused to put it back in its place."

"That is true" (reflectively). "The fact that the sun-dial stands there is proof that what lies beside it is undisturbed. Thank you for the suggestion. And yet—and yet it makes me desire still more to secure at once what has waited for me so long."

"It can wait a little longer. What are twenty-four hours after a century?"

"Nothing, of course," the boy answered. "But we—that is my family—have had so many misfortunes that—you will think me very superstitious—I feel as if it were hardly possible for good fortune to come to us. One grows to feel that way, you know. And so I can never believe in the reality of what we hope is buried there until I see it. And, if it exists, I have a fear that if I turn away from it now I shall never be so near it again."

"Come!" said Atherton once more, taking forcible hold of his arm and leading him on. "This is superstition indeed; and if I listen to you longer, I shall be foolish enough to be moved by it. Let us get away at once!"

XI.

The sun was setting when the travellers, descending the rocky hill above Milot, down which their road wound, saw before them, in the exquisite evening light, the beautiful valley like a dream of Paradise, covered with verdure and dotted with cocoa palms, its village embowered in

groves of luxuriant fruit-trees; while crowning the brow of a hill at its farther end shone majestically, against a background of verdure-clad mountains, the yellow walls of the palace of Sans Souci.

"What a picture!" cried Atherton, reining in his horse. "I doubt if the world can match it for mingled softness and grandeur. African savage though he was, Christophe knew well how to choose the site of his palace. Nothing more beautiful could be conceived."

"Nothing," assented the boy beside him. "It looks like an ideal abode of peace; yet one shudders to think what atrocities it has witnessed."

"Do not think of them. Nature forgets, and why should not we? Think only of its exceeding loveliness. Heaven! what a fate it was that consigned this island—which Columbus truly called 'Paradise found again'—into such hands! If it were any other land one would be tempted to make one's home forever in such a spot as this."

"Beg pardon, sah!" said the guide; "but it'll be dark in a few minutes, and we better go on to Milot and find lodgin' 'fore night."

"Do you mean to say that we could find any lodging in that village fit for our occupation?" asked Atherton.

"Schoolmaster, sah, got pretty good house. He take you in."

"We will not trouble him. As you know, we have brought a tent and hammocks. We intend to camp in some pleasant place outside the village."

The man glanced at the great, furrowed mountains, above which rested dark masses of cloud that the sunset was gilding with glorious, coppery gold.

"Tent bery good when we got nuffin else, sah," he remonstrated; "but house better to-night. See big clouds yonder? Sure rain 'fore mornin'."

"Perhaps he is right," said Atherton, looking at his companion. "I have a great

dislike to the idea of staying in any of the native houses; but a tropical rain would be no joke, and those clouds do look very threatening. Probably we had better try the schoolmaster."

"Oh, I think so by all means!" was the unexpectedly decided reply.

So into the village of palm-thatched houses, sheltered under great, spreading banana, guava and mango trees, they rode; black faces looking at them on every side, though with less curiosity than would have been displayed in any other country village; for of the few travellers who come to Hayti all go to Sans Souci and the citadel, so that the people of Milot are more acquainted with the appearance of strangers than any others outside the seaport towns.

The schoolmaster proved to be a perfectly black man, but speaking pure French. He put his house at the disposal of the visitors with a courtesy which left nothing to be desired—in that respect at least, though much might have been desired in others. Although the best in the village, it was little more than a hut; and it was necessary, in order to secure a night's rest, to hang the hammocks they had wisely brought.

They were repaid, however, for any discomfort, not only by the fact that the rain did come down in pouring torrents, from which their tent would have proved but an ineffectual shelter, but also by the discovery that their host was an educated and intelligent man, from whom it was possible to obtain much information. He spoke with reserve upon the present condition and government of Hayti, nor did they press him to expand upon that point; but of the past—of the recollections and traditions still existing in this spot of the reign of the black King Christophe—he talked freely and interestingly. It was Atherton who presently made a diversion of topic.

"These mountains ought to contain

mineral wealth," he remarked, "since the mountains of Santo Domingo near by are known to abound in it. Has nothing of the kind ever been discovered?"

The man shook his head. "I think not, Monsieur," he replied. "Had there been any mines, Christophe would have had them worked, though it had been necessary to place an overseer over every miner. You know how he forced the people to cultivate the sugar estates. *Ma foi!* they had never to work so hard in the days of the old proprietors."

"But Christophe probably possessed no knowledge of mines," Atherton answered, smiling. "I agree with you that he would certainly have had them worked, had he known of their existence. I am aware that this is not a gold country; but there are other minerals besides gold, many of them very valuable, some of which it is more than likely these mountains contain."

"It may be so, Monsieur. I do not know. No one, to my knowledge, has ever looked for them."

"I have thought of looking as we go up into the mountains to visit the citadel. It is not likely that any one would object?"

"I do not see why any one should object, Monsieur," was the guarded reply. "But our people are inclined to be suspicious of strangers; and you know that even if you found a mine it would not be possible for you to own it."

"I am aware of that, and should not expect to profit by any discovery I made. My curiosity is purely scientific, and, of course, I shall not allow it to lead me very far. But these mountains offer a most interesting field for exploration—"

"Why do you talk in this manner?" interrupted De Marsillac, speaking in English. "Do you really think of wasting time on this pretence?"

"Be more guarded," replied Atherton, quietly. "One never knows how much of a language presumably unknown might be understood. I thought I explained to you

the object I have in this—prospecting."

"But, then, I thought it was to be done after—after—"

"We had accomplished our purpose? You are right. But it may be well to pick up a few stones in these mountains, if we can do so without too much delay."

"Ah, pray let there be no delay! The pre—the prospecting is not worth delay."

"I promise you that the delay, if any, shall be so little that even your impatience will be able to bear it for the sake of the end in view; and that end I will explain to you more fully to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

English Saints and Shrines.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF AUGUSTA
THEODOSIA DRANE.

IX.—ST. BONIFACE.

A SOFTER air o'er leafy Devon wanders,
A deeper blue glows in her Southern sky;

Unlike the hardy North, her shores are
mantled

With the rich foliage of an inland scene.
In the old time the dark and pathless forest,
Which covered all the land with shadowy
boughs,

Struck terror to the heart of the old Saxon,
Who dreamed of Druid rites and idol shrines.
And so our fathers "sad Dumnonia"* called
thee,—

Though sad thou never wert, mine own sweet
land,

But rich in saints; and one I loved from
childhood,

And held him as a dear familiar friend.
His was a scholar's training; with the others
In Nutcell's school he read the sacred page,
Wrote Latin verses like another Aldhelm,
And loved his grammar full as well as Bede.
A monk, a poet, in his quiet cloister
How sweetly might his days have murmured
on,—

*. At least Aldhelm calls it so in one of his poems.

Like some clear stream that flows among the
meadows,
Forever smiling and forever calm!
Not so felt Winfred;* and the mighty passion,
The thirst for souls, kept burning in his
breast;
He veiled and hid it, but it burnt there ever,
And filled his soul with more than poet's
dreams.
And so while in the schools he taught, or
lectured
On Latin epigrams or starry spheres,
Or taught his pupils how, with graceful
finger,
To deck the illumined page with red and gold,
His thoughts were wandering to the shores
of Friesland,
Or in the mighty forests where of yore
His pagan fathers worshipped Thor and
Woden,
And stained fair Nature with their bloody
rites.
At last the hour struck, and he departed—
Departed from the happy English shore;
And, plunging 'mid the stalwart German
pagans,
He heaved his way among their ancient trees.
Down went the oaks—the giant oaks of
Eichstadt;
The evil shadows, howling, fled away;
And in the wilds rose churches, towns, and
convents,
To strike the root of Faith in German soil.
So he toiled on, and ever waxing greater,
Vicar of Christ's own Vicar, did he rule†
Two mighty realms, and taught their kings
and nobles
To bow the neck to apostolic Rome.
Yet, 'mid his greatness something 'still was
wanting—
Not the home voices, not the scholar's ease;
Not aught of earth, or he had flung it from
him,
His only joy to do his Master's will.
But ever in his eyes, there gleamed the
brightness—

* The Saxon name of St. Boniface, born at Crediton, in Devon.

† He was named Vicar of the Pope over France and Germany; and in reality restored the papal authority in those countries, which had almost entirely lost it.

The ruby brightness of the martyr's crown;
And ever on the rocky shores of Friesland
He saw a hand that beckoned him to come.
It came at last, that happy Whitsun-Even—
The long, long journey drew toward its close;
And Boniface rejoiced with joy exceeding
As down upon him yelled the pagan hordes.
For seventy winters he had pined and wearied
For that fair prize, and now at last 'twas his.
So, clasping to his heart the Holy Gospels,
Our great apostle passed to his reward.

X.—ST. THOMAS.

Once more, we stand beside a kingly tomb,
For kings were often saints in Saxon times;
The royal abbey by the royal Thame—
Raised by his hand, "the blythe and guile-
less King"—
Still claims the crowned Confessor for her own.
Yet pass; for here they will not let us kneel,
Though Edward still is dear to English ears:
Pass to a holier city—yea, the shrine
Of English faith, Rome of the Northern
world!
Full many a saint has Canterbury seen:
Austin and Theodore and Afric's son,
The swarthy Adrian; and he who fell
Beneath the Danish hammers,—he who
quenched out
A burning city with his burning tears,*
And through whose wasted, thin, transparent
hands
The sunbeams passed, as they were raised in
prayer.
Yet not to these I come. I come to one
Whose blood-drops jewel still the minster
floor,—
The hero saint, who gathered in himself
The Church's strength, and died to set her
free.
Firmly he held the Cross against the Crown;
And when against the Cross they drew the
sword,
As firmly gave his noble English head
To shield his mother from the tyrant's blow.
Where does he lie? Ah! blush, thou poor
lost land,

* St. Elphage the martyr, who wept as he beheld a city burning, and continued weeping till the flames unaccountably died out,—quenched, as the monkish historian says, by his tears of charity. His whole story is exquisite.

Heaping up gold, and giving to the winds
 The dust of martyrs—martyrs such as he!
 Yet it is well. He does not sleep enshrined
 In gold and gems, as once he used to be;
 But his earth mingles with his native soil,
 To bud forth saints and heroes like himself.
 We raise no stately pile to keep his name,
 Nor need we; for the desolated niche,
 The bloody stones, and steps all scooped and
 worn

With knees of many nations, keep it well.
 And still, St. Thomas, shall thy glory live
 When kings and kaisers shall have passed
 away.

XI.—ST. EDMUND AND ST. RICHARD.

And have no saintly footsteps trod *thy* paths,
 Thou cloistered city of the silver stream,—
 Oxford, the eye of England, and the gift—
 So let us deem it—of our Alfred's hands?
 Yes, thou hast gathered many a golden ear
 From the rich harvest-fields of this broad
 land;

But chiefly two, knit fast in holy love,
 Twin cherubs watching o'er the holy ark.*
 So closely twined, so lovely in their lives,
 That death itself had scarce the power to
 part;

And still we name them in a single breath,
 And blend St. Edmund's with St. Richard's
 fame.

Yet were they most unlike: the one a type
 Of gentle students in the olden time,—
 A student paled by saintly ecstasy,
 By nightly watches, and by penance stern;
 Who stood amidst the schools with dim, rapt
 eye,

And while he walked on earth conversed
 with Heaven.

Most beauteous was that white and starry
 brow

Where every night he traced the Holy Name;
 Most musical that voice's under-thrill,
 That spoke the praises of the Virgin Queen,
 And faltered when her mother's love he
 named,—

Remembering one, a mother now in heaven.
 But time went on, and the Church called her
 son

* Their historian compares the Church of Canterbury to the Holy Ark, and the two Saints to the Cherubim who extended their wings over it.

From prayer and study to a sterner toil.
 She placed him, trembling, on the thorny
 throne

Which Thomas watered with his sacred blood.
 No martyr's crown on Edmund's forehead
 gleamed,

But yet the martyr's anguish was not spared;
 His gentle spirit, torn and crucified
 By the rude conflict with a royal will,
 Yet never quailed or faltered; and at last
 The Confessor for justice' sake went forth
 Where Thomas and where Langton found a
 home,

And there found more—a death-bed and a
 grave.

Pontigny keeps his bones, and guards them
 well;

But yet one spot on English land is blest
 To bear his name and keep his relics too,—
 A holy shrine, though reared in modern
 times;*

For there the pilgrim yet may kneel and kiss
 All that remains of Edmund's holy arm.
 The other Saint of whom I spoke, his friend
 St. Richard, was a soul of stronger mould:
 A plain West country farmer, whose rough
 hand

Guided the plough and drove the homely
 cart;†

Yet bore beneath his peasant's dusty frock
 The saintly instinct and the scholar's aim.
 At last he went to Oxford, for her schools
 Were never shut to men of low degree;
 And, in his threadbare gown and rustic suit,
 He studied with a sturdy Saxon will.
 No dreamer he, no poet's fancies gleamed
 In the grey glance of that sagacious eye;
 He was a man of law, of plain, broad sense,
 Of ample justice and of stainless truth;
 Yet his strong nature had a gentle heart.
 Men called his love romantic for his friend;
 For when the world with Edmund hardly
 dealt,

And courtly favor coldly ebb'd away,
 He flung his learned honors to the winds,
 And went to exile in his Edmund's train.

* Church of St. Thomas and St. Edmund at Eddington,—one of the finest Catholic churches in England, containing a relic of St. Thomas and an arm of St. Edmund.

† "Modo ad aratum, modo ad bigam adhibuit."—
Vita S. Ricardi.

Then Death the spoiler, Death the master,
came,—
Stern Death, who takes our treasures all
away.
His manly, loving heart it did not break,
But bowed in mortal anguish; then there
stole
A softer cadence in his deep-toned voice,
A sadder, sweeter lustre in his eye;
And when he rose from weeping at the grave
'Twas plain to see his heart was drawn to
Heaven.

XII.—ST. RICHARD.

Years sped away, and changes came with
years:

The sacred unction rests on Richard's hands;
A Bishop,—but a Bishop reft of lands,
A homeless, houseless, friendless, outlawed
man.

Such was the welcome kingly Normans gave
To loyal sons of Holy Church and Rome.

But Richard was too plain and real a man
To trouble much about the outside show,
The lordly trappings of a baron's state.

He was a Bishop, though his robes were poor;
But peasant garb was no new thing to him:

And the old glee came back into his eye,
The old firm bearing and the gallant step,

As, staff in hand, he took his lonely way
Across the grassy turf of Sussex Downs.

Then England learnt what earnest men can
do;

She learnt that bishops are not things of state,
The courtly echoes of a royal will;

But mighty powers, whose force may not be
stayed

By kingly edicts and the loss of goods.

The old wayfaring man, who passed along
From village on to village, church to church,

Ruling, reforming, righting many wrongs,
Beholding all things with his own keen eye,

And guiding all things with his own right
hand.

He bore the pastoral staff in very deed,
And the sheep knew his voice and owned his
sway;

For here a haughty baron was rebuked
For treading down a poor man's ripening corn;
And there a wandering sinner was borne
back,

Nor feared to trust that loving Father's arm;

And while the palace mourned its absent lord,
The land grew purer and the Church grew
strong.

So more years passed; and Richard all the
while,

In a poor parsonage harbored, lived on alms;
He trained the peaches on the garden wall,

Or budded apples with a skilful hand,—
Sweet, homely relics which his children

prized.
Nay, when a wandering beast, that came that
way,

Browsed on the rose-hedge which his hand
had reared,

The good old priest who entertained his guest,
And deemed that guest an angel visitant,

Shed simple tears to lose those precious buds,
Engrafted by his honored pastor's hand,

Then Richard smiled, and with a kindly love
Went out and budded new ones for his friend,

Who fenced them well, and held his garden
dear,

And called it sacred ground, for Richard's
sake.

'Twas so he lived, and hardly knew a care;
King Henry on his throne was not so free,

Not half so mighty as that plain grey man,
Who now and then would show himself at

court,
And utter homely truths to lords and kings.

At last he won the day, and Chichester
Threw wide her gates and rang out all her

bells.

They placed the Bishop on his lordly throne,
They set the jewelled mitre on his brow—

And yet, I ween, his greatness needed not
The blaze of jewels or the lordly state:

And so he felt, and bade them call him, not
"The Bishop," but "the poor man's parish

priest."*

And now farewell, ye grand and noble names;
Names to my childhood strangely, sweetly

dear!

E'en now I see the huge, worm-eaten book,
Oak-bound, black-lettered, iron-framed and

grim,†

* "The Parish Priest of Chichester" the Saint
was usually called.

† "Holinshed's Chronicles," where I first read
the Lives of the English Saints, years before I was
a Catholic.

Which taught me first that England once
 had saints,
 Of other fashion than the herds of men.
 Perchance they gained me faith,—perchance
 they drew

My wandering footsteps to the Church's fold.
 Howe'er it be, as life flows on, I hear
 Their kindly voices ever at my side,
 I feel them watch me with their earnest eyes,
 And something warns me when the day
 draws near

That gave an English saint to Paradise.
 For love has mysteries, and saints are friends:
 They haunt our paths and watch us as we
 pray.

Read not their stories as of dead men gone,
 For what if one were standing by thy chair?

(The End.)

In the Battle for Bread.

—
 PAUPER POLLY.

—
 BY T. SPARROW.

—
 IV.

LIKE a hunted hare, Polly sped along the streets, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It was a warm night, but a wet one: the rain was falling fast, thickly, softly, from the bedimmed skies. The girl knew not nor heeded the weather. With a stab of poignant pain her drugged soul had quickened into life, and her newly awakened senses were reeling in the radiancy of the first flush of dawn. She was conscious only of a wild desire to escape—to fly from the magician who for so long had held her higher self in an unholy thrall. Memory was dimly struggling for its rights, understanding was rising to the surface, will was waking to a consciousness of its duties; and parallel with this warfare of the soul was a reaction going on in the sensitive body. Her temples throbbed wildly; there was a rushing sound in her ears; there was a hot, dull pain in her heart; her limbs ached strangely. Yet all the time she kept

straight on, obeying blindly the impulse which urged her from within.

She was, alas! in a locality of the town where such as she are never seen alone when dusk has fallen; and her hurried steps and wild eyes attracted fatal notice. Little boys hooted her, and one pelted her with mud; some girls who were hanging round a tavern called out to her to stop and join them. But she pressed on more quickly still, her tumbled hair hanging down her back, and her failing strength causing her to sway in her walk as she pushed along. From very weakness she had at last to stay her speed, and she reeled, half fainting, against a wall.

Two or three young men (gentlemen by their clothes) stepped up and offered her assistance.

"Come in and get a brandy and soda," said one; "you will be all right then."

"Better go to Roselli's" (a well-known restaurant) "and get your clothes dried," suggested another. "I will wait and see you home."

The girl looked from one to the other, weak and wavering as of old. She was homeless, she was hungry, and she was scarcely in her right mind. The streets were dark and drenched; she was soaked to the very skin, and the warm lights flashed from many a "bar" in the near distance.

A third man, who had not yet spoken, saw her hesitation.

"Let us all walk down the street while you decide," he said, with a knowing look at his companions. "It is no good standing here and getting wet."

So saying he laid his hand on her arm; but at the first touch Polly uttered a low cry and crouched against the wall in fear.

Just at that moment a policeman came up to the little group.

"A young lady who has lost her way," explained the last speaker, airily; "and we were helping her to find it."

"Another case for the lock-ups," said

the policeman. "There are plenty of them at this time of night."

He bent over the girl, to whom desperation had given a momentary strength. She drew the blue ribbon from her neck and held out the medal.

"Mary—Mother!" she managed to articulate, then fainted away.

I will not say it *chanced* that the policeman was a Catholic, for surely God had in His mercy so designed it before the earth was made. A second time was Mary to come to the aid of this weakest of our Saviour's lambs.

"This is a case for a night-refuge," the man said, shortly; "not the lock-ups this time." And he whistled for a cab.

Polly was only just "coming to" when they stopped at the convent, where her protector pulled lustily at the night-bell. A Sister appeared at the grating.

"I have brought you a case, Sister," he said, simply; for he and Sister Bridget were old friends. Then he briefly told the little he knew, and Sister Bridget's warm Irish heart at once went out to the friendless waif.

"Starved and homeless is it, *alanna!*" she said, drawing the girl onto a seat in the hall. "Then this is the home to make you forget your troubles, and thank the Sacred Heart, who has brought you under the same roof as Himself."

The warm, motherly tones did more for Polly than a whole mint of medicine. She flung her arms round the Sister's neck and sobbed convulsively for very joy. And Sister Bridget let the tears run, and let the weak, timid creature cling closely to her; realizing that there was protection in her very touch to the orphan who had never known affection's care, and whose heart had been bruised and wounded in its every attempt to love. But the bird had found a nest at last.

Sister Bridget made Polly her special charge. From the night that she fed her with warm soup, and, taking off the

saturated garments, laid her to rest in the tiny white-curtained bed, with the sweet benediction, "May God and His angels watch over you, *acushla!*" a peace stole over the girl's mind which was never to leave her again.

Her vitality was so low that she was more than three months in the infirmary, and it took all the doctor's skill to stem the ebbing strength. So near was she to death that she was baptized as she lay on that little white bed. But Sister Bridget's prayers were not in vain, and almost imperceptibly the breath of life once more fluttered in Polly's veins.

Her convalescence was a happy time. She was too weak to work; she had no enemies to fear; and, best of all, she was safe from the shadow of harm. Sister Bridget, in her rich, racy language, taught her by small instalments what she pithily called "the common-sense of our blessed religion"; and the affectionate way in which she would scold her and rouse her and stimulate her was worth a library of learned books.

Now, Sister Bridget happened to be a great friend of mine, and she was constantly talking about her *protégée*. That is how I am able to string together the scattered links of Polly's story; though even then I never connected the lovely, fragile Mlle. Marie with poor, unkempt, out-at-heel Polly Kennedy.

"There is something so winning in her weakness," Sister Bridget told me, her kind eyes glistening in pity. "She just puts herself in your hands, and you can do what you like with her. But she will never be able to fight her way through the world; that wicked spiritualist has sapped all robustness of mind and body away from her forever."

"Well, in that case what is to become of the child?" I asked.

But Sister Bridget would not say. She only pursed her lips, smiled oracularly, and repeated once or twice, "God is good."

Perhaps, however, I was not wholly unprepared for the next piece of news with which she greeted me some six months later, when I inquired after her ewe lamb.

"Mary is going to be received," she said, with a radiant smile; "and you must see her take the veil."

"What! Is she going to join your Order?" I exclaimed.

Sister Bridget nodded triumphantly.

"Yes, as a lay-Sister, bless her humility! But there have been great difficulties in the way. First her health, and then we had to get a dispensation from the mother-house; for we don't generally receive those who trace their beginning to the workhouse."

"That delicate, dainty Mlle. Marie born in the workhouse!" I inquired.

"No: her mother died there when she was five years old, and her only education was within its walls. Then they sent her to be a servant in a London boarding-house, and of course we had to write for her character there. She left them in company with Miss Dewar, an actress; and while with her made acquaintance with Father D——, of ——; and he had to be written to. He very kindly came over and spoke most highly of little Mary——"

But I did not hear the end of her speech. I was taken up by this revelation and the wonderful ways of Providence. I had so often prayed for the child, and blamed myself that I had let her slip so entirely from my grasp. And here was God watching over her every step, and bringing her safely and surely to His fold!

Sister Bridget listened with rapt attention as I told her what I knew.

"And may I see Mary?" I asked.

"She is in retreat. Let us keep this secret as a surprise for her reception day."

I witnessed the ceremony, which is always so touching in its quiet solemnity and total renunciation of the pleasures of

the world. And the demure little novice, with the pale but blissful face, had more kinship with the Polly of olden days than the unearthly, weird Mlle. Marie.

"Sister Gabriel" came to see me later in the reception parlor with Sister Bridget. The young novice's face beamed with happiness, and a holy joy shone in the clear, calm eyes. She greeted me with genuine pleasure, and had no reserve in talking of her period of probation as a "general"; but of the Professor she would not bring herself to say a word.

"Somehow, I shudder whenever I think of him," she said, naively; "it was like being under a spell. Not that I am really frightened," she added, brightly; "I am frightened of nothing earthly now——"

"Except black beetles," interposed Sister Bridget, with a sly smile; and then they both laughed gaily as they told me how she woke the whole novitiate one night with a piercing scream, because she dreamed one of those dreadful beetles was crawling over her.

"And," concluded Sister Gabriel, "dear Reverend Mother remarked she was quite pleased with me, because it showed I was getting my natural self and working off the mesmerized one."

So I left her, peaceful and contented; and so I wish I could leave many, many others who start, as Polly started, in a second or third-rate boarding-house. Their temptations are peculiar, their peril is enormous; they are nobody's charge and everyone's prey. Mere children when they first take their stand in the battle-array, with a child's trustful affection, vanity, and credulous mind, they succumb to the first foe who presents a bribe that attracts, whether it is love or clothes or pleasure or books. One step downward, and few ever get onto their feet again. There are hundreds, thousands in every great city. Think of them, reader, pray for them, and help them when you can.

Bits of Broken Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

BEHIND my dwelling-place is a small lake, which in the day holds the sun and clouds, which in the night holds the moon and a million white worlds; but it is not so deep as a poet's heart.

A crucifix is an image of Christ's body. That is a wide thought, bounded by the Trinity on one side and by hell on the other.

One should not even in jest be discordant with the Beloved. This is part of the sanctity in the everyday life of love, not morbidity.

The theologians say that in heaven we shall know our own. Yes, if we choose to think of them. God is enough, and everyone will be our own in heaven.

A man is made or unmade before his seventh year, and there is a special lower hell for fathers and mothers who have the "Yes-dear" habit.

Sound is a mode of motion; light is merely a more rapid vibration in the same mode. In heaven, therefore, we shall hear color and light. The harping of the Blessed is only the sweet sounding of the light from Christ's face, which accompanies forever the sung "*Sanctus*." It will be pleasant there to close our eyes and listen to the round symphony of each sunset and the thin harmony of twilight—if, indeed, the haunting of God's beauty will let us hear. Every slight movement will shed a fragrance of melody. Often we shall grow faint with the keen ravishment of music, leaping from the flash of Our Lady's white hand. Oh, "the ear of the heart is exquisitely fine!" yet we

that are here ahunger for music shall be satisfied,—nay, we shall be upheld by His right arm lest we die for the ecstasy of hearing.

It is less difficult to understand the priest who handles the body of Christ thoughtlessly than the father or mother who handles a child's soul thoughtlessly. The priest can repent and repair, the father or mother can only repent.

We are Danaids striving in foolish bitterness to fill our sieves with water, when we could easily fill them with God: a sieve dipped under the sea is full enough.

Like a nightingale's, our dear Lord's music is sweetest in the dark.

Your rose is a Pharisee, but the violet is the Publican, that hides for God from human eye the color and the fragrance of its life.

If you look upward in the still aisle of a wood, leafage and sky are interlaced into one beauty. If you look upward in a city street, you can interlace heaven and your heart into one beauty. We have God at our finger ends.

A man's appetite for the Good is deeper than the drinking-horn of Thor; for God is the only wine that can brim it.

One of the chief miracles of the Hidden Life was the keeping of St. Joseph for so many years from dying of love.

We make Pleasure and Use our own in youth, we make Charity and Art our own only after mid-life. He is a holy man who is charitable before his thirty-fifth year, because charity is a noble wisdom in which sorrowful experience is vivified by grace and magnanimity. Art before

mid-life is affectation, except in men like Keats and Sidney Lanier; for a human soul is very slowly soluble in Beauty.

If you can not, with filled eyes, thank God for the wonderfulness of a pansy, you are not an artist.

We say that life is empty; yet within one half hour we might see the beauty of a taper-flame in a dim-lit church, and the grace of a moving railway engine's gray plume, and the marvel of bare, black boughs in a November rain, and hear the music of a glad boy's whistle.

The owl would banish the robin because this red-breasted swaggerer disturbs his midday sleep, and we still the shrill laugh of children; yet are robins and children better than owls, and daylight was meant for song and laughter.

Thank God for His Immensity, because He can not get away from us if He would.

Children and the poor have waking dreams of "The Good Fairy of Wishes," who fulfils, also in dream, their manifold longings. Grown children, too, and the rich have this fond dream. Yet is there really a Good Fairy of Wishes—God.

What is the Flower of Life?

"DAISIES," cry the children,
With morning joy aflush;

"Rosebuds," laugh the maidens,
Answering with a blush;

"Lotos," sing the care-free,
While pleasure's idle throng
Praise the scarlet poppy
In their happy song.

"Cypress," sobs the mourner,
Feeling sorrow's power;
But he who knows all fields of life
Cries out: "The Passion-flower!"

Notes and Remarks.

Whatever may be said of the progress of the Church in America, it must be conceded that English Catholics seem to surpass us both in zeal and devotedness. There is, alas! little solitude in our day of newspapers and noisy speeches; and religious truths must be thrust upon public attention, since they have so many clamorous, even though inconsequent, rivals. In England there is a powerful Catholic Truth Society, which promptly quashes libels on the Church and scatters Catholic leaflets and pamphlets everywhere. Moreover, English Catholics promptly resent misrepresentation by the press. Reporters and especially editorial writers over the sea must be acquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church, or they come to grief; for no misstatement, unless obviously unimportant, is allowed to pass unchallenged.

There is no great Catholic Truth Society in the United States as yet, but at least we might have a powerful league for the defence of the Church. In every small city there are laymen as well as priests able and willing to combat misrepresentation in the pulpit and in the press, if only they felt that the responsibility rested on *them*. The pulpit would not be so violent if it knew that, promptly on Monday evening the public would be set right; and the press would not be so reckless if it knew that recklessness meant the humiliation of correction *in its own pages or those of a rival*, and a falling off of subscriptions and advertising patronage. Such an organization would result in an increase of interest in the Church, which is just what she desires. Truth gains everything from close scrutiny; she loses only by lack of insistence and the inactivity of men.

It is difficult to believe that the evil of war will ever be wholly eliminated from the world, but at least the temper of our time may be characterized as frankly favorable to peace. The movement in favor of international arbitration as a substitute for war will draw new strength from the joint manifesto of the Cardinals of England, Ireland, and America, which appears with happy oppor-

tuneness at this time. It has also been reinforced by a letter of approbation which the London *Daily Chronicle* has secured from the Holy Father in recognition of its recent services in the cause of international peace. These two incidents, says a secular contemporary, "give to Rome a pre-eminence in this pacific movement." It will be remembered that during our little "unpleasantness" with England recently, the American Bishops, while unanimous for the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, advocated war only with the proviso that all peaceful means of redress should fail.

An exemplary Bishop was gathered into the eternal hierarchy when the venerable Stephen Vincent Ryan, of Buffalo, was called to his reward. He was a worthy successor to the saintly Bishop Timon,—as modest as he was learned, as courageous as he was peaceful, as keenly alive to the spirit and tendencies of his time as he was zealous for the truth. His immediate household had the atmosphere of a fervent religious community; and its influence was felt, in some degree, by the clergy throughout the diocese. Bishop Ryan has left the impress of his character on the Diocese of Buffalo, and in the discharge of his great responsibilities won in a singular degree the affection of Protestants and Catholics alike. He was a great and good prelate. *R. I. P.*

We have often observed that whenever Methodist ministers meet there is sure to be a howl against "Romanism." It is a sad comment on the enlightenment and fair-mindedness of those pious men. They live on, but will not learn anything. At a recent conference in Springfield, Mass., there was a "hot discussion" of the question of appointing a committee on "Romanism," and excited addresses were made in favor of the appointment. The Rev. Mr. Brady spoke caluminously of Catholics; and when one of his fellows, the Rev. C. F. Rice, ventured to say something in favor of the Church, there were loud cries of "No, no!" all over the church.

There are many honest men among the Methodist clergy, however, who keep in

mind the command not to bear false witness against one's neighbor. The Rev. C. J. Jackson, of the Wesley Chapel, Columbus, Ohio, is one of these. In a recent sermon he remarked that "any one who is not, by his unfortunate mental or moral constitution, a bigot must recognize that the Roman Catholic Church is the oldest Christian Church, . . . built upon the foundation of the Apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone. . . . None but fools will slight those sincere and godly Catholics, who are naturally our best allies."

John Wesley was so broad-minded that he prepared an edition of Thomas à Kempis for the use of Methodists. Many of his followers among the clergy in this country, it must be said, do not share his liberality, his breadth, or his charity.

In commending the Catholic Winter School recently held in New Orleans, Mgr. Nugent, of Liverpool, notes among the resultant benefits of such a project: zeal for Catholic education, more thoroughness in the study of important subjects, encouragement of Catholic publications and Catholic literature generally, and practical realization of the Apostle's exhortation, "Walk as the children of light." The experience of the past few years abundantly proves that these results do flow from the various Summer and Winter schools established by American Catholics; and we trust that the good work thus initiated may continue to grow and prosper. Perfect truth and the highest, truest art are essentially Catholic; what makes for these makes for the Church and her Founder.

"The lectures on toleration and liberty to which Catholics are treated by Protestant writers," says the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, "should find in the future a most happy illustration in this case." And then it tells of Prince Ferdinand of Schönberg-Waldenburg, who was received into the Church about a year ago. When he first made known his intention, his father begged him to consider the step more carefully. The Prince consented, and for a considerable time was closeted with a clergyman, who pressed and pleaded numerous historical,

social and political "reasons" against the change. The young man being unmoved, was turned out of his father's house and subjected to a very cruel persecution. He took refuge with a friend in a distant city; but the ministers followed him there, and, it is said, attempted to have him imprisoned as a madman. At length the Catholic Prince-Regent of Bavaria invited him to join one of his regiments, offering a commission higher than the one he had held in the Saxon army. Such refinement of persecution is not unknown among American converts, but the insane cry about the intolerance of Catholics is not likely to be hushed on that account.

"Books and their Makers During the Middle Ages" is the title of an important work by George Haven Putnam, just published by the Putnams. It is a study of the conditions of the production and distribution of literature from the fall of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the 'Thirty Years' War. It will surprise many readers to be told that the manuscript production during the centuries selected probably exceeded the number of copies turned out by the printing-presses during the eighteenth century. Mr. Putnam bases this opinion upon the fact that, for a term of six or seven centuries, writing was at once a business and a religious duty, an occupation taken up by choice and pursued with a degree of zeal, persistence, and enthusiasm to which in the present day there is no parallel.

Thus does historical research prove that the Middle Ages were in reality an epoch of enlightenment. Before many years have passed only the most ignorant people will refer to the Middle Ages as the Dark Ages.

It is a good sign that eminent Protestant thinkers and great Protestant papers are rapidly reaching the conclusion that the time, money, and other resources of the Protestant world should be spent in combating infidelity rather than in fighting Catholicity. Catholics are at least Christians; and society would be safer, even in the opinion of Protestants, under the dominion of Catholicism than it would be if subjected to the sway

of agnosticism, atheism or indifferentism. If the evangelizing sects who are devoured by zeal for converting Catholics would bend their energies to the more hopeful task of preventing the lapse into unbelief of their own members, they would be effecting much better work for Christianity than they are at present accomplishing. The real struggle, as has often been remarked, that will eventually come in the religious life of America will be between Catholicity and infidelity; for at bottom there is no logically tenable ground between the two.

Some light has recently been let in upon municipal government in those portions of Ireland where Orangeism is most rampant, and especially upon what the London *Chronicle* styles "that black bit of bigotry which calls itself the Belfast Corporation." Fifty thousand Catholics in Belfast—one-fourth of the entire population—are excluded from all municipal office, honor, or responsibility. In Derry, where the Catholics are absolutely in the majority, the same state of things obtains. It would appear that the penal days have not yet become mere traditions, and that the government which sanctions such galling civil and religious disabilities has an opportunity of granting one species of Home Rule with which none but the most prejudiced can find fault. The ventilation of this matter in the House of Commons not long ago appreciably aided the contention of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and drew reluctant admission from Mr. Balfour, the Irish Chief Secretary.

"We have often wondered," says the London *Tablet*, "why, amid all the inspirations of the sacred oratorio, from the earliest pages of Genesis to those of the Passion, and onward through the Church's history and hagiology, the name and life of our Blessed Lady have never yet found an interpreter among the great composers." Berlin has just witnessed a masterful "Marien-Oratorium," which, if it was not strictly a sacred oratory, was at least rich in beauty and religious feeling. It consisted of seven exquisite tableaux, each illustrating a salient feature in the life of Our Lady. It was arranged

that each tableau should reproduce a picture by the masters of painting—Fra Angelico, Raphael, Murillo, and Rubens. The words of the oratorio were selected from the poems of Father Baumgartner, S. J., and of that sweet poet, F. W. Weber. The choruses, by another hand, were in imitation of the old German hymns and madrigals; and the crowning gem was Palestrina's divine "Stabat Mater" for eight voices. The *Tablet* should not have forgotten that in such oratorios as "Christus" the Blessed Virgin receives her due meed of attention. The praise of the Mother can hardly be separated from the praise of the Son.

A prominent English writer has published a book called "Catholica," in which he claims, to state his thesis briefly, that the future lies with two institutions: Catholicism and Democracy. His work has excited considerable attention, and it is a happy omen for the future that the *Daily Chronicle* should allow the book to be thus commented on in its columns:

Half a century ago the writing of such a book as this, by such a man as its writer, would have seemed wondrous strange. A public man, identified with political and social questions; an authority upon matters of taxation, of water supply, of various like interests and concerns; a Parliamentary candidate and a county councillor; emphatically a representative modern man of reform, agitation, public spirit: here he is expounding the Mass, championing Popery, defending indulgences; claiming for the Roman Catholic Church a favorable verdict upon the latest results of historical, archeological, critical research; and that in language always forcible, sometimes beautiful in its fervor and conviction. And once we all thought that Catholicism was dead and done with; or at most a venerable ruin, which we might pause to pity and admire, but which no reasoning man could make his home. The crumbling traceries were picturesque; still, crumbling they were, and no part of the building weather-proof. Only dreamers or fanatics or illiterates could remain or enter there. That view has very completely disappeared, and Catholicism is a stronger force to-day than it has been at any period since the Council of Trent.

By the death of the lamented Archbishop Kenrick the Holy Father becomes the senior Bishop of the Catholic Church. He was consecrated two years later than Archbishop Kenrick—in 1843.

Notable New Books.

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI. Special Correspondence. Benziger Bros.

The stupendous task of translating the popular works of St. Alphonsus Liguori into English has happily not been relinquished on the death of Father Grimm, who began and largely executed that task with singular industry and skill. The present volume is the first in the series entitled "Part II.," and has been edited by the Rev. Arthur Coughlan, C. SS. R.

Of the two hundred and forty letters which compose this volume all but a very few are addressed to the Saint's publisher, Signor Remondini of Venice. They concern the literary work of St. Alphonsus almost exclusively, and are largely technical both in matter and style. But they are the more fascinating on that account. They show the great St. Alphonsus in the most commonplace transactions of life—a Saint without the aureola, so to speak,—and it is worth noting that he knew both men and business surprisingly well. But these are undertones. The dominant note in every letter in the collection is a burning zeal for the conversion of souls and the diffusion of right theological principles. The humility of the Saint, the utter absence of anything savoring of self-love or touchiness—not unheard of even among holy men who wrote books,—is everywhere shiningly prominent. Moreover, the valuable sidelights on his own theological temper and his comments on the systems of others will invest this volume with unusual interest in the minds of both students and masters of theology.

LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. By E. S. Purcell. In Two Volumes. Macmillan & Co. Second Notice.

It was not because Cardinal Manning's latest biographer exposed the "faults and weaknesses" of his illustrious subject that we criticised his performance so severely. The Cardinal might have had many more defects and committed many more mistakes than he did and still be regarded as one of the noblest and best of men. "A biographer should give

a true picture of a man as he is or was, and the true relations he sustained to the events of his time." It was because Mr. Purcell failed to do this—because he dwelt rather on the weaknesses than the virtues of his subject, enlarging upon what was trivial and ignoring much that was most important in the life of Cardinal Manning,—it was precisely because of this that we condemned his book. Its historical value would not be lessened one iota by the omission of much that it contains; while, on the other hand, there are missing chapters absolutely necessary for an adequate appreciation of the career of the great English prelate. It is unfair to assert, as one of our Anglican friends has done, that "Catholic reviewers have almost universally condemned Mr. Purcell because he is too truthful." Catholics were desirous of having the Cardinal presented to the world as he really was. Idealization was not wanted, panegyric was not expected. The life of such a man is his best eulogy. But Mr. Purcell presented a caricature, and it was natural that the friends and admirers of Cardinal Manning should raise their voice in indignant protest.

The unreserved publication of the intimate correspondence and private conversations of Cardinal Manning and his friends can not, as has been asserted, help one to a better and juster appreciation of the motives and deeds of the life set before us. Such intercourse explains nothing and may cause much misunderstanding to the general public. A Roman correspondent well observes that "before the fireplace, with their backs to the mantel, great men like to let themselves out. It is the digestion of the mind. When the man is witty and sarcastic, he will forget himself,—he will let slip biting words; he will talk of men's egotism and of their wit in the artistic cut phrases that mark the orator and the satirist. Not being on the watch, he will exaggerate his own feelings and others' failings. It is, thus that Cardinal Manning has pronounced terrible judgments on the court of Rome, without wishing to follow out his thought or his phrase to its completion."

Truth to tell, there is much—very much indeed—in these volumes that increases

one's admiration for the great prelate of Westminster. Judged by the highest of ideals, he was undoubtedly a man of God,—one of the noblest ecclesiastical figures in contemporary history.

EVOLUTION AND DOGMA. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C. D. H. McBride & Co.

Those who have not lost interest in the subject of Evolution will welcome this latest addition to the literature of that much-discussed theory. It is unquestionably a work of much merit, from whatever standpoint it may be viewed. The author has evidently studied his subject thoroughly, and discusses it with a disinterestedness and dispassionateness which are as admirable as his equipment of knowledge. The lofty purpose of the work "is to remove misconceptions, to dispel confusion, to explain difficulties, to expose error, to eliminate false interpretation, to allay doubt, to quiet conscience, to benefit souls."

The discussion of the topics with which this book deals has naturally given rise to much controversy as to the exactness of certain of the author's statements and the accuracy of his teaching on the relations between Evolution and Christian faith. A Catholic publicist, however, who aims at being consistent with the strictest orthodoxy, and who declares that he will take it as a special favor to have his attention called to any inaccuracy of expression, misstatement of scientific truth, or misapprehension of Catholic teaching, deserves to be treated with consideration by all Catholic critics.

Dr. Zahm maintains that Evolution properly understood—not Darwinism,—instead of being agnostic or atheistic in tendency, makes for religion and dogma. He holds that Evolution is a true theory of the origin and development of things; and as such, when properly understood and applied, can not fail to strengthen and illustrate the teachings of faith. At least Evolution is not antagonistic to religion, and faith has nothing to apprehend from the theory. "What matters it," says the eminent Belgian Jesuit, Father Bellinck, quoted by Dr. Zahm,—"what matters it if there have been creations prior to that which Moses describes? What matters it whether the periods required for

the genesis of the universe were days or epochs; whether the apparition of man on the earth was at an earlier or later date; whether animals have preserved their primitive forms or whether they have undergone gradual transformations; whether even the body of man has experienced modifications; and, finally, what matters it whether, in virtue of the Creative Will, inorganic matter be able or not to produce plants and animals spontaneously? All these questions are given over to the disputes of men, and it is for science to distinguish truth from error."

The publishers deserve credit for their part in the production of this work. It is a handsome book; but, more than this, its outward semblance is in keeping with the subject-matter. We wish Messrs. McBride & Co. a long and prosperous career in the publication of Catholic books, in which they have made a most auspicious and praiseworthy beginning.

CHRISTIAN UNITY. By the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. The Catholic Book Exchange.

The desire for the reunion of Christians may safely be set down among the ruling ideas of our generation. The lecture platform and the printing-press have given strong impulse to the movement; but—if we except the Holy Father's Encyclical—nothing that we have heard or seen is likely to do more for the cause among the "plain people" than this valuable book. Father Sheedy is a wide reader; he knows the angle at which the age stands with respect to the truths of religion, and—equally important—he writes in a popular style. His book is modest-looking enough, but it grips the reader in the beginning and holds him attentive to its close. It is full of good things gleaned from current literature which deserve permanency. The latter chapters, we believe, are the best, the treatment of the divorce evil being especially happy. The spirit of the book is admirable in that it is uncompromising without giving offence. Whenever the author has anything severe to say, he manages to quote from some accepted non-Catholic authority. Thus in treating of the Anglican position, he uses the frank words of a distinguished clergyman, who, when asked the difference between Catholicism and

Ritualism, replied: "The chief difference that I see is this: the one has the *Papacy*, and the other the *Apeacy*." But the character of Father Sheedy's book shows that he had no intention of casting ridicule, even though it be clever, on the practices of sincere and well-meaning men of any faith. The argument of the work is not statistical nor metaphysical nor severely historical; the author depends rather on the force of common-sense to show that a return to Catholic faith is the only possible basis of reunion. The Encyclical of Pope Leo on this subject forms an appropriate appendix.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCOTTISH EPISCOPALISM. By the Rev. William Humphrey, S. J. London: Thomas Baker.

An hour could hardly be more delightfully spent than by reading these memoirs of a distinguished English convert. Brief as the volume is, it is worthy to be placed beside Father Walworth's fascinating "Recollections." In the right hands, this sort of writing has a very special charm; and we follow Father Humphrey with unflagging interest through the country of the delightful fisher-folk, through the busy years in Dundee, lingering with special interest on the account of his conversion and what came after it. There are many bits quite as appetizing, for instance, as these experiences with his congregation of Orange Irishmen at Dundee, before he became a Catholic:

Even with the elders, however, I was personally popular. Their only objection to me was that I never preached against the idolatrous principles and practices of Rome. Their doctrinal attitude may be gauged by the following incident. Our altar was vested in variously colored frontals, in accordance with the ecclesiastical seasons. On one Sunday it happened to be vested in green. This Sunday turned out to have been the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Of this battle I may have heard the name, but in it I had absolutely no interest whatever. My older people had, and they supposed that on this particular day I had hoisted the Roman Catholic colors to show my sympathy with the Roman Catholic religion.

That, however, which brought matters to a crisis was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. I told the people to turn to their prayer-books, and there they would find set down for celebration the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I argued that a maculate, or stained, conception could not possibly be commemorated by any feast; and therefore that, by direction of the Church of Eng-

land, we ought to celebrate the Immaculate, or stainless, Conception of Our Lady; and that in so doing we ought to congratulate ourselves that in this, at any rate, we were not at issue with our brethren of the great Latin Church throughout the world. We kept the feast with splendor. The altar was radiant with lights and lilies. The devotion of the younger part of the congregation was immense. The dismay and the disgust of their fathers and mothers were intense. The senior churchwarden interviewed me. He said sorrowfully—for personally he liked me—and in the best of good faith, that he must present me for false doctrine to the Bishop. I cordially agreed with him, from his point of view, and begged him to do so at once. This somewhat sobered him. Even so, he went like a man to do his duty. His will was better than his judgment. The long list of the articles of his impeachment of me contained the most cherished articles of the Bishop's own belief. The only difference between us was that Dr. Forbes in preaching wrapped up his High Church doctrine in Low Church language, while I delivered the selfsame doctrine in words the meaning of which no man could possibly mistake. The Bishop was in a quandary. If he condemned me, he would be condemning himself; and he knew that I was teaching that which he himself had taught me. It was contained in his own writings. His answer to the Irish Orangeman was characteristic of the man who on his trial for false doctrine had pleaded that opinions which he believed to be revealed truths, with regard to the Eucharist, were permissible within the pale of the Church of England; and were, at any rate, not such as to entail upon him penal consequences for his promulgation of them. He said to my accuser: "Have you got five hundred pounds to spend? If I were to condemn and suspend your pastor, he might bring me before the Court of Session [the highest civil tribunal in Scotland] for defamation of character and unwarranted and wanton destruction of his clerical career. Are you prepared to lodge five hundred pounds in bank? Until you do I can not undertake to judge the case." The old man went away sorrowful, since he had not this amount of spare riches at his disposal.

There are glimpses, too, of other notable people scattered through the book, with a judicious mixture of expository and controversial salt. Father Humphrey has done well to tell his story; we heartily wish there were many more writers like him, and many other books of this sort for Catholic readers.

A TUSCAN MAGDALEN. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. H. L. Kilner & Co.

Here is a bouquet of blossoms gathered in many climes, a casket of pearls from many seas. The titular poem, "A Tuscan Magdalen," has for theme the conversion of St. Margaret of Cortona; the next is an English,

the next a Chinese, the next a Hungarian legend; and so on through a long list. Most of the poems are in the narrative movement, which best suits Miss Donnelly's muse; but there are a few lyrics, and a longer poem of very high merit, having the spirit but not the form of an ode—"The Drama Spiritualized." The volume has all the characteristics of Miss Donnelly's other work—the fluency, the regular rhythm, the long parentheses, and the occasional felicities of phrasing. It is a notable addition to the small store of American semi-devotional poetry.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HBB., xlii. 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Louis Benziger, of New York city, who was called to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 12th inst.

Mr. Peter King, who departed this life on the same day, at Ravenna, Ohio.

Captain George Spearman, whose happy death took place on the 30th ult., in New York city.

Mr. John Kelly, of Stuart, Iowa, who died a holy death on the 1st inst.

Mr. William Shinnick, who passed away on the same day, at Clontarf, Minn.

Mrs. Thomas Mackey, of Chicago, Ill., who died a sudden but well-provided death on the Feast of the Annunciation.

Miss Mary Toner, a fervent Child of Mary, whose beautiful life closed peacefully on the 22d ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mr. W. G. Hyndes, Mrs. Catherine Stapleton, and M. H. Sullivan, of Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Blanche Warfield, Sykesville, Md.; Mrs. Emma Brown and Mrs. Michael Loftus, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. Andrew Farrell, Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. Otilde Busch, Mrs. Margaret McGurk, and Miss Ida Johnson, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Patrick McGoveran and Mrs. Bridget Sullivan, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Edward B. Doherty, Beaver, Pa.; Miss Teresa McCorry, Lawrence, Mass.; Mrs. Ellen Kelly, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Mary Murray, Kilcar, Ireland; Mrs. Anne Barrett, Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland; Miss Mary Gilmartin, Orange, N. J.; Miss Maria McCarthy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. John Connelly, Sarah Clearey, and Maria Gibson, New York city; Mrs. Joseph Morse, Naugatuck, Conn.; Mr. John Fogarty, Boise, Idaho; and Miss Maria McKay, Springfield, Ill.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Two Communions.

III.

TEN years had passed; the Reign of Terror was at its height. It was a stormy night in March,—a night so dark and cold and gloomy that even the animals in their stalls huddled closer together for comfort and companionship. The trees, blown hither and thither by the wind, moaned dismally through the long avenue; the hedges, half hidden, half revealed through a mist of penetrating rain, assumed all kinds of fantastic shapes in the obscurity of night and storm.

In spite of the condition of the weather, two women were seen descending a narrow path which led from the rear of the *chateau*; the taller holding the other by the hand, as if leading her through a way better known to herself than her companion. They were Beatrice and her faithful maid Simone.

"Not there, Mademoiselle Beatrice!" said Simone, in a sweet and gentle voice. "A step this way—take care—a little to the right. If we keep neighbor Geraud's yew-trees in front of us we can not go wrong. Holy Virgin, what a night! How dark and terrible."

"Courage, Simone dear! The good God watches over us."

"I am not afraid, Mademoiselle; but that stirring in the branches startles one a little. And yet my blood runs cold when I think that perhaps the soldiers may be somewhere near us."

"God grant it be otherwise!" replied Beatrice, in a low, sad voice.

"Ah, how glad am I that my mother did not live to see this day!" said Simone. "It would have broken her heart to have known of the terrible death of her beloved master and mistress; to have seen the church closed and nailed up; the crosses by the roadside broken to pieces; our dear pastor compelled to hide in the forest like a thief,—to be obliged to flee his native land, as if he were a criminal; and you, Mademoiselle,—above all things, you! Thank God that she is dead!" repeated the girl, fervently.

"And that she died in your arms, instead of on the scaffold," added her companion, with a sob.

"Oh, forgive me! I have wounded you, Mademoiselle," said the kind-hearted girl. "How could I have been so thoughtless?"

Beatrice did not reply, but clasped her companion's hand more firmly as they slowly proceeded down the rocky path. At length Simone said:

"All goes well. I see the lights in Hanicq's window. We shall be there in ten minutes."

Again there was silence. Their hearts were full of many thoughts. They were on their way to the cottage of a villager, to prepare to assist at midnight Mass, to be said in secrecy by a proscribed priest—their well-beloved pastor. After it was concluded he and Beatrice and two or three others were to hasten to a seaport town twenty miles distant, where a vessel was in waiting to convey them to England.

The latter part of the journey was made

rapidly. Crossing the fields, they reached the cottage, where a light burned in the window. Simone knocked slowly five times on the door. Some one from within said, in a low but distinct voice: "Praised be Jesus Christ!" "Forever!" responded the two girls, and the door was opened. They found themselves in a long, low room, where from twenty to twenty-five persons were seated around a fire of fagots. The women were wrapped in long-hooded cloaks; the men—mostly peasants and fishermen—sat with their broad hats or round woollen caps on their knees. All arose at the entrance of Mademoiselle d'Herville. She saluted them in return and asked:

"Has the Father not yet arrived?"

"No, Mademoiselle, not yet," replied Hanicq, an old forester; "but the night is very dark, and M. le Recteur is old."

Some one knocked at the door, and in a moment the priest stood before them. He was quite advanced in years; his white hair crowned a face and figure that were both majestic and venerable. Proscribed, hunted, exposed to death at every moment, he knew neither fear nor animosity. Baring his head, he stood in their midst, fervently blessing them, as they fell on their knees in front of him, weeping, praying, and kissing his hand.

"Are all here?" he inquired at length, looking around him with a kindly regard.

"All, M. le Recteur," replied Hanicq,— "those who are to accompany you, and we who must remain behind. There are none left in the village but the children and the infirm."

"Let us go then," added the priest, leading the way.

They left the cottage, and, following their beloved pastor, soon gained a rocky enclosure which hid a cavern well known to the inhabitants of the country, but the entrance to which was almost inaccessible to strangers. Here everything was in readiness for Mass. The priest vested himself

at once and began the Holy Sacrifice.

Beatrice and Simone knelt side by side; and in the heart of each was the remembrance of the day when they had knelt together to receive their First Communion, since when their attachment had not known a single strain. Each felt that her mother was blessing her from heaven; and, in spite of their sad and solemn surroundings, they felt consoled and happy.

The Mass approached completion; the priest and his assistants had received Holy Communion, and now the people gathered around the impromptu altar, eager to receive the Bread of Life. Beatrice and Simone were among the last; and after they had taken the celestial Food they both remained kneeling at the altar's foot. Suddenly there was a noise outside, and Hanicq cried in a loud voice:

"Put out the lights! The soldiers are upon us!"

The candles were quickly extinguished, but the priest calmly continued the last prayers. He had turned to give the benediction. Not a soul moved; they shared the courage of their pastor.

Ah! what was that? A sudden firing, a flash of light, and Simone threw herself in front of her mistress. The next moment she lay prostrate on the floor.

"O Simone! Simone! what have you done?" cried Beatrice, bending over her.

"It was for you—for *you*, my sweet mistress!" feebly murmured the dying girl. "Fly, fly, while there is yet time!"

Beatrice heard no more. She felt herself suddenly seized from behind. It was Hanicq hurriedly thrusting her, with ten others, through an opening in the back part of the cave unknown to all but himself. The soldiers had departed with the rest of the villagers, for the time being prisoners under the ban of the law. But these were speedily set at liberty, as the soldiers failed to find among them the priest and Mademoiselle d'Herville, whom they had specially desired to capture.

They remained concealed for some hours, and were then released from their hiding-place by the brave Hanicq, who, with the assistance of others, faithful like himself, had them conveyed to the seaport, from which they were to embark for England.

When at length happier days returned, and Mademoiselle d'Herville, with her brother, again sought her ancestral home, one of her first acts was to have the body of Simone disinterred and placed in a new grave, above which was a simple but costly headstone bearing two dates. They were those of the first and the last Communion,—the day when their hearts, briefly separated by a thoughtless act, were again reunited; the day when the loving and faithful Simone sealed their eternal friendship by her death.

(The End.)

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

V.

Mass was said but once a fortnight in the little mission chapel situated half-way between Gordonsville and the next village; at other times the family of Hazelbrae were accustomed to drive to the church in X——, seven miles distant.

The Sunday after the Coltons' arrival, however, old Fanny was found to be lame; the journey was too long for the pony; and, as the carriage to which the new bays were harnessed was intended for the grown folk, it was evident the young people would not be able to go.

As the others started off, Mrs. Colton called back to the stay-at-homes:

"Be sure, children, to read the prayers among yourselves," reminding them of the custom of the household under similar circumstances.

In such emergencies, Elizabeth and Leo always chose to invest the preparations

for this observance with a certain formality. Now, accordingly, there was a busy wheeling about of the furniture in the south parlor, that the sofas and chairs might be arranged as pews. Polly and Elizabeth brought down the statue of the Sacred Heart from grandma's room, placed it on the centre-table, and grouped around it vases of flowers, small "lace" pictures, their rosaries, and other appropriate objects. Then Bernard was requested to let Hannah know all was ready.

In answer to the summons, she appeared, wearing a fresh white apron donned for the occasion; in her hand the large "Golden Manual," with gilt clasps, which she had brought from Ireland. All took their places; and then, with the utmost decorum, Leo began to read the prayers for Mass,—a privilege he always insisted upon.

It was a pretty and edifying sight, that little band of worshippers, unavoidably prevented by distance from participating in the services of the Church on this first summer morning. When they bowed their heads at the Canon, Bernard fancied himself among the congregation in the town beyond; Elizabeth and Leo were in thought transported to the cathedral of R——; Polly, with eyes devoutly closed, felt as if she were kneeling before the beloved altar of the Sisters' Home, where she had so often found comfort in her orphan loneliness; and Hannah's faithful heart flew back to the humble chapel in dear old Erin, where she had received the faith more precious than all earthly treasures. Thus present in spirit at the great Sacrifice that encircles the globe, did they not obtain some share of its blessings?

Hannah returned to the kitchen with misty eyes; and when the children went out under the trees by the brook, all nature seemed brighter and more beautiful to them after that well-spent half hour.

"How peaceful it is!" said Polly. "One would almost know it was Sunday just

from the stillness. Even the brook seems to flow more gently and the birds to sing more softly than on other days."

Bernard laughed. "I reckon the quietness is because we do not hear the steam-cars so much; for fewer trains run," he said.

But Elizabeth preferred to imagine, with Polly, that the birds really knew when it was Sunday.

"And I'm sure old Fanny does," she insisted. "For when we drive near the church during the week she does not pay any attention; but on Sunday she always stops, and never will pass by the door."

If this was not invariably true, Leo at least did not gainsay it.

"Oh, well!" he replied, "Patrick says old Fanny has more sense than many a Christian."

"Does Aunt Janet have catechism class here in the afternoon now?" Elizabeth asked of Bernard.

"No. It was too far for some of the younger scholars to come up to this house, so we go down to the village," he replied. "It is jolly fun."

Polly opened her eyes wide. She had never heard a boy—and would never have expected to hear a boy of Bernard's stamp—intimate that it was a pleasure to attend catechism class.

"Oh, I don't mean the class is jolly!" he went on, observing her incredulous glance,—"*although it is pleasant too*; for Miss Janet talks real interesting, and tells us such a lot of things we never heard about before. But there is the walk through the woods, and the meeting with all the fellows. When Miss Janet has any one else to go with her, I start on ahead, to have the company of the Farrell boys; but to-day I think I'll go along with all of you."

At this point the sound of carriage wheels on the driveway announced the return of the older members of the family. Leo and Elizabeth ran to greet them; Bernard hurried off to the barn, and Polly

tripped away to help Hannah in the preparations for dinner.

"Who is going with me?" inquired Miss Janet, two or three hours later.

"I am," responded Elizabeth.

"And I," chimed in Leo.

"Please, I should like very much to go too," pleaded Polly.

"And Bernard *always* goes, so I see we shall have the whole party," said the young lady, smiling. "Hurry and make ready, then; we must leave the house as soon after three o'clock as possible."

And immediately there was a general stampede of the young folk.

As the old Dutch clock in the hall was striking three Elizabeth reappeared in her best array—a frock of checked silk, and a large hat of fine white straw adorned with pink ribbons, and a wreath of wild roses, so natural-looking that one would think they had just been plucked.

"Well, my stars!" exclaimed grandpa, in pretended surprise, as she entered the south parlor, where he and grandma were chatting over their after-dinner coffee.

"Elizabeth always makes me think of a peacock when she wears that hat," said Leo, thrusting his head in through a window that opened upon the veranda.

His sister did not condescend to notice the teasing remark, but paused before Mrs. Campbell's chair:

"Very pretty indeed," said the good lady, smoothing down the soft silk, which had been her own gift to her young granddaughter. "Very pretty, but—" she hesitated, and then went on with gentle persuasiveness,—"*but is it exactly the thing under the circumstances?* The parents of these children whom you are going among can afford to dress them only in the plainest manner."

Elizabeth reluctantly assented; flounced upstairs, shed a few tears of disappointment at being obliged to discard her fineries, and after a while came back

in a simple white dress and a sailor hat. Her eyes were a trifle red and her manner rather flustered; but perhaps this was because she was conscious of having kept the others waiting.

Polly looked very well in her starched print frock, the material being of a white ground sown with blue rosebuds; and Bernard was hardly recognizable as he promenaded up and down before the hall door in his Sunday suit. He had, as Leo said, quite a "citified" air. The whiteness of his shirt front, which Hannah had made as stiff as a board, was set off by a flaring scarlet necktie; his boots were highly polished at the toes, albeit somewhat rusty about the heels; his face literally shone. And when he raised his hat to Miss Janet as she came out, the girls remarked that his hair was plastered down as if from a generous application of soap. Yet, despite the trouble, he had taken to render himself presentable, Elizabeth did not like his appearance quite as well as on weekdays; but, then, as she whispered to Polly, "he certainly is very much neater."

At last they started off, up the lane and through the woods, that were like a fairy-land to city-bred Polly. How the sunshine played hide-and-seek among the trees, and how calm the sky looked beyond the shadowy vistas!

The tool-house, where the catechism class was held, was a small, unpainted building beside the railroad track. As our party approached it they saw a group of boys and girls at the door. Miss Janet greeted them cheerily; and the smiling faces with which the children welcomed her showed they were on excellent terms with their teacher.

The Farrell boys and Tom Banin nodded familiarly to Bernard, and seemed glad to see Leo, who was an old acquaintance. Mary Ann Edwards, Janie Clarke, and Joey Banin recognized Elizabeth a trifle shyly; and stared at Polly, but in a

not unkindly way, when Miss Janet made her known to them.

"Mary Ann works in the silk-mill and is real smart," Elizabeth explained to her in a low tone. "Janie's mother is a widow, and she is the only child. Joey Banin is the oldest of six. Now you have met about all the large girls—oh, no! Here comes Alice Connor. Her father is foreman of the railroad workmen, and it is he who lets us have the tool-house for Sunday-school. You see, there are ten or twelve younger boys and girls besides."

The tool-house was cleanly swept and garnished. A chair for Miss Janet had been brought from one of the neighboring cottages; also a small table, upon which stood, in a gaudily decorated pitcher, a great bouquet of wild flowers. There was a bench for the older girls, and for the others one had been devised by extending a board across three nail-kegs.

Polly thought this the strangest Sunday-school imaginable, and yet she admitted to herself that the scene was not unattractive. The sunlight shone in through one of the small windows upon a score of bright and happy faces. The girls looked neat and pretty in their fresh cotton dresses; while several of the boys had the same air of having been laboriously "gotten up for the occasion" which distinguished Bernard.

Elizabeth was better pleased now that she had not worn the checked silk frock. She thought Aunt Janet looked so sweet in her plain muslin gown. Miss Janet, in truth, made a point of wearing simple yet dainty costumes on these afternoons; and any one who could have glanced in upon this little assembly regularly might have observed the influence of her quiet, refined taste and good sense in the dress of the older girls.

Mary Ann Edwards no longer displayed that flashy imitation gold brooch, but had a rose at her throat and another in her wavy black hair. Janie Clarke selected

ribbons of softer hues than the garish red ones of which she had been so fond. Joey Banin, who was inclined to be slovenly last year, now looked trim and tidy; and Alice Connor's smart frock was as well-chosen as Miss Janet's own.

The older girls recited their lessons without a single failure. If the boys were not so fortunate, they at least came off with fair success.

"Somehow, it is *so* hard to learn the catechism word for word!" soliloquized Leo, when he had been tripped up by a hard question. "A fellow always forgets to study it until the last minute."

The little children stumbled through their answers with much patient assistance. But Polly could not help noticing, and not without a twinge of compunction, how eagerly the scholars, great and small, clever or dull, listened to the instruction, to which, even when with the Sisters, she had been too frequently wont to pay but a wandering attention.

Coming home, there was again the pleasant walk through the woods. But now the sun was setting; the road, with its overarching branches, seemed the nave of some grand cathedral; and the gorgeous clouds in the western sky, like the gold-bronze gates of the sanctuary beyond.

(To be continued.)

For Tusitala.

Some years ago a Scotchman well known in the world of letters was forced to believe that his life was nearly at an end. It might be prolonged, his physicians told him, under certain climatic conditions, but the rough winds of Scotland would soon prove fatal. So the Scotchman said good-bye to the land of the heather and sought a home far away, where the sun always shone, and where the soft breezes of the South Pacific would bring healing in their wings.

We must believe that this exile pined for his own country, for the Scotch are always loyal to their home over-sea; but he kept up a brave heart, and set to work to see if he could not improve the condition of the strange people among whom his lot was cast. He found the chiefs at war: he reconciled them. He found many captives: he released them; and when they came out of bondage they met together, sick, old and feeble as they were, and resolved to do something in return for their "dear Tusitala,"—for so they had named him. What did he most wish? One made answer that he wished a road cut through a certain jungle. "We will cut it, then!" joyfully exclaimed the black people.

So they went to work in the blazing heat, toiling day and night, those poor creatures unaccustomed to labor; and the road was builded, and they put up a sign at its entrance: "Remembering the great love of his Highness Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared for him an enduring present—this road which we have dug forever." This was signed by ten proud chiefs, and the road was called the "Road of the Loving Heart."

The Scotchman (we might as well admit what you have guessed, that it was Robert Louis Stevenson) went on teaching and helping and loving his poor people, until the time came when even the soft air of the South Sea could do no more for him. Then he died; and those who had builded the Road of the Loving Heart carried him to the top of a high mountain and buried him, their warm tears flowing, their hearts almost broken.

We can not, perhaps, do for our fellow-men as much as this stout-hearted exile did for the people in far-off Samoa; but we can help, in some small way, to do what his friends did for him—to build for those who deserve our gratitude a Road of the Loving Heart.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. i. 48.

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Our Lady's Month.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

NOT for thy grace alone, fair Month, of old
 Belauded in each blithesome singer's lay;
 Not for the jocund buds that 'neath thy
 sway
 Their tiny petals stir, then swift unfold
 Their wealth of beauty to bedeck the mold
 And woo the wanton winds that round
 them play;
 Not for thy sunny mien or carols gay,
 We bid thee hail and welcome manifold.
 But chiefly that thou art Our Lady's time,
 Her gala month of homage, praise, and
 prayer,
 When myriad soul-harps sing in every clime
 Fond hymns of love to Heaven's Queen
 all fair.
 Tho' May-Day rites of yore are buried deep,
 Three decades now of Mary's days we keep.

The Virgin-Queen of May.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C.S.C.



OUR LADY'S Month! Is there a Catholic community in Christendom that is not quickened by its devotional spirit? Is there a Catholic home the wide world over whose spiritual atmosphere is not clarified and warmed by its beneficent sunshine?

Nay, is there a Catholic heart among all the millions beating in sympathy with mother Church that does not, by unwonted thrills of religious joy, acknowledge its suave and gracious influence? Luxuriant efflorescence of a devotion planted when the Almighty's promise of a Redeemer to come lightened the burden of our first parents' woe, taking deep and vigorous root when the apostolic twelve paid loving tribute of sincerest homage to the Virgin-Mother in the flushing dawn of the Christian era, and developing a lusty growth through all the centuries that have intervened between the "Son, behold thy Mother" of Calvary and the "I am the Immaculate Conception" of Lourdes,—the Month of Mary is the loveliest manifestation of religious sentiment that has yet appeared in the Church's history to beautify the world redeemed by Mary's Son.

Little or nothing would it avail us here to inquire when and where these May devotions to the Queen of Heaven took their specific rise, or to whose inspiration we are indebted for a practice so thoroughly congenial to the affections and needs of Catholic hearts and souls. Whether or not the practice was the outflowing love-bloom of childish hearts beneath the sunny glory of Italian skies, and found its first expression in the tuneful chant of Loreto's Litany by youthful devotees gathered around the Madonna's statue in

some tranquil by-street of the Eternal City, it was so clearly in harmony with Catholic faith and traditions, its desirability was so manifestly apparent, that no sooner was it suggested than the Catholic universe hastened to adopt it. And so it has come to pass that, in whatsoever quarter of the world the sweet old story of Bethlehem and Nazareth has evoked the veneration and love of human hearts, May, the fairest and most gracious month of all the joyous springtime—the poetic season of nature's rejuvenescence; of vivifying sunlight, balmy zephyrs, and fragrant odors; of purling streamlets, blithesome bird-songs, budding leaflets, and daisy-pied meadows,—has been dedicated to her whose advent in this sin-dark world was the veritable springtime of humanity's hopes; whose incomparable grace and beauty the Holy Spirit has suggested in the oft-repeated titles: "Flower of the field," "Lily of the valley," "Rose of the garden of Jericho."

One of the most striking facts in connection with the development of Catholic devotion to Our Lady that is constantly going on from decade to decade and century to century—a development of which the special exercises of the present month furnish a salient instance,—is a notable diminution in the insistence with which the old-time charge of Mariolatry is preferred against us by those outside the fold. It would seem that the more multiplied become the manifestations of our confiding love and engrossing veneration for our Mother Mary, the less do non-Catholics feel called upon to protest against our attributing to her powers and privileges inherent in our Saviour alone. Whether it be that the gross ignorance formerly displayed by Protestants as to Catholic doctrine concerning the Blessed Virgin is becoming dispelled in an appreciable measure, or that many of themselves have come to entertain sounder and more rational views as to Mary's place in the

scheme of the world's redemption and sanctification, certain it is that Our Lady's cult, as the years go by, evokes fewer tirades of abuse from those who boast of their freedom from the "superstitions of Rome."

Probably the change is due in part to both these causes. No fairly educated Protestant, however inimical he may be to the Church and her tenets, will stultify himself to-day by maintaining that we consider the Blessed Virgin equal or in any way comparable to God, or that we believe her other than entirely dependent on God for her existence, her privileges, her grace and her glory. It is evident also that, in at least one of the multitudinous heretical sects, the true Catholic idea of Our Lady is rapidly gaining ground; and that the adherents of that sect not only appreciate but imitate the strong and loving expressions with which, in the impassioned ardor of genuine love, we sometimes address the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

Not that, even among the educated or in the ranks of the Anglicans, dissent has altogether died away or criticism been silenced. We are still accused of paying too lavish homage to the Virgin Mary; of dwelling too constantly on her privileges, and of enhancing them beyond just bounds; of invoking her too assiduously, and of according to her, in our public services and liturgical prayers, titles befitting rather the Son than His Mother. We are told, in a word, that the prominence which is enjoyed by the Blessed Virgin in the liturgy of the Church and in the spiritual life of the Church's children is a prominence for which neither Scripture nor apostolical tradition furnishes a sufficient warrant. Those who advance such arguments can neither have studied Holy Writ to much purpose, or traced with anything approaching scientific accuracy the mighty river of Marian devotion back to its origin and source. Scripture

teems with references to the grandeur and power and beauty of our Heavenly Mother,—from Genesis, wherein Almighty God declares that she (or her seed) shall crush the serpent's head, to the Apocalypse, with its eulogy of "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars."

In the Old Testament, the master-intellects of all time—a St. Augustine, a St. Thomas, a St. Bernard—have discerned the Virgin of Nazareth beneath reiterated symbols and figures; have seen her glory and her prerogatives shadowed forth in every chapter and on every page. As for the New Testament, no special superiority of intelligence is required to discover therein ample guarantee for all the honor paid to Mary by even the most enthusiastic of her devotees; and it argues a positive perversion of ordinary common-sense to assert that Mary's place in the Gospel narrative is insignificant or obscure. No insistence on two or three isolated circumstances, such as the incident that occurred at the marriage of Cana—circumstances explained in a fashion discredited by the Gospel itself,—can avail to lessen the magnificent rôle which Our Lady plays in the story of the Evangelists.

For, after all, what does the Gospel tell us of Mary? It tells of a Virgin greeted by an Angel in the name of God; of a woman chosen from among all women and declared "full of grace"; of a creature deliberating with the Most High concerning the salvation of the world, giving the consent awaited by heaven and earth: "Be it done unto me according to thy word." The Gospel shows us a Virgin-Mother—virgin while becoming a mother, mother while remaining a virgin,—the greatest prodigy effected by the Almighty in His dealings with mankind. It shows us St. John the Baptist sanctified in his mother's womb on the occasion of Mary's visit. And shall we be told that Mary does not co-operate in the sanctification

of souls? Or, with the account of the first miracle of Our Lord, wrought at His Mother's request, before our eyes, shall we be censured for holding that Mary's prayers are most potent? Finally, the Gospel shows us Mary living for thirty years in daily and intimate intercourse with Jesus,—not only receiving His caresses, profiting by His instruction and example, drinking full draughts at the very source of grace, but also exercising her authority over the Son of God, giving Him orders to which He was ever obedient: *Et erat subditus illis*.*

What panegyric is comparable to this simple recital, or in what can we exalt our Blessed Mother more than she is exalted here? On the very face of it the Gospel attributes to Mary a glory congruous to no other created being; places her on a plane of inconceivable grandeur, lower only than that whereon the Godhead reigns supreme. So, too, with tradition. As far as the Apostles are concerned, we have in their Creed, or symbol of faith, a more than sufficient reason for all the honor we pay Our Lady,—aye, for greater honor still. In this necessarily brief summary of Christian dogmas, the Blessed Virgin and her place in Christianity is not left unnoticed. She is there, associated with the three Persons of the Adorable Trinity, taking active part in the regeneration of mankind,—sharing with God the Father the privilege of engendering the Word; because the Word, conceived eternally in the bosom of the Father, was conceived in time in the womb of Mary by the operation of the Holy Ghost. "Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," says the Apostles' Creed; affirming the two privileges to which our Blessed Mother owes all others, and justifying superabundantly the veneration due and given to her above every other created being on earth or in heaven.

* St. Luke; ii, 51.

As with the Apostles so with all the Fathers of the Church in every century of the Christian era. Mary the Mother of Jesus is the theme of their most eloquent eulogies, the subject of their continuous praise and homage. Listen to St. Epiphanius, a Bishop of the fourth century, when heretics would have us believe Mary's cult had scarcely begun: "What shall I say or how shall I speak of the glorious and holy Virgin? God alone excepted, she is above all beings. More beautiful than the Cherubim and Seraphim and all the angelical army, an earthly voice or even that of an angel is too weak fittingly to praise her. O blessed Virgin, purest dove, celestial spouse,—O Mary, heaven, temple and throne of the Divinity, you possess the Sun which illumines heaven and earth, Jesus Christ.... The angels accused Eve, but now they glorify Mary, who has rehabilitated fallen Eve and opened heaven to Adam expelled from Eden. For Mary is the mediatrix of heaven and earth, uniting these two extremes—" And so on, in a strain of glowing panegyric unsurpassed by the most devoted servants of Our Lady in any succeeding age.

Thus in both the written and the unwritten word of God—in Holy Writ and Tradition—we Catholics have the fullest and most ample warrant for all we teach and believe concerning God's Holy Mother, and a steadfast guarantee that the special devotions by which we honor her are acceptable and agreeable in the sight of her Incarnate Son.

Of closer and more practical interest to us, however, than points of controversy as to the justice of Our Lady's cult, is the consideration of the means by which we may best turn the beautiful month upon which we are entering to her glory and our own good. How may we best acquit ourselves, during the Month of Mary, of the obligations incumbent on Our Lady's genuine servants? Clearly, by combining

in our special religious exercises the duty of praise and the privilege of prayer. Following the example of Holy Church we should blend our grateful voices in the multitudinous canticles of loving laudation whose varied melodies, converging during this joyous Maytime from a hundred thousand shrines, roll upward in a mighty volume to the throne of our Heavenly Queen; and in addition should, with unwavering confidence and an affectionate persistence that suffers no denial, proffer such petitions for our own, our family's and our country's welfare as will tend to advance our personal sanctification and God's greater glory in the immediate world round about us.

The first of these objects—the addition of our humble tribute to the chorus of homage and praise offered to Our Lady—most of us can attain by attending the special exercises which during this whole month are daily held in stately cathedrals, magnificent basilicas, splendid city churches, and humble village chapels, throughout the land; and by putting our spirits in unison with that which animates the Church in prescribing such devotions. We have only to echo in our hearts the joyous hymns and canticles sung in her honor, to proffer as a veritable heart-offering the fragrance of the purple clouds of incense that circle round her statue, or the more delicate perfume of the beauteous flowers whose dewy clusters decorate her altar. We need but listen attentively and accord our soul's assent to the panegyrics pronounced on her incomparable grandeur, her unequalled privileges, her immeasurable love, and her consequent unfailing mercy. Should circumstances prevent our attendance at these exercises proper to the Month of Mary, we may acquit ourselves of the duty of praise by the devout and frequent recitation of the prayers set apart to do her honor—the Litany of Loreto and the Rosary.

Such recitation will, moreover, prove

as appropriate a medium as we can choose for the prayers, the petitions, which, it has been said, we should not fail to formulate during this favored season. The Litany is a magnificent circlet of translucent pearls thrown about Our Lady's neck; and the "Pray for us" with which we mark the stringing of each separate pearl is a plea more potent than we ourselves oftentimes realize. As for the Rosary, recited as it should be with genuine meditation on each special mystery in the Joyful, Sorrowful, and Glorious decades, it is safe to say that no other formula of praise or prayer is so agreeable to our Blessed Mother, or so likely to obtain for us the fullest granting of the requests we venture to lay at her feet.

It need not be said that during Our Lady's especially consecrated month, more if possible than at any other period of the ecclesiastical year, our prayers should be marked by the most undoubting confidence. Now, if ever, we may count with the fullest certitude on her benignant indulgence, and ready acquiescence in such of our wishes as are compatible with our best interests. Now, if ever, we may plead—with the assurance of winning our Mother's infallible aid in rendering our pleading efficacious—for perseverance in grace; for strength and courage to shake off the pernicious lethargy of lukewarmness in God's service, or for the heroic effort to break for good with criminal habits—with sin and the occasions of sin,—in the single, earnest effort of deserting forever the standard of Satan, and ranging ourselves for good and all beneath the white and golden banner of the Virgin-Mother and her omnipotent Son.

Slumbering somewhere in the consciousness of every Catholic who deserves the name, and underlying all the manifold reasons for our Marian devotion, lies the firm belief in the dictum of St. Bernard: that a person in whose interior life a tender love of the Mother of God is

conspicuous is practically predestined; while the salvation of him who is wanting in that love is an affair of the utmost difficulty. Be it ours throughout the thrice-blessed decades of this festal month to kindle the spark of this saving love in our sin-desolated hearts, or to fan its fading embers into a bright and vivid and beneficent flame. So shall our spiritual life resemble that of physical nature in taking on additional beauty and graciousness; so shall we perform our part in promoting the honor and glory of the Virgin-Queen of May.

'The Man of the Family.'

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XI.—(Continued.)

AFTER the rain of the night, the morning was of the most exquisite freshness and beauty, when the two friends,—having presented their permit to visit the citadel to the general commanding the station, who graciously intimated that they might proceed—went to view the ruined palace of Sans Souci.

Imposing as it appeared from afar, they were not prepared for the magnificence to which it testified in the grandeur and extent of the buildings, though shattered by earthquake and destroyed by time. Climbing the long flight of steps leading to the esplanade, they paused in amazement before the palace, still majestic in its architecture and its strength, notwithstanding that trees are growing amid its roofless chambers and fringing its broken archways; still forming, as it stands in its superbly commanding situation, with the lovely valley at its feet and the noble heights of the Sierra behind, a lasting monument of the wonderful and terrible man who erected it. Within, the different

apartments connected with his story were pointed out to them: the throne-room where he held his court, while his trembling subjects knelt before him with averted faces; the saloons, once furnished with all the luxury of Europe and hung with costly tapestries; the chapel where—can it be possible he ever prayed?—and the room (now inaccessible from a falling stair) where he ended his life by his own hand when the downfall of his power had come. On the terrace stands the great *cainito*, or star-apple tree, under which he was accustomed to hold audiences with his officers; while all around are the ruins of buildings—stables, storehouses, arsenals, barracks, and other offices,—indicative of the busy throng of life once called into existence here by a despotic will, and now pervaded by the silence of death.

"No description prepares one for it," said Atherton, as, forgetting the need for haste impressed upon them by their guides, they sauntered over the wonderful place. "One must see it in order to believe that anything so amazing ever existed here."

"What superhuman energy must have possessed that terrible Christophe," added De Marsillac, "to have accomplished this and the erection of the fortress, of which one is told such marvels, in the space of fourteen years,—for that, I believe, was the length of his reign!"

"And what a thirst for luxury and beauty, as well as power!" said Atherton. "Here, in his ruined palace, let us at least say this for him: that he alone of the rulers of Hayti has done anything save destroy. Among them all Christophe alone strove to create—strove indeed with the ignorance and boundless cruelty of a savage, but with a fierce genius, an indomitable will, and a blind groping toward civilization, from which one can not withhold a certain tribute of admiration."

"The earth has never known a worse tyrant and monster," said De Marsillac, in

a tone of disgust and loathing. "He cared no more for the sufferings of the wretched beings he dominated than if they had been flies. This palace was built with the cement of human blood, and it is said that every stone in the fortress cost a life."

"Granted. But in those respects he was no worse than many another savage despot in his native Africa and elsewhere, while it is not every despot whose cruelties tend to achieve such objects. He seems to me something of a black Peter the Great—at least, the strong desire of each was the same: to raise a barbarous people at once to a state of civilization."

"The comparison is most unflattering to Peter the Great," replied De Marsillac, "and I think most undeserved by Christophe—but here comes George to remonstrate again on our delay."

The guide was this time so pressing in his representations of the necessity for reaching the citadel before the heat of the day that he succeeded in his object of drawing them away from this place of beautiful desolation and tragic memories, and starting without further delay upon the ride to the fortress of La Ferrière.

Leaving Milot, their road, which soon became a mere trail, led them into the heart of the giant hills,—passing at first through groves of wild coffee and banana trees; then into the marvellous forests which cover these great heights; along the bases and skirting the brinks of immense precipices; growing steeper with every mile, but opening at every turn such enchanting views of land and distant sea that its difficulties and roughness were almost forgotten.

"If there were nothing to repay us for the ride but this, it would be enough!" Atherton exclaimed more than once, as the glorious prospect widened into greater and greater beauty below them; while they painfully mounted upward, their horses hardly able to retain their footing on the steep trail.

"It is divine!" said his companion. "One is glad to be alive to have seen it."

And indeed the person would have been strangely insensible who did not feel delight and thankfulness, and that rare exaltation of spirit which comes from the most exhilarating elixir of earth—the pure air of the great hills,—as they climbed higher yet higher amid the most enchanting scenes. Wonderful tropical growths of tree and plant and vine, of parasites, orchids and gorgeous flowers, of ferns, bamboos and palms, lined their way, and filled the deep green chasms far below them, where waters—often unseen, then again flashing like silver into sight—filled the solitude with their music; while over the broken masses of verdure-clad heights the gaze passed to rest on fairy valleys, and then on the blue plain stretching to the glittering azure of the bluer sea.

At the end of two hours they were thousands of feet above that sea, far in the bosom of the mountains, remote from all signs of human life, in a region full only of the wildest grandeur and most infinite loveliness of Nature. And as they went onward yet onward, upward yet upward, their wonder grew at the thought that into these apparently inaccessible wilds, along this steep and difficult way, the material for and ordnance of a fortress had been conveyed by wretched, toiling men.

"If one could forget that, it would be possible to enjoy the beauty much more," De Marsillac said. "But I can not banish from my mind the recollection of the unspeakable sufferings endured by the unhappy slaves of your black Peter the Great, as they dragged up these tremendous hills the stones and mighty guns of his citadel above."

"Poor devils!" said Atherton. "Dead as they are, one must pity them; although it is impossible not to recollect that they would not have been the slaves of the black tyrant had they not murdered their

white masters. Remember that, and your uncomfortable compassion may be less."

The boy shook his head, his eyes wistful with pity for those poor, groaning creatures of the past, who had indeed exchanged one slavery for another that was infinitely more cruel.

"One can only think what they suffered," he said: "how this road was lined with the dead and dying, who sank at their impossible tasks. You remember the story of how Christophe, seeing one day forty men toiling vainly in the attempt to drag upward a heavy gun, inquired the cause of delay. On being told that they could not start the cannon, he ordered that twenty should be removed, and the others should take it up—*which was done!*"

"I remember. It is only one example of his brutal cruelty and the torments he loved to inflict. But, I must repeat, why think of these things since they affect you so much? You have the heart of a woman, my dear boy!"

"Do women alone compassionate suffering?" asked the other, turning away his face. But he said no more of the victims of the cruel King.

There was indeed scant opportunity for conversation, as they climbed the last and steepest ascent to the summit of the mountain—five thousand feet above the sea—which the famous fortress crowns, and saw its mighty walls at last towering above them.

Nearly a hundred feet in height, and from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, these walls seem in their stupendous massiveness to form part of the rock on which they stand. Though rent in places by earthquake shocks, even the earthquake could not cast them down; and they still cover the entire peak of the mountain, rising abruptly from the very edge of its precipitous sides. Words fail to describe adequately this marvellous proof of what human effort can accomplish under compulsion of a tyrant's will.

"It is," writes a late visitor, "a work that would command the attention and admiration of man in any country; that would have taxed the genius and resources of any people, even with the aids of modern civilization. Yet this great fortress was built by a semi-savage; all its material had to be drawn from the wild mountains; all its defensive equipment imported from other lands, whence also came its architects and its skilled workmen."

The custodian—an old and ragged negro—having been summoned, the visitors were admitted through a ponderous door into the grim darkness of the tower, whence a covered way led to the deep fosse, over which they crossed on a narrow plank (the drawbridge having disappeared) into the interior of the immense edifice. Once within, amazement became, if possible, even greater. Through gallery after gallery, filled with long rows of cannon, they threaded their way; and as they looked at the great guns—heavy fifty-six and thirty-six pounders—which frowned through every porthole and guarded every approach, they were hardly able to believe the undoubted fact that these stupendous engines of destruction were conveyed to the spot by the unaided and almost incredible labor of man alone. Certainly no one seeing them, and regarding with awe the mighty walls built to receive them, can doubt the statement that at least thirty thousand human beings perished in the construction of this wonderful fortification.

As it was his intention to make this citadel a last and impregnable retreat in case of attack—especially from the French, whose return he always feared,—Christophe accumulated within it vast stores of ammunition and also of treasure. In the magazines built for the first are still to be seen thousands of flints and balls; while the accounts given of the immense quantity of gold, silver and precious articles found here after his death would seem fabulous

were not the names on record of those who became rich from the plunder of the treasure-vaults of La Ferrière.

Into these vaults the two visitors were led; and it was with the strange sensation of realizing a fairy tale that they saw the great old chests, clamped and bound with iron, which had contained the tyrant's treasures; their locks broken and their lids wrenched off, just as they were left by the plunderers who sacked the castle.

"It was a splendid looting," said Ather-ton, looking at his companion as they stood—a strange group enough in the fitful light of a torch which their guide carried—in the dark vault beside the empty chests. "Thirty millions of dollars are said to have been found here. What a commentary on the wealth of the island, when one considers the regal luxury in which Christophe lived and the vast expenses he was incurring!"

"How do you think he accumulated it?" asked De Marsillac.

"Primarily, no doubt, by appropriating the wealth of the old proprietors—of which, in the form of money, there must have been an immense amount; and, secondarily, from the labors of the people whom he forced to cultivate the sugar estates, by the most cruel methods. But whether by the one means or the other, these chests, with their story of hidden riches, have a suggestion for us. Do you know what it is?"

"Not a suggestion of robbery, I hope?"

"No. And not a suggestion, either, so much as an assurance that there is nothing improbable in the belief that one of the rich proprietors of this rich island might readily have had a very considerable amount of solid cash in hand to secrete when surprised by the insurrection. Now we will see the empty tomb of the great savage who built this marvellous monument for himself; and then go up on the walls for the view, which must be glorious."

A May Prayer.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

THE Angelus bell hath waken'd earth,
 There's song on every spray;
 By the blue above, the green below,
 We know that it is May.

When kneeling Nature telleth her beads
 On Rosary of flowers;
 May, the sweet "Hail Mary" of the mouths,
 Our Lady's Book of Hours!

O white-robed Queen of Heaven and May,
 If it might only be
 That, like May-flowers, these lives of ours
 Were dedicate to thee!

Our souls like May-bowers, kept abloom,
 Unfading, fragrant, fair,
 With the blue and green of Love and Faith,
 The climbing rose of Prayer.

Thoughts lily-pure, words violet-meek,
 Kind deeds for every day;
 So that, looking in thy children's hearts,
 Thou'dst find it always May.

Candelaria.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

I.

WHEN Pilar Domingo died he left the bulk of his property—consisting of many flocks of sheep and yellow-tufted grass lands down in New Mexico—to Candelaria, "my niece, who did revolt against my authority, and who did marry, and is now the wife of Arturo Anchieta; and may my possessions give to her the happiness they gave to me!" So read the sinister will of the Señor Domingo.

"Revolt against his authority!" Candelaria exclaimed, when the contents of the will had been made known to her by her husband, who had been told them by the notary. "Who else but my mother, who still lives, has authority over me?"

"No one, *carida mia*," Arturo made haste to assure her. "But patience, wife of my heart. The uncle died very penitent, so Padre Felicio told the notary; and would have changed the expression of his will only it was too late. He was most unhappy in his life," sighed Arturo, and flashed a glance at his wife to see how she took his words.

Candelaria was good-natured, with a capacity for being aroused to ire; but now the picture of the lonely old man brought forward by Arturo's words caused the red flare to die from under her olive-tinted skin.

"I never could care for the inscription, Arturo," she said, soberly; "nor for my greatest great-grandfather. May he and Uncle Pilar rest in peace!"

Arturo did not laugh, but went on seriously with his occupation of splitting hairs on his razors; and Candelaria continued:

"Nor to be a great lady; Candeleta can be that."

"May the Most Holy prevent it!" ejaculated Arturo; and before his wife could reply he had passed through the white lattice door that separated the room where they were from the shop. The shop fronted on the plaza, and was a gay Saracenic structure, white and gilded, with dashes of carmine; and an abundance of flowers in pots and bowls set among the tiers of shaving-cups,—for Arturo was the barber of the ancient city of Santa Fé.

All lives are more or less tinged with romance. It had been the complement of Candelaria's life. Housewifery without the aid of a servant, the existence of the barber's shop brightened by the flowers Candelaria loved as only Mexicans love flowers,—these had been only accessories of her life. Her father had owned a strip of land among the Junta hills and a herd of goats. Among those hills the ever-increasing family of Domingo had dwelt

for more than three centuries; and in the valley was an ancient chapel, the arch above its portal displaying an almost effaced coat-of-arms, and an inscription cut in timber of piñon wood, which relates that the chapel of Our Lady of La Junta was erected by the Señor Don Placido Domingo, Count of Vivio and Lieutenant to Coronado, a high and mighty conqueror in the land of New Mexico. If the Domingos scattered far and wide over the face of the country were really the descendants of the Lieutenant of the conqueror, they had forgotten all about it, till it was brought to their minds by Pilar, the brother of Candelaria's father; and they were not elated by his discovery, thereby incensing the discoverer.

From the moment Pilar first read the inscription above the chapel he claimed kinship with the Count of Vivio. He was then a dreamy youth, much to be dreaded; for he was the student of one book. He could be said to know Don Quixote from cover to cover; and his ideal of honor and chivalry (not the worst he could have had) was that sweet-hearted gentleman, the Knight of La Mancha. Though a dreamer, he was not an idler; and from the time of his discovery he toiled incessantly to build up a fortune sufficient to restore the glories of his fallen house, and succeeded to make himself the wealthiest *hacendero* in the country. He married, and his wife and son died; and then, his brother being dead, he sought to adopt Candelaria, and instil into her mind something of the reverence he felt for the founder of the chapel. Moreover, he sent long letters abroad; and, for a money consideration, the dormant title of Vivio was awakened in the interest of his niece.

Candelaria was as good as she was pretty; possessed a stock of common-sense, that had been assiduously cultivated by the gentle Sisters who superintended her education in Santa Fé; and a more than ordinary will of her own. As she said, she

cared nothing for the inscription and her greatest great-grandfather, and was indifferent to being Countess of Vivio. It was very pretty; but if Uncle Pilar would be contented to do something for her mother who was poor, and not trouble her about genealogy, it would be very comfortable. It was better to be comfortable than to be pretty.

And back of it all was the cause of her indifference—Arturo Anchieta, to whom she had been betrothed for a long time; a barber, who had inherited a good business; a man handsome and well-knit enough to be a soldier. Uncle Pilar detested him, and forbade the marriage, which he had no right to do. Candelaria believed Arturo would make her a happy wife, that he would be a good provider and a dutiful husband; and, as she had a right to, married him, and her belief was more than justified.

After this Uncle Pilar discarded his niece; and when Candeleeta was born, and Candelaria prudently wrote him word of the event, he returned her letter unopened. Nevertheless, he died repentant of his anger; and there was no doubt but that he had left the bulk of a fortune to his niece; and now the barber's wife was not only Countess of Vivio, but the wealthiest woman in the city as well.

There had been occasions in her married life when Candelaria had made of her title a cudgel wherewith to win from her husband the deference due to her opinions; but now something happened that made her think there was something in being a countess that she had not yet realized.

A reporter for a metropolitan newspaper had been up in the hills of Junta getting "copy," and had there heard of the eccentricities of Uncle Pilar; had taken down the famous inscription, and, now in Santa Fé, called at the barber's shop ostensibly for a shave, in reality to interview the Countess, who was occupied

at the moment in watering her potted plants. Introductions ensued; and, the man of copy being exceedingly deferential, Candelaria's tongue was loosened. But of herself she spoke little, using her words to expatiate on the respect in which her husband was held in his native town, and to tell of the honors done him,—honors not understood by the man of copy, but right royal honors for all that,—honors held in high esteem in the city of the holy faith: how he had been chosen treasurer to the Society of the Blessed Sacrament; how on the Rogation Days he helped to carry the statue of Our Lady of Rain; and how on Corpus Christi he upheld one corner of the canopy over "His Sacred Majesty."

II.

She had never dreamed it, but after the interview Candelaria learned the title her uncle bought her could work mischief. Up to the time of the reporter's visit Arturo had continued to work in his shop, in spite of his wife's riches, and was contented and happy. Now he declared that they must move to Candelaria's *hacienda*; for was not she in the newspapers, like the President's wife? And he would have added but for shame that he was there too, not unlike the President. His deference to Candelaria, fostered by the new-born conceit foreign to his nature, increased rapidly; he began to address her as Countess, to speak of her as Countess, and he lived in the constant hope that he would be addressed as Count. As for Candeleta's marriage with the clerk at the apothecary's, he began to throw out hints that he disapproved of it,—hints which Candelaria took pains not to notice. Arturo was intoxicated with the applause of a representative of the press; but when a copy of the *Orb* reached him, sent by the reporter, and he spelled out the account of himself and Candelaria—written in English difficult to his comprehension,—it was, as his wife remarked, "like the

dance of St. Vitus to be in the same room with him."

Many tourists visit Santa Fé, and of their number one Roger Tarn found time hang heavy on his hands. He had read the account of the barber's Countess in the *Orb*, and for pastime he sought out Arturo and was introduced into his family. From the first Candelaria disliked him, and Candeleta viewed him from under her long eyelashes with distrust; whereas Arturo felt himself honored by the visits of the stranger, not recognizing that he was being patronized.

"The Señor Don Tarn will visit us at the *hacienda*," said Arturo to Candelaria on the day they were leaving Santa Fé.

"For what?" asked his wife, uneasily.

"Because he is my friend, Countess," said Arturo, throwing back his shoulders and strutting across the room.

With all the inclination in the world to utter a piece of her mind, Candelaria was silent for a few moments; then she said, tentatively:

"The mother of Manuelito will come to the *hacienda*?"—Manuelito was the apothecary's clerk.

"That can never be, Countess!" said Arturo, for the first time pronouncing decisively against Candeleta's marriage.

Candelaria felt it was now high time to assert herself.

"Arturo, you would have our daughter marry the Englishman,—a man without the faith!" she exclaimed.

"That will come to him after a time, and at his home he is a grand gentleman," said Arturo.

Candelaria read the trouble in his mind through his arrogant manner.

"He believes nothing—not in the good God; and at our Blessed Lady he laughs," she went on.

Arturo hurried his pace up and down the room; and, waving his hand, he said:

"You talk! you talk! Who could live and not believe in the Most Holy?"

To conceal the satisfaction in her eyes, Candelaria bent over the box she was packing.

"And he does not care for Candeleta, you will see," she observed.

"Silence!" stormed her husband, and he clapped his hands.

She to be commanded! In unfeigned sorrow and distress, Candelaria sat down on her box and wept.

Frightened at what he had done, Arturo sought to soothe his wife.

"Ay! ay!" she sobbed. "If Uncle Pilar had not left to me his sheep and his fields—and," she continued revealing what had made her heart very sore, "we are going away before the *Fiesta*!"

To do him justice, Arturo's heart had been made sore too; but he was going away for the sake of his daughter. A father must make sacrifices. And it is true that when he declined for that year what he had always looked upon as a transcendent honor—that of being one to bear the canopy over the King of kings,—he felt that he was renouncing a reality for a shadow.

III.

The game to be found in the hill country was what brought Tarn to the *hacienda*. Arturo bored him, he was perfectly indifferent to Candeleta, but he who respected nothing else respected Candelaria.

"You are not well, Señora?" he said one morning to Candelaria, as he was leaving the house to hunt.

She had grown thin in the last few weeks; her face was drawn, and she looked harassed and worried. She had no faith in Tarn, but a sudden inspiration seized her to throw herself on his pity.

"I am troubled," she replied, her eyes cast down; "and it is because of you, Señor Don."

"Because of me!" ejaculated Tarn; and his eyes burned with anxious interest as he gazed down on Candelaria.

"I will tell you all," began Candelaria; and then her voice faltered.

"By all means. But you stand, Señora!" And he brought forward a chair, into which Candelaria sank, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes staring before her. Suddenly she turned to him and said:

"Señor Don, you must go away from here. You have taken from my husband his wife and his child; and if you remain he may lose the good God and Our Lady, and then there will be for him nothing—nothing!" Her eyes were blinded with tears, and her voice sank to a despairing whisper.

Tarn was deeply interested. "Wife and daughter!" he ejaculated. "I never presumed to think of the Señorita since you informed me she was betrothed to the excellent clerk of the apothecary."

"I know, I know!" cried Candelaria; "but her father thinks you will be his son-in-law, and last night—it was terrible to hear him! He is worse than Uncle Pilar; he will not permit me to address him, he says, till I force Candeleta to bend to his will. I shall not do that sin, Señor Don." She was not weeping now. "But," she added, "you must go away."

"And if I go?" said Tarn.

Candelaria's face beamed. "Then, after a time, things will be as they once were. He will come back to me, and forget all about that poor man they called Count of Vivio, who so many years since put his name above the chapel door to be a torment to me. To think, Señor Don," she moralized simply, "of the evil of sin! It never ceases. It was a vain thing for that poor man to put his name where only the saints should be. And now, after all these years, I suffer because of it; and not I only."

Whether or not Candelaria was correct in her moral theology, it had no interest for him, and Tarn returned to the point from which they had strayed.

"You will rejoice at my going, then?"

Hospitality was with her, as it is with her people, a cardinal virtue; and she blushed as she replied:

"You must pardon me, Señor Don, but if you go Arturo may forget this craziness; and you know our hearts are not our own: my daughter's has gone out to Manuelito—" she hesitated, stammered, and then cried out in a very agony of desperation at having had to speak of her most sacred affairs to this stranger: "You *will* go, Señor Don!"

For a moment the veil of indifference fell from his eyes; he understood in part, was impressed, even made enthusiastic.

"I *will* go; and, better than that, I shall speak plainly to Don Arturo before I leave," he said.

She looked up at him gratefully.

"He is in Uncle Pilar's room. You have been there?" she asked.

Yes, he had been there, he said; and smiled, thinking of his host's reverence for the uncle's genealogical charts.

"I will see Don Arturo now, for I wish to leave before noon."

Candelaria rose from her chair, rested her hand lightly on the sleeve of his coat, and, looking into his eyes, said earnestly: "God keep you, Señor Don!"

Tarn gave her a startled look; then he bowed gravely and hurried away to his interview with Arturo.

She waited quietly for Tarn's return, drawing a sigh of relief when she saw him approach, a smile on his face.

"I think you had best go to Don Arturo," he said in answer to the question she put him concerning the temper of Arturo's mind.

"But what did you say to him, if you please to tell me, Señor Don?" Candelaria insisted, gently.

"I gave him to understand that the title your uncle bought would be little esteemed; in one word—I know you will pardon me, Señora,—Don Arturo will never call you Countess again."

"Thanks be to God!" exclaimed Candelaria, very reverently. "And what else did you say?"

"I let him know that I am not thinking of marriage. I spoke with great care, and he confessed he had been harsh about Manuelito. You will find him very much softened."

Her eyes shone. "From my heart I thank you, Señor Don!"

He did not appear to hear her words, and he said, gravely:

"I do not think that we shall meet again; and, before you go to Don Arturo, repeat what you said a little while ago—when you asked your God to keep me."

How she pitied him! He had nothing.

"May He be your God!" she answered; and then said softly: "God keep you, God love you!"

Tarn shook his head doubtfully as he turned away, but it has been told me that Candelaria's prayer has been heard!

"If I had only listened to you! Do you rule as heretofore," pleaded Arturo to his wife.

"No, no! Thou art the head, Arturo; I know what is just," said Candelaria.

And some months afterward, and before the marriage of Candeleta and Manuelito, Arturo declared that the young couple should come to the *hacienda* to live.

"Not at all!" replied Candelaria, with decision. "They must begin in a house of their own."

"Of a surety, wife of my heart! Nothing could be more proper," said Arturo.

How much mud and mire, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumbles, might be avoided if we could tread but six inches above the crust of this world! Physically, we can not do this: our bodies can not; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles.—
Hawthorne.

A Favor of Our Queen.

THE following striking instance of our Blessed Lady's care for those who invoke her aid is recorded by a zealous Polish priest, who ministers to the spiritual needs of a portion of his unfortunate fellow-countrymen who are exiles in Eastern Siberia:

"Whilst on a recent tour of visitation among the villages of my extensive parish, I stopped at a small hamlet, where I was cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained at the house of a family exiled in 1865 by the Russian Government. Before their banishment they resided at Grodna and were in easy circumstances. The father has now been dead some years; the management of a farm in the vicinity of the village, on the produce of which the family mainly depend for their means of subsistence, is carried on by his sons. One room in their house is set apart to serve as a chapel, and it is here that the priest says Mass whenever he passes that way. Far removed as they are from any church or chapel, and able only at long intervals to approach the Sacraments, these people are all exemplary Catholics. The mother especially is an excellent woman, and Heaven seems to reward her piety by extending over her household a special protection.

"Whilst I was there I was told that not long ago, at the time when their corn was ready to be cut, the sky suddenly became overcast, and it was only too apparent that a heavy thunder-storm was approaching. Alarmed at the ominous sights and sounds, the eldest son hastily entered the room where his mother was sitting and exclaimed: 'Mother, there is going to be a terrible storm! Our crops will be destroyed,—we shall be ruined!' The mother rose and looked out of the window: she saw that her son's fears were indeed well founded. In fact, rain, mingled with

hailstones, was already beginning to fall. Turning to her children, she said, with unruffled composure: 'My children, we can do nothing to avert this catastrophe. If Almighty God is pleased to take from us what He has given us, may His holy will be done!' She then ordered the shutters to be closed; and, after lighting the blessed tapers before the images in her little oratory, she called together all the members of the household, and, kneeling down, recited with them the Litany of Loreto. This ended, they sang some hymns in praise of the Blessed Virgin. Meanwhile large hailstones were heard pattering upon the roof and beating violently against the shutters; and when, their prayers being concluded, they once more looked over the fields in the near vicinity, they bore the appearance of a sheet of ice.

"As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated, the eldest son mounted his horse and rode out to the farm to ascertain the extent of the damage that had been done. To his astonishment, he found that his crops had not sustained the slightest injury; whereas the surrounding lands were in a most pitiable condition, whole acres of beautiful corn having been beaten down and entirely spoiled by the violence of the wind and rain."

Which is it easier to believe: that our Blessed Mother heard the prayers of the widow and her sons, or that the hailstorm, which wrought destruction all about them, *by mere chance* stopped short the moment it reached their fences?

KINDNESS is perhaps the easiest way of doing good and the safest:—a friendly word, a hearty greeting, an unfeigned interest in the pursuits and successes of our companions. We must be able to forget ourselves before we can expect to have a place in the hearts of others.—*Jowett.*

Mr. Birrell Offers Food for Reflection.

EVERY reader of current literature has felt the charm of Augustine Birrell's essays. In the "twilight of literature" he is looked on as a fixed star. His "Obiter Dicta," his best-known work, has been admired by men of all creeds; but we fancy that his essay in the current *Nineteenth Century* will please his Catholic readers more than some others. It is timely, too; and, as against hopeless discussions of the professed churchmen, we believe that Mr. Birrell's words will bear blessed fruit. We quote:

The English Church, before the Reformation, celebrated the Mass after the same fashion, though not in identical language (*sic*), as it has to-day been celebrated in Notre Dame of Paris. Has the English Church, as a church, after the Reformation, continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion and with the same intention as she did before? If *yes*, to the ordinary British layman the quarrel with the Pope, even the ban of the Pope and his foreign Cardinals, will seem but one of those matters to which it is so easy to give the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is of respectable antiquity,—France, too, had hers. But if *no*, the same ordinary layman will be puzzled; and, if he has a leaning to sacraments and the sacramental theory of religion and nature, will grow distraught and, it may be, distracted.

Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all, long ago, in a chill historic past.

However much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters—and it is not only the merriment of parsons that is often found mighty offensive,—it is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, the Communion service according to the Roman Catholic ritual without emotion. It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference; so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one,—between Dublin and Edinburgh, between Havre and Cromer.

Here, I believe, is one of the battlefields of the future....

How long can any church allow its fathers and its

faithful laity to be at large on such a subject? Already the rift is so great as to present to the observer some of the ordinary indications of sectarianism. Several church folk of one way of thinking can not bring themselves to attend the churches devoted to the other way. In the selection of summer quarters it has long become important to ascertain beforehand the doctrines espoused, and, as a consequence of such doctrines, the ritual maintained by the local clergy. This is not a matter of mere preference, as a Roman Catholic may prefer the Oratorians to the Jesuits: it is, if traced to its source, traceable to the altar. In some churches "of the English obedience" there purports to be the visible sacrifice; in other churches of the same ostensible communion no such profession of mystery or miracle is made.

It is impossible to believe that a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of saints, can be allowed to remain for another hundred years an open question in a church which still asserts herself to be the guardian of the faith.

If the inquiry, What happened at the Reformation? were to establish the belief that the English Church did then, in mind and will, cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice, it will be difficult for most people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of church property from one body to another; and that from thenceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either church authority or church discipline.

Mr. Birrell's suggestion that the Anglican body—of which, by the way, he is a member—should put forth some authoritative teaching regarding "the Mass," has not been kindly received. The London *Spectator* makes this reflection, which, we confess, sounds curious to Catholic ears: "It is quite certain that if this advice is followed, the English Church will be rent into fragments, never more to be joined." And yet, if our Anglican friends care to be consistent, some declaration of dogma must come. As Mr. Birrell avers: "It would be childish to hold that in the Diocese of Lincoln the consecrated elements become the Body and Blood of Christ, whilst in the Diocese of Liverpool the Holy Communion is regarded as a mere Commemorative Service." But the Anglican oracle is yet dumb.

Notes and Remarks.

It will surprise most people to hear that there are at least one hundred lepers in the single State of Louisiana. Most of them are hidden away where legislation can not reach them; but as many as thirty-one are now confined in a pleasant retreat at Indian Camp, in one of the most healthful sections of the State. After trying many expedients, the civil authorities applied for Sisters to nurse these unfortunate people. There were innumerable volunteers for the work, but four Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul were chosen. The secular papers of New Orleans are in admiration at the sublime spectacle of these women cheerfully braving the most repulsive form of living death; but it will not surprise any one at all familiar with the history of Catholic charity. The feeling uppermost in the minds of such persons will be deep indignation at the thought that these are the women whom the valiant and chivalrous members of the American Protective Association are organized to persecute and oppress.

It is estimated that throughout the English-speaking world there are at least five hundred distinct bodies of Christians. Differing widely upon other points, they all, or almost all, are agreed as to their rule of faith. The Bible alone is the religion of Protestants. The adherents of the Catholic Church outnumber those of all other Christian denominations put together. With Catholics, of course, the rule of faith is not the Bible. The wonder is, therefore, that controversy with Protestants does not mainly turn on this point—the accepted rule of faith. That it does not is proof that much of what is published for the enlightenment and instruction of non-Catholics is to no purpose.

We have been greatly interested in a recent article by the Rev. John S. Vaughan on the religion of Protestants, and have been hoping to see it issued in pamphlet form for circulation among inquiring non-Catholics. It goes to the very root of things. Nothing could be happier than the way in which the

writer combats "the Bible and the Bible only" theory. Let us quote some passages:

Though Christ commanded His disciples to "Go and *teach* all nations," to "*preach* to every living creature," He never once commanded any one of them to commit a word to paper or parchment. Even the very expressions He made use of seem to emphasize this fact; for He does not say, "If any man will not *read the Scriptures*," but, "If any man will not *hear the Church*, let him be to thee as a heathen and publican"; not, "He that follows the *Scriptures* as his guide follows Me," but rather, "He that *heareth you* heareth *Me*." And again, "Faith cometh [*not by reading*, but] *by hearing*"; and so on, in many other passages. . . . When at last the whole of the inspired writings had been collected into one volume, not one person in a thousand could have got possession of them. There was no printing, and even paper had not yet been invented; so that the only possible means of securing a copy of this volume (in which each man is supposed to find his religion) was to get it written out by hand, letter by letter and word by word: a process which would, according to some authorities, take a scribe five years to accomplish. Nor was this all: the copy had to be written on vellum or parchment. As a consequence, the price was enormous and prohibitive. No one but a rich man could afford to purchase such a thing. So that for fourteen hundred years the system of "the Bible and the Bible only," interpreted by each individual, would seem to be an impossible one, and unworthy of acceptance by any reasonable or reflecting man. As the well-known historian, Lecky, observes: "Protestantism *could not possibly have existed* without a general diffusion of the Bible, and that diffusion was impossible until after the two inventions of paper and printing."

The effect of such reasoning as this on all right-minded Protestants will naturally be to raise doubts as to the truth of a religion dependent upon human inventions, and which could have had no existence during the first fourteen centuries of the Christian era.

There are certain features of our national life which may well dishearten the most confirmed optimist. The *Freeman's Journal* shows from official statistics that an average of 7,216 homicides have been committed every year for the past five years. Of these 7,216 murderers, only 723 have been legally executed. It is therefore not surprising to hear that for every seven legal executions during this time there have been eleven lynchings. If this condition of things is allowed to continue, trial by jury, at least for the graver offences, will soon become

obsolete. It is one of the many paradoxes of our time that the increase of brutality in the commission of crime is simultaneous with the growth of that sickly sentimentality which abhors severe punishment and a proper vindication of the law.

Father Searle, C. S. P., is professor of astronomy at the Catholic University at Washington; and his brother, Prof. Arthur Searle, a Protestant, holds the same position at Harvard College. The cordial welcome which President Eliot gave the distinguished Paulist when he lectured at Harvard recently is another sign of the decay of religious mistrust. President Eliot remarked that Protestants as well as Catholics believe that, between scientific truth and revealed truth there can be no real conflict. He cited the names of many eminent scholars who found no clash between faith and knowledge, and concluded: "To seek for an instance at hand, there is Dr. Dwight, professor of anatomy at Harvard Medical School, than whom no man is more earnest in the pursuit of science, and he is a true and devout Catholic." It is not long since a ranting bigot amazed Americans by proclaiming, in a lecture at Harvard, that the Church was an enemy to science. It is more than likely that in the next century students everywhere will hear more speakers like President Eliot and fewer like the ignorant "Dr." Hershey.

The recent tour of M. Felix Faure reminds a French contemporary of a royal journey through Normandy undertaken by Louis Philippe, and reported in the Prince of Joinville's "Souvenirs." On their arrival at Carentan, the King and his escort found that a circus had been exhibiting there on the previous day, and that the tents were even then being dismantled. The presence of circus horses—elegant, well-groomed steeds—furnished an opportunity for a royal parade not to be neglected. The equestrian outfit of the circus was at once impressed into the royal service,—the finest animal being apportioned to the King himself, and the others among his courtiers. The cavalcade proved a gallant show, the high-spirited steeds prancing and

caracoling to the delight of their riders and the populace, when all at once the brass-band struck up the loyal air "La Béarnaise." Then there was an unexpected development. The horses took the first note of the music for the signal of their regular daily performance, and forthwith proceeded to perform. The King's beautiful animal began to limp about most ludicrously; that of Marshal Soult broke into a very graceful waltz; M. Thiers had considerable difficulty in retaining his seat as his horse got down on both fore-knees and stretched his neck along the ground; while the Prince of Joinville's intelligent mount struck off innumerable hours by pounding the pavement with his foot. The royal parade had become an impromptu extravaganza.

The itinerary of the Third Annual American Pilgrimage is a long catalogue of places famous in history, and rendered sacred to Catholics by centuries of religious association. The pilgrimage is under the auspices of the Fathers of Mercy; the Rev. William Smith, S. P. M., being the spiritual director. It will be in two sections,—the first leaving New York on the 8th of July, the second on the 24th of June. The pilgrims to Rome will present an American flag to the Pope, and leave another in the American Chapel at Lourdes. It will be remembered that the meeting between the Holy Father and the pilgrims last year was a great gratification on both sides; and another audience with the Vicar of Christ is looked forward to with much pleasure. The pilgrimage combines the enjoyment of travel with sympathetic companionship and religious profit.

Some opponents of remedial legislation for Manitoba having cited the satisfaction of the Catholics of Nova Scotia with the Public School system in force in that province, the *Casket* remarks: "What warrant some of those who so confidently make this statement have to speak for the Catholics of Nova Scotia we do not know; but we suspect it is wholly of a negative character, based entirely upon the circumstance that complaints against the system on the part of Catholics are not general. We can, however,

tell those persons this: that whatever degree of satisfaction with the existing state of the schools obtains among the Catholics of the Province is due, not to the system itself, but solely and entirely to the extent to which the theory of that system has been abandoned in practice."

The same thing is true of the Public School system in Nova Scotia's sister province, New Brunswick. The obnoxious features of the system have been so modified that Catholics can conscientiously allow their children to frequent the schools; although pure and simple denominational schools with *pro rata* grants from the educational fund would probably suit both Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers a great deal better.

Well-informed people need not be told that the late Mr. Froude's "history" is as unreliable as his style is charming. It is one of the gratifying features of his case that the most scholarly men and journals of Protestantism have recognized and strenuously proclaimed this fact. *The Athenæum*, that ablest of English critical journals, says of Froude's posthumous "Lectures on the Council of Trent," which have just appeared:

We are compelled to say that the lectures can not for one moment be taken as a serious contribution to the historical study of the period of the Reformation. They do not bear upon their face the signs of any careful study of original authorities—except of a few,—or of any serious attempt at the criticism of these few; they do not show any familiarity with the results arrived at by the serious historical students of Europe; and they do not even show any signs of appreciation of the meaning and effect of such critical work as that of Bishop Stubbs on the relations between Henry VIII. and his Parliaments, or that of Father Gasquet on the suppression of the English monasteries.

A favorite philosopher, Mr. Josh Billings, observes somewhere that "it's better not to know so many things than to know so many things that ain't so." We are reminded of this by the criticism of a certain Catholic paper which thought it found a "mixed metaphor" in a sentence written by Cardinal Gibbons. Speaking of the Resurrection, the Cardinal wrote: "It is the keystone of the arch of faith, the most brilliant luminary in

the constellation of Christian dogmas." Now, whatever else this is, it is *not* a mixture of metaphor. The criticism is not important, perhaps, but the episode has some value as showing the sort of stuff which not a few Catholic editors consider good enough for Catholic readers. The Cardinal's "Easter sermon," by the way, was not an article written for one of the metropolitan dailies, as many supposed, but a reprint of an excellent chapter of "Our Christian Heritage." This book has been published for several years, and Catholic editors ought to have some familiarity with it; still a number of them reprinted the "fake" contribution as something new, crediting it to the *New York Herald*. Had it been a fresh article written for some reputable Catholic periodical, it would have been ignored or appropriated without credit by those same worthies.

The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman as Bishop of Sioux Falls, S. D., took place in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, April 19. Dr. O'Gorman's scholarship and zeal will find ample scope in the comparatively unformed diocese over which he has been set; for, like most American dioceses, and especially Western sees, Sioux Falls is no sinecure. The new Bishop has many advantages; he is judicious and energetic, and he has a thorough knowledge of the field in which he is to labor. He has also, as Archbishop Ireland said in the consecration sermon, the tradition of learned and saintly predecessors to inspire him. *Ad multos annos!*

The number of persons living that can claim the distinction of having been confirmed by the first Bishop in the United States, and of having seen the immortal Father of his Country, must be small indeed. The venerable Mrs. Appolonia Pecher, of Mishawaka, Ind., familiarly known as "Grandma Pecher," may well have been the last of her generation. She was born on March 17, 1795, and was the daughter of John and Mary (Storm) Adams, of Adams Co., Pa. Her father served under Washington during the revolutionary war, dying in 1825. She was married in

1813, and was the mother of ten children, some of whom survive her. Mrs. Pecher received Confirmation at the hands of Archbishop Carroll, and had previously seen Washington, who on one occasion passed by her home. Her mind was wonderfully unimpaired for so aged a person, and she was able to recall with perfect distinctness the incidents of her girlhood. She was a fervent Catholic, and throughout her long illness was regularly visited by the good pastor of Mishawaka, who also prepared her for death. May she rest in peace!

Notable New Books.

LYRA HIERATICA. POEMS ON THE PRIESTHOOD. Collected by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. Burns & Oates.

It was a happy inspiration that led Father Bridgett to place at the disposal of the Catholic public, lay as well as clerical, the four-score lyrics brought together in this attractive volume. We are not aware of the existence of any similar collection in the language; and yet so patent is its utility that one is inclined to wonder that the work was not undertaken long ago. As the compiler remarks in his preface, the subject of the priesthood is very seldom put before the educated laity in sermons, and they are not likely to read books written directly for priests; yet it is manifest that a fuller and deeper appreciation by the laity in general of the dignity and duties of the priest, of the consecrated mission to which his life is devoted, and of the sanctity of his special functions, can not but make for a wider spiritual sense among the faithful, and for their more zealous co-operation with the clergy in the extension of Christ's reign upon earth. Such fuller appreciation of the priestly character will assuredly come to the readers of "Lyra Hieratica"; and the poetic form in which the high and important truths are cast will deepen the impression made on religious minds and hearts. That the book will receive a cordial welcome from priests, and from students preparing for the priesthood, goes without saying. It may well

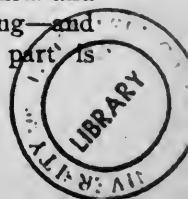
occupy a place among the volumes one sets aside for spiritual reading.

As for the literary merits of the work, the artistic excellence of the different selections is, of course, far from uniform; but in the least perfect, beauty of thought and grace of technique are sufficiently evident to warrant the editor's including them in his collection. Apart from a score of pieces contributed by Father Bridgett himself, the poems are reprinted from books and magazines,—several selections being from the pages of this magazine. Typographically, the volume is neat and attractive; so that, on every score, it merits a large sale.

PREHISTORIC AMERICANS. By the Marquis de Nadaillac. D. H. McBride & Co.

The directors of the Columbian Catholic Summer School have conceived the happy purpose of publishing in book form the most notable lectures and addresses delivered at the annual sessions. This wise action will have the effect of directing public attention to the Summer School to an extent otherwise impossible; it will also enable the clergy and laity in general to share, at small expense, in many of the benefits of the School. No more auspicious lectures could be chosen to open the series than those of the Marquis de Nadaillac. He is recognized as one of the ablest living archeologists. In the branch of anthropology he has no superior; and in these lectures he deals with "Prehistoric Americans," that phase of anthropology which most interests us here in the United States. The volume is also timely, for it will soon be too late to investigate the ancient "mounds." As the Marquis himself says: "They must be studied at once, for their complete disappearance is only a question of a few years. One generation has passed since they were seriously explored, and already the greater number of them have ceased to exist."

In Part I. the author discusses the extent of the Mound-builders' work—there are at least 10,000 *important* mounds recorded,—and their defensive embankments, sacred enclosures, temples, sacrificial, sepulchral and effigy mounds. The most interesting—and the most puzzling—section of this part is



that dealing with the ornamental pottery and wrought iron vessels that are found so numerous in these mounds. Part II. is devoted to that strange race of beings whom, for lack of a better name, we call the "Cliff-dwellers." De Nadaillac believes that these were an agricultural people, possibly the contemporaries but more probably the successors of the Mound-builders; and that they were of the same race as the constructors of the Indian pueblos. But to attempt a *résumé* of so interesting and scholarly a work would be most unsatisfactory, and for fuller information we must refer our readers to the handsome little volume in which these admirable lectures of the Marquis de Nadaillac have been bodied forth.

Wer wird Siegen? Das Christenthum oder der Unglaube, die Monarchie oder die Revolution.—Ein Wort an Alle, welche es mit der Religion und dem Vaterlande gut meinen. Von Heinrich Schlichter, Missionspriester der Diöcese Columbus (Nordamerika).

The first part of this volume is somewhat on the plan of Bossuet's great work on Universal History. The author introduces us to the four great empires of antiquity described by the Prophet Daniel, which he compares to four periods of the Christian era. The action of Divine Providence in guiding the affairs of men, especially in connection with God's Church on earth, is thus brought out. In the second part of the treatise the author shows that everywhere—in the state, in the family, in science and art, but above all in the social question—the world, for its own safety, must choose between Christ and His Church on the one hand, and the anti-Christian revolution of our times on the other. The third part goes to prove that unless there is a general return to the Church, such as our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. is striving to bring about, there will necessarily be a general war throughout the world, the consequences of which it would be awful to forecast. In the fourth and last part the author ventures on that insecure region, the future; taking as his guide the Holy Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, the opinions of theologians, and the private revelations made to some of the saints. Although St. Peter says in his second epistle (i, 20), "No

prophecy of Scripture is of private interpretation," it is hardly to be supposed that the Apostle forbids all speculation as to the meaning of the prophecies of Scripture; otherwise we might ask, To what purpose were they uttered? Perhaps we may apply here the words of Ecclesiastes (i, 13), in which, after telling us that amongst other vanities he had applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge, he adds: "This painful occupation hath God given to the children of men, to be exercised therein."

Those who have mastered the German language will find useful and entertaining reading in Father Schlichter's little work. It is evidently the fruit of long and serious study.

JEWELS OF THE IMITATION. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Burns & Oates.

This delightful little book, in its white and gold setting, is well named; for it is a collection of passages from that mine of spirituality, "The Imitation of Christ," by A Kempis. True, the gems are not of the kind which require polishing; but Mr. Fitzgerald has so arranged them as to give the best effects, and to show the many-sided jewels in all their prismatic colors without detracting from their power of reflecting the white light of truth. He points out to us not only the deeply spiritual lessons to be learned from this book—a product of the so-called Dark Ages,—but also the everyday philosophy which underlies its teachings. He makes us see that it is a hand-book for humanity, and not, as some suppose, a treatise suitable only for religious. To many these admirable notes on "The Imitation" will be more profitable reading than the book itself; and those who have read it all their lives will be surprised to find how much more meaning many passages contain than they had supposed. We feel sure that St. Francis de Sales is one of Mr. Fitzgerald's favorite saints; for we were reminded of that sainted prelate more than once in reading these notes, they are so spiritual and withal so practical. St. Francis would have praised this little book to the skies for the very reasons that he himself preferred the "Spiritual Combat" to "The Imitation."

Again we cordially recommend the series

of which this volume is the sixth, especially "The Jewels of the Mass," "Eucharistic Jewels," and "The Layman's Day."

OUR OWN STORY, AND OTHER TALES. By Rosa Mulholland. The (London) Catholic Truth Society.

This is a volume for which the Catholic reviewer must feel very grateful; for it is one which he can praise unreservedly. The tales composing it are not "short stories," in the new sense usurped by that term. With the exception of "The Rescue of Madge O'Driscoll" and "Bet's Matchmaking," they have little of that particular quality which is the charm of Kipling, Stockton, Davis, and Aldrich. They are novelettes, worked out with exquisite care, deeply charged with pathos, and—though they are nearly all Irish stories—having little of the quality of humor.

The titular story could easily have grown into a novel. It is a pastoral of the town; and, although it is hardly a new creation—the chief actors in it are the familiar drunken father and the heroic daughter,—Mrs. Gilbert's art has succeeded in evoking new music from the old strings. The interest is admirably sustained up to the crisis, in which Gretchen is compelled to choose between her love and her duty. Gretchen and Ned are admirably drawn portraits. The stories are published in the best taste, and deserve a wide circulation among Catholic readers.

A STRIKING CONTRAST. By Clara Mulholland. M. H. Gill & Son.

This story opens in the Australian bush, where the self-exiled George Atherstone, heir to an English baronetcy, does his own pleasure, far from the trammels of London society. Deaf to his father's urgent entreaties to return to England, he sends instead, in her nurse's care, his two-year-old, motherless child, Sylvia Atherstone. In the same ship goes a certain Mr. Neil with his children—Madge, aged twelve; and Dora, two years of age. Almost in sight of the English coast a shipwreck occurs, from which there are few survivors. Anne Deane, the nurse, is saved; but with Mr. Neil's child Dora instead of her charge, Sylvia. Later she appears at

Sir George Atherstone's with the little Dora, whom she represents as his granddaughter. She is believed, and the child is thereafter bred up as a great heiress. But Madge, with the real heiress, is also saved,—though saved for a life of struggle and hardship. Time passes, and circumstances convince her that the nurse has deceived Sir George; but, ignorant of his place of abode and almost without means, she is powerless to act in the matter. However, Madge devotes all her energies to restore to her rights the real heiress, now called Dora Neil. In this she ultimately succeeds,—not without grief to those most concerned, though all seem sufficiently pleased when the wrong has been righted.

To our mind, there are no really strong characters in this story; although the plot is good enough, and fairly well worked out. In this case, we think, Miss Mulholland has not done herself justice. She should have devoted more time to the conception of her subject, and given her readers higher types of character.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. J. A. Rochford, O. P., and the Very Rev. Father Ferdinand, O. S. F., who departed this life last month.

Sister Beatrice, of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Lowell, Mass.; Sister Mary Sebastian, of the Sisters of the Holy Names, Portland, Oregon; Sister Mary of St. Aglae, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Anna Hogan, of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Cleveland, Ohio; and Sister Mary Regina, Mount de Chantal, Wheeling, W. Va., who lately passed to their reward.

Philemon B. Ewing, Esq., whose happy death took place on the 14th ult., at Lancaster, Ohio.

Mrs. John Keller, of San Francisco, Cal., whose fervent Christian life was crowned with a holy death on the 6th ult.

Mr. John Ahern and Mrs. Catherine Ritter, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Thomas Dailey, Mrs. Mary A. Hubbell, and Mr. John Connors, Ansonia, Conn.; Miss Bridget Gurry, Chelsea, Mass.; Master Arthur Donahue, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. John Cuddihy, Tullaroan, Ireland; Mrs. Mary Keenan, Albany, N. Y.; and Mrs. Catherine Wharton, Old Leighlin, Ireland.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

In May.

—
BY SYLVIA HUNTING.
—

ITS pale green pennants all unfurled,
How joyous seems the woodland world,
How gay the garden bowers!
O there is no time like the May,
When life is one glad, laughing day,
Sweet with the breath of flowers!

'Tis Mary's month, our Mistress dear;
The birds are singing far and near.

Fresh from the April showers
We bring these buds and blossoms sweet,
To lay them at Our Lady's feet
And garland her with flowers.

O Mother dearly loved, to-day
We hail thee Mistress of the May!

Uplift these hearts of ours
To heavenly things; that they may rest,
At last, in mansions of the blest,
With thee, among the flowers.

Henry's Petition.

—
A MAY STORY.
—

BY MARY A. KINIRY.
—

THE May altar is just lovely. Tom Farrell was out looking for vi'lets, and he found heaps of them. Joe Wilson's mother sent two nice potted plants, and Eddie Murphy brought a big white lily. Sister 'Dolphus said ours was the nicest in the whole school. And this isn't all: we must bring

a sheet of writing-paper and an envelope, because Sister 'Dolphus says we're going to write 'titions."

"You are going to write what, dear?"

"'Titions," repeated Henry, with an air of triumph. "'Titions are letters to the Blessed Virgin, and you can ask whatever you want."

"He means *petitions*, mamma," said his sister, entering the room.

"Oh, you are going to write petitions! This is lovely. You must ask the Blessed Mother to make you a brave, noble boy."

"He had better learn to write, I think. Every day since he went into Sister Adolphus' class and began to use ink, he has come home with nearly enough to fill a bottle soaked into his fingers. I am sure his copy-book is a curiosity."

Nell was an odd, old-fashioned little girl. She had long been accustomed to bear the burdens of housekeeping with her mother, who was an invalid.

"If I were a Sister," she added, "I should allow only careful little boys to write petitions."

"There's just where you make a mistake," said Henry, loftily. "Sister 'Dolphus says the worst writers need help the most; and I guess she knows lots more about it than you do."

"Well, I hope you'll ask help. I'm sure you need it."

"And heaps of other things too, Nell. I'm going to do something big with this 'tition. You'll see if I don't!"

So when dinner was over, and Henry started for school, he carried, in a neat little parcel, a sheet of note-paper and

an envelope. He carried the parcel very awkwardly, but very carefully. On the way he met several other boys, all carrying packages and talking about the petitions.

"I'll have a dose before mine is finished," said Tom Farrell. "Sister'll say it's all spelled wrong and make me write it over again. I'd get on fine if there was no spelling to think of."

"I guess I'll go for vi'lets to-night," said Henry. "You wait for me, Tom, if you're out first. I'm sure to be kept late on account of those horrid blots. If we didn't have to use ink I'd be all right."

"What are you all going to ask for?" said Joe Wilson, abruptly.

"We're not going to tell you. What will you ask yourself?"

Joe's lip trembled at the thoughtless reply, and he said, softly:

"I'm going to ask the Blessed Mother to make my father alive again."

The boys were all silent, through sorrow for what they had said and sympathy for poor Joe.

"Don't you believe she will do it?" he asked, eagerly.

They all turned to Eddie Murphy, who was an altar boy and whose opinion they respected.

"If it were good for your father to be alive," said Eddie, "I am sure she would. But, you see, it was God took him away; and God knows what is best for him and the family."

They had reached the school-gate and the bell was ringing. But as they hurried to the line Henry managed to take a piece of candy his friend, John Neil, held out to him. It stuck to his thumb and he had much trouble getting it into his mouth. Even there it annoyed him; for it was a little too large and it dissolved very slowly. Henry was debating whether he should throw it away or venture with distended cheek into the presence of his teacher. The candy was delicious, and he decided it would be a pity to waste it.

Sister Adolphus was about to begin prayer when she observed that Henry Holt was not in order, and she asked:

"What is the matter, Master Holt?"

"Sister, I'm trying to find my rosary beads,"—which was true, for one hand was searching a pocket.

"What is the matter with your voice, Henry? Have you a sore throat?"

"Sister, it's—it's my mouth. It's stuck."

"It's stuck, Henry!"—coming toward him in some alarm. "Leave the room, sir, and return when you are presentable. This is a sad way to begin Our Lady's month,—your mouth sealed with candy when you should be saying the rosary!"

The tasks seemed long that afternoon, for the boys were all anxious to begin the petitions. Sister Adolphus gave a short talk, which sent gladness to many young hearts.

"I shall not look at your letters," she said. "No one will see them but the Blessed Virgin and yourselves. Do the best you can: she will require no more."

Henry Holt lifted a hand so brown and sticky that any one except Sister Adolphus would have been tempted to laugh.

"Can the Blessed Mother read all kinds of writing? Will she mind, do you think, if a fellow can't help making it all blots?"

The boys near him tittered, and he closed his little fist threateningly. But, alas! it stuck fast.

"Henry," said Sister Adolphus, "come here!" Then in a lower tone: "Go to the toilet room and wash your hands."

The steady movements of busy pens were the only sounds heard in Sister Adolphus' room during the writing of the petitions. At last it was over; the papers were folded, sealed away in the envelopes, and placed in the pretty basket that stood before the Blessed Mother's statue. Only one little boy looked very sorrowful, and this was Henry. When he took out his envelope he found it stained with that memorable candy.

"Sister 'Dolphus might excuse blots when a lad can't help them," he reasoned; "but she will never allow a dirty envelope in the Blessed Virgin's basket."

Henry's hand went up again.

"Sister, I've spoiled my envelope."

Now, the Sister had in her desk a box of envelopes, and would have given him one, but she thought he needed a lesson.

"I am very sorry," she said, quietly. "Your letter must be a day later than the rest. Take care of it until to-morrow, and then bring another envelope."

Henry put his letter into one of his books; then the bell rang and the boys were dismissed.

It was a typical May-day, and Henry forgot under its influence the mishaps of the afternoon. Some boys were playing marbles near Mr. O'Gorman's place; and, putting his books inside the stone-wall, he joined them. In the excitement of the game he did not notice that a playful kitten had a merry time with his property. When the fun was over, the covers of his books were torn, the leaves scattered about, and the petition gone. He threw himself down near the fence, and, screwing a knuckle into each eye, began to sob pitifully. The boys gathered about him to see what was wrong, and his sister appeared on her way from school.

"What's the matter? I hope you haven't been fighting with any one. Come home with me. We can talk about it there."

He couldn't answer for a time,—he seemed choking. At last he muttered something, in which she distinguished the one word 'titions.

"What about the petitions?"

"I wrote mine and it's gone, and there was something in it I wanted so much."

"Is this all? You silly boy! Come along home and you can write another."

He had never thought of this; so he rose, greatly cheered, and went with her. Next day he had the pleasure of putting his "'tition" in the basket.

Meanwhile the lost petition was doing duty. Kitty had torn it into several uneven pieces, and the wind, as if amused by their lightness, had scattered them far and wide. Bessie O'Gorman found one near the front door early next morning. She brought it in and read it to her father. It was a child's scrawl, blotted and irregular:

O DEAR BLESSED MOTHER:—Make mister O'Gorman drain the marsh, so father will have plenty of work to do, and mother and the other people will be cured of the mallary.

your loving child,

HENRY HOLT.

Father and daughter knew it was part of a May petition. Mr. O'Gorman was a good man, but he was so comfortable himself he did not easily realize that others suffered. The marsh was low down behind the village; and the hill, on the slope of which his house stood, shut out the deadly vapors from his pleasant home. True, his poor neighbors had complained, and he had promised to attend to it, but had kept putting it off from time to time. The child's earnestness smote him to the heart.

"How much misery I have caused!" he said. "I will shirk this duty no longer."

On the last day of May the petitions were burned before the statue, while the children sang the praises of their Queen. As Henry passed the marsh on his way home that afternoon he noticed several carts, a group of busy men, and his father going about giving directions. The latter called him.

"Tell mamma I have a fine job now. Mr. O'Gorman hired me a few hours ago."

Henry could wait for no more.

"The Blessed Mother did it!" he cried; "I asked her in my 'tition. I told you I would get something big."

And he ran home with a happy heart to tell the good news to Nell and his mother.

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VI.

Polly soon felt as if she had lived at Hazelbrae almost all her life. She had been a pale little creature, but now her face was round and rosy, like the pink tint of the peaches on the trees at the end of the garden. As Morgan had told Elizabeth long before, Polly loved to play out of doors,—to run and jump and romp; and would much rather pick berries or go for apples or hunt eggs in the barn than help Hannah about the house. Indoors, nevertheless, she always went to and fro with a song; but Hannah, thinking it like the song of a caged bird, was not sorry when she escaped into the sunshine.

"Time enough to teach her house-keeperly ways when winter sets in," said Mrs. Campbell.

The latter was fond of gardening, and Polly soon gained her favor by being interested to keep the flower-plots on the terrace free from weeds. Perhaps the secret of this willingness was that, when she was thus employed, the worthy lady beguiled the time with many stories and amusing anecdotes; in turn encouraging the little girl to talk of herself and Morgan, and her mother who was gone. Thus the young orphan and her new friend soon became well acquainted with each other.

But it must be admitted Polly was wild. Elizabeth recognized her as a kindred spirit in all sports and daring pranks; while Leo and even Bernard sometimes did not disdain to follow her leadership. "Polly has lots of pluck," Bernard affirmed; "and who would have thought so when she came here, she was so quiet and almost timid like!"

That such restless and fun-loving young people as those of Hazelbrae often got into mischief need not be said. True,

Bernard was away in the fields with Patrick and Wilhelm most of the time; but Polly, Elizabeth and Leo managed to involve themselves in a considerable number of scrapes without his assistance.

One day Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Janet went to New York on a shopping expedition. Hannah was busy making pies and cookies,—it was really astonishing what a quantity of cookies disappeared in that household.

"Now, children, keep out of my way, and I'll give you a fine plateful when they are done," she said; and, with this recompense in prospect, they looked about for other diversion.

"I'm going off with Bernard," said Leo. a few moments later; "he and the men are in the meadow haying."

"Do wait for us!" pleaded his sister. "It is such fun to play in the hay. Don't you think so, Polly?"

Of course Polly thought so, and begged them to delay until she could get her "shaker,"—a straw sunbonnet of the shape affected by the religious sect so denominated. Such bonnets were also used by the women and children of the country thereabouts; and, as they afforded excellent protection from the sun, Mrs. Colton had bought one for her little daughter and one for Polly. Elizabeth's was white, with a blue cape, and quilling edging the brim, and blue ribbon strings; Polly's, brown and white, with brown trimmings.

The two girls ran away to make ready for the walk to the meadow; but soon Elizabeth returned, still shakerless, to the veranda, where Leo was industriously whittling, apparently so as not to lose any time.

"O Leo," she cried, "there is such a queer little noise in the chimney of the sewing-room!"

"Perhaps it is a robber trying to get into the house that way," he replied,—half with the purpose of startling her, but

also because his daring imagination was always suggesting stirring incidents and adventures to enliven the life around him.

"It sounded more like a mouse," said practical Polly, who had followed her friend at a slower pace. "Or perhaps it was only the breeze. You know what a moaning sound it makes when it blows the boughs of the nut-tree against the roof."

The chimneys of Hazelbrae were of the wide, old-fashioned kind, down which it would not indeed have been difficult for an intruder, with dishonest intent, to clamber. Here, on the open hearths, stout hickory logs blazed in winter, supported by shining brass andirons called "dogs." During the summer, however, these genial caverns, that would have delighted the heart of Santa Claus, were naturally abandoned to darkness and gloom; being shut out from the apartments by fireboards, or screens, of which the one in the sewing-room was adorned with an elaborate Watteau scene, of a style of wall-paper seldom met with nowadays.

Although Leo's supposition of burglars occasioned Elizabeth momentary dismay, and was perhaps the cause of some little subsequent nervousness on her part, at present she scouted the idea.

"Nonsense! it is a squeaky noise, yet not like a mouse or the tree either."

The three hurriedly clattered upstairs to investigate, pausing at the door of the sewing-room.

"Now, don't you hear it?" Elizabeth asked, as a strange treble "peep" came from the vicinity of the chimney. "Do you think it could be snakes?"

"Snakes make a whirring sound, you know," replied Polly.

Leo pushed away the sofa from in front of the chimney; Polly with difficulty pulled out the fireboard a few inches and peered into the dark recess. The air there was cold and damp, and when she drew back her head she had a streak of soot across her nose.

"I saw something, though," she said,—"something alive, rustling about on the hearth."

The others looked in and saw it too, but could not distinguish what it was. After some perseverance the fireboard was pulled out entirely.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Leo, as it gave way before a vigorous tug, throwing him down and falling over on him.

The bright sunlight shone through the windows and penetrated into the chimney.

"Oh, dear,—oh!" broke out the girls, simultaneously.

There on the hearth lay a featherless young bird, fluttering in a vain attempt to escape, and every few moments uttering its frightened chirp.

"Helloo! looks like a living skeleton, doesn't he?" began Leo, disencumbering himself of the fireboard.

"The poor little thing!" murmured Polly, taking it in her hand. "It is scared almost to death."

"It must be a swallow," said Elizabeth. "I suppose there is a nest of them up the chimney, and this one fell down."

"Jingo! but he is a comical chap! What are you going to do with him? He would just suit Phœbus now. Phœbus is a sensible fellow, and doesn't care for fuss and feathers, you know."

Leo laughed heartily at his own joke, but the girls were indignant at the idea of the tiny swallow becoming a meal for the black cat,— "that yellowed-eyed nager," as Patrick named him.

"If we could only put it back in the nest!" sighed Elizabeth.

"We can if the nest is anywhere near the top of the chimney," responded Polly. "It is as easy as anything to get out on the roof; I tried it the other day."

Elizabeth looked at her in surprise, and even Leo was somewhat taken aback at the proposition.

"It is just lovely up there," she went on, unconscious of the sensation she was

creating. "You can see ever so far, and the wind blows so fresh!"

"But how did you get there? Through the skylight?" inquired Elizabeth.

"No: it was locked. I went out one of the garret windows."

The house was not high, and in the centre, where the gables joined, was a level place ornamented by a light railing, or balustrade. To escape by the skylight and slide down the inner slope to this point would have been a prank venturesome enough; but to go out by the window was a foolhardy escapade, and Elizabeth often shuddered afterward at the thought of the consequences which might have attended their rashness and folly. At the time, however, the girls thought only of restoring the poor bird to its nest; and Leo was, as usual, ready for any adventure. Polly therefore, after gently tucking the young swallow into her pocket for safe transport, led the way.

Having reached the garret, it was an easy matter to step out on the roof, and then she began to climb up the gradual slope, holding on by the woodwork that projected from the sides of the dormer-window. The others followed nimbly enough, and presently all three reached the level place and peered down into the north chimney. It was dark and chill, and there was no sign of a nest anywhere.

"Oh, dear! what *shall* we do with the poor little fellow?" cried Polly, taking the much-enduring bird from her pocket. "If he were only able to fly, there would be no trouble at all."

"Listen! What is that?" said Elizabeth.

There certainly was a faint sound from the depths of the chimney.

"The other young swallows in the nest are lamenting for their long-lost brother," suggested Leo, facetiously.

Suddenly there was a faint flutter below. The girls started back with an involuntary exclamation. A dusky object rose from beneath, swept past them, and then

circled wildly above their heads. It was the mother-bird in search of her nestling.

Leo warded her off; while Polly, leaning over, deposited the young one on a ledge in the chimney.

"Now come away," she said. "The mother-bird will know how to manage better than we can."

They walked around the enclosed space at the top of the roof. The view was as fine as Polly had described it, the breeze as delightful; yet somehow the adventure was not very enjoyable, after all.

Leo, to be sure, capered about as if trying to persuade himself he was having a particularly jolly time; but his antics made Elizabeth uneasy.

"Let us go back," she urged. "Suppose Hannah should catch us up here and tell mother?"

"Hannah would not complain of us," declared Polly.

"Yes, but she might take a notion it was her duty to tell," argued Elizabeth, remembering the good woman's conscientious disposition.

"I don't care if she does," insisted Leo.

Nevertheless, the girls at last persuaded him it would be well to return with them. Accordingly he scrambled down the slope and back into the garret, which was also safely gained by Polly. Elizabeth followed cautiously, holding on by the overhanging roof of the dormer. Now she turned the corner and straightway would have been with the others, but, alas! at this moment, she chanced to disturb a wasp, or "yellow jacket," that was taking an airing under the eaves of the projection. The angry insect flew out and buzzed about her. She might fall to the ground if she let go her hold to beat him off; all she could do was to bob her head about distractedly and scream. Such tactics were of no avail: the wasp alighted a second on her flushed face, then soared away with vicious unconcern; while Polly and Leo dragged her in through the window.

"Oh, how unfortunate! Are you badly stung?" wailed Polly.

"I'm afraid so," rejoined the unlucky little girl, panting, and with tears in her eyes, which she vainly strove to repress. "It is my upper lip," she continued, putting her handkerchief to her mouth. "It feels as if it were on fire and growing as big as a—"

"A rhinoceros," interposed Leo, in a well-meant attempt to cheer her up under her misfortune.

"You horrid boy!" protested Polly.

"Oh, dear! it *does* pain so!" faltered his sister, between laughing and crying.

Poor Elizabeth was indeed in a sorry plight. What matter now whether Hannah discovered and complained of them or not? She herself would be her own accuser; for where about the house were there any wasps except around the windows of the garret, to which she was forbidden to go?

It was a sadly disfigured countenance that she exhibited to Hannah shortly afterward, in answer to the summons of the latter, whose high-keyed voice called them through the house. Hannah threw up her hands in consternation at the sight. There was no use in trying to keep the secret from her.

"Well, well! what mischief will you be up to next?" she ejaculated, with a shake of the head. "Your mother will read you a fine lecture for this."

It was only after much cajoling, and out of sympathy for the sufferer, that she finally consented to say nothing of the affair to Mrs. Colton. Elizabeth hoped, by frequent bathing of the stung lip, to reduce it to its natural size before evening. Yet, notwithstanding all her efforts, when her mother returned she still presented a rather woebegone appearance.

"Perhaps it won't be noticed much," she said to herself, endeavoring to keep in the background as persistently as possible,—an attempt in which Leo and

Polly lent her every aid in their power.

Such unusual conduct of itself could not fail to attract attention.

"What makes Elizabeth so quiet and demure?" queried grandma.

"Come here, my dear," said Mrs. Colton. "Are you ill?—good gracious, child!" she went on hurriedly getting a full view of her swollen face. "What *have* you been doing?"

"A wasp stung me," stammered Elizabeth, devoutly wishing she might get off without a detailed explanation.

It was not to be. With a mother's intuition, divining that there was something more, Mrs. Colton asked a leading question:

"Why, how did this happen?"

Now, Elizabeth often essayed to wriggle out of unpleasant predicaments, and was not slow to invent excuses, but she would not tell a downright untruth. In her present dilemma, therefore, she hesitated, colored, and awkwardly traced with her foot the pattern of the south parlor carpet.

The sting was still painful, the loss of the silver cup was still unacknowledged: to have any more on her conscience would be, she felt, unbearable. So, with a deprecatory glance at Leo and Polly, bursting into tears, she haltingly told the story of the expedition to the roof, passing over merely the fact that Polly had proposed it. Ingenuous and honest Polly interrupted the recital, however, to take her share of the blame.

"Of course we had to promise never to go there again," explained Leo, in relating the circumstances to Bernard afterward. "Mother got awful white, and it made us feel bad to think we had frightened her so; but she only said she guessed the wasp had taught us that when one is disobedient, or sets forth on mischievous adventures, something is nearly always sure to happen that causes one to be found out."

(To be continued.)





REGINA COELI.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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On a Statue.

A DREAM of chaste, white loveliness art thou,
With seal of purity on veiled brow,
And eyes downcast, as though in prayer
Within thy heart-shrine, 'mong the lilies fair
The artist felt were growing, when he wrought
The block of marble to express his thought.

Ah! form of stone, the beauty thou dost wear
Is but a shadow of the radiance rare
That falls upon thy model from God's throne,
And makes a glory all divine her own;
Thou art man's thought revealed in Christian art,
And she the thought of God wrought in His Heart.

Our Lady of Melheha.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O. S. B.

PROBABLY very few who read this title will have any idea as to which quarter of the globe Melheha belongs. It happens to be a little village perched on the rocks of the northern part of the island of Malta, and lies about thirteen miles away from Valletta, the capital. Its name is derived from the Maltese word *melh*, signifying salt, as most of the salt used on the island is obtained from the rocks in the vicinity, where sea-water is evaporated in shallow

troughs cut for the purpose. In the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, St. Luke, one of St. Paul's fellow-travellers, gives the account of their shipwreck on the island and of their three months' sojourn there. Now, Melheha is in close proximity to St. Paul's Bay, the scene of the shipwreck; and constant tradition has affirmed that the first Christian church on the island of Malta was founded by the great Apostle in that place by the dedication of a large cave in the rock to the worship of God under the patronage of the Virgin Mother. In subsequent ages a stone church was built adjoining the grotto, as we shall see presently.

During their stay on the island St. Luke is believed to have painted on the rock, in a recess at the back of this cave, a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which is still venerated with the greatest devotion by the islanders. We may remark that this is not the only treasure of the kind preserved in Malta. The cathedral possesses another of St. Luke's paintings executed during his stay; and in S. Maria Damascena, the church of the Uniat Greeks, is another. This latter was brought from Rhodes to Malta by the Knights of St. John; tradition affirms that long before it had been miraculously transported over the sea from Damascus to Rhodes, surrounded by supernatural light. Cornelius à Lapide bears witness to the existence in his day of these three paintings in Malta.

In spite of the equally precious pictures in other parts of the island, the Maltese look upon the shrine at Melheha as the most sacred of those dedicated to the Mother of God. From time immemorial it has been a favorite place of pilgrimage and the source of many miraculous favors. The stone church added to the original grotto is a small building containing a nave and two aisles; that on the Epistle side, owing to the situation of the place, being twice as wide as the other. The grotto, which has been left in its natural state, forms the sanctuary of the little church which is called Our Lady of the Nativity. The high altar stands in the centre of the grotto, which is about fifteen feet in depth. Between the body of the church and this sanctuary is a strong iron railing shutting off all access to the more sacred portion; beyond this barrier no one is ordinarily allowed to pass, except a priest to say Mass, and the necessary attendants and care-takers. Behind the altar is a raised platform of stone approached by steps on either side. This runs along the back of the cave, immediately in front of a recess in which the miraculous picture is painted. This recess is again railed off by iron bars, and these are covered by a very good copy of St. Luke's Madonna, which is seen over the altar from the church. This picture itself is much venerated.

Round the grotto are to be seen the ancient crosses made when the primitive sanctuary was solemnly consecrated by a number of bishops on their way to one of the early African Councils, whose name and date—subjects of much controversy—we need not now consider. Many hundreds of *ex-votos* hang round the rough walls of the cave; some of them are very extraordinary. There are miniature ships and boats, and even coils of thick rope, telling of deliverance from shipwreck; waxen arms, legs, and other portions of the human frame speak of favors of another

kind. In the sacristy are rude paintings, striking in their want of artistic merit, but eloquent of many wonderful answers to prayer obtained at this shrine; in many cases names and dates lend authenticity to the marvels thus recorded.

This little church as far back as the time of St. Gregory the Great was a parish church. At the invasion of Malta by the Turks it was deserted by the people, who took refuge in the more southern parts of the island. Yet, although the church gradually fell into ruins, the shrine itself was never desecrated, as so many others were. The infidels are said even to have made offerings of oil for the lamps in order to obtain favorable voyages. Thus the sacred picture continued unharmed until, peaceful times returning, the church was rebuilt and restored to divine worship.

Although at all times a favorite place of pilgrimage, the shrine of Melheha is more numerously visited in periods of special calamity. At such times it has witnessed more than one great concourse of pilgrims from Valletta itself. In 1887, when cholera raged in Malta, Bishop Buhaja, the administrator, led a grand procession here to implore the intercession of the Mother of God. The little church was quite inadequate to hold the vast assembly, and the Bishop celebrated Mass in the quadrangle outside. After the service, as on all pilgrimages, the multitude of people streamed through the church and into the grotto—thrown open at such times to all;—and, passing behind the altar, ascended to the opening where the picture was exposed to view, and moved on, after satisfying their devotion, to descend the steps on the other side. Never does Our Lady refuse the help thus sought. On this occasion the epidemic ceased after the pilgrimage. In other years the result has been as manifestly miraculous. Thus in 1640, 1645, and 1814, a raging pestilence was stayed when a general pilgrimage had been made to the

shrine. In 1740 a long continued drought which threatened a succeeding famine led the faithful in crowds to Mary's sanctuary. The copy of St. Luke's picture was carried in procession outside the church, and as soon as it re-entered rain fell copiously.

Not only when a pilgrimage arrives is the picture exposed, but on some of the chief solemnities of the year as well, especially the principal feasts of Our Lady. The privilege of entering the grotto, and visiting the picture exposed for the occasion, is also granted by the Archbishop to such as petition for the favor; and in certain circumstances the parish priest has power to allow it. When the iron gates which cover it are unlocked the recess is found to be hung round with *ex-votos*,—some of a most costly description, consisting of gold and jewelled necklaces, bracelets, etc. The painting resembles all those ascribed to St. Luke, preserved in Rome and elsewhere. It is dark with age, but the clear, bright eyes of the figure give a very lifelike expression to the work. It bears the Greek characters *ΜΡ. ΘΥ. ΜΗΤΕΡ ΘΕΟΥ* (Mother of God), so frequently found on ancient pictures of the Blessed Virgin.

But the sanctuary of Melheha is of a twofold character. Besides the ancient picture venerated in the church, a statue in a subterranean vault in the vicinity has exhibited many instances of supernatural manifestations. This vault is an excavation in the rocks at a lower level than the church, and indeed lies partly under it, though quite distinct from it. It is entered by a flight of steps leading from the square adjoining the church. The statue is hewn out of a hard white stone resembling granite, is of more than life-size, and of striking majesty. It stands on a pedestal roughly hewn out of the side of the cave, and from under one of the feet of the statue flows a clear stream of water.

This statue has been made famous in the island by a marvellous fact connected

with it, unexplainable on natural grounds. Hundreds of visitors to the cave in which it stands have seen at various times the stone arm and hand of the statue become flexible like those of a living person,—Our Lady raising her hand and signing a cross over her clients in benediction. Some have also seen the blessing given by the Holy Child, and other movements of a similar nature have taken place from time to time. The occurrence is too well known in Malta to allow of contradiction; and from frequent repetition, during the last two centuries at least, is now a matter of common credence. In *The Month* for November, 1893, an English Jesuit—the Rev. Father McHale—gave a very interesting description of a visit which he paid to the statue on the Feast of St. Joseph of that year, in company with sixty students from the Jesuit College in Malta, when everyone present saw the movements, which continued for half an hour. The same Father paid two other visits, and on one occasion saw the wonder repeated. He was able to assure himself, by a thorough examination, of the absolute impossibility of fraud of any kind. But something still more extraordinary is related of the same statue.

About a century ago, on account of the increase of devotion resulting from these strange occurrences, the authorities of the parish decided to remove the Madonna to the church above. With the Bishop's permission, this was done; but, wonderful to relate, on the following morning the statue, consisting as it does of one solid block of stone, was found to have been removed from the church and replaced in the cave. The same thing was repeated after a second translation, and finally it was decided that no further attempt at dislodgment should be made. A new church of larger dimensions is now in process of building, for the better accommodation of pilgrimages; and some idea has been entertained of trying for the

third time to remove the statue. Should this be attempted, it remains to be seen how Our Lady will regard the change.

It is a striking proof of the strong faith of the Maltese that the wonders wrought by means of the statue have not in any way lessened the devotion to the sacred picture in the church. St. Luke's Madonna is still the primary object of pilgrimage, in spite of the marvels (and among them not a few notable cures) related of the miraculous statue. That Our Lady should show her power in extraordinary ways is no wonder to these thoroughly Catholic hearts. Whether their praises and prayers are offered in the cave before the statue, or in the little church before the time-honored picture, it is the same Madonna in either case to whom they pay their loving homage. There is no desertion of an old shrine to run after comparatively new manifestations of supernatural power: it is rather the case that Our Lady's affectionate interest in her people, shown by these fresh tokens, attracts greater numbers to the ancient shrine to thank her for her never-dying love. A proof of this is seen in the fact that *ex-votos* are often promised and offered in the subterranean cave and afterward placed in the church above. The real feeling seems to be that a pilgrim to Melheha now has two sanctuaries to visit instead of one; but in each of them one and the same Heavenly Protectress is ever ready to answer his petitions.

The shrine at Melheha has an interest of another kind: it links with the memory of the great Doctor of the Gentiles a loving devotion to Mary. St. Paul, the ideal of a "Gospel preacher" in the eyes of Protestantism, has founded on these barren rocks an oratory sacred to that Virgin-Mother whom Protestant theology has done its best to revile and dishonor. Would that we could bring home to those hearts who stand so greatly in need of it the salutary lesson which the thought conveys!

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XII.

IT is doubtful if the earth can show anything more glorious than the view from the walls of the fortress of La Ferrière. Magnificent in extent—for the lofty mountain dominates all the northern portion of the island,—it is also of surpassing loveliness, from the blending of land and sea in the vast picture, and the exquisite tints with which Nature robes herself in these enchanted regions. Immediately, and far as the gaze can sweep eastward, are mountains and yet again mountains, broken, tossed, confused; green near by—since covered to their summits with dense tropical verdure,—but melting afar into the most ethereal azure. Among them lie valleys so completely enclosed that it seems as if no outlet were possible for them; also deep gorges where the foot of man has rarely if ever penetrated, through the luxuriance of vegetation which fills them. Clouds abound, enveloping the highest peaks in soft white masses, sun-kissed to dazzling splendor; piled rampart-like behind others, and yet again moving majestically across the sky, and turning some great mountain side to darkest purple with their shadows. But, noble as are the forms and masses of the immense furrowed heights, and heavenly as are the tints in which they drape themselves as they recede, they can not detain the gaze from the wide scene northward—the long sweep of the magical blue plain to the city and bay of the Cape, and the boundless expanse of shining ocean beyond, flashing to the horizon. On the left the isle of Tortuga—that old home of the buccaneers—may be descried, rising picturesquely out of the waters which surround it; while to the

right the lovely Bay of Manzanilla lies; and farther still the dream-like heights of Monte-Christo stand between a yet more dream-like sea and sky.

And of the air which comes to these high battlements—fresh with the salt freshness of the sea, fraught with the thousand perfumes of the odorous land, and pure as the heaven into which it blows,—what words can speak! It is delightful and invigorating as an elixir of life; and Atherton, while expanding his lungs with it, said to himself that there was healing in it for any ill that mortal frame could know; and that, whether by accident or design, he had been led to the land of all other lands which suited him best. Again and yet again, gazing over its outspread beauty and thinking of its untold fertility, he marvelled at the fate which had befallen this enchanting island, so rich in all that Nature can give in her most prodigal mood.

"One would like to turn buccaneer and reconquer it," he said; and De Marsillac smiled.

"I have been thinking just that," he answered; "and wishing that we were in the robust days when it would have been done without a moment's hesitation."

"As far as that goes, these days are quite sufficiently robust," said Atherton. "We have not developed any very high conscience with regard to the rights of savages to occupy a land they can not develop,—as witness the march of Europeans into Africa. Yet here is a land more beautiful, more fruitful than any part of the Dark Continent, and it is left in the hands of absolute savages, because, forsooth! the nations are like watch-dogs:

...snarling at each other's heels."

"Absolute savages indeed!" said the other. "I wonder, by the bye, if this terrible precipice down which we are gazing is what was called 'the Grand Boncan' because of the vast number of wretched creatures whom Christophe had hurled

over it? That was one of his favorite modes of execution, you know."

"What an awful pleasantry—the Grand Boncan!" observed Atherton. "Yes, I fancy this must be the place; for, sheer and steep as the mountain sides are all around, this is the most sheer descent of all. A man flung from this wall would fall at least a thousand feet—probably more."

"Perhaps the bones of his innumerable victims are whitening down there yet," said the boy, gazing as if fascinated into the abyss. Then suddenly he looked away, very pale. "Does it not make you dizzy, sick and faint to gaze from such a height?" he asked his companion.

The latter smiled. "No," he replied. "I have tested my head too often in mountain climbing. Two years ago I ascended the Matterhorn. That settles once for all what kind of a head one has; for if it fails *there* one does not return to tell the tale."

"But why risk your life on the steadiness of your head—merely to climb a mountain?"

"Ah! that is a question which can not be answered to the satisfaction of anybody who does not know the fascination of such climbing and such danger. As for me, I am fond of exploring in all forms; and if I am doomed to be an idler, I shall become a wanderer and endeavor to leave no spot of the globe unseen. Will you wander with me? It is thanks to you that I am here to-day; and I think—in fact, I am sure—that we should make good comrades."

The boy laughed. "You forget," he said, "that I am the man of the family at home. They could not do without me."

"I did forget that important fact," replied Atherton, gravely; "although you have told me of it before. But when you have arranged the affair of Mademoiselle Diane, there will be nothing to detain you longer."

"On the contrary, there will be everything. I attend to the plantation; I see

to all matters of business; I—in short, I am *necessary* to them.”

“Happy boy! To be necessary to anybody is a great privilege; but when it is to an entire family of charming women, the privilege becomes immense.”

“You are laughing at me,” said the other, simply. “You think I exaggerate my own importance; and it is not strange you should think so, since I look—since I am so young. But they would all tell you the same thing at home.—And now isn’t it time we were starting back? We have seen all the castle; and if we are to reach Beaulieu before night—”

Atherton glanced around. The group of their attendants were at some distance, evidently listening while the old custodian dilated, as his gestures showed, upon the Grand Boncan; and the Jamaica guide translated his words for the benefit of the Englishman, whose countenance was a study of disgust and horror. The two were thus left quite alone together on the high wall of this strange citadel, amid the solitary hills.

“We will start soon,” Atherton then answered. “But first let me explain to you more fully than it seems I have yet explained why I think the pretence of looking for minerals necessary. Stones, even if they possess no real value, are heavy. If I fill a couple of sacks, which I have taken the precaution to bring, with specimens picked up in these hills, do you not understand that it is in order to empty them out at Beaulieu—should we find what we hope for,—and substitute for them the gold which we could not otherwise carry without rousing suspicion?”

“Yes, I understand. You did explain so much. But I thought your plan was that *after* we had found the gold (for until found there is a doubt whether or not it is still there), you should then make a pretence of prospecting for minerals.”

“There are two objections to such a course. First, it would be much more

likely to excite suspicion when our doings are talked of, as they are sure to be as soon as we return to the Cape; and, secondly, it would be straining probability very much to assert that one had found minerals at Beaulieu. No: these mountains are the place for our find. You must have patience while I go through the form of a little prospecting—it need not be very much,—and have my sacks filled with stones. If we carry them weighted to Beaulieu, there will be nothing to excite comment in our carrying them still weighted away.”

“You have thought of everything,” said the boy; “and I am most ungrateful to find any fault. Of course you are right, and I understand now why you talked of minerals to the schoolmaster at Milot last night.”

“Believe me we can not take too many precautions to avoid any risk of suspicion. If it were once known that we were engaged in raising hidden treasure, do you think you would be allowed to retain even the least part of it? Most certainly not. And now, taking all these things into consideration, can you support with philosophy the thought of spending another night in Milot should we reach there late, and not returning to Beaulieu until to-morrow?”

“If I must, why”—with a sigh—“I can. But is it really necessary? Can you not merely pause on our way down long enough to pick up some stones? I suppose any stones will do.”

“I should prefer some containing mineral in observable quantity, if possible; for I have Mr. Hoffman to consider as well as the guide. Almost any mineral will do; and these hills are certain to contain deposits of one kind or another.”

“Well,”—with another sigh—“you must do what you think best, and I will try to be patient. But it will be rather a joke upon us if we carry the stones to Beaulieu and do not find the gold.”

"I have no doubt of finding the gold; but whether I had doubt or not, I should carry the stones," Atherton answered. "A wise general does not wait to load his guns until he is in presence of the enemy. Now, one last look over this scene of Paradise, and then *allons!*"

It was an hour later, as they were descending the steep road along which they had ascended not more laboriously, that Atherton, who was riding in front of the cavalcade, suddenly called a halt by stopping his own horse.

"George," he said, turning to address the guide, "I see another trail here leading off from ours. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, sah, nuffin," George answered, decidedly. "Neber been anywheres here 'cept to de citadel."

"Where do you suppose this probably leads?"

"Ober de mountain to some valley, sah, where dere's a village. Can't lead nowheres else. Mus' be pretty far off, too," he said.

"Well, I am not interested in its ultimate destination, but I am going to follow it for a short distance; for I think it goes deeper into the hills than ours."

"Lord, sah!" remonstrated the startled George. "Ain't we deep 'nough in de hills now? Better stick to de road; might git los' in all dis wildness."

"How can we possibly get lost if we keep the trail? All we shall need to do when we want to return is to retrace our steps. Gilbert, have you the prospecting tools ready?"

"Yes, sir—all ready," replied Gilbert.

"Then follow me, all of you. Henri, you have no fear of being lost, I suppose? I merely want to take a look at those hills over yonder."

"Not the least fear," De Marsillac said, readily and truthfully enough; for Atherton's last words to him as they mounted

beneath the castle walls had been: "It will not do to find my mineral deposit immediately *on the road*. That, you know, would be too easily verified. So don't be surprised if I lead you into some less accessible spot."

The less accessible spot was to be sought now; and, with an earnest hope that this trying but indispensable pretence of prospecting might soon be over, the boy turned his horse into the scarcely perceptible trail which Atherton's keen glance had perceived. Branching abruptly from their road, it wound off around the shoulder of the mountain in a southeastwardly direction, and speedily plunged into an even wilder region than any they had yet seen. Giant heights, forest clad to their crests, enclosed them; deep green gorges opened below; and, save for the path they were following, there was not a token of man's presence in all this solitude of Nature.

Continuing to wind around the hills rather than descend abruptly like the road they had left, the trail led them on until it finally dipped to cross the mouth of a deep, narrow ravine, through which a hidden stream flowed with much sweet music of falling, tumbling, rushing water. And here Atherton halted again.

"I can find no better place than this," he said to De Marsillac, who was near him—speaking in a low voice. "In such cañons one looks for minerals, because the erosions of the water have through long ages laid bare the secrets of the rocks. The trouble in these tropical regions is, however, that they are soon covered again by vegetation. But one must do the best one can." Then dismounting, "Gilbert, give me my hammer," he requested.

"Shall I come with you, Mr. Atherton?" asked the man, as, dismounting in turn, he brought the implement desired.

"Yes. Bring a pick and the sacks. George, you will stay here with the horses. Henri, what are you about?"

"Coming with you, of course," the person addressed answered, as he swung himself out of the saddle. "Do you think I have no spirit of an explorer?"

Atherton laughed.

"You can't be of the least service," he said; "and you'll find it very hard work to break through this undergrowth. But come along if you like. We shall follow up the stream."

Following the stream proved to be difficult work, so dense was the growth along its banks; while overhead branches and foliage intertwined so closely that sunlight was entirely excluded, and a dim, green twilight reigned. The soil was covered with a thick tangle of ferns, moss, and an immense variety of plants for which the strangers knew no name; interlacing vines leaped from tree to tree, and luxuriant parasites filled every open space; while through this exquisite world of greenery the flashing water came in crystal pools, which mirrored the feathery tendrils and gorgeous blossoms drooping above them.

Although taking little interest in the search for minerals, save that of wishing it well over, De Marsillac was struck by the manner in which Atherton seemed bent upon thoroughly carrying out the form of seeking. Wherever along the banks of the stream the least outcropping of rock appeared through the luxuriant vegetation, he paused at once to examine it; and after one or two of these pauses seemed to become as interested as if the search had been a reality instead of a pretence. At least so the observer said to himself, until at last, becoming weary of the struggle through the dense undergrowth, and of a tramp which seemed leading them farther and farther into the wildest recesses of the hills whose steeply towering sides rose above them, he ventured on a remonstrance.

"Don't you think," he said, as they paused for the fifth or sixth time where

aqueous erosion had laid bare a ledge of rock on the side of the stream, "that this would serve your purpose without going farther?"

Atherton, who was bending over the spot, breaking off fragments of rock with the pick, looked up, somewhat flushed and breathless.

"Without going farther!" he repeated, and then he laughed. "A curious thing has happened. Sham has turned into earnest. I have found gold!"

"What!—really?"

"Yes, really. Do you know it when you see it? Here is a piece of ore showing free gold." He drew from the outside pocket of his coat a small fragment of quartz, and pointed to one or two tiny spots upon it. "This," he said, "is what miners call 'float'—brought down the stream from a vein above. As certainly as we stand here, my dear boy, there is a mine—a genuine mine—of gold in these hills."

"It is very strange that you should have chanced upon the signs of it," said De Marsillac, looking with wonder at the bit of ore which told so much. "But you are not going to search for the mine itself, are you?" he added presently. *It* does not concern us."

"It concerns us to have something genuine to show for our prospecting, and something astonishing too. Gold has never been found before in these Haytian mountains, although any prospector would know that the range probably contained it. Consequently, this is an immensely interesting find; and you must bear with me while I follow it up."

"Will it be of value—to you?"

"To me—no, nor probably to any one else. But you don't consider scientific curiosity. I must find where this float has come from."

Further remonstrance would have been both useless and ungracious. The boy sighed—partly from weariness, partly

from longing to turn his face toward Beaulieu,—but made no remark; and followed the toilsome ascent of the gorge, when the speaker, returning the pick to Gilbert, went on.

It was perhaps unfortunate—at least De Marsillac thought so—that Atherton's interest was stimulated by finding other bits of float, as they followed the stream, which led them with every step higher as well as deeper among the hills; for the spirit of a prospector was now thoroughly aroused in him, and none the less because cupidity lent no zest to it. The find could be, as he had already remarked, of no value to him; nevertheless, his interest was intensely excited in tracing out this secret of Nature, which, hidden from the eyes of all other men for centuries, was now revealed to his.

So on, still on they went,—Atherton growing more absorbed as the scent, in hunting phrase, grew warmer; and De Marsillac more fatigued from the double labor of forcing a way through the undergrowth and of climbing,—for they were now ascending the mountain which headed the gorge.

And here—as Atherton knew must be the case—he found at last that which he sought. Cut by the action of the stream in its downward course, the vein from which the float had come was revealed on either bank—a distinctly marked strata of unmistakable gold-bearing quartz.

Atherton suddenly uttered an exclamation as exultant as if he had been a Colorado miner seeking his fortune, when he saw the ledge of stream-washed and decomposed rock.

"Eureka!" he cried. "I knew it must be here. Henri, we have found the mine!"

(To be continued.)

I SUPPOSE people never feel so much like angels as when they are doing what little good they may.—*Hawthorne.*

The Daisy's Crimson Stain.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

SMILING in her joy serene,
Sat the Maiden-Mother mild
Where, on Syrian meadows green,
Sweetly played the Holy Child.
Hither came a merry throng
Crowned with springtide blossoms rare,
And, with gleeful shout and song,
Circled round the Christ-Child there.
To her face His look divine
Fondly lifting, pleaded He:
"Prithee, twine, O Mother mine,
Garlands bright as these for Me!"
Choicest blooms she sought in vain,
Only daisies starred the sod;
So she wreath'd a daisy chain
For her meekly hidden God.
As the simple crown she weaves,
Wound by shining needle made
Sheddeth o'er the snowy leaves
Crimson stain that ne'er shall fade.
Aye since then the favor'd flower
On its petals pure and white
Bears, as Mary's precious dower,
Glowing spots like rubies bright;
And till endeth Nature's reign
Shall those blood-red markings blest,
As mementos sweet, remain
On the daisy's snowy crest.

Chronicles of "The Little Sisters."

I.—MORE THAN BROTHERS.

IT was in the early days of the Home for the Aged at C. that two old men came one morning to apply for admission. They were Irish; seemingly about the same age, feeble both, and rheumatic; very poorly but cleanly dressed; of similar height, and not unlike in features and complexion. Confident of a welcome, they had brought their small earthly possessions tied up in red handkerchiefs,—a touching

and pathetic sight, as they stood quietly waiting while the good Mother put some necessary questions.

"Are you brothers?" she asked, addressing herself to the one who had been spokesman.

"No," answered the other, casting an affectionate look at his companion; "but we are more. Dinny here—"

"None of that now,—none of that!" interrupted his companion, hurriedly. "You won't forget your promise? You've kept it these ten years, an' you won't break it now? I'll do the talkin'; I'm better at it than you," he continued, with a smile, turning once more to the good Mother. "We're not brothers, Sister," he said. "Sure he's a far better-lookin' man than me, an' different altogether. You'll soon find that out for yourself when you have us here settled."

"He looks more feeble," replied the good Mother, turning again to the other; but even as she looked she became aware of another difference, which was more evident as she regarded them both.

"Dinny" seemed to interpret her thought.

"You see, ma'am," he said, "his two hands are crippled badly; he can't do much to earn his bit or sup, an' it's that way always with him. But I'm strong enough mostly to potter about the garden, if you'll have me,—barrin' the times when the rheumatiz lays me up. But I'll do double work after."

When they took up their little bundles to carry them to the dormitory the good Mother said:

"One is Dinny and the other?"

"Michael," was the reply.

"Oh, no, Sister!" interposed Dinny. "'Tis Michael, of course; but he's very different. If you'd call him Mr. McManus 'twould be more fittin'."

"Tut, tut, Dinny!" said the other. "If it is the custom, why should I not be called by my first name? Call me what

you please, ma'am," he said, cheerfully. "Michael is not a name to be ashamed of."

"Let it be Michael, then," replied the Sister. "You are all our children here; and it is our desire that you consider yourselves as such; and you are to address me as 'good Mother.'"

"It has a very comfortin' sound," said Dinny, as he trudged along the corridor to his destination. "An' I'm sure you'll act the mother to us, though we're twice as old as you,—maybe more."

When they had deposited their belongings on their respective beds—which, to Dinny's great satisfaction, were placed side by side,—the good Mother offered to conduct them to the men's sitting-room, in order to introduce them to those who were to be their future companions. This ceremony accomplished, after seeing his friend comfortably seated near the stove, Dinny followed the good Mother to the door, and into the office on the opposite side of the hall.

"Good Mother," he said—not without some timidity of manner,—“I'd like a private word with you, if you can spare me a minute.”

"Certainly," was the reply. "Be seated, Dinny." And the good Mother, taking a chair herself, indicated another to the old man.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am!" Dinny said; "but I was taught not to sit in the company of my betters,—ladies especially. I'll be more comfortable standin', an' I'll not keep you long. 'Tis a word in regard to Master—Mr. McManus I'd like to say to you, ma'am. He's different from me—very different, an' I'd like if there could be a little more consideration shown him."

"I don't understand you, Dinny," said the good Mother. "All are alike here—all are well treated. To be sure, in a place like this there are some who have at one time been better off in the world's good than others,—better educated and so on; but when they come here all are on a

level. Do you not see that if we were to make a distinction it would naturally serve to create dissatisfaction, even dissension, among the old people?"

"What you say is true, ma'am,—very true," said Dinny, with a sigh; "an' I don't doubt but it'll be all right. 'Tisn't *him* that would want it, ma'am,—not *him*. He's the humblest an' the meekest soul you ever had to deal with. 'Tis only *me*, ma'am, that thought, maybe if you knew his rearin' an' who his people were, you'd see it for yourself. Sister, I'll be honest with you. He's a gentleman,—an *Irish gentleman*, no less. Do you know what that means in the old country?"

The good Mother smiled. "I think I do, Dinny," she said. "And, while I do not doubt that your friend is an exception to the general rule, because his appearance and manner indicate as much, I have found the class of whom you speak more difficult to deal with than any other. I will tell you why. As a matter of fact, they have generally come to misfortune through their own fault, and their morals as well as manners have suffered in proportion. Bear well in mind, Dinny, that it is only poverty that is recognized as a pass-word here,—poverty and good behavior. It is not what a man *has* been but what he *is* that recommends him to the Home of the Aged. If, as I do not doubt, your friend is what you represent him to be, he is still a gentleman, in spite of misfortune."

Dinny sighed again. "I suppose you are right, ma'am," he said; "an' we'll leave it in your hands. Those inside seem a decent lot, an' I'm sure he'll be well treated. But I've somethin' else to say, ma'am," he continued, drawing a small purse from his pocket, from which he counted twenty dollars in bills, dimes, and nickels. "There's a man beyond the river owes me ten dollars. His father died not long since, an' when the accounts are settled up he'll be sure to pay,—he's an honest man. *That* money I'll present

you for yourself, good Mother, as a token that I'm not ungrateful for your kindness in takin' us in. But *this* money that I'm layin' in your hand now I've scraped and hoarded this long time, unbeknown to *him*. An' do you know why? For his burial, good Mother. I don't care what becomes of me" (here he gulped down a great sob); "but 'twould break my heart an' his if he'd be to be put in the 'poor lot,' with the outcasts and criminals and those that have no friends. Will you promise to give him a decent burial for this? Can you do it for the money?" The old man's voice trembled, tears stood in his eyes.

"Yes, I can and I *will*, Dinny," replied the good Mother, much affected. "And I will arrange about it at once, in case I should die myself or be removed."

"An' you'll not say a word to him till the right time comes, an' he dyin'?—for I feel it in my bones I'll go before him; though I'd rather 'twould be the other way—for reasons," said the old man.

"All shall be as you wish," answered the good Mother. "But now what of yourself, Dinny?"

He shook his head and turned away.

"After all, what does it matter?" said the good Mother. "All are laid in consecrated ground. I am sure many a fervent prayer is said over those graves; for our people have a kind heart for the loneliness of poverty."

"True, true," replied Dinny. "Once the thought of a pauper's grave was terrible to me; but I don't mind it any more, since I know I've saved *him* from it."

Wondering what could be the mysterious tie that united the two old men, yet delicately forbearing to question Dinny further, the good Mother dismissed him.

True to his promise, Dinny gave the extra ten dollars to the good Mother as soon as he received it.

Both men soon became great favorites at the Home, rendering cheerfully all the assistance their age and infirmities would

allow. Michael, as he was called, was very quiet and reserved, though polite and pleasant to all. As soon as it became known among the old men that he had received a good education, he became reader and amanuensis to the others. Old copies of *The Pilot* and occasional daily papers were thus perused from beginning to end; while gradually and insensibly, by reason of his superior knowledge and other qualifications, he began to receive the "consideration" for which poor Dinny had pleaded at first. He was frequently addressed as "Mr. McManus" instead of plain "Michael"; was the arbiter in all disputes; tacitly acknowledged as the one entitled to greatest respect and prominence among the fifty then resident at the Home. Never did ruler bear honors more affably or meekly; never did monarch possess more loyal subjects. And Dinny also shared in this honor and distinction; for the "consideration" shown his friend afforded him much greater satisfaction than it did the recipient. The two old men had not a single outside friend or visitor; yet none had better filled tobacco pouches or more serviceable pipes,—all furnished by their kindly companions.

A year and a half thus passed, and in the middle of an intensely cold winter several of the old men were stricken with pneumonia; among these was Dinny, and it soon became evident that his days were numbered. His companion watched over him with the greatest solicitude, refusing to take any rest night or day. The poor old man was unconscious nearly all the time, but the day before he died he began to recognize his surroundings. His eye brightened when he saw his friend. He was ready and willing to die, save for having to leave his other self.

"Sure I hoped you'd go first," he said, wistfully; "so that you wouldn't be alone entirely, an' I'd have the sweet privilege of offerin' a prayer at the grave-side whenever I'd like."

Here the good Mother made a sign to Mr. McManus. "He will relapse into unconsciousness perhaps," she said, "even before the priest can arrive. Say what you have to say, if there be anything." With that she prepared to retire, but Mr. McManus motioned her to remain.

"Good Mother," he said, "it is fitting that you should hear all that is to be said. I wish all the world could hear it. This dear man is my foster-brother; we were nursed at the same breast. When he came to this country forty years ago, young, hopeful, and strong, I also was a young and healthy man. My story is a sad one,—too sad to tell, good Mother. Enough to say that, through no fault of my own, I found myself, after a series of terrible misfortunes, an exile in a strange land—poor, friendless, unknown. I will frankly confess to you that I was about to take my own life when I accidentally met Dinny in the street and recognized him. He did not know me, but I soon made myself known. He took me home with him to his poor abode,—so poor indeed that he could scarcely find covering or food for himself; but of what he had, and of what he earned during the long year that I was bed-ridden, he gave me the largest share. And so we went along for nine years or more, until we came here. I think I am not mistaken, good Mother, when I say that the keenest of all our misfortunes in his sight was that he could not show me what he considered the respect due my former position in the old country we both once called home. That, good Mother, and the fear that when the end came I should have to lie in a pauper's grave—" Here the old man's voice broke, and, throwing himself on his knees beside the dying bed of his faithful companion, he seized the old withered hands in his own.

Dinny's eyes were closed, but tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

"Dinny!" cried the other, passionately,— "Dinny, do you hear me?"

"I do, Master Mike,—I do!" said the sick man, in a low tone. "Don't fret that way. Don't talk to me that way, Michael dear. What less could I do than I done for you? Ah! weren't you a great comfort to me as well?"

"Listen!" said the other. "I know what dread *you* had for a pauper's grave for yourself. But you won't lie in one, Dinny,—you won't lie in one. You mind when I told you my watch was stolen?—'twas the last thing I had left of the good old times. I stole it myself, Dinny, and I got twenty-five dollars for it; and it's here in my vest pocket, Dinny, and it will get you a decent grave."

The dying man laughed a low, soft pleased, melodious laugh. "O Master Mike!" he said, looking up at the smiling face of the good Mother. "'Tis a pair of rogues we were. But I'll die happy, for we'll lie together now."

It was reserved till later to inform Mr. McManus of the meaning of Dinny's exultant words. The priest was not too late to prepare the devout soul to meet its Maker. Dinny died next day, quietly, painlessly, after exacting a promise from his friend to tell the good Mother "all the misfortunate story." But he had not the opportunity to do so; for the day after Dinny was laid in the vault—the ground being covered with snow—Mr. McManus was taken with the same disease that had carried him off, and he died after three days' illness.

The story remained untold; but as much of it as was known so touched the heart of a charitable patron of the Home that he insisted on choosing a pleasant site for the twin graves, where, in the first mild spring weather, the friends and foster-brothers were laid. And there to-day they lie, under a gnarled old willow-tree, a simple wooden cross above them,—faithful in life, in death not divided. Another instance of the beautiful self-sacrifice and devotion so characteristic of the Irish race.

A Mist Over the Mountain.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

SUCH a tiny house, shadowed by broad gray eaves, covering a narrow gallery. In the windows, pots of flowers destined to brighten the winter's gloom. In summer and autumn their greenness was lost in the masses of wild herbage and foliage that overspread the lane, at the head of which the cottage stood well up on the mountain side. An end window overlooked "the mountain" and adjoining hills.

The two little women who occupied this dwelling could look downward likewise from their front door to the plains beneath, dotted with white farm-houses, silvered with streamlets; and they showed each other, shading eyes with hand, the far-off flash of Chambly Basin. Neither of them had been there. One had been to the city. She was never wearied telling of its strangeness—its shops with unknown wares, its multitudes of people in fine clothes, its noise, its splendid carriages, and above all its churches.

The sister who had never been there was of an imaginative turn. She peeped often at their great neighbor, the mountain, and took a certain pride in its changes of costume: its tender green of springtime, its deep hue of summer, its grayness of winter, and its scarlet and gold of autumn. She had absorbed something of it into her own life.

Mademoiselle Valerie was on the shady side of the fifties, Mademoiselle Marie a decade younger,—by reason of which she was permitted greater brightness in her attire and a less severe form of hair-dressing. Mademoiselle Marie sat on the gallery steps that autumn afternoon, busy with outspread heaps of herbs. There was a freshened color on her wrinkled cheek: she had been up to the mountain herb-gathering. Beside her lay also a great

bunch of scarlet and gold maple leaves, which she had plucked.

The neighbors, meeting her on the homeward way, made merry: "Ah, ha, Mademoiselle Marie! Like the city folk, thou hast been gathering leaves and weeds." And they had laughed heartily. Marie had shown them her basket of herbs, to prove that her time had not been spent in idle dalliance with Nature.

Mademoiselle Valerie, in common with her neighbors, held that autumn leaves and berries were but a delusion and a snare, fit only to point a moral or adorn a sermon, with their apt illustration of the perishableness of life. Nevertheless, she respected this weakness of her sister, and was ready to do battle for it if necessary.

"*Tiens!* but it was brave, the mountain," said Mademoiselle Marie,— "like the high altar on great feasts, when it has lamps of many colors."

Valerie laughed. "*Chut!*" she replied. "Monsieur le Curé might not be pleased."

"This 'dragon's blood' I have a good stock of," said Marie, waiving the point. She touched the red tendrils lovingly, as she laid the precious weeds aside. "And I have much gentian and the Virgin's slipper, and—see all besides!"

Valerie, in the rocking-chair, knitted in silence. It became evident that she was oblivious of her sister's treasures.

Mademoiselle Marie was mystified. At last she broke silence:

"What hast thou, my sister?"

"Our neighbor, the barber, at the foot of the lane—"

"What of him?"

"He has been to the station."

"*Vraiment!*"

"To the post-office."

"The post-office!"

"And he has brought with him a letter."

Marie looked at her sister.

"It is for us," Valerie said. She could not keep the pride out of her voice, despite her sadness. Why, it was only M. le Curé or

the notary, or M. Larue, who owned half the mountain, that got letters,—except the seignior, when he was at home.

"A letter for us!" cried Mademoiselle Marie, letting her carefully sorted herbs fall in confusion. "And it must be—it must be from Louis Jean!"

Valerie shook her head. "It is not from him. He can not write; for he is down a little. He has not been well,—he has been to the hospital—" Her voice faltered.

Marie, who understood much that was not said, was silent for a moment.

"From whom, then, was the letter?"

"From a *curé* of the town. *Un bon prêtre*, who writes from his heart."

"May the good God bless him!"

"Amen! I was so sure this time," burst out Valerie pitifully, her brown face working in contortions that would have been ludicrous to unloving eyes.

Marie rose to her feet, to the imminent destruction of her treasures. She laid a hand upon her sister's arm, the tears falling plentifully from her dim blue eyes down upon her checked shawl.

"It is still another trial the good God sends us," she said, softly.

"It is hard!" murmured Valerie.

"Yes, but God knows what is best for us. Is it not so?"

Valerie bowed her head. Her faith, less childlike, was sincere.

While their new-born hopes, which had sustained them happily during the months past, died, as many a hope must do, Valerie looked out over the plain, her brown eyes dim with the tears she had not shed, and Marie turned her tear-stained face toward the mountain. A soft glory was upon it. Sunset was transfiguring its gold and red. Marie touched her sister's arm. Together the two women looked. Valerie sighed.

"If only heaven were not so far away!" she said, sadly.

"Is it so far away?" asked Marie.

When next they spoke it was upon practical matters.

"The poor lad, he has not made much money yet," said Valerie apologetically, as though she were addressing a critical audience.

"As if he could, even with such talents as his!" replied Marie hotly, adding her lance thrust at the imaginary foe.

"But the expenses—his illness, his support?" continued her sister. "What is to be done?"

"Providence will see to that,—never fear," said Marie; "and it is for us to do what we can."

They were interrupted by a lady coming up the lane. The sisters started,—Marie eagerly moving aside her herbs and leaves; Valerie darting into the house for a cloth to wipe up the dark stain of a crushed dragon's blood.

"*Bon jour, Madame!*" said both sisters, curtsying.

The lady responded civilly, apologizing for her scant knowledge of French, and smiling involuntarily at the pleasant faces before her. She observed the perfect neatness of their attire,—the drugget gown of dark brown on the one, of gray on the other; the checked aprons, glossy with starch; the shawls,—one bright hued, the other sombre in coloring; the heads,—one crowned with a cap, the other with hair caught in a net and encircled with a velvet band.

Would Madame be pleased to walk in? Would she take a seat?

Madame took a seat upon a spotlessly white chair, perceiving that the floor and tables were to match; that the bright rag-carpet was scrupulously clean; that the walls were enlivened by some sacred prints and the windows by flowers. The light streamed in with peculiar radiance through door and window.

"The sunshine of God's peace is on the spot," the *curé* had said once.

The two sisters stood meanwhile, laughing like pleased children. Secretly wondering what had brought the lady,

they were too polite to ask, but conducted the conversation on simple lines, and banished their late distress, as simple folk have an art of doing. Only they hazarded, in the course of their talk, the one piece of information of moment to themselves, the central fact of their lives.

They had a brother *en ville*, studying law in the office of the great Mr. M——: Madame must know of *him*. Yes, Madame knew. And their brother, a lad of great talent, who was to make his mark? The name? Oh, yes! Louis Jean Picard. Had, perchance, Madame heard? No? Well, the town was so large.

Madame at last made known the object of her visit. She was keeping house in the neighborhood, and had heard that their butter was so good.

"Our butter it is not bad," answered Marie, with her deprecatory smile.

"Madame may try many places, but ours is of the best," more boldly asserted Valerie. "Would Madame like to see some prepared for a customer?"

The butter was brought,—four pats of gold, with a raised bunch of grapes on each. But Madame was not constrained to have the grapes. Several moulds were shown her: a pineapple, a fish, a rose spray. It was a weighty matter to decide. The butter lay upon a wooden platter, covered with broad green leaves. It was appetizingly fresh and sweet. It had a suggestion of the foliage and flowers without; of the poetry even of these simple lives, raised by its preparation almost to the sphere of art.

The lady gave her order, and was shown out with that extreme courtesy, free from servility, peculiar to French Canadians of an older generation.

"The good God be praised!" exclaimed Marie devoutly, as the sisters set about preparing their evening meal.

"It will help Louis Jean—put him on his feet again,—with what we can save in the house and by our other customers," said Valérie.

"The poor brother,—how hard it has been for him, with his talents!" sighed Marie. "How much butter does the good lady want?"

"Three pounds a day,—fifteen cents a pound. That makes forty-five cents a day," answered Valerie.

"Sister," said Marie slowly, her face wearing a troubled expression, "we are not charging too much?"

"No. The butter at Maillet's is seventeen cents; and, though ours is better, I put it two cents lower, to be sure."

"Forty-five cents is a good sum," said Marie, her face clearing. "It will help much. But, oh, how little we have been able to do for Louis Jean!"

"It was our best," replied Valerie.

The sisters were busy after that,—too busy to talk. Marie hung up her herbs to dry, and placed the bunch of leaves—not without a deprecatory glance at Valerie—in a jug on the chimney-piece. The berries she stuck in the frame of a picture.

Valerie, seeing, was as one who saw not. Were the minds of both busy as well as their hands? Did they look backward and see—what? Two pretty, fresh-cheeked girls, dressed alike, brave in village finery, driving to church with father and mother, and the sallow-skinned boy whom they had set themselves to worship;—two saddened women, who had seen death and sorrow, the selling of their old home to give the boy means to prosecute his studies;—the younger, with whom the fair promise of life had lingered, decorating chimney-piece and walls of the new little home with flowers or leaves for the coming of the sweetheart, who had at last ceased to come, because the marriage-portion had been given to establish Louis Jean in the great career of the law. People said that Valerie had never had a lover; but she, too, had given of her best—the labor of her hands, the sacrifice of bright ribbons or warm shawls, or it may even be of creature comforts—for the sake of Louis Jean.

Was there a tear on Marie's cheek as she decorated frame and chimney-piece, with no doubt a retrospective sadness?

Valerie interposed: "*Quelle folie*, my sister! To-morrow they will be swept away as cobwebs."

"Ah! the morrow is always cruel. But for to-night they are beautiful." It was her simple protest against destiny.

"It is time wasted, and makes trouble for to-morrow, when they will be withered and scattered over the floor," continued Valerie, with well-meant harshness.

"Then I will take them away," said Marie meekly, stretching out her hand to remove them. There was a piteous look on her face.

"Let them stay as they are," commanded Valerie; "but I don't know what has come to thee, sister."

"I think I was dreaming," said Marie. "I haven't done so since we were young."

Valerie did not look at her sister, but picked up some knitting, and knitted half a finger-length before speaking again.

"We must make the wood go as far as possible," she said, in her practical, composed voice.

"And after all," chimed in Marie, "we can do without the barrel of pork."

"Yes; what do we two old people want with meat so often? At Christmas, New Year's, and Easter, *soit*; but for the rest, it is needless."

"We must do all we can for him. Poor Louis Jean! He has had a hard struggle. But one day he will repay all."

Marie the imaginative had spun many a rainbow-tinted web concerning the time when the name of Louis Jean Picard, great in the law, should glitter upon an office-sign, shine in the papers, and glow in political life. Valerie the practical beheld a fine house, and a carriage from which should alight the Honorable Louis Jean Picard.

Filled with new hope, the sisters set themselves to pinch and struggle; as they

had done for so many years, and to work their hardest. Spring came creeping up the lane, sprinkling it with violets and sweet-clover blossoms and tiny blades of grass, and climbing at last to the very mountain top, with its warm promise of life. The summer went by; and occasionally the sisters heard from a neighbor, who had made the great journey, that Louis Jean was well; as to his circumstances, very little was said.

"He is on his feet at last," said Valerie, just as the autumn was setting in once more. "The notary has had no application for money from him for two weeks. Our last sum is still there. Ha! ha! we shall soon see him driving up in his carriage."

Together the sisters laughed at the glad prospect.

Louis Jean did not come, but in his stead a telegram. What a gloriously beautiful October afternoon that was when the boy from the station, to whom a telegram was almost as great a novelty as to the sisters, came up the lane breathless! Marie was sorting herbs, and Valerie knitted in the rocking-chair, as though another year of life had not worn itself away. Valerie took the telegram, and turned it up and turned it down. At last this was what she read: "Louis Jean Picard died suddenly this morning."

The sisters stared at the paper, then at the boy, whom at last they dismissed. They did not recognize that this was the release from the term of hard labor to which they had been sentenced. They fell on their knees, by a common impulse, to pray, and so extend their help for Louis Jean into the life beyond.

"Our good God has sent us a bitter trial," whispered Marie at last. "It is in mercy, lest we might make an idol in our hearts."

Valerie was praying with set face and drawn lips. "Sister," she said, "thou art better than I; but I, too, will say God's will be done!"

"It was a noble heart and a splendid head," murmured Marie.

"If only he had had a chance!" said Valerie.

Nor did the news that he had died in the inebriate ward of an hospital, whither he had been conveyed after a drunken brawl, the result of his sisters' last remittance, alter this verdict.

The kind *curé's* visit did them good; but there was a chill spread over the valley, so that Valerie could not see it; and a mist over the mountain, so that Marie turned toward its scarlet and gold in vain. Both broke down, however, and their tears flowed unrestrainedly, as they rocked themselves backward and forward in agony; when Valerie, lighting the wood stove, remarked casually that there was no occasion to spare the wood now. Louis Jean Picard, great man that was to have been, had no further need of their economies.

O Gentle Death!

(In Memoriam—23. 4. 96.)

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

☉ GENTLE Death, who on the baby eyes
Hast laid thy tender hand and bid them
close,

Hast hushed our darling to the sweet repose
That knows no dreams, and stilled the wailing
cries

We could not understand:—how safe he lies
Within thy sheltering arms! Nor fears nor
foes

Can now assail him; earthly toils and woes
He hath not known. And, oh, the glad surprise
Of his awakening, face to face with Him
Who gave and took away; whose home of
rest

Is thronged with little children, sinless, blest,
And guarded by the shining Cherubim
For evermore! O Death! our eyes are dim
And wet with tears, and yet—He knoweth
best.

A Biblical Foot-Note.

UNDER the caption *Un Émule de Jonas* (A Rival of Jonah) the Parisian magazine *Cosmos* relates the following extraordinary event, of surpassing interest because of its similarity to a Scriptural narrative which pseudo-scientists and infidels have time out of mind sought to ridicule:

In February, 1891, the whaler *Star of the East*, sailing in the vicinity of the Falkland Islands, let down two whale-boats in order to overtake and capture an enormous cetacean a short distance away. The whale was harpooned and mortally wounded; but in its dying convulsions a stroke of its tail shattered one of the boats to pieces. All the sailors who had manned the boat were rescued with the exception of two. The corpse of one of these was recovered, but that of the other man, named James Bartley, could not be found.

As soon as the monster had ceased its movements, and the men were thoroughly satisfied of its death, the work of cutting up began. A day and a night were consumed in this operation, and on its completion the whale's stomach was opened. Imagine the astonishment of the sailors on finding therein their lost comrade, James Bartley, unconscious but still alive. It was a difficult matter, as may well be supposed, to bring him to himself. For a number of days he was a prey to outbursts of violent madness, and it was impossible to get a rational word from him. Only at the expiration of three weeks did Bartley recover fully his reason, and become capable of giving an account of his impressions while incarcerated in his strange prison.

"I remember perfectly," said he, "the moment when the whale threw me up into the air. Then I was engulfed, and found myself shut up in a slippery case, whose contractions obliged me to go down

deeper. The next thing I knew I was in a very large bag; and, feeling about me on all sides, I concluded that I had been swallowed by the whale and was now in its stomach. I could still breathe, though with much difficulty; but I was oppressed by a heat so intolerable that it seemed as though I was being boiled alive."

In view of the fact that a whole school of scientists have declared that the Bible narrative of Jonah is simply absurd, that the organism of the whale as well as the physical constitution of man rendered it materially impossible that Jonah could have been swallowed by the whale in the first place, or could have subsisted for three days in its belly even *had* he been swallowed, this adventure of a common fisherman is of curious interest. It proves once more that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by the "know-it-all" scientific critics.

It is interesting to note that some Catholic exegetists have indicated an interpretation of the Jonah narrative more in accord, than its literal sense, with what is known as scientific data. Origen and Cardinal Cajetan, for instance, held that the narrative was purely and simply an allegory; and this opinion was never condemned by the Church,—which illustrates the fact that non-condemned opinions are not necessarily true ones. It has always appeared to us that Our Lord's citing the case of Jonah in the whale's belly as a sign of His own resurrection was ample proof that the narrative should be accepted as true in its primary and literal sense. In any case, the adventure of James Bartley demonstrates that there is no especial need of drawing on the imagination for an adequate explanation of this particular Biblical miracle.

BE very careful to retain peace of heart, because Satan casts his lines in troubled waters.—*St. Paul of the Cross.*

Notes and Remarks.

It is always a gratification to say a good word of a politician, because men of this class are much abused. Senator Gorman is not generally credited with being more honorable or honest than his fellows, but he spoke words in the Senate recently that deserve to be recorded. It was on his motion that an amendment of the item for hospitals in the District of Columbia was laid on the table. The amendment threatened the welfare and prosperity of Providence Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Senator Gorman declared that he could not understand how religious fanaticism could be directed against a hospital because it happened to be under the control of Catholics. Should good women or good men be prohibited because they were Catholics from attending to children or persons afflicted with disease? Could it be possible, he asked, that the great party which expected to control all branches of the Government after the 4th of March next, would enter upon a crusade that would prevent a Catholic from ministering to the wants of the unfortunate people of the District?

The leaders of the great party referred to, and of the other party called grand, will do well to rebuke religious intolerance on all occasions as promptly and unequivocally as Senator Gorman did.

If the rock is a meet symbol of the one true Church, a fitting figure of the sects may be found in the waves of the sea, "foaming out their own confusion." At the height of the storm the waves may seem to engulf the rock; but when the tempest is over, the rock rears its head above the level of the sea, immovable forever; and the waves are stilled. The Church has weathered many storms, and is just now emerging from the violence of that tumult of pride and passion which men in evil days named the Reformation. There is still a strong anti-papal party, but there is no longer any organized Protestantism. Its churches have been turned into ethical club-rooms. Methodism, hardly a century old, is commonly regarded as the sect having most vitality; but Methodism of

the old-fashioned sort no longer exists. This is picturesquely illustrated by an excerpt from the *Chicago Tribune*,—a journal, we may add, most cordially non-Catholic:

The celebration of Wesley day by the Methodists of Chicago last night was notable because of the studied absence of anything more than a mere mention of Wesley himself. The progressive spirits in Methodism have come to look on the founder of the sect as the embodiment of the system of despotism they are seeking to overthrow. Only one tribute to him was in the original program arranged for last night—and even that was changed at the last.

An "immortality" of a hundred years is hardly generous reward for founding a new system of religion.

A leading feature of the Chatauqua Assembly this year will be the rendition of the *Stabat Mater* by a chorus of five hundred voices. Think of Methodists singing:

When in death my limbs are failing,
Let Thy Mother's prayer prevailing

Lift me, Jesus, to Thy throne:

To my parting soul be given

Entrance through the gate of heaven;

Then confess me for Thine own.

Gate of Heaven, may they enter in to thee! Help of Christians, restore them to the bosom of that fold outside which are dangers many and great!

The Congress of Catholic Youth held at Saint-Germain-des-Prés, France, during the concluding days of March was cordially endorsed and blessed by the Holy Father and Cardinals Richard and Perraud. The excellent initiatives resulting from the first of these congresses warrant the belief that this second one will also be potential in securing for France, what she assuredly needs, a fuller contingent of Christian young men.

At last the Marquette statue has been formally accepted by the Senate of the United States. Referring to the action of the bigots who opposed its erection, the *May Century* observes:

The Père Marquette incident is such an illustration of bigotry as ought to bring a blush to the cheek of every American. That the great French priest was a brave and noble man can be disputed by nobody; that his work among the Indians was one of beautiful devotion is not a matter of controversy; that to

him was largely due the discovery of the upper Mississippi River, and the opening of the great Northwest to civilization, is the testimony of history. Yet simply because he was a Roman Catholic priest the "patriotic" orders would deny the State which is most closely associated with his beneficent activity the right of celebrating his services to the nation.

The inopportuneness of this recrudescence of bigotry is not the least of its mischievous features. At the very time when all the truly conservative forces of the country are needed to fight for its life against the civil treason of its politicians and the greed of its spoilers, these organizations are raising false issues to befog the ignorant and mislead the unthinking.

Catholics would do well to remember that *The Century* more than once has spoken out bravely for justice when other magazines, deriving support equally from our people, have preserved a significant silence.

There is a club in Los Angeles, Cal., whose laudable aim is the restoration and preservation of the old missions of California. The moving spirit in the work is Mr. Charles F. Lummis, a distinguished Protestant historian, whose "Spanish Pioneers," often referred to in these pages, ought to be in the library of every Catholic family. Writing of the work of restoration, Mr. Lummis says:

You will understand the importance and the difficulty of the work when I tell you that at San Juan, for instance, the mission establishment could not be duplicated (as it was in its prime) for one hundred thousand dollars. I fancy most Easterners do not realize the ambitiousness of these establishments, which the friars founded in a wilderness among savages and for savages.

The work of restoration is expensive, but we may be allowed to express the hope that there will be no lack of funds.

Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington, D. C., has recently added to his remarkable collection of pictures the important canvas called "Faith," painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This picture has passed through the hands of only five possessors since it left the studio of the artist in 1779; the beautiful Miss Linley, afterward Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, posed for its principal figure. The Duke of Rutland bought its companion piece for 1,200 guineas, but it was unfortunately burned in a fire which

destroyed Boliver Castle. Mr. Waggaman has a gallery of oil and water-colors which for exquisite precision in selection is unsurpassed in America. An idea of its merit may be obtained from the fact that men like Jules Breton, Bouguereau, Schreyer, Boughton, and Detaille are not considered worthy of place on its walls.

Mr. Waggaman's collection of Chinese, Japanese and Corean ceramics, bronzes, jades, swords, lacquers, and kindred works of Oriental art is equalled for uniform excellence by few in the world. Other galleries are larger, but Mr. Waggaman rigidly excludes inferior pieces. He is a man possessed of keen artistic insight himself, but he has the practical good sense to consult with experts like Mr. Richard N. Brooke and Mr. H. Shugio before admitting any painting or piece of pottery. An old creamy ostrich-egg vase and a superb soft-paste white-and-blue vase are perhaps the crown of these ceramic treasures. Mr. Waggaman has for some time been quietly bringing together a set of modern Dutch water-colors which are wonderful for warmth and depth of treatment. The collector is a grand-nephew of President Tyler and a convert to the Church.

It was a happy thought on the part of the London *Weekly Register* to issue a supplement comprising portraits of Cardinals Newman and Manning taken in 1844, before their reception into the Church, and accompanied by some carefully considered statements. The portraits are interesting, and the words so memorable that we can not resist quoting them. They go to show that there could never have been any serious variance between these two great and good men. With temperaments so different and views so divergent on many points—the one a recluse, the other a leader; one in contemplation on the mountain, the other battling in the plain,—it is not surprising that they did not always thoroughly understand each other. How greatly one influenced the other, in spite of this, is plain from these lines:

When these portraits were taken Cardinal Newman was forty-three and Cardinal Manning was thirty-six. At this very time Newman was writing from Littlemore to Manning at Lavington, expressing misgivings as to the Anglican Church, and adding

"Believe me, the circumstance of such men as yourself being contented to remain is the strongest argument in favor of my own remaining." But, a little later, Newman announced to Manning his conversion in a letter which Manning accepted "as a pledge of affection"; adding, "Only believe always that I love you." Six years later Manning became a Catholic, and went at once to Birmingham to see Newman, who, six years later still, dedicated a book to Manning as a memorial of their "friendship for nearly thirty years." When Newman passed away in 1890, the brother Cardinal who was to outlive him for little more than a year repeated the old words of gratitude and love: "The history of our land will hereafter record the name of John Henry Newman among the greatest of our people, as a confessor of the faith, a great teacher of men, and preacher of justice, of piety, and of compassion. May we all follow him in his life, and may our end be painless and peaceful like his!" And like *his*, who died the death of the just on February 14, 1892! *Requiescant in pace!*

Our "den" has few ornamentations, but we have been glad to give an honored place to the supplement of our London contemporary.

That the foreign missions lavishly endowed by our separated brethren are not effecting as great an amount of good as might reasonably be expected by their supporters has often been emphasized by Protestant writers of authority; but it is well to remember that if the religious influences of the parsons are not thoroughly preponderant, their social prestige exerts an irresistible sway. Witness the following, quoted in *The Church Times*:

A missionary in his report to his bishop wrote: "I much regret that my flock are still addicted to cannibalism; but, thanks to my example and precept, they are becoming so far civilized that the use of knives and forks is becoming quite common."

Cannibalism may be an evil; but as long as the cannibals use knives and forks at their banquets, the missionary feels that there are compensations in life, and that his labor is not in vain.

The discovery of the ruins of the house inhabited by the Blessed Virgin and St. John after the Ascension of Our Lord is reported from the Holy Land. The site is about three miles from Ephesus, and was known to the people as the "Place of the Virgin." The locality is said to correspond exactly with the description given in the revelations of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. Henry Koering, chaplain of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati, Ohio, who was called to the reward of a saintly life on the 18th ult.

Mr. Charles O. Greif, of Cleveland, Ohio, who died suddenly on the 26th ult.

Mr. Michael Mulcare, whose precious death took place on the 23d ult., in Limerick, Ireland.

Mrs. James Mathews, of Muncie, Ind., who yielded her soul to God on the 27th ult.

Mr. George Bogus, who passed to the reward of an exemplary Christian life on the 21st ult., in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Levenia Reister, who lately departed this life at Galion, Ohio.

Mr. Charles Shaw and Mrs. Ellen Shaw, of Edina, Mo.; Mrs. Catherine Gregor, Quebec, Canada; Miss Margaret Andrews, New York city; Mr. Thomas Egan, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Mary Hines, Annie and Patrick O'Neil, Ansonia, Conn.; Mrs. Ellen F. Costello, Mrs. Anna King, and Mr. Peter Rooney, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary O'Meara and Mrs. Michael Nash, Des Moines, Iowa; John Gallagher, James Burns, Bridget Writington, Mrs. P. Byrnes, and Mrs. Mary Crawford, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Mary Maloney, Urbana, Ohio; Mrs. — McNamara and Julia Bearcks, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. Elizabeth O'Rourke, Oakland, Cal.; and Mr. James Barron, San Diego, Cal.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.

ST. MATT., vi, 18.

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*

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

*

Who Won the Baseball Game?

BY L. W. REILLY.

I.

WHEN the newly-elected captain of the Red Star Baseball Club assigned his "men" to the places he had selected for them, Bernard Foley found himself retained in his old position of short-stop instead of sent to first-base, as he had expected.

"I'll not play!" muttered Bernard to his chum, Jim Doyle, as they walked together across the college campus at noon.

"Oh, don't give up!" answered Doyle, who was somewhat of a philosopher. "In the first place, you'll miss a lot of fun; in the second place, you'll make yourself unpopular; and, in the third place, you'll weaken the nine, and it will need to play its best to beat the Æolians, any way. They have a new pitcher, whose curves, so Billy Wilson told me this morning, are as crooked as a pig's tail."

Bernard smiled, even in the midst of his vexation, at the ludicrous simile. But his brow clouded again quickly as he said:

"Dillon knew that I wanted first-base. As soon as we heard that Schwaz was not coming back, I bespoke the place. I do believe that he's kept me out of it through spite."

"But he gave the place to Lennon," objected Doyle; "and you know Tom's no crony of his."

This reply to Bernard's intimation of

an unworthy motive on the part of Captain Dillon was so conclusive that Foley said nothing; but as he walked along he prodded the bat that he carried into the turf that bordered the path.

"Moreover," continued Philosopher Doyle, "if you drop out, you'll only help the captain to strengthen his hold on the team by filling the vacancy with Miller, his echo among the substitutes."

A harder jab than any previous to it dented the turf at this.

"So you had better stick," persisted Doyle; "and hope for—"

But the sentence was never finished. A fly ball, batted from the other side of the field, came sailing high in the air, and Jim couldn't resist the desire to catch it. When it was safe in his clutch he ran in to take the place of the batsman, and in the noise and enjoyment of the noon recess he forgot for the time all about Bernard's grievance.

Bernard Foley, however, did not forget it. On the contrary, he brooded over it and coddled it until he thoroughly persuaded himself that he had been spitefully used. Still, he did not resign, nor did he go boldly to the captain for an explanation of his failure to obtain the coveted assignment. Instead, he began to avoid him as much as he could, and to foment ill-will toward him in the club by criticising and ridiculing his management and tactics.

On the "diamond" Bernard played with a listlessness that was noticeable, and that soon became the subject of comment throughout the division.

"Why, what's the matter with Foley?" queried Nick Miller, as he, Captain Dillon, Pitcher Howard, and Left-field Dubois were together in the handball alley one morning, about a month after the season of out-door sports opened.

"He's fallen off in his play of late," assented Dubois.

"Worse than that," declared Howard: "he's trying not to play, and he takes no notice of the captain's orders. Yesterday he let several easy 'lawn-mowers' get past him; and when Ed here asked him to come in closer, he made out as if he didn't hear him and went on just the same."

"But even his wilfully poor play is not the worst of it," remarked Dillon. "I have heard that he's influencing Doyle and Hammond and one or two others to be similarly insubordinate. I can't see what he's aiming at. He used to be very cordial with me, but now he shuns me. He couldn't have wanted Lennon to be captain, because he voted for me. He surely doesn't wish to have the Æolians beat us, but he's acting as if he did. I don't understand his object if he's forming a clique; and," he added hotly, "I'll not humiliate myself by going to him to find out."

II.

The next week brought the first of the series of three games with the Æolians. It was played on the junior field. The visitors were hospitably welcomed. All the students of that division, most of the teachers and some strangers were present.

Before the umpire sang out "Play ball!" Captain Dillon took his players aside to give them the benefit of a hint or two that had been brought to him about the signals used by the "battery" of their opponents, and especially about the curves of the new pitcher. As he was suggesting to them how to make use of this information, his glance happened to fall on Foley, and he noticed a sneer and a toss of the head that he did not like. He brought his talk to a somewhat abrupt

end, and led the way to the "diamond" with a foreboding heart.

The game began finely. In the first inning each side made a point; in the second, a "goose-egg"; in the third the Æolians secured one run and the Red Stars two. Then came a streak of luck for the home team, when hits were bunched with such excellent effect that four marks were added to its score; while the visitors were treated to another spell of zero weather.

Possibly made malicious by the confident air of the captain at this stage of the game, the short-stop of the Red Stars fell off in the alertness of his play from the commencement of the fifth inning. Mild "daisy-cutters" slipped by him; his throws were wild, and his support of the pitcher was slow.

Dillon quickly observed the negligence of the short-stop, but it was not until the end of the seventh inning that he privately chided him for his poor play.

"I guess I don't need any instructions from you," was the insolent reply to the captain's gentle reprimand. "You think you're 'the whole thing,' don't you?"

"I think this," retorted the captain, speaking in a low tone, although the effort to master himself made him tremble: "that you'll obey me on the field or you'll leave the game."

"I'll not be bullied by you, game or no game!" cried Bernard, fiercely. "You've got a grudge against me, that's what; so I'll quit right now."

And, suiting the action to the word, he threw down the ball that he chanced to have in his hand, and turned to walk toward the club-room.

Doyle, Hammond and several others, attracted by the loud and angry tone in which Foley's last remark was uttered, hurried to his side; but all their pleadings could not break his purpose.

"He's taking his spite out on me all the time!" was his one reply to their entreaties.

He stalked off the grounds, accompanied by a throng of students curious for the details of the trouble. But he soon shook himself free from them and hurried to the dressing-room. There he took off his uniform. Next he passed over into the library, picked out a story-book, sat down in a cosy chair and attempted to read.

Read! He might as well have tried to fly. His mind was in a whirl, his heart was throbbing fast, his hands shook, the words flashed and danced before his eyes in a procession of meaningless phrases, and all that he could think of was: "He's taking his spite out on me all the time!"

Meanwhile Miller had been taken into the game as substitute. He was placed at centre-field, while other changes were made that brought Third-base Hammond to the position of short-stop.

The score was then 8 to 5, the Red Stars having made only 1 in the previous three innings, while the Æolians had captured 3.

At the end of the eighth inning, the score stood 8 to 7. The home team felt the loss of Foley, the shifting of some of the players from their accustomed places, and the lack of unity of spirit. But in the last inning they recovered their courage; and, though they made no run, they blocked out their adversaries, so that the contest closed with the final score of 8 to 7 in their favor—a narrow victory, it is true; but withal a victory.

Cheers, followed by the college yell, proclaimed that the Red Stars were triumphant. The joyful cries brought to the miserable and lonely occupant of the library mingled emotions of gladness and regret.

III.

Between the first and second games of the series an interval of a month elapsed. In that time the Red Star Club was rent into two factions. The one contended that the ex-short-stop was a "kicker"; the other maintained that the captain was an autocrat, who thought less of the good of

the organization than of the gratification of his personal likes and dislikes. But both parties fought in the dark; for no one but Bernard and Jim knew the first cause of all the disorder—the failure of Foley to be assigned to first-base. Even the captain had no idea that there was a grievance in the case. He was aware that Bernard had sought the post of first-base; but so had Lennon, and so had two other members of the nine. He supposed, however, that, as soon as the assignments had been made by him, all preferences would give way to his official decision as to what was best for the general good. Moreover, since no open objection had been made, he continued under that impression.

The trouble in the club showed itself in the practice games, in the gymnasium, in the reading-room, in the study-hall. The whole division took sides. The bad feeling spread until it involved nearly every student; and it was astonishing how profuse some lads could be in decrying the captain for his overbearance, and how eloquent others were in condemning the short-stop for his self-will.

Foley had resigned from the organization immediately after the game. He gave no reason for his withdrawal; he wrote only this: "I hereby resign as a member of the Red Star Baseball Club." Nor would he suffer Doyle to make an explanation for him; nor would he discuss with his friends either his resignation or the captain's conduct toward him. "I have drawn out for good and all," he said; "and desire to blot the whole business out of my mind."

When the day for the second game arrived, the Red Stars went to the grounds of the Æolians in no sanguine mind. They returned home beaten by a score of 7 to 2. The pitcher with the pig-tail curves had done some of his crookedest work for their discomfiture, and they had not played as a unit against him and his.

The defeat of the Red Stars was sorrow

and joy for Bernard Foley. He was not so oblivious to their affairs as he pretended. He sympathized with the club and the college; but in imagination he wiggled the fingers of derision at Captain Dillon, and at the prophets who had laughed him to scorn when he resigned, and who had predicted that he never would be missed.

Yet he was not happy; he was not satisfied with himself. If he had had a just reason for abandoning his playmates, he might not have been troubled by their reverse, nor felt dimly in his conscience that he was partly responsible for it. But he knew that pique was at the bottom of his retirement, and that his conduct had influenced his friends in the club to antagonize the captain. He saw, therefore—reluctant as he was to stare at the conclusion,—that he was to blame for the demoralization of the Red Stars.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VII.

Mr. Campbell's hobby was his melon patch. Late one afternoon, on his return from an hour's work in the garden, he said to his wife, who was ensconced with her sewing at the shaded corner of the veranda:

"My love, we shall have the finest melons in the county this year. There is one which bids fair to grow to the weight of twelve or fifteen pounds,—a rare size for a musk-melon, even of this choice Persian variety."

Mrs. Campbell cared but little for fruit culture. Indeed, she thought it took up too much of Patrick's time, that might better be given to the flower-plots and the walks and driveway; for these were *her* hobby, and she liked to have them as neat as her drawing-room. But she thought it worth more than all the walks of

Hazelbrae to see grandpa thus interested and flushed with healthful exercise after a long day in his city counting-room.

"I declare it seems to make you ten years younger to work among those melons, my dear," she answered cheerily, as he sat down in a rustic chair and began to fan himself with his Panama hat. "Now, I'll warrant you are more pleased at having that big Persian to show Mr. Grigson than you are over any fortunate mercantile transaction of the day."

Her husband laughed. "I believe you are right," he said, half-shamefacedly. "But there is a time for everything, and it will be a great satisfaction to prove Grigson mistaken: he has always argued that Persians can not attain their full size so far north."

Mr. Grigson was a crusty old bachelor, a Scotchman, who lived some miles distant, but often drove over to Hazelbrae to compare notes with his neighbor; for there are no greater enthusiasts than those who, bred to or engaged in other pursuits, must needs take up farming as a pastime.

"Probably though," continued Mr. Campbell, struck by a sudden apprehension, "'twould be as well to say nothing about the Persian in the hearing of the young people. I dare say the boys will help themselves to some of the melons; but this one is screened from view, and they will not be apt to discover it when others nearly as fine lie in their path."

The good gentleman took up the current number of the *Horticulturist* and was soon deeply absorbed in its contents; while his wife placidly went on with her stitching, now pausing to glance up at the humming-bird that hovered for a moment over the trumpet-vine beside her, and then plunged ecstatically into the fragrant depths of its blossoms; or again to look far off through the orchard, whence sounded the laughter of her grandchildren and the merry voices of Polly and Bernard.

Among the low, spreading branches of

the gnarled trees each of the girls had a favorite crotch, where she was wont to establish herself with a story-book and a goodly supply of apples for her own special refection; and Leo found climbing the best kind of athletics, his aim in life at the time being to become a gymnast and rival the Kijinsky Brothers, whose performances he had once witnessed at the circus.

Was it a premonition of the fate of the big Persian that caused grandma's eyes to twinkle with amusement presently? The smile, however, was soon succeeded by the shadow of a frown.

"My experience with boys, and girls too, is that if you want to keep anything from them they are sure to stumble upon it. Perhaps a safer plan would be to warn Leo and Bernard about the melon," she mused.

Grandpa was set in his way, however; and she was unwilling to interfere, lest by so doing she might only precipitate the catastrophe. Still, it was a serio-comic situation: two boys, a secluded strip of garden, and a big melon—what would be the *dénouement*?

As a matter of fact, it was not long before the boys began to take an interest in the melon patch; and, going over the ground with great thoroughness, they promptly came upon the royal Persian. For reasons of their own, nevertheless, they kept their discovery a secret even from the girls; and Leo, while unconscious of his grandfather's views, was as ludicrously anxious as the latter to avoid the subject as a topic of general conversation.

Thus Mr. Campbell pursued his fancy with imagined security, often chuckling to himself in glad anticipation of his good-humored triumph over his arbitrary neighbor. At length he announced to his wife that the Persian would attain its perfection in a day or two, adding:

"And about Thursday—yes, Thursday, we will have James Grigson over, and punish him for his obstinacy by making him feast upon the big melon."

The important evening arrived, and with it Mr. Grigson.

"My dear Campbell," he complained facetiously, as he took his place at his friend's hospitable board, "dinna you consider this a great proof of my regard, that I have come out the night,—a night with no moonlight to go home by? My dear sir, have not you lived in the country long enough to know how muckle unsafe the roads are when there is no moon? My groom has brought a lantern, but in faith a lantern only makes the shadows blacker. Why could not you have bidden me, say a week earlier or later?"

"Because, my good fellow, I have something to show you," responded his host, with a laugh,—“something that would not keep till next week, and was not ready before. It is a melon, sir, which I want you to enjoy with me. A magnificent Persian, as large a specimen as you ever saw, I am willing to wager.”

"Tut, tut, man! I canna quite credit that," was the reply—Mr. Grigson's Low-land accent became more marked when he grew excited,—“I canna quite credit that; although,” he went on politely, “I do not doubt it is an excellent one. You have sown enough gold pieces in that melon patch, forsooth, to get something good out of it.”

Leo had absented himself from the supper table, as he was only too wont to do when there was company.

Elizabeth looked up from her plate.

"What is all this about melons?" she thought. "Polly and I saw a splendid one in the garden. And what was it Leo and Bernard were whispering about behind the haystack a few afternoons ago, when we followed the brown hen, along by the hedge of quince-trees to find where she had stolen a nest? The boys did not see us, but I'm sure I heard the word 'melon'; and Bernard said it would be dark to-night, because the moon rises late."

The two old gentlemen, fairly started on

their favorite theme, proceeded for some time to discuss it warmly; and Elizabeth, keeping her ears open, was astonished at all she heard.

"There is an uncertainty as to whether the melon has ever been found in a truly wild state, but it is supposed to have originated in Persia, Madam," Mr. Grigson was saying to her mother.

"At all events, melon seeds were brought from Armenia by missionaries some three centuries ago," observed grandpa. "They were cultivated at Cantalupo, a villa near Rome; and from there were introduced into other parts of Europe, under the name of cantaloupes."

"Ah, the dear missionaries!" remarked Mrs. Campbell; "for how many temporal advantages as well as spiritual blessings is civilization indebted to them!"

"And what about the water-melon, Mr. Grigson?" inquired Aunt Janet.

"Oh, the water-melon—*citrullus vulgaris*!" replied the guest, with evident disdain. "That is said by some authorities to be of African origin. Yes, my dear young lady, the apparently irresistible propensity of the negro pickaninnies of the South to make away with the water-melon is, I surmise, a taste inherited from their barbarian ancestors of the Dark Continent. The water-melon, however, is supposed to be the species referred to in the Old Testament: 'We remember the fish we ate in Egypt free-cost; the cucumbers come to our mind, the melons and the leeks, the onions and the garlic—'"

"But the best melon is the Persian," interposed Mr. Campbell; "and I have one that will tip the scale at fifteen pounds."

"Impossible!" protested Mr. Grigson.

"You shall weigh it yourself," replied his host, as they rose from the table.

"Leo—why, where is Leo?—Well, Elizabeth, tell Patrick to get the big Persian from the garden. I would not even have it brought in until you came, Grigson."

Elizabeth delivered the message, and

hastily slipped back into the parlor. At Hazelbrae she did not see many strangers, and it was very interesting to stay and hear the conversation when there were visitors. But where *was* Leo? After all, she did not believe he knew Mr. Grigson was expected. Had he been in swimming, and, getting home late, sneaked upstairs? She would go and see; and if so, beg Hannah for some cookies for him. Her exit was cut off by the appearance of Patrick at the door of the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" he began. "Belike I mistook the word you sent me. Somebody else must have brought in the melon; leastwise it's gone."

"Gone!" echoed Mr. Campbell, springing to his feet. "Nonsense! Take a light; you must have missed it."

"I *did* take one, sir, and searched over every foot of the ground; but it is not there," asseverated Patrick.

"Ha-ha-ha! Capital joke!" laughed Mr. Grigson. "A fifteen-pound Persian, was it? Ha-ha-ha!"

"I give you my word it was larger than the Delaware melon we saw at the Horticultural Show last summer," declared Mr. Campbell, somewhat nettled. "I will go myself and look for it."

In a few moments, however, he came back disconsolate.

"Yes, the melon has disappeared," he acknowledged. "I suspect that darky coachman of my neighbor Watkins knows something about it."

"Ha-ha-ha! Shall we send and ask him how much it weighed?" roared the old Scotchman, rubbing his hands together in roguish complacency.

The next moment all in the room were startled by a piercing shriek from Elizabeth, who, dashing toward the door as if to escape, hid her face in the folds of the *portière*; while at the same time Polly ran in from the hall with a cry of alarm, and then rushed away again, after pointing wildly at the window.

Glancing toward it, the ladies, too, were startled for an instant; for there, just beyond the pane, glared a horrible apparition, with great, fiery eyes, features not distinguishable in the darkness, and a mouth that seemed to emit a lurid flame.

"Gracious! what is it?" asked grandma.

"A Jack-o'-lantern! Ha-ha-ha!" replied Mr. Grigson, laughing more than ever.

Grandpa had darted out of the house.

"Ho, sirrah!" he called out. "Bring me that at once! Don't drop it; bring it to me. Now go to your room, Leo.—Bernard, I have a mind to send you away."

Too indignant to trust himself to say more, he came back to the parlor, bringing—what?

Mr. Grigson rubbed his eyes and stared. Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Colton, and Miss Janet exclaimed with surprise. Grandpa held carefully between his hands the shell of the big Persian melon.

"Yes, ladies, a pretty grandson, son, and nephew you have!" he began, testily. "And a pretty rascal you brought in out of a snowbank, my dear," he added to his wife. "They have dug the meat out of the finest melon in the country, and made a Jack-o'-lantern of the shell, the young blockheads!"

"Well, well, it *is* too bad!" said Mrs. Campbell, sympathetically.

Mrs. Colton flushed and looked troubled.

"There! never mind, Mary my love!" relented her father, slightly mollified at sight of her distress. "Perhaps I spoke with too much heat, but I must say it is very exasperating."

Mr. Grigson, spectacles on nose, was examining the shell with close attention. Taking a foot-rule from his pocket, he plunged it into one of the hollow eyes of the whilom goblin.

"Well, well!" he broke out at length, turning to Mr. Campbell. "Boys will have their larks. We had no chance to weigh the melon, but we can judge by the shell. It *is* the largest Persian I ever saw; and I

do not doubt it would have easily weighed fifteen pounds, if not more."

"You admit that!" exclaimed grandpa, clapping his friend on the shoulder, his equanimity at once restored. "Then, by Jove, I do not care if the young scamps make Jack-o'-lanterns of all the melons in the garden!"

This reckless speech was never repeated to those adventurous spirits, however.

"I dare say it would have been better to have told Leo how interested I was in the melon, and trusted to his honor not to touch it," remarked the worthy gentleman to his wife, when their guest had taken leave. "The lads deserve to be punished for tampering with it, though; and for frightening the girls too,—kept a day on bread and water, eh? But—well, you may tell them I'll let them off this time."

"Gollies! who would have thought a bit of fun would have come so near getting us into real trouble?" said Leo the next morning, as he and Bernard talked over the affair in their refuge behind the haystack. "I should never have forgiven myself for my part in it if you had been sent away, Bernard, old boy!"

(To be continued.)

An Old Expression.

When we wish to indicate that any one has had unexpected good fortune we say that he has had a "windfall." This expression is as old as the days of William the Conqueror. At that time all the forests belonged to the King, and no one was permitted to cut any timber from them. What limbs were cast upon the ground by storms were, however, the property of him who chose to gather them. So the peasants watched the sky for omens of a storm, and after its work was done hurried to the woods to pick up a store of fuel. They called the branches windfalls; hence the modern application of the term.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, l. 48.

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The Lake of the Dead.*

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

BEYOND the clouds to-night, high-poised
I gaze

Upon the grim, sad Lake, whose waters
shroud

The dust of many a pilgrim. A weird haze
Broods o'er its glassy surface like a cloud;
The soft dew weeps o'er the lamented dead,
While higher up, like Titans clad in snow,
The peaks that crown each hoary mountain's
head

In all the moonlight radiance come and go:
Half, half in shade and half in eerie glow—
High-priests of Nature by these crags sub-
lime,

The silent genii of the mystic tide,
Who from the very cradleland of Time—
From earth's sweet cherub like, and sunny
prime—

Have seen the stream of life begin and
watched it onward glide.

Before me float the silver-tinted mists
That canopy the brown world at my feet;
And in the light they gleam like amethysts,
Here in this calm and spectral lone retreat;
The air is crystal cold, for glaciers rise
In spiral steps behind me and before.
Oh, on this starry threshold of the skies
Well may the soul on wings of fancy soar;
Yet not forget the Dead Lake's solemn
shore,

* On the summit of an Alpine mountain.

Where pyramids of human bones repose,
Awaiting for the trumpet in the Vale!
Set in a casket of eternal snows,
The ghoul-like bough within the mystic close
Tells us how near we are to death—how
fragile and how frail.

Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning.

BY AN OLD-TIME CONVERT.



OW many thoughts his name
evokes! I have to look back
over forty long years—"forty
years in the wilderness,"—for
the beginning of my friendship with
him. The recent death of Richmond, the
great portrait-painter, reminds me of the
exquisite pictures he drew of Cardinals
Manning and Newman.

Cardinal Manning's beautiful face is
immortalized in this picture, poetical but
not idealized—true to life. It is said of
this painter that he always sought for the
good in the faces he painted, and strove to
bring that out. The wonderful beauty of
Cardinal Manning's face was never seen
in his Catholic days: suffering had cut
its lines too deeply, and caused a nervous
twitching which somewhat disfigured him.
It is said that Richmond lamented over
the conversion of Cardinal Manning and
other converts, saying it had robbed their
faces of their poetry and repose. Evidently

he had not studied a certain chapter of Isaias. Manning had passed under the harrow of suffering, and had his share in that affliction which so changed the Face once "beautiful above the sons of men" that there was "no beauty in Him nor comeliness."

We have no desire to enter into the controversy that has so unhappily raged round the honored name of Cardinal Manning. It naturally excites in all those who loved him and owed much to him the desire to cast a few more flowers on the grave which has been, as it were, so rudely desecrated. One of his chief duties from the time of his own conversion, in 1851, to his elevation to the episcopate, in 1865, was the reception of converts into the Church. After he became Archbishop he often received converts; but the heavy labors of his office, of course, held the first claim on his time. What a number of souls owe the faith to him! He made converts. Some of them were persons of rank and wealth, and churches were built by them, missions established. Many converts were married; thus children were brought up Catholics, and some became priests and nuns. It is a most remarkable fact that hardly any converts who had children failed to give one or more to the religious life. A slight effort of memory recalls some fifty of these. A little study of the subject would probably triple this number, without counting the adult converts who can be found in religious orders by hundreds, and many of whom owe the faith and their vocation to Cardinal Manning.

For some time after his own conversion he lived with his aunt, Mrs. Roberts, an elderly lady, also a convert and a very outspoken, stalwart Christian. "Do you not regret anything in the Church of England?" she was asked one day. "Nothing except 'Og, the King of Basan,'" replied Mrs. Roberts. Those who are fond of the Gregorian chant, and remember the

singing of Psalm cxxxv by the cathedral choirs in England, can appreciate the good lady's musical loss. Mrs. Roberts often extended hospitality to converts who were homeless or penniless until they could find some employment.

I remember one of these. She was a Protestant "nun." A Catholic friend found her in great distress of mind. "Come and see Dr. Manning," said the friend. "Oh, no!" replied Miss L. "That would be taking a step of my own accord, which could never be right. If Providence sent him in my way it would be a different thing." Needless to say that Providence very soon *did* send Dr. Manning in her way. Miss L. became a happy Catholic, and regretted she had not taken the step sooner; but, as she plaintively remarked: "I always thought the Church of England was the Way of the Cross, and that therefore I ought to stay in it."

This anecdote is given to show a class of minds with which Dr. Manning had to deal; and it may be said never were two alike,—one with one objection, another with another. He received a great number into the Church; a few did not persevere. He has been blamed for receiving people too quickly; but he was so accustomed to seeing many come to the verge of the waters of life and then refuse to drink that he did often clinch the matter very rapidly. Many souls have reason to bless his name for thus acting.

His kindness to converts was very great. He would go out of his way to do *little* acts of kindness, which so many people leading a busy life like his forget or ignore. He once told me to call upon a new convert whom he thought was "lonely." The commission was neither pleasant nor easy; for the person in question was very reticent, and easily took umbrage at any sort of liberty. But Dr. Manning's wishes were not to be disregarded. A bold raid was made, and a warm friendship was the result.

What troubles converts had to meet in those days! And very often the same is repeated at the present time. "Are you ready for the workhouse?" said the late revered Father Christie, S. J., to a Protestant clergyman, as they went into Farm Street church. "Yes, ready for anything; only make me a Catholic." He was received; and as Father Christie left the church he was accosted by a friend. "Can you recommend me a tutor to go abroad with my boy? I'm in a great hurry to find one." So the workhouse was avoided.

Little reference can be found in the "Life of Cardinal Manning" to his intercourse with nuns; yet a most interesting chapter might have been written with reminiscences of him in convents, which no doubt many would have gladly furnished. He was Archbishop of Westminster for twenty-seven years, and had under his charge over eighty convents. Whatever were his prejudices concerning religious men, they certainly did not extend to religious women. He had the greatest veneration for nuns, and held that they could do so much which priests could not undertake. A superior who lived for twenty-five years in his diocese, and who had houses elsewhere, said: "He was by far the kindest Bishop we ever lived under." He took a paternal interest in the smallest details, and yet was very large-minded in allowing superiors to carry out their plans.

The superior of an institute which began its existence in his diocese during his episcopate says: "It is impossible to describe his kindness to us from the very beginning,—and no beginning could be more small, poor and insignificant than ours. Yet he could not have been kinder if we had had a magnificent convent and persons of great consideration in our ranks. The very thought of a new community that would serve and help the poor awoke his warmest interest. His first exhortation was calculated to stir up in us a fervent

desire to penetrate into the slums of London and there win souls for God."

Cardinal Manning was one of those who, in spite of the proverb, *was* a hero to his *valet de chambre*. No one loved or venerated him more truly and sincerely than Newman, who lived with him so many years; and he understood the Cardinal well. During the great dock strike a lady came to the Cardinal's house about seven in the morning to communicate some important news. She was not repulsed. "The Cardinal is not as young as he used to be," mildly remarked Newman: "he has not yet left his room. But I will go and tell him." Newman knew very well that his master would not only forego sleep but life itself when there was question of helping the poor and the oppressed. When Newman grew too old to go about with the Cardinal, "Anthony" came into notice; and we saw the same look of veneration growing on his face as could be discerned on Newman's. Both these faithful servants died before the Cardinal. Anthony was quite young; but he had heart disease, and fell dead one day on the staircase leading to the Cardinal's room.

Another characteristic of Cardinal Manning was his kindness to those who spoke ill of him. A relative of my own, who had the power of sharp repartee and was fond of exercising it on the Cardinal, was falsely credited with having said that he had "caught a heavy cold from shaking hands with Manning." The Cardinal was conscious that he had at times a most icy manner, though probably not aware of its extent.* He was often abstracted. Still, he went out of his way to show kindness to the man who had, as he thought, made a joke of him all over London.

The real author of the speech was a

* Dr. Gasquet relates that Cardinal Manning was once asked by one of his nieces: "Why do people call you cold?" The answer of the saintly Cardinal is significant: "The truth is, my child, I feel so much that if I once expressed it, I should lose my self-control."—ED. A. M.

Dr. M., long since dead,—an excellent priest, full of overflowing cheerfulness and fun. On one occasion he met a Protestant gentleman in Rome, who asked him what was his charge for hearing confessions. "Nothing, sir," he replied. "If the Pope would only have let me charge a penny a score, I'd be a rich man by now; but he won't let us take a farthing." The conversation continued, and Dr. M. felt hopeful about his convert. They went to Naples together, and arrived on a *festa* of our Blessed Lady, when an image of her was being carried about the streets, and the people were crying, shouting, yelling, and dancing, as only Neapolitans can. "It is all up with me!" said Dr. M. to himself. "I was just getting him to say a 'Hail Mary.' Now he'll declare this is all rank idolatry and will go back." The carriage stopped. Mr. J. sprang out. "I like this!" he cried. "This is *real* devotion. *Evviva Maria,—evviva!*" Our Lady did not fail to reward her new client. After devoting his fortune to building a church and founding a mission in his native town, he entered the Society of Jesus.

Cardinal Manning was not a saint, but a man striving hard to become one. Amidst his many gifts he had some human weaknesses—far too great a reliance on his own opinion; and he could never see that he was prejudiced, and that these prejudices warped his judgments. Fond as he was of nuns, he refused admission to the diocese to an Order of deservedly high repute. Many entreaties were made: he remained immovable. After his death the nuns began to pray that his successor might grant their request. They prayed—not to Our Lady or to the saints, but to Cardinal Manning himself! He was so good, they said—so sincere in seeking what he believed to be for God's glory,—that now, the mists of earthly prejudice having passed from his vision, and seeing all things in the pure, clear light that streams from the Eternal Throne, he would

regret his decision, and desire to forward their enterprise. Within six months after his death the nuns were not only received into the diocese, but in so remarkable a manner as to warrant the belief that this intercession had not been sought in vain.

In one of his diaries when Protestant Archdeacon he wrote: "I then went to *levées* and drawing-rooms and dined out, and went to the House of Commons; and I then stood on the threshold of the world, and everyone bade me go forward." A few years afterward we find him in his *cell* in Bayswater, sweeping it out himself and making his bed; doing the work of an ordinary priest; appearing, as I so well remember, at school feasts and the like; forgotten by many of his old friends and associates; his place in that brilliant, entrancing London life gone forever.

It is the vitiated taste of the present day which delights to search into the private life of great men,—not with a view of searching into their hidden virtues, but rather of pouncing upon their weaknesses, or discovering some motive, more or less unworthy, which may tend to destroy the merit of their good actions. Cardinal Manning was a man of complex character, not easily to be understood. His biography should never have been written by one hand, or at least without much consultation with different minds who could judge of him from various points of view. A fault too common with biographers is to draw inferences concerning the conduct or letters of their subjects; but these inferences run for the most part in the direction of panegyric. Readers should be left to judge for themselves. But in Cardinal Manning's case the inferences are always drawn in his disfavor,—inferences which neither his letters nor his actions justify. He was certainly one of those who have taught us how to

"Make our lives sublime,"

and he has left behind him]

"Footprints on the sands of time."

We might indeed continue the quotation, and say that his whole life was spent in "achieving" and "pursuing" great and noble things.

Cardinal Manning keenly felt the need of support from minds on an equality with or superior to his own. His biographer represents this in an unpleasant manner. His immediate surroundings consisted of men much younger than himself, totally devoted to his service, and regarded by him with the utmost affection and confidence. Their very devotion to him would naturally prevent them from distinguishing themselves in other fields. I well remember with what affection Cardinal Manning would speak of Monsig. Johnson, what entire confidence he reposed in him. "Twenty thousand letters at least come to this house during the year," said the Cardinal. "Imagine what that means for Canon Johnson" (afterward Monsignor). And, in very truth, half the burden of the diocese was taken off the Cardinal by this devoted friend; yet strangers reading the biography would hardly know that he existed.

Very early in Dr. Manning's Catholic life he met with a trial of a severe nature in the successive deaths of Mr. Laprimaudaye and Robert Wilberforce. The former was his curate in his Protestant living and also his "confessor." He became a Catholic shortly before Archdeacon Manning, together with his wife and four daughters. A year later Mrs. Laprimaudaye died, and her widower began to study for the priesthood in Rome. He returned to England in the summer; and, though only in deacon's orders, was often called "Father," so great was his power of sympathy and tenderness of manner. The following year he died of small-pox. Cardinal Manning said: "In losing Laprimaudaye I seem to have lost a part of myself." Of Mr. Laprimaudaye's four daughters, the three youngest became nuns; the eldest married a convert, and

has given three sons to the priesthood and a daughter to a religious community.

Robert Wilberforce, a most distinguished Protestant clergyman, followed his friend into the Church. He also went to Rome, and died of fever at Albano a few weeks before the date fixed for his ordination. Thus, by God's inscrutable Providence, Dr. Manning was deprived of the two friends who would have been his prop and stay.

It was hard at the age of forty-six to form new friendships which could in any way replace what he had lost. Death snatched from him his nephew, Monsignor William Manning, a young priest of most fervent piety, totally devoted to his uncle. Another nephew, who was his private secretary and on whom he greatly relied, was called to the Society of Jesus, and predeceased his uncle. All these losses were deeply felt by the Cardinal, and tended to make the last years of his life very lonely. But his trust was placed in God; for Him he lived and in His faith and love he died.

A Jesuit Father wrote of him as follows: "The Cardinal's death will be an exceeding affliction to you, and you have lost a great and true friend. The circumstances of his death are very touching and beautiful,—true to himself, and showing that he had lived long in death's presence."*

In Cardinal Manning we lost one never to be replaced. May his great and noble soul rest in peace!

* Memoir of Father Dignam, S. J.

THE weakest characters have often a passing desire to do good to their fellow-men,—perhaps even to warn them against the weakness or vice which they have allowed in themselves. But the good which men can do to others is chiefly limited by what they are: example is better than precept.—*The Master of Balliol.*

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XIII.

DE MARSILLAC was not in a condition to join in Atherton's exultation. He was, in fact, completely exhausted. The determination not to acknowledge weariness had made him follow resolutely on the long, fatiguing tramp and climb; but it afforded him no voice now with which to reply to his companion's words. He could only lean against a tree breathless, with his heart beating painfully.

"Better sit down, sir," said Gilbert, who, not so absorbed as his master, saw and pitied the boy's plight. "You look quite done up. It's been tough work getting here."

"I forgot you were not an old mountaineer like myself," observed Atherton, glancing round; "or I shouldn't have pressed on so fast. We might have rested at intervals. Gilbert, haven't you anything to give him?"

"I don't need anything," the boy said, with pale lips. "I'm only—a little out of breath. I'll be all right in a few minutes."

"This'll put you right quicker, sir," said Gilbert, producing a pocket-flask. "I always carries something of the kind on such hexpeditions. One never knows what'll 'appen, 'specially in a country as wild as this—for wilder *I've* never seen."

De Marsillac did not refuse the draught offered him, and soon felt the benefit of it, so that he was able to move forward and examine the wonderful find.

"And this is a gold mine!" he said, looking at the seam of quartz from which Atherton was knocking fragments.

"This is a gold mine!" the other replied, with the note of triumph still in his voice. "Isn't it a remarkable thing

that I should have found that piece of float, which turned pretence into reality? Now, if this were only in any other country, you might take from here a fortune much greater than the one your ancestor lost."

"But, since no white man can own property in Hayti, it can really be of no benefit to us."

"Except to serve our special purpose; and to give me the opportunity to indulge in a little vanity, since I have had eyes where everyone else has been blind."

"But, after all, what could ignorant negroes know—"

"Bah! who talks of ignorant negroes? Where were the eyes of the buccaneers, who were keen enough for gold when they found it in other forms? Where were the eyes of the French colonists,—of your own Breton ancestor, Monsieur Henri? As for the Spaniards, they were sent by the natives into the mountains eastward of this, so they were not to blame. But I know now what I have always suspected—that the gold crown which the cazique wore who received Columbus so kindly when he was shipwrecked at the Cape, came from a spot nearer home than that shrewd gentleman cared to admit."

"Do you think it came from this spot?"

"From this identical vein? Oh, no! This has never been worked. But where there is one gold vein there are others. Gilbert, bring the pick and knock off as much of this ore as possible. I wish now that I had brought George along, but it was necessary to leave some one with the horses."

"You might have left me," said the boy. "I am not of much use here."

"We'll make you of use in a moment. You shall fill the sacks."

But before filling the sacks it was necessary to have the wherewithal to fill them; and, since this was lacking until the pick—now sending through the forest

the sharp and unaccustomed click of metal ringing upon rock—had done its work, the boy sat down and watched with a strange sense of unreality the scene before him.

Was it a dream from which he should presently wake, or was he really here, on this high mountain side of Hispaniola, the vast tropical forest stretching below like a green sea, and all around the silent majesty of untrodden heights; while two men, whom three weeks before he had never seen, were digging at his feet for the gold which had remained undiscovered by Spaniard, Frenchman or African, though known, beyond doubt, to the original possessors of the island? If a dream, it was certainly a fantastic one, and what would be its end? He looked at Atherton. What strange chance or fate was it which had brought across his path this man, who seemed so quiet, yet was in fact so dominating, as his whole conduct of this matter proved? The situation seemed too unreal, too wildly improbable to be anything but a dream; and yet—

"Now, Henri,"—it was Atherton's voice breaking on his reverie—"here is your work. Come and fill the sacks with this ore. It is growing late, and we don't want to be surprised by night in these mountains."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Atherton!"—Gilbert stood up, apparently exhausted from his prolonged and unaccustomed labor,—“but how much of this rock do you want knocked off?"

Atherton measured with his eye the pile collected. "Almost as much again, I suppose," he said. "Why do you ask? Are you done up?"

"Pretty much, sir,—not being used to this sort of work."

"It is rather hard to be turned from a valet into a miner at a moment's notice," said Atherton, good-humoredly. "But your recommendation to me has always been that you were not an ordinary valet.

You've roughed it with me before this."

"Very true, sir; but not quite in the line of the present work. As soon as I've rested a bit, though, I'll be ready to go on."

"I don't think," continued Atherton reflectively, looking from the man to the considerable pile of ore—accumulated so soon because the surface rock was decomposed and therefore easily broken,—“that you'll be able to carry much more than that amount down the gorge. You had, therefore, better fill one sack and take it down; remain yourself with the horses, and send the guide up to fill and take down the other."

"Perhaps," suggested De Marsillac, "*he* may object to being turned at a moment's notice from a guide into a miner."

"Gilbert will know how to apply a very potent persuasion in that case," answered Atherton. Then to the man: "Give me the pick; fill that sack, and be off."

The prospect of being relieved from any more miner's duty was plainly very agreeable to Gilbert. He obeyed with alacrity—handed over the pick to his master, filled the sack, threw it over his shoulder, and, staggering somewhat under its weight, disappeared in the thick undergrowth as he made his way down the hillside. They heard for some time the sound of his descent, marked by the sharp crack of breaking boughs; then silence settled again over the wide, wild solitude of gorge and mountains.

"It will be some time before he gets down to the trail and the other fellow gets up here," said Atherton, throwing down the pick as if struck with a sudden thought. "I'll employ the time in following this vein along the mountain, for it must have outcroppings. It would be very interesting if I should discover some trace of ancient works. Are you sufficiently rested to come with me?" he asked his companion.

"Certainly," was the quick reply. "Do you think I am so lacking in strength

that a mere climb could knock me out, except for a few minutes?"

"Well, I have seen more apparent Samsons," remarked Atherton, with a smile; "although no doubt you make up in pluck and endurance what you lack in muscular strength. Come along, then. But put that flask lying there on the bank in your pocket: you may need it again."

"That is not at all likely," ignoring with a somewhat lofty air the flask, which Gilbert had neglected to replace in his own pocket.

"Then, I shall take it; for I am not at all ashamed to say that it is within the limit of possibility that I might need it myself. Anybody is likely to be knocked out by a steep and difficult climb. Come on, you absurd boy!"

Thus addressed, De Marsillac made no rejoinder, but only followed the speaker as he presently struck off from the stream in a slanting direction up the mountain; explaining as he did so that such would likely be the course of the vein.

The result justified his anticipation; for now again he discovered outcroppings which would have been hidden from eyes less keen than his own. The climb was very steep, the growth not quite so dense as along the stream, but quite sufficiently so to make passage through it exceedingly fatiguing. Very little interested in tracing the course of a vein, however rich in precious metal, which could be of no possible advantage to any human creature in whom he felt the least concern, the boy beguiled the ascent by admiration of the marvellous wealth of verdure now around them. Beautiful tree-ferns—loveliest of all tropical products except the royal palm—met the eye on all sides; together with such effects of leaf and vine and flower, and such endless variety of air plants and orchids, as might have driven a botanist wild. But presently he observed a new and singular effect—that of delicate, fairy-like wreaths of mist

creeping among the trees and enhancing the beauty of the scene. So exquisite were these trailing, lace-like veils that it was not until they suddenly thickened that he awakened to a sense of what they were, and called to Atherton, who, some distance in advance, had eyes only for his mineral search:

"A cloud is settling over us. Had we not better return?"

"A cloud!" repeated Atherton, starting up from his examination and glancing around. "By Jove, yes!—one of those you admired so much from the citadel, perhaps. It seems very light—a mere vapor; but we must retrace our steps at once, lest it should grow more dense and make return difficult."

They turned; but no one who has ever watched the rapidity with which a cloud gathers about a mountain top, or who has ever had the misfortune to be caught in one, will be surprised to learn that in five minutes they were standing still, wrapped in thick white mist, and absolutely unable to tell in what direction their path lay.

"Here is a nuisance!" said Atherton. "But no doubt the cloud will lift shortly, so that we can get our bearings. It is better to wait, although I am pretty certain our way is in this direction."

"I am certain of nothing," answered the boy,—“except that it is down hill.”

They waited for what seemed to them an interminable time, but was in reality not more than ten or fifteen minutes, when, the increasing density of the cloud proving that it had settled to remain, Atherton decided to proceed.

"Get lost?" he observed, in reply to a suggestion of his companion. "There is no danger of that. Even if we don't keep exactly the right direction for the place we left, a down-hill course will take us out of the cloud, and then we can get our bearings. Waiting here is mere waste of time."

Atherton started off with energy. But a tropical forest and an enwrapping cloud are likely to exercise a restraining influence upon the greatest energy. To break through dense undergrowths when able to perceive surroundings, and know in some degree at least what direction is being followed, is a rather confusing process; but when a white mist shrouds every object at more than a yard's distance from sight, it becomes more bewildering than can be expressed. Atherton very soon relinquished all idea of anything except preserving such a downward course as would soonest take them out of the cloud; but, mindful of the dangers of unseen precipices and hidden pitfalls, he found it necessary to proceed with caution,—which meant with a slowness really exasperating, in view of the fact that the day was so far advanced toward sunset. That the quick night of the tropics should descend upon them before they reached the spot from which they had wandered was, he knew, their only danger; and, blaming himself silently but severely for having been led away by the interest of his find, he crashed on through the thick vegetation, obliged constantly to pause and turn aside from some more than usually impenetrable mass of giant parasites, until—all sense of even general direction altogether lost—they at last emerged from the enshrouding mist, to find themselves on the mountain side, with a vast world of verdure spreading around them, and not a sign or token to tell in what direction lay the gorge which they had ascended.

De Marsillac looked at Atherton. "Have you any idea where we are?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" was the reply with well-assumed confidence. "I have a very clear idea that we are on the side of the mountain where we have been all the time, and that our course to reach the stream which will guide us out of this wilderness is northwest."

"And which direction is northwest?"

A simple question—a question most easily answered by the aid of a compass or of the sun,—but terribly hard to answer when lacking both in a strange country. Atherton looked around, and, experienced woodsman as he was, his heart sank. Shut in as they were by forest, with the sun sunk out of sight behind the mountains, and twilight—such short-lived twilight!—already falling, what hope had he of telling what was north, south, east or west?

"I am afraid," he replied after a moment, "that I have somewhat lost my orientation, as the French say. But we may be very near our place—it is hard to tell in such thick woods,—so I'll try what a shout or two will do. If the guide has come up and is anywhere within sound of my voice, he'll answer."

He shouted; and it is safe to say that if the doctors who were accountable for his presence here had heard him, they would not have thought there was much the matter with his lungs. Shout after shout he uttered, making the forest ring, waking echoes from the hillsides, and rousing many strange birds to answer with shrill cries. But no human voice replied. Pausing, he and De Marsillac strained their ears to listen; but after the mocking echoes ceased, silence fell as before. Then the two looked again at each other and Atherton smiled.

"Plainly, that rascal has not come up yet," he said. "Well, it is impossible that we can remain here until night falls, waiting for him to arrive and answer us. Failing anything else, I must follow my own judgment of what our course should be. We will go this way."

And, followed by the boy, he started off.

(To be continued.)

JUST as there comes a warm sunbeam into every cottage window, so comes a love-beam of God's care and pity for every separate need.—*Hawthorne.*

My Garden.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"Why does my neighbour call this his garden? He but pays the taxes upon it and the gardener who labours in it; while I, from my chamber window, reap all its loveliness."

IT harbors shrubs of high degree,
And now and then an humble tree,
Where robins build their tidy nests,
To house the coming crimson breasts.
Along the wall the roses grow,—
The Yorkists in their gowns of snow,
While those of Lancaster are fine
In petticoats the hue of wine.
The lilacs greet the days of May,
And purple pansies come to stay;
From every little visage dear
Shines ease of heart the livelong year.
Along the path is quaintly set
A row of sturdy mignonette,
Where honey-bees persistent hum,
And lovers of Our Lady come—
(’Twas but a weed, the poets say,
Until she passed along the way).
I laugh and trill a happy song
Whene’er my neighbor walks along,
Because he fancies it his own—
This garden where the buds have blown!
I let him gaze at tree and vine;
He does not know that they are mine.
His is the care and his the cost.
In times of blight I have not lost,
But take my ease with book and pen
Until the blossoms come again.

A Parisian Prodigy.

FOR a number of weeks past Paris correspondents of American and English newspapers have made occasional mention of a clairvoyant, or visionary, whose revelations have excited the most profound surprise and curiosity among the two millions and a half inhabitants of that gay capital. The following account of the so-called "prophetess," her history and her present manifestations will be of interest to our readers:

Mademoiselle Couesnon resides with her father and mother at No. 40 Paradise Street. In frequent "ecstasies," she gives to her questioners answers which, she affirms, are suggested to her by the Archangel Gabriel. These answers, as varied as are the fancies of the inquirers, point in general to a change of government soon to bring about the restoration of the monarchy in France, to the reform of the clergy, to frightful chastisements that menace Paris, France, and the world,—which chastisements will be the prelude to an era of peace. A noteworthy circumstance is that her answers are couched in rhythmic form.

M. Oscar Havard, who writes of her in the *Monde* after a personal examination, paints a portrait of the clairvoyant that would apply fairly well to any necromancer. And M. Gaston Méry thus describes a recent visit paid to her:

"While she was speaking I was watching her auditors. On every countenance there was gravity, on some terror. A nun every once in a while wiped away her tears. Two women, whom I had noticed flushed and rosy on their entrance, had grown pale. Priests conducted the examination,—one especially, an old man, whose physiognomy radiated both intelligence and kindness; and every answer plunged him into a profound meditation. Those present were assuredly moved; for all of them had previously questioned the young woman about themselves and their past lives, and they were stupefied with the truth of her responses.

"Once more, are we or are we not to believe in her? The future will tell. One thing that is certain is that Mademoiselle Couesnon's predictions are bothering terribly both the priests and the *savants*. Of the priests, some believe that it is really the voice of Heaven they hear; others, on the contrary, declare that it is surely Satan who inspires the young woman. As for the *savants*, they do not know what

to make of the incredible nervous endurance of this girl, who for seven months past, from ten o'clock in the morning until eleven at night, gives versified answers to whoever questions her, and experiences not the least fatigue. Briefly, matters have taken a turn that apparently will necessitate the speedy intervention of ecclesiastical authority."

A writer in the *Temps* has this to say of Mademoiselle Couesnon:

"A young girl belonging to an honorable family of the Parisian middle class has been for seven months in a most curious physiological state. She lives with her parents, is in easy circumstances, and enjoys excellent health. Up to 1894 nothing about her could lead one to suspect that she was at all disposed to illuminism. All at once she became the subject of mystical visions, and declared herself inspired by the Angel Gabriel, who was to make use of her to announce to her contemporaries the most serious events, and to bring them by the prediction of terrible catastrophes to the love of their Maker and the practice of their religion.

"The fame of this prophetess quickly spread throughout modern Paris, which affects the supernatural, and has for some years been used to occupy itself with the occult sciences—magic, *Rose-Croix*, etc. The crowds who thronged to consult her soon grew so large that certain lodgers in the house where she resides complained that the stairway was continually blocked up by visitors. Not the slightest reproach could be formulated against the girl's conduct or the strict respectability of her environments; and consequently no formal complaint was, or could be, made tending to put an end to her prophesying. Her parents, however, decided to limit the number of future visitors to those who had written asking for an interview.

"On our arrival at the house, No. 40 Paradise Street, this morning, the young woman's mother kindly received us; and

when we told her the object of our call, assured us that her daughter herself would come in a few minutes to give us the required information.... Mademoiselle Couesnon entered. She is a girl of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, of moderate height, and well-built, with abundant chestnut-colored hair. Her brilliant eyes are calculated to draw one's attention. They are very large and well set off by eyebrows black and highly arched. She looks one squarely in the face.

"In the conversation that ensued, the clairvoyant showed herself good-humored and simple, affecting no theatrical tricks or mannerisms. It was on August 5, 1894, she told us, that she first experienced an 'ecstasy,' that lasted for several hours. On coming to herself, she could give no account whatever of what had taken place. Her parents consulted a physician; but as no effect was produced on her health by this trance, it was soon forgotten. One year later, day for day—on August 5, 1895,—at the same hour—about eleven in the forenoon—she had another trance which lasted three days. 'It was only on the 8th of August,' she said, 'that the Angel Gabriel revealed himself to me, explaining what my mission was to be,—a matter all the details of which I can not yet fully understand. From that date the Angel speaks through me to all who come to question him. At his approach my eyes close, I lose all consciousness, and it is the Angel himself who answers, making use of my voice. When the interview is at an end, my eyes reopen and I have no remembrance whatever of anything I may have said.'

"'But,' we asked, 'from all these supernatural interviews, or conversations, does not your health suffer somewhat? Do you not experience at least a slight fatigue?'

"'No, not generally. I am as well as ever I was; my appetite is good and my sleep tranquil. Although attached to my religion, I am not disposed to mysticism; and understand nothing of what is taking

place within me. Sometimes, however, I do feel tired. It is when the Angel does not wish to answer questions which he considers idle or inspired by a spirit of mockery. Then I remain with my mouth closed, and am ill at ease. But listen!' continued Mademoiselle Couesnon. 'The Angel is going to address you.'

"The girl's eyes closed almost completely. But through the lids could be discerned a little of the white of the eyes, which seemed to be rolled up. Then in a clear voice, without our having questioned her, she spoke of our character, of our past life, and our projects for the future. The details were quite precise, and, as to the past and present, exact. We could not repress a sensation of profound astonishment.

"When her voice ceased we asked the Angel whether a great European war might not result from the recent events in Egypt.—'Yes,' said the voice, in the same clear, decided tone; 'something like that will happen. France will be chastised—she will have to undergo terrible misfortunes. England, too, will be cruelly smitten—her population decimated, her pride humbled, her wealth destroyed.'

"After such dolorous predictions, the young girl opened her eyes, and we took our departure."

Later advices from Paris state that the Archbishop has forbidden ecclesiastics to visit Mademoiselle Couesnon's *salon*. It may be added that the young girl is a good Catholic, and even during these months of supernatural or preternatural manifestations has been a weekly communicant. What is to be thought of the angelic or diabolic character of the spirit that speaks through her will appear no doubt a little later on.

How many go forth in the morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have been broken for harsh words
spoken

That sorrow can ne'er set right.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

O Rose of May!

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

I.—FROM AN OLD PRINT.

Ecce ego et tu, et spero quod tertius inter nos Christus sit.

—Abbot Ælred of Riveaux.

THE slope below Nazareth was misty gray with a haze of young olive leaves; and the fragrant west wind streamed over the sea from the Islands of Greece, past brown Carmel and its lilies. The evening world was steeped in light as from fused topaz. The swallow-gyres sent down far, faint, twittering music. On the flat white roof of the Holy House were Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. The same sun we now forget, as if it were not sacred, was touching His hair. Our sun is as a monstrosity, and we do not think of all that word conceals.

He was a Babe then. Mary knelt, and the wonderfulness of her face was toward the sea. About three paces from her knelt Saint Joseph. The Babe clung to the outstretched finger of the foster-father. Mary held out her arms and whispered, "Come!" The Little One ran toward her with His arms extended. The slanting light made His shadow upon the flat roof a black cross: Mary sprang forward, with white lips, and caught Him in her arms.

II.—FROM A BOOK OF NEGLECTED VERSES.

"Where day no more shall set nor flowers die."

"The Ladye Seint Marye, faire and gode and swete," stands among the strange blossoms that are within the twelve gates, each a pearl. The Holy Innocents and a vast throng of the little ones of heaven are about her. She has for vesture the blue mantle and scarlet robe of Nazareth. One of the children, with the new wonder of heaven in its eyes, plays with the rosary that clicks at the belt of Our Lady of Nuns. Upon her arm is her Babe. Her eyes are very beautiful, from gazing at her Son for nineteen hundred years. There comes a child that has just been taken

up from earth in the soft embrace of the pitiful Angel Death. Our Blessed Lady stoops and lifts this child upon her right arm and kisses it. Then it gazes into the face of God, and a foolish mother upon earth is sorrowful beyond tears.

III.—FROM THE PARADISO.

Quivi è la rosa in che il Verbo Divino
Carne si fece. —*Pur., xxxiii.*

When Dante entered the tenth heaven, the Empyrean, beyond every limit of time and space, the abode of God and of those saved by the blood of the Lamb that was slain, streams of living radiance came surging and gleaming about him, swathing him in their effulgence, as the lightning sometimes enwraps us and crashes against the blinded eyes. A flood of quivering splendor poured down, a river between banks enamelled with May blooms. From this stream innumerable scintillations outwelled and sank upon the flowers like rubies atremble upon molten gold.

And then, as if inebriate with the odors, They plunged again into the wondrous torrent; And as one entered, issued forth another.

He drank of this River of Life. Then suddenly were revealed to him the two courts of heaven—angels and men. He stood before the visible Rose of the Blessed.

And as some cliff that from the bottom eyes
His image mirrored in the crystal flood,
As if to admire his brave apparelling
Of verdure and of flowers; so, round about
Eyeing the light, on more than million thrones
Stood, eminent, whatever from our earth
Has to the skies returned.

The Rose eternal ascended tier on tier, tier on tier immeasurable, doubling still and doubling, breathing a fragrance of praise to the ever-vernal Sun and Source of life and peace that is the good God forever adorable.

Between the Divine Light and the petals of the Rose floated angels like bees, now dipping into the blossom's chalice, anon streaming back to the source of their Love. Their faces were all fair fire, their wings quivering jewel-flames, their

raiment as mountain snow at azure noon.

Above the Rose was enthroned the Sapphire of Heaven, the Mother of the Golden Light; and archangels drifted about her chanting, each distinct in his own splendor. Their song was, *Ave Maria, gratia plena!* And it rolled in billows of ecstatic harmony unto the Heart of her Son. Then the great poet, caught upward by the ravishment of her awful beauty, burst forth into his own angelic hymn:

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in loveliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel preordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee that its great Maker did not scorn
To make Himself His own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germin in eternal peace.
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art, beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,
Thy bounty succors; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatso'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

A GIFT OF GOD.

IF a beloved friend, interested in your well-being, should present you with a healing cordial, a health-lift or a saddle-horse, you would, out of love, be guided by the suggestions accompanying the gift, though your faith in its efficacy might be small. You would take the cordial, not banish it to an attic closet; you would exercise your muscles with the mechanical appliance, instead of allowing it to rust in the cellar; and you would, at whatever inconvenience, ride the gentle pony out

into the pure air of heaven. All this, with feeble faith, you would do for your friend.

And yet the majority of us treat the gifts of God, our Friend of friends, with utter indifference,—nay, more: we deny them access to our homes; we put them aside in favor of men's poor inventions. We welcome the poisonous decoctions of quacks, and abide by the whimsical theories of our neighbors, stubbornly refusing to be made well by the means which are so harmless and simple that we will not believe they are divine. The elements of the air are mixed in the proportions best fitted for our lungs, and we dilute it with carbonic acid gas; we put to one side the kindly fruits of the earth and the grains of the teeming field, preferring the flesh-pots of Egypt and the spiced vagaries of the civilized palate; and we pass the healing spring on our way to the spot where stimulating and dangerous beverages are sold. Yet all these mistakes we might make and thrive, after a fashion, if we did not make another which dwarfs them all.

The chemical and electrical effects of the sun are by the masses as little used for remedial purposes as the star dust of the Milky Way or the summer snows of the North Pole; and this in spite of the undisputed truth that their efficacy is without stint or limit. But we prefer pale cheeks to faded upholstery, and stoutly maintain that the direct rays of the sun produce headache, concentrate malaria, etc.

There is no known disorder which does not yield to remedies more quickly if the sun, the nurse's best helper, is called into requisition. Hospital statisticians affirm that patients in the shady wards fight against fearful odds, and that those near the sunny windows have half the battle won. Sunbeams absolutely kill all poisonous germs, are a powerful tonic, give cheer and hope; and the wondrous chemistry of their direct rays helps to set right whatever may be wrong in mortal frame. What wonder that the ancients, knowing

not the true God, worshipped the sun!

Some astronomers declare that there is a centre, a mysterious force, around which all solar systems revolve. "An undevout astronomer is mad"; but the devout ones say, reverently, that this centre may be the God who created suns and universe, Himself the source of power, of love, of healing,—

"O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in Thy wings!"

The certainty that a hitherto unknown ray has been discovered, by which the eye penetrates solids and solves the secrets of our mortality, adds startling confirmation to the theories of those who believe that the sun is a better physician than any wise product of the mundane schools of medicine; but those whom experience has taught do not need the X ray to make them grateful for the curative powers of the blessed sun, that gift of God.

An Abominable Nuisance.

IT has often been pointed out, as showing the difference in spirit between Catholic and non-Catholic nations, that the early settlements of the French and Spanish bear religious names, while those of the English settlements are commercial or materialistic. Thus, there are Sacramento, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Fé, Santa Clara, San Antonio, etc., on one side; and Leadville, Iron Mountain, Dead Men's Gulch, Devil's Lake, etc., on the other. It may also be said, as illustrating the difference between the Ages of Faith and our age of half-hearted Christianity that the "supernaturalism" of the one is shown in pre-Reformation art, which depicted the Man of Sorrows, the Madonna and the saints; while the "naturalism" of the other is evident from the productions of modern painters who find their highest inspiration in limning human nakedness.

In connection with this last phase of "art," the Rev. Father Hacker has issued, in form of a circular letter, an "Invitation to a United Attack upon Improper Pictorial Representations," which deserves earnest consideration. The offensive pictures scattered everywhere about us are indeed an ominous sign of the times; and, as Father Hacker says, "to avoid entirely seeing them would necessitate our moving about with eyes closed. The advertisements of steamboats, the announcements of art and industrial expositions in railroad depots and restaurants; the programs of festivities, lectures, concerts; the business cards and advertisements of goods; the bills of fare; the beakers of restaurants; the wrappers of letter-paper; the envelopes; the labels on packages containing coffee, confectionery, different kinds of eatables; the bottles and jars in which different liquids are sold; copy-books, calendars; the wrappers of cigar-boxes, packages, and the like;—in a word, most of what we see and meet with is now used as a vehicle by which to convey to our eyes indecent and sensual representations.... And what is there that is not now offered to the thoughtless and curious multitude under the name of art in the show-windows of the book, stationery and fancy stores? And who, for the most part, are attracted to look at them? The children! Those children whom to scandalize is, in the eyes of our Saviour, so great a crime that its perpetrators deserve to be cast into the depths of the sea with mill-stones about their necks."

This is uncomfortable reading; and the worst of it is that it is the solemn truth. If the picture which Father Hacker paints be lurid, it is because the facts are lurid. It is idle to dispute about "the nude in art." As a sturdy statesman once wrote, it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us. There are children now growing up who, on account of these pictures, will never know what it means to blush;

and if the moral sensibilities of many older people are not shocked by them, we must regretfully conclude that their moral sensibilities are but feebly developed. It is because of the suggestiveness, not the beauty, of these pictures that they are scattered broadcast; they are not intended—nor are they likely—to appeal to those whose esthetic sense is finely cultivated, but to the curiosity of the young and the ignorant.

The remedy which Father Hacker suggests is an easy and practical one. Prove to the business world that "it doesn't pay" to scatter these evil pictures about. "Examine thoroughly hereafter the things which you intend to buy, for the obnoxious sign. Care not merely for the quality of the goods, but look also at the wrappings, the labels, the pictures on them. If they prove to be of a dangerous nature, of a sensual character; if you reasonably fear any danger from them for your children,—then, I beseech you, do not take home this poison of souls. Tell business men frankly that, on account of the unbecoming representations on their goods, you can not bring them to your family. And at home examine your books, pamphlets, and pictures, to see if they contain anything indecent or sensual. If so, then away with those things into the fire! Do not regret their loss. Better that these things be thus destroyed than that your children should be exposed to the danger of suffering spiritual ruin."

Catholic parents and teachers can not guard too closely the morals of those whom God has entrusted to their keeping. The evil once done, it is irreparable. As Oliver Wendell Holmes, writing on this very subject, once said, "the imagination is terribly retentive of evil words and *images*. Expressions and thoughts of a certain character seem to stain the very fibre of the thinking organ, and affect in some degree the hue of every thought that passes through the discolored tissue."

Notes and Remarks.

A writer might be busily employed in simply noting the signs of the times in the religious world—the changes that are everywhere coming over sects and sectarians. For instance, regarding the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We remember the terms in which Protestant writers used to refer to this supreme act of worship. Now it is called the Mass, the Catholic Sacrifice, even “the miracle of the altar.” “Nobody nowadays,” says Mr. Augustine Birrell, “save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass.” Thomas Carlyle was so deeply impressed by the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice that he declared the Mass was “the only genuine thing in the world.” Catholics ought to invite their Protestant friends to accompany them to Mass and Benediction. This has been the beginning of many a conversion.

Italy is in a bad way. Burdened with an enormous national debt, which the war in Abyssinia is daily increasing; cursed with bad government, threatened with outbreaks by socialists, humiliated by the defeats of its army, the beginning of the end would seem to have come. The people realize this, and are flocking to foreign lands, especially the United States and the Argentine Republic. The extent of Italian immigration is astonishing. From January 1 to April 17 of this year the arrivals of Italian immigrants in New York numbered 19,946; and it is estimated that by the end of the present month this number will have been increased to about 40,000.

The graduates of the various Catholic colleges living in Boston have set other cities a good example by organizing a Catholic Alumni Club. The movement starts well with a large membership and abundant enthusiasm. At their recent banquet, Judge Daly, of New York, made a capital speech,—thoroughly modern in tone and uncompromisingly Catholic in spirit. Now that so many dreamers are reaching out for something purer than Christianity, said Judge Daly,

it will be wholesome to find men coming together and testifying in a bold and confident way their appreciation of the debt which modern society owes to religious belief. “What is wanted in these days,” he continued, “is more of the old-fashioned religion, not less. But this is only a part of the good that can be accomplished by the forming of such an organization as this. An important effect will be to dispel some of that extraordinary ignorance which yet wraps some of our fellow-citizens as a garment regarding the aims of the Catholic Church in America.”

The eloquent Judge modestly forgot to mention another great advantage of the Alumni Club—the association of the younger generation with men who, like himself, have achieved success in business or the professions without the least sacrifice of religious duty. We hope much from this organization, and would rejoice to hear of similar ones in all our large cities. The “Catholic” ward politician and saloon-keeper are too much in evidence, and Alumni clubs are needed everywhere to offset them.

Our valued contributor, Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge, who is now in the Nile region on behalf of one of the London journals, has had an interview with Father Rossignoli, who was for twelve years a prisoner of the Mahdists. There are still forty or fifty Europeans in captivity in the Khalifa's capital. Though he longs to see Khartoum again under a civilized power and its missions restored, Father Rossignoli is of opinion that the reconquest of the Soudan will be the work of years.

A great many distinguished men of our time who never actually embraced the Catholic faith—dying, it would seem, as they lived—were, nevertheless, advancing nearer and nearer to the centre of truth. No doubt, in many cases, the journey was happily completed at the hour of death. Grace works in mysterious ways. Mr. Edmund Gosse says of Mr. Walter Pater: “When I had known him first he was a pagan, without any guide but that of the personal conscience; years brought gradually with them a greater and

greater longing for the supporting solace of a creed. His talk, his habits, became more and more theological; and it is my private conviction that had he lived a few years longer he would have endeavored to take Orders and a small college living in the country." A writer in the *Weekly Register*, who probably knew Pater better than Mr. Gosse, remarks: "For our part, we should have gone further than Mr. Gosse and the 'country living'; for we often observed the extraordinary piety with which Mr. Pater assisted at High Mass in the Carmelite Church, when he was absent from Oxford at his Kensington house."

We are aware that the late Dr. Whately, one of the ablest of Protestant theologians, held that when the Anglican Church refers to the Holy Scripture as being the rule of faith and the standard in religious teaching, "the term 'Holy Scripture' means the original as written by the inspired authors themselves in Hebrew and in Greek." But this renders "the Bible and the Bible only" theory an impossible one, unworthy of acceptance by any serious-minded person. How few, even among the clergy of the various sects, know anything of original Hebrew and Greek Scripture, which, according to Dr. Whately, is the standard for reference! There is no telling what may become the rule of faith among non-Catholics in the next century.

We hope our Protestant friends in Chicago will forgive us for not commending "Readings from the Bible," prepared for use in the public schools. We would welcome any legitimate movement toward bringing school-children into touch with written Revelation; but we have always had a foreboding that the thing is impossible, and these "Readings" have justified it. It is not simply the feeling that the Holy Book has been mutilated and secularized by excerpts printed in text-book style. The Women's Educational Union is to be credited with a noble intention; but we insist that this book is offensive to Catholic instincts. Parts of the Bible which are most precious in our sight are necessarily

excluded. There is no mention of the founding of Christ's Church, of the Last Supper and the institution of the Holy Eucharist; of the power conferred on the Apostles and their successors to forgive sins. We do not complain of these omissions. We understand—and this circumstance should cause our Protestant brethren to reflect—that the insertion of these passages might be offensive to non-Catholic parents. But all this only shows that the task undertaken by the Union is impossible of execution. On the other hand, there are some selections which must be decidedly unsatisfactory to our people. While the words of the *New Testament* referring to the priestly power of forgiving sins are excluded, the selection from the *Old Testament*, entitled "Sin and the Power which Removes it," embodying the Protestant doctrine of mere repentance, must be injurious to the faith of our children. Again, every Catholic child knows the Ten Commandments by heart; and he will be surprised, to put it mildly, to see them reproduced in slightly different words, but with the numbers badly mixed.

We repeat that we recognize the good faith of the noble men and women who are striving to make the coming generation more religious, but we must insist that these "Readings from the Bible" offer no solution of the great problem of "religion in the schools."

Few articles of recent publication seem to have been so widely read and earnestly discussed as Mr. Birrell's paper in the *Nineteenth Century*. There was something *catchy* in the title given it—"What, then, Did Happen at the Reformation?" There are a great many earnest people who would like to know, and who have come to regard the Reformation as a myth,—which, of course, it was. Dr. St. George Mivart, the great English evolutionist, has made an important contribution to the discussion. He declares that the great apostasy of the sixteenth century was simply a revolt against the divine evolution of the Church. He says *inter alia*:

Catholics hold that the Church has as much authority and as perfect a claim to complete obedience in the year 1896 as in the year 100; as

also that what she orders to-day is of "Christ's ordinance," and merits no less reverence than if it had been mentioned "in the New Testament."... Churchmen of the sixteenth century were not, of course, consciously "Evolutionists"; but they were very practically such, in that they dutifully accepted all the doctrinal and ritual developments which had, up to that time, taken place. The *Ecclesia docens* had till then asserted her own authority with no equivocal voice, teaching, like her Divine Founder, "as one having authority, and not as the Scribes." The Church is a *living* organism; but, as physiology teaches us, to cease to change is to cease to live. The Church, existing as she does in an ever-changing world, could not react fitly on her environment without those changes from latency to actuality which she has continually exhibited from the Day of Pentecost. An appeal from the existing Church to antiquity, therefore, is a denial of the Church's divine life, and essentially heretical. It is also both unpractical and unreasonable, since no logical limit can be assigned to it.

Dr. Mivart, it will be remarked, discovers the principle of evolution in everything. The term is indispensable to him. If he were writing of Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, he would be sure to refer to it as the later evolution of Eucharistic devotion. And such it is.

American Catholics may be accused of many things of which they are innocent, but the charge of snobbishness might as well be admitted. It is, unfortunately, as well-grounded as the fault is contemptible and inexcusable. We are at home in the United States, and have no reason for not holding up our heads. There are many among us, however, who are always awaiting the verdict of the non-Catholic public. Nothing is appreciated, nothing finds favor until it has received the *imprimatur* of some prominent Protestant. No move beyond beaten tracks is encouraged until those outside the Church have taken the initiative. For instance, Summer Schools were established among us a quarter of a century ago, but the movement spread only when it received the impetus of the Methodist Assembly at Chautauqua. And so with many other popular movements. We shall never cease to be considered aliens until we cease to be snobs.

These reflections, and some others to which we will not now give expression, were suggested by seeing an appreciation of Mother Drane's "English Saints and

Shrines," by Dr. A. J. Faust, in *The Church News*. Had this poetry appeared in a secular magazine, not a few Catholic papers in the United States would have snapped it up, considering its publication by Protestants a striking tribute to the divinity of the Church. It is this truckling to non-Catholic opinion that accounts for the contempt in which Catholics are held. We are always on the defence, and seem to be afraid to hold any opinions of our own, or to do anything that Protestants have not previously approved or attempted. It is to be hoped that no harm will come of what Dr. Faust has written; though his statement that Mother Drane's "English Saints and Shrines" recalls Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and loses nothing by comparison, is a very bold one for a Catholic scholar to make. If some penny-a-liner were to express this opinion in a secular paper, the snobbish Catholic would "think so too," and, parrot-like, repeat the verdict everywhere.

There are few personages in Europe more interesting than M. de Blowitz, so often called "the pedagogue of sovereigns and statesmen." *Father-confessor* would perhaps be a better epithet than *pedagogue*, so many and so intimate were the confidences which the great journalist enjoyed in the courts of Europe. A recent visitor to his sanctum in Paris noted as the most prominent objects in the room Père Didon's "Life of Christ," a Catholic almanac, a statue of Faith, and a crucifix. This is not surprising when it is remembered that Blowitz has frequently made proud profession of his faith. The "pedagogue of sovereigns" was a young man just beginning his career when Laurence Oliphant, of the *London Times*, tried to pervert him. "I think we might settle for good this question of proselytism," said Blowitz, and he proceeded to do it in this fashion:

Humanity oscillates between atheism, which rejects reason, and reason, which bows to faith. Those who would substitute gravitation for the law of God, those who would explain the everlasting harmony of the world by successive aggregations arising out of chaos in fulfilment of an unconscious and sublime *ordonnance*, claim a greater effort from me than those who ask me to believe in one God

and in the doctrine of the Trinity. When I have admitted that God created the world, I have expressed a belief certainly which makes revealed religions appear infinitely less miraculous, and a thousandfold more acceptable, than the theory of spontaneous creation and automatic development. That from the midst of the people of God trodden under the hoof of the pagan conqueror in the corrupt Græco-Roman world there should have arisen a prophet who, instead of hatred and revolution, preached charity, forgiveness, brotherly love, and good-will toward all men, was itself a greater miracle than any of those attributed to Christ during His sojourn on earth. Unless you can teach me a religion which inculcates precepts more sublime than those of the Divine Philosopher of Nazareth, leave me my faith, without seeking to trouble it.

So many people have been lecturing us about the non-support of the Catholic press that we are glad to hear somebody speak up for the Catholic public. There are papers with pious names and fervent religious mottos which may be regarded, in all sobriety, rather as hindering than helping the spread of the faith. The *Buffalo Union and Times*, which, we fancy, has no need to beseech patronage, rightfully protests that "there is no obligation on the Catholic public to support a vacuity, even though the label at its head may proclaim to the world that it is a Catholic vacuity. Give our people papers and literature of ability, and they will respond. They are, as a rule, proud of their able Catholic papers, their talented Catholic editors, their eloquent priests and bishops, their representative men of learning and mental attainments; but they know all these when they see them, and they will not be put off with shoddy and counterfeit." Father Cronin is right. If Catholics were even more exacting than they are, there would be more papers like the *Union and Times* and fewer "counterfeits."

A writer in *Donahoe's* tells a good story illustrating the wit of the Archbishop of Philadelphia. He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest; "it belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '98."—"And evidently fell on the hat," added the Archbishop.

Notable New Books.

THE CHRISTIAN AT MASS. By the Rev. Joseph L. Andreis. Murphy & Co.

When as children we study the little Catechism in preparation for First Communion, we learn the ends for which the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered; but too often we grow careless, and forget the "ocean of graces, of vast satisfactions, and of kingly expiations, with which the daily Masses of the Church outpour themselves; lighting the patient darkness underground, flashing up to the skies as so much additional light and song, and beautifying the poor exiled earth in the eye of the all-holy heavens."

To help us to remember the unspeakable dignity of the Mass, to make us realize, at least partially, the ineffable worth of the clean oblation, we should often meditate on the mysteries it represents. To aid us in this we can read nothing more practical, more complete and more devotional, than Father Andreis' book—"The Christian at Mass." True indeed are the words spoken of this work: "It lifts the veil that covers infinite treasures from the sight of the Christian; it will not only make the reader more pious, but more intelligently pious."

Every part of the Mass, from the entrance of the priest into the sanctuary until the end of the Sacrifice, is clearly explained; and no reflections are omitted whereby we may know not only all that pertains to the Mass, but may also feel it. One can not read this book without thanking God for that precious dogma, the communion of saints.

CONSCIENCE AND LAW. By William Humphrey, S.J. Thomas Baker.

A volume of theology from the pen of Father Humphrey needs no further recommendation to Catholic readers. We believe that his first venture into the field of literature was a "Digest" of the Summa of Saint Thomas. A "Digest" would be a very appropriate characterization of the six chapters of Moral Theology included in this volume. The book is as compact as a cheese. It is exceedingly close writing, and the reading of it is by no means "the pastime of a

drowsy summer's day." The total absence of example or illustration—which, of course, was necessarily part of the author's intention—renders the book hard reading for those who have made no theological studies. But it will be all the more acceptable to those who have a stomach for solid food; and Father Humphrey's style is the perfection of clearness and accuracy. The character of the chapters is sufficiently explained by their titles: Human Responsibility, Conscience, Law, Dispensations and Privileges, Justice and Right, and Restitution.

MONTH OF MAY AT MARY'S ALTAR. Translated from the French by the Rev. Thomas F. Ward. Benziger Brothers.

We seldom meet with a "Month of May" which pleases us as much as this little book in blue. It is not simply devotional, it is thoughtful; and the thoughts are interesting and uncommonplace. True, so constant and tender has devotion to our Heavenly Mother been in all ages, so lavish has been the praise of learned and saintly men, that nothing altogether new can now be said of her. But in this volume there is a freshness which is of expression, though it seems to be of thought; and the examples with which the author's exhortation is enforced will have the force of novelty to the oldest clients of Mary. There are thirty-one meditations, divided into points, which touch on the most conspicuous prerogatives of Our Lady. We cordially recommend this work both to parish priests and to the faithful who can not attend the regular May devotions in the churches.

MY WILL: A LEGACY TO THE HEALTHY AND THE SICK. By Sebastian Kneipp, Chamberlain of the Pope and Parish Priest of Wörishofen, Bavaria. Kempten, Bavaria: Joseph Koesel. New York: J. Schaefer.

In this work we have the last word of the venerable Father Kneipp on the Water Cure. He confesses that he has modified some of his former views on the use of water: with many of the applications the duration of time is altered. But he has not lost any of his confidence in the curative power of the liquid element when properly applied, and he repeats again and again that this is the most rational and best mode of treating disease. His success and the thousands who resort to

him are the best testimony to the efficacy of his system of treatment. He holds some views about the use of water which even his own physicians hesitate to accept. He says:

Just as in the world there is nothing good that does not meet with more or less of opposition, so with the lightning-douche, the working of which has been falsely judged, and in heart disease has been declared dangerous. Even my own physician objected to this douche as dangerous in this disease. I maintained the contrary opinion, always supposing it to be given in the proper way. We made many trials of the lightning-douche, counting the pulse of the patient before, during, and after the douche. Then came the surprise: the result of this so-called torture was in my favor, and even the unbelieving doctors were convinced. A young priest, who on account of disease of the heart (*insufficiencia valvula mitralis*) could not advance in his profession, took lightning-douches. The first day before taking the douche his pulse was 108; after it, it was not more than 80. The doctors thought some mistake had been made, and still would not believe in its power. The next day another lightning-douche was administered to the patient. Previous to his taking it the pulse was 120, afterward it was 88. He himself felt extremely well and unexcited, and declared: "There is nothing the matter with me. I have not felt so well and comfortable for years."

Ah, but how Father Kneipp sings in every key the praises of "going barefoot"! Let us quote again:

Thousands of persons suffer constantly from headache, and try remedy after remedy for it in vain. If you ask them, "How are your feet?" the answer is invariably, "Always cold." The headache arises, therefore, from too much blood in the head. I have had the assurance from a very large number of these that they owe, first the alleviation of their pain, and finally the cure of their headache, entirely to going barefoot. Try it for yourselves. Go barefoot on the ground or on the grass; and, whether you are suffering headache or only dizziness, you will soon experience that the pressure is removed and the head clearer.... Going barefoot has indirectly a great influence on the stomach.... An army surgeon said to me: "I could not have believed that going barefoot could have produced such wonderful results. It clears the head and strengthens the body, and makes one feel as fresh and strong after it as one felt weak and faint before."... A duchess came for the cure quite as much out of curiosity as from a desire to be healed of her sickness. She tried going barefoot thoroughly; she walked about all day long in this way. One day she said to me: "Oh, how I wish my dear mother had included going barefoot in my bringing up! As a child, I had always an intense longing to go about without my shoes and stockings.... Now I see the good effects of going barefoot."... It is most comforting to walk in the dewy grass in the early morning,—the longer

the better; and is one of the best means of gaining strength.... Wading in cold water is strengthening not only to the feet, but to the stomach and to the whole body.

Father Kneipp warns those who would make use of his system of cure that they should observe his directions. There is a science in the right use of his methods, and persons who would treat themselves at random would be liable to cause injury. Those who walk barefoot in the snow particularly are recommended to cover their tracks for fear of exposure. People may doubt the efficacy of Father Kneipp's system, and declare that even when properly applied it is useless, if not dangerous; however, the fact remains that he is eminently successful in curing diseases, even desperate cases given up by the "regular physician." Another thing, Father Kneipp is no fortune-seeker. Let those who are wise profit by his generous gift of all he knows concerning the art of healing. There is much in his works deserving the consideration of physicians.

THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. By F. v. Brackel. Translated by Mrs. M. Mitchell. Benziger Brothers.

This is a high-class novel—a love-story that every reader will feel better for having read. It is strong as well as pure, with a good plot ably developed. The heroine, by her unworldliness and spirit of self-sacrifice, exemplifies the motto of the book—"God's flowers can bloom upon every soil." The hero proves himself worthy of the name. It is a pleasure to recommend a novel of such exceptional merit, but we feel that it would be an injustice to the reader to outline the plot. Suffice it to say that the translator has done her part well, and that the publishers have produced a handsome volume.

The story will not be new to our older readers. We have been somewhat surprised to notice that the reviewers, with one exception, seem to regard it as entirely fresh, whereas it was translated twenty years or so ago. After appearing, with certain adaptations, in *THE AVE MARIA*, under the title of "Nora," it was issued in book form by Messrs. Burns & Oates. We may state that F. v. Brackel was the pen-name of the famous Countess of Liechtenstein.

OLD FACES AND NEW. By the Rev. F. J. Finn, S. J. B. Herder.

Somebody has said that Father Finn was the first to "discover" the American Catholic boy; we prefer to think that he was the first to idealize him systematically. He evidently believes that a model is better for a small boy to look at than a mirror. It takes a clever man to make the small boy think so too, but that is just what Father Finn has done. We know of no author who puts so much supernaturalness into his youngsters; but there are few, too, who put so much naturalness into them. The boy takes hold of the latter quality, and the former quality takes hold of the boy; for we can not believe that any one could read such stories as these without being improved as well as interested.

Some of Father Finn's best work is in this little volume. We fancy there are a few pretty old boys who will enjoy these short stories, and perhaps insist on reading them to their children.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Mr. Charles B. Lee, of Manchester, N. H., who departed this life on the 16th ult.

Mr. John Coyle, whose happy death took place on the 20th ult., in Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. Mary A. Clark, of Humboldt, Kansas, whose life closed peacefully on the 7th ult.

Mr. Bernard Foley, who passed away on the 11th ult., at Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Apollonia Huber, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Patrick Meehan, Derby, Conn.; Miss Louise O'Brien, Seymour, Conn.; Miss Mary J. Gilbride and Miss Anna McKeon, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Esther A. Carroll and Mrs. Margaret Lyons, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Denis J. Crowley, Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. P. Higgins, Paterson, N. J.; Bridget Clay, Victoria, Australia; Mrs. J. A. Murphy, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. Margaret Lanahan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Martin J. Brophy, Berlin, Conn.; Mr. Patrick Clint, Kingston, Canada; Mary A. L. Hoerler, Nauvoo, Ill.; and Mrs. Margaret McCorry, Lawrence, Mass.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Gentle Saint.

ST. FRANCIS loved the little birds;
He called them to him every day;
He fed them crumbs and gentle words,
And held them in his kindly sway.

And this because his spotless heart
Was full of tenderness and love;
From evil he dwelt far apart;
Like them, his thoughts soared all above.

"O sweet St. Francis!" let us pray,
"Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Help us to put harsh thoughts away,
And make us pure and kind like thee."

Who Won the Baseball Game?

BY L. W. REILLY.

IV.

THE play of the nine continued to be poor. If there had been no game in prospect with an outside club, they would have disbanded. They held together only because they did not want strangers to hear of their dissensions. The whole college was depressed, for everyone foresaw disaster.

The day before the last game of the series Nick Miller fell sick. To make matters worse, the next best player, Will Lowe, was suffering with a split finger. No choice was left but to take Austin Magrath, who was fair in the field, but weak at the bat.

That evening Dillon and Dubois were

talking together about the event of the morrow, and the former said:

"There's little hope for us. Only that I wouldn't show the white feather to the Æolians, I'd give them the prize ball without playing the game. If Foley hadn't dropped out and the team hadn't been run down in its play, we'd have walloped them off the field, crack pitcher and all. Now, however—well, you'll do your best and I'll do mine, and the others will suit themselves; but, win or lose, I'll resign my place and quit the club."

"So'll I," responded Louis. "I'm tired of cliques and ill-feeling."

"I think so much of the reputation of the college for athletics, however," went on the captain, "that if I thought he'd play, I'd go to Foley and ask him to come back to the nine, if only for to-morrow."

"He'd only laugh at you, I'm afraid," replied Louis; "and gloat at the fix of the Red Stars. Still, he used to be a good fellow, and I often admired him for being generous and amiable; but since he got ugly and took the bit in his teeth, there's no telling what he'd do."

At that very moment Foley was reading a letter from home that had come in the last mail. It was from his mother. And, by the way, what a good thing it is for a boy to have a wise mother! She's his visible guardian angel. If he loves her, he'll hate to displease her. If she knows how to touch his heart, a word from her will keep him true to his nobler self and may influence his whole career. One passage in the letter that Bernard received read as follows:

"Yesterday Mrs. Martin was telling me of the son of a neighbor of hers, in whom she is interested and for whose benefit she was seeking my advice. He is a lad of about your age. But he is said to be headstrong, surly, coarse-grained, quick to take offence, slow to respond to high motives. I felt a glow of gratitude warming my heart, while I listened to the account of the poor boy's sour character, that Heaven had made my son magnanimous, cordial, frank, sincere, manly, docile and brave. I thank our dear Lord and His Blessed Mother for the good spirit that you have always shown."

If Bernard had been struck by the blow of a fist he could not have felt more hurt than he did from this letter. Its loving praise smote him to the heart. "If she only knew!" he thought,— "if she only knew!"

There was a postscript to the letter which said:

"James Doyle's mother got a letter from him last week. He casually mentioned that you had left the baseball club. Since she told me what he said, I recall now that for some time your letters have been silent about the game, concerning which you used to be so enthusiastic. No trouble, I hope? Any way, I feel sure that my boy acted right; and perhaps your absence from the nine will let you devote your whole mind to study."

"If she only knew!" repeated Bernard,— "if she only knew!"

All that evening a struggle went on in his mind. Would he make himself worthy of his mother's esteem or persist in his selfish course? At one time his Good Angel triumphed, the next minute the evil spirit swayed him to the other side. "What will the fellows say?" and "Will Dillon make up?" were the two questions that made him hesitate.

At night prayers the contest was decided. It was a First Friday. A red light flamed before a statue of Him who said: "Learn

of Me because I am meek and humble of Heart." Bernard thought of this utterance as he knelt before the tabernacle. His mother's words, too, came before him.

"I will do it," he said; "with God's help, for her sake."

The next morning brought the fateful day, which was made a special holiday on account of the game, to suit the convenience of the Æolians.

As soon as Bernard awoke, the contest was renewed in his mind. But he shook his head in the intensity of his purpose not to listen to any of the arguments of the adversary against his settled plan.

At the recess after breakfast Bernard hurried over to the club-room; and there, before all the students present, he offered his hand to Dillon and said:

"I'd like to shake hands with you, Ed, and make up. I did wrong to defy your authority as captain. I was mad because you didn't give me first-base. I'm sorry for it all. I'd like to join the nine again and take my place as last substitute."

This was spoken so rapidly that Dillon could not stop it, as he wanted to do. At the first sign of a return of friendliness on the part of Foley, he had grasped the latter's outstretched hand and shook it heartily.

"Don't say another word, Bernie!" he cried. "It's all over, thank goodness,—all over and done! I didn't know that you felt bad over your assignment. I put you in your old place, because there's no one equal to you there—no one. I'm glad to forgive and forget,—yes, and to be forgiven for my hot temper. Let's put it all back of us and begin afresh. You're just in time. Nick, you know, is down with a fever, and Will's hand is in splints. Austin will be glad to make room for you. Won't you, Austin?"

"Oh, you bet I will, Ed!" was the ready answer.

"I'd have gone to you last night," continued Dillon, "to ask you to play, only—"

He was unwilling to add: "Only I was loath to risk the humiliation of a refusal."

But Foley understood him, and made haste to say:

"If you don't think I'm too much out of practice, I'll be more than delighted to play with you."

"Well, let's put on our suits and get out on the field for an hour's practice," said Dillon. "Thank goodness, the game doesn't come off until the afternoon!"

The word passed like lightning over the campus that Foley had rejoined the Red Stars, and a hopeful feeling took possession of all the boys. When the nine came out for a brush against a scrub team mustered for the occasion, there was great cheering. The "men" themselves felt well. They were all in their old places. Their mutual misunderstandings had disappeared; good-will once more reigned supreme among them; they were friends again. They played with their old-time spirit; they "whitewashed" the "scrubs."

V.

In the afternoon, at two o'clock, the last of the great games began. The grand stand was crowded. The "diamond" was surrounded by a great throng of "rooters." The Red Stars were sanguine of success. They were so alert, so joyous, so confident of victory, that their antagonists felt the electric influence of their elation and were correspondingly depressed.

Bernard played at his best. He felt glad to be back among his mates. His heart was flooded with sunshine; the darkness and the bitterness had been driven out of it. He could now write to his mother without shame,—could tell her all; and could make her happy by the assurance that, if he had failed to be steadfast to her ideal of him, he had, at the risk of being misunderstood or even of being ridiculed by the thoughtless for having "backed water," confessed his failure and risen again for a renewed effort.

No "hay-mowers" escaped the short-stop. No half-way "fly" was muffed by him. He played the whole field between the pitcher and the bases. He was just where he ought to be at critical moments. He made one brilliant catch and helped to make two double plays. It seemed almost impossible for any batted ball, except fouls and "high flies," to get by him. The spectators applauded him frequently, and one enthusiastic "rooter" cried out in the fulness of his exultation: "Three cheers for the boss short-stop of the Red Stars!"

No need is there to describe the game. The Æolians were vanquished. They were out-generaled and outplayed. The curly curves of their pitcher gave their opponents little bother; for every batsman that faced him seemed to put heart into every hit and knocked the ball all over the field. The "battery" of the home team, on the contrary, seemed never before to be so strong and sure. The visitors got "rattled" before the game was half over, and they lost the day by a score of 11 to 3.

When the last man was put out, a cheer—loud, exultant, shrill, many-voiced and long-sustained—went up all around the field in honor of the victory. The home nine, after taking off their hats in acknowledgment of the salutation of their host of frantic admirers, set about escorting the Æolians to the refectory. Just then a crowd of Dillon's and Foley's classmates burst through the bounds, and picking up those two players on their shoulders, carried them, in procession, at the head of all the other players to the door of the dining-room, in the midst of a laughing, pushing, cheering mob.

When the strangers had departed and the nine had retired to their club-room, Dillon went up to Foley and said:

"Bernie, I want to thank you in the name of the club and the college for to-day's victory."

"O don't, please, Ed!" was the reply.

'We all played well. It was the nine's victory. I haven't been so happy in two months as I was to-day. It was the effect of being in good company.'

At this Jim Doyle cried out: "Bully boy, Bernard! That was well said."

"Your thanks make me think of the unhappy past," continued Foley, "which I hope to forget. So please don't thank me. But if you only knew that it was a letter from home that made me anxious to get back, you might feel disposed to help me thank as good a mother as any boy ever had."

"Well, boys," shouted Dillon, seizing the club flag and waving it over his head, "let's give three cheers and a tiger for Bernie's mother,—for it was she that won the game."

(The End.)

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

VIII.

For several weeks life went on uneventfully at Hazelbrae. The young people, having successively gotten into various scrapes and out of them again, were somewhat subdued. Leo spent much of his time in driving Sport, the pony; Bernard worked pretty steadily in the fields; Elizabeth became interested in the dairy, and on two or three occasions actually helped Hannah to make the butter; Polly was more with Mrs. Campbell, and the flower-plots showed the result of her care..

In the interval there were, of course, picnics, to one of which the Sunday-school scholars of the tool-house were invited, and came in full force; and berrying parties,—not in the upper field, but pleasant tramps along the lanes and down by the brook for "black caps," or thimble-berries.

The only thing to mar Elizabeth's

happiness was the thought of the silver tankard,—a remembrance that caused her considerable uneasiness.

"How strange grandma has not missed it!" she often said to herself. In fact, Mrs. Campbell *had* missed it; but she supposed Miss Janet had carried it upstairs for safe-keeping, while the latter assumed that her mother had put it carefully away. Thus the truth was not discovered. Elizabeth wished very much to tell her grandmother she had lost the cup, but the longer she put off doing so the harder the ordeal became.

"Oh, if I had only acknowledged it at first!" she confided to Polly. "Grandma will be so displeased because I kept it a secret from her for so long."

"Put into your morning prayers a petition asking for the courage to tell," advised Polly. "I tried it at the orphan asylum when I had broken a plate or was in any difficulty. It is sure to work, if you keep on."

Elizabeth adopted the suggestion; but a number of times, when she nerved herself almost to the point of acknowledging her fault, her resolution failed.

"Grandma has always been nice to me, yet she is so dignified and stately I can't help being a little afraid of her," she reflected. "How shall I ever tell!"

While the foolish girl was thus debating the question, an event occurred that gave the neighborhood a subject of conversation for "a year and a day," as Patrick averred. As has already been told, Hazelbrae was a picturesque, old-fashioned house. The rooms of the second story were reached by a narrow stairway running up between the walls, with a door at the foot. Early one morning Hannah, going down to prepare breakfast, found this door secured from the outer side.

"Bad 'cess to Patrick, the rogue!" she soliloquized. "It is some trick he is after playing,—coming in and lighting the fire, and then locking me up to bother me.

Patrick, you *omadhaun!*" she continued, raising her voice, "let me downstairs this minute. The master will be here directly, and it is a 'talking to' he will be after giving you for your carrying on."

But there was no sound in the hall, nor in the kitchen nor dining-room beyond. It was useless to put her ear to the panel and listen.

"The plague of the world, if he has not gone off with himself!" she said, now thoroughly vexed. "And there, sure enough, is the master's step in the entry above."

"What is the trouble, Hannah?" called Mr. Campbell.

"I can't open the door, sir."

"Can't open the door!" repeated Mr. Campbell, incredulously.

"O sir, if I mistake not, it is only Patrick's doings, or maybe that rascallion Bernard's!" she hastened to answer. "I'll just go round by the small stairway in the north wing, and get the better of them, after all."

She set out to do so, but straightway came running back in great consternation.

"O sir, it could not have been Patrick nor Bernard that locked the door! The whole place below is knocked about, and the silver is gone; and—oh, my!—thieves, murder!"

As may be supposed, Hannah's alarm aroused all the family "in double-quick time," as Leo expressed it. In exactly three minutes Elizabeth was ready for breakfast, and made her appearance in the hall, where she met her brother with his shoes in his hand.

Mr. Campbell, after endeavoring to calm Hannah, also went down by the north staircase; for in her bewilderment she had not stopped to unlock the door. Mrs. Campbell and the others quickly followed.

What a scene met their eyes! In the south parlor the drawers of the secretary had been broken open, and Mr. Campbell's papers rumaged through.

"I am glad no money was there," he said; "but where is my small mahogany writing-desk?"

"Only come and see the breakfast room, sir,—ma'am!" interposed Hannah, who, as she recovered from her fright, became momentarily more indignant. "I laid the table over night, and look! The insolent marauders actually took a meal at it, and pocketed the silver forks and spoons after they had finished with them. Small use they had for the china, fortunately; for see the big bowls they brought from the kitchen to drink from. A fine breakfast they had, too. They've been to my dairy and skimmed the sweet cream off the milk pans, bad 'cess to them! And, dear Mrs. Campbell, ma'am, do see here! You know the large baking of bread I turned out of the oven yesterday,—six fine loaves made of white flour and six of rye flour! If they have not thrown the rye loaves on the floor of the pantry and taken the white! As if my rye bread was not good enough for the knaves, indeed!" This indignity made Hannah more wroth than did anything else. "I'll serve the breakfast in the south parlor, and have some muffins and coffee ready in a jiffy, ma'am," she went on, bustling about. "Oh, the knaves of the world, to despise my beautiful rye bread, that Patrick and Bernard do be saying is the best they ever tasted, and even the children like well!"

At this juncture Patrick suddenly made his appearance, and was dismayed at what had happened.

"I came to tell you, sir, some fellows were trying to get into the barn just before daybreak," he blurted out. "But, luckily, Bernard and I have our rooms there. We made the chaps aware of our presence, and they went off down the railroad. We looked toward the house, but it seemed undisturbed and everything was quiet. Had we known—"

Here Bernard came rushing in, carrying a mahogany box that had been broken

open, and was overflowing with letters and documents.

"My writing-desk!" said Mr. Campbell.

"I found it inside the fence near the railroad," answered Bernard.

"The papers would be of no use to any one but myself, which is the reason the rascals dropped it," grandpa added. "But let us have breakfast. I must be off to business. I shall send word of this affair to the county officials without delay."

Half an hour later he drove away to the railway station.

As may be presumed, Elizabeth, Leo, and Polly had been in a state of great excitement during the last two hours. They followed Hannah to and fro with offers of assistance,—proving, it must be admitted, more of a hindrance than a help. They pried into the dismantled secretory, the dairy and the pantry; and, in fact, explored the whole house. It is astonishing how bold folk become when they do *not* expect to find an intruder secreted in some nook or corner.

Finally, Leo went off to confer with Bernard; Polly paused to condole once more with Hannah upon the depreciation of the rye loaves; and Elizabeth dallied around the breakfast table, at which her mother, grandmother, and Aunt Janet lingered talking over the burglary.

"Your father feels very blue over the loss of the silver," sighed Mrs. Campbell. "To think that it belonged to his father and had been in the family nearly a hundred years, and now it is gone! We ought to have been more careful of it. He wanted it in daily use, for it reminded him of his boyhood. But no doubt we should have hidden it away at night. Yet who ever thought of burglars! They have never been known to visit any house in this part of the country."

Aunt Janet looked grave, as if she, too, had been partly to blame.

Elizabeth's heart began to beat quickly. How they regretted the theft of the forks

and spoons, that were very old, after all! People could not expect to keep things forever. But what would they say if they knew about the handsome silver cup, which was new—quite new,—since grandma bought it only last winter?—although, to be sure, there was no calculating how long it had been in the Van Loon family. Her conscience smote her. Should she tell grandma now when they were speaking of the silver? But how *could* she when grandma was so troubled! Remembering Polly's advice, she murmured under her breath the little prayer for courage. The next words she heard made her feel like slipping out of the room; it was only by a strong effort of will that she remained.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Campbell, "at least, Janet, I am glad you put away the Van Loon cup that hung in the dining-room pantry. Only for your forethought it would have been stolen too."

"The Van Loon cup!" exclaimed Miss Janet. "Why, I know nothing about it, mother dear!"

"What!" cried her mother. "You did not put it away?"

"No: I thought *you* did so."

Mrs. Campbell regarded her with surprise: "What has become of it, then? Call Hannah."

At this point Elizabeth burst into tears.

"O grandma!" she faltered, running over and throwing her arms about the good lady's neck, "I'm so sorry—sorrer than ever now! Do not be very much displeased, will you? The silver cup is gone, too. I took it to pick berries into, and lost it up in the field. Hannah told me not to take it, but I did."

"Come here, my daughter," said her own mother, sternly.

The girl went and stood beside her.

"Elizabeth, how is it you told no one of this before?"

"I—I—was afraid grandma would be angry with me."

"Does the child think I am an ogress?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, drawing the little girl toward her again. "Yes, I *am* displeased and hurt, my dear, that you should not have come to me candidly in the beginning. This concealment is very much worse in my eyes than even the first disobedience. I would rather lose twenty silver tankards, if I possessed them, than have my little granddaughter fail in moral courage or be guilty of deceit. But there! I will not reprimand you further. After all, you conquered yourself in the end. We will say no more about it."

Ashamed as she was, Elizabeth felt a load off her mind. Her self-conquest had been, she was conscious, nothing to boast of, since the loss of the tankard would have been presently discovered; yet at least she had not waited to be found out,—she had owned up, although at the last minute.

"Of course," she said to Polly afterward, "if I had not lost the cup it would have been stolen with the rest of the silver; but I was awful sorry to have to tell grandma to-day that it was gone, too. I was dreadful foolish, Polly, to have kept silent so long about it; and I feel real mean. But sometimes it does seem as if it were not quite all the fault of girls or boys when they are not exactly frank and outspoken. Sometimes they are afraid to be,—the grown folks make such a fuss when things go wrong, you know. There is Sarah Martin now; why, she just dare not tell her mother when she gets into a scrape, 'cause Mrs. Martin would have the high-strikes [hysterics] immediately. And Mollie Gerrish tells fibs now and then, just to escape being punished. Her mother keeps her in the house all day Saturday for the least little thing."

"But your mother is not like that, nor Mrs. Campbell either," said Polly, warmly.

"No indeed," avowed Elizabeth. "I was just a goose."

"Yes, you were," agreed Polly.

(To be continued.)

Why the Loving-Cup has Three Handles.

You have all seen the peculiar drinking vessel called a loving-cup, and perhaps wondered why it generally possesses three handles, when two would surely be enough. More than one reason is assigned for the superfluous handle, but the one given here seems to have the most reliable history:

One day, it is said, Henry of Navarre, King of France, was out hunting, and after a time became separated from his retinue. Becoming thirsty, he reined his horse at a wayside inn and asked for a glass of wine. A bright-looking maid thereupon brought him a cupful; but in giving it to him neglected to present the handle, and in consequence the King's white gauntlets were stained and spoiled. When he rode away, he formed a little plan intended to act as a hint to the girl. On arriving home, he ordered from the royal potteries a fine drinking-cup with two handles. This he sent to the inn, to the intense delight of the good landlady, who bade the maid be very careful of the gift. Some time after King Henry passed that way again; and, laughing to himself, stopped at the same inn and called to the maid for another cup of her good wine. Thinking only of the regard in which the cup was held, she grasped both handles; and again the King took hold of the rim, to the injury of his gloves. This time, when he rode off, he determined that such an accident should not happen a third time; so he ordered for the inn a cup with three handles, saying: "Surely out of three, I may have one."

Thus it began to be the fashion to have three handles to the cups which were passed from one to another at banquets, in token of good-fellowship; and the custom which was instituted in honor of Henry of Navarre is continued in the use of the modern three-handled loving-cup.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

VOL. XLII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 23, 1896.

No. 21.

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Pentecost.

WAITING and watchful in an upper room,

They gathered, sad, uncertain and afraid,
Yet trusting in His word who had been dead
And risen from darkness like a flower in bloom,

Shining, instinct with life, whom none gainsaid

Save Didymus, with faith not overmuch
Till Christ's dear wounds lay open to his touch.

A rushing as of wind through all the place,—

A mystic presence, vivifying speech,

Comforting all and sanctifying each,—

The breath of God illuming every face.

Thus to the twelve the Eternal Spirit came:

Faith, Wisdom, Knowledge, Peace,—in
tongues of flame. .

A Martyr in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

VISITORS to the Tower of London—that grim fortress where, during the sixteenth century, hundreds of Catholics suffered cruel torture and imprisonment for the faith—may observe, carved on the stone-wall over the fireplace of a cell in what is called the Beauchamp Tower, the following inscription, dated Arundel, 1587:

QUANTO PLUS AFFLICTIONIS PRO CHRISTO IN HOC
SÆCULO,

TANTO PLUS GLORIÆ CUM CHRISTO IN FUTURO.*

The prisoner who engraved these words, with a view to animate himself and his fellow-captives to suffer all their affliction with patience and fortitude, was Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, the touching story of whose life we now propose to lay before the reader.

Philip was the eldest son of Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk, whose name is familiar to us on account of his attachment to the cause of the unhappy Queen of Scots, for which he was beheaded on Tower Hill, by order of Queen Elizabeth, in 1572. Philip was born in London on the 28th of June, 1557,—the year before Elizabeth's accession to the throne; and was baptized three days after his birth, in the royal chapel at Whitehall, with great solemnity, in presence of Queen Mary and her royal consort and the principal personages of the court. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of York; a gold font—kept in the treasury for the christening only of the children of princes of the realm—being used on the occasion. King Philip of Spain acted as sponsor, and gave his own name to the infant; this was his last public act before he left the kingdom to revisit it no more.

* "The more affliction we endure for Christ in this world, the more glory we shall obtain with Christ in the next."

A few weeks only after his birth, the young Earl of Arundel had the misfortune to lose his mother, Lady Mary Fitzalan, who succumbed to fever. Although not more than seventeen years of age, she had won the love and esteem of all who knew her by the sweetness of her disposition, her virtue, and her piety. Most of all her son had reason to lament her loss, as her influence and counsel might have preserved him from falling into the evil courses he afterward bitterly regretted. "A grave and ancient gentlewoman" was appointed to watch over his infancy and impart to him the first rudiments of learning. But the boy, who is described as vivacious and clever, soon required firmer control and a more efficient teacher. This was provided for him in the person of a Mr. Gregory Martin, a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford,—a man of high classical attainments. Happily for Philip, who was being brought up in the religion of the state, to which his father had conformed, the excellent man to whom his education was confided, though not professedly a Catholic, had a strong leaning toward the ancient faith; and it is doubtless owing in a great measure to his influence in that direction, at this early period, that in after years his pupil was reconciled to the Church. Philip made rapid progress in learning under this tutor; but the latter would no longer remain at his post when the Duke gave orders that all the members of his household should attend the sermons of certain reformed ministers and frequent the heretical service. Resigning his charge, Martin withdrew to the Continent, where he became a Catholic, and later on entered the priesthood.

Meanwhile the Duke of Norfolk had twice married again, his third wife being the widow of Lord Dacre. By this union he became the guardian of her four children: George (Lord Dacre) and three daughters. On the death of the former at an early age, through a fall from his

horse, the daughters became heirs to the immense property of the Dacres; and the Duke resolved, by marrying his wards to his three sons, to secure the inheritance for his own family. As soon, therefore, as Philip was twelve years of age he was by his father's command and by his own free consent, publicly betrothed to Anne, the eldest of the three girls, who was about the same age as himself. But the youthful bridegroom had not attained "years of full consent," so the marriage was not a legalized ceremony. Two years later the Duke, who was then a prisoner in the Tower, "in disgrace and trouble about the business of the Queen of Scots," fearing lest the marriage might possibly be annulled by the Queen, issued a special order that the children—for we can call them nothing else—should be remarried in the presence of their families; but "without any noise or public solemnity," on account of the position of the head of the family at that time.

In the course of the next year the Duke of Norfolk was beheaded; and a letter of excellent advice which he left for his son's guidance received little attention from the thoughtless boy. At Cambridge, whither he went with his two younger brothers to finish his education, the fashionable follies of the day proved more attractive to him than the pursuit of study. The flattery of some of his teachers, the evil example of his companions, and the unbounded license granted at that period to students who were men of rank, seem for a time to have eclipsed the impression made upon him by the good instructions of his tutor in his boyhood. Besides, he had the less need for study on account of possessing a singularly retentive memory; so that if he heard read aloud a page of any book—Latin, Italian or English,—he could at once repeat it with perfect accuracy.

Philip was attractive also in person—tall, erect, with a good-looking if not

handsome countenance, and a pleasing address. Little wonder, then, that one so gifted, buoyant and unthinking, fond of pleasure, with a nature formed for keen enjoyment, when introduced at the age of eighteen to a voluptuous court, caressed by his sovereign and courted by his equals, should yield to the dazzling allurements of dissipation. Elizabeth recognized in him a gay courtier, such as she delighted to have near her,—ready to share in the levities, to shrink from none of the vices, of her court. She smiled graciously upon him; and the young man was all the more anxious to obtain and keep her favor because he had been told by some one who had caused his horoscope to be cast that he should be in great danger of being overthrown by a woman. He persuaded himself that the woman spoken of in the prediction was none other than the Queen herself, and consequently spared no pains to stand well with her. At the gala and the dance, the pageant and the pastime, the presence of the gay young Earl added lustre and grace to the entertainment.

It will readily be imagined that the marriage which the Duke of Norfolk, for the sake of enriching his house, had caused his son to contract while still a mere boy could not, under such circumstances, be productive of much happiness. It is true, a boy-and-girl attachment had existed between the two children when they used to wander together beneath the spreading beeches of Arundel Park, or played at games in the spacious hall of the castle. But there was little affection, still less congeniality of character and tastes, between the dissolute young gallant of Elizabeth's court and his modest, quiet, pious wife, who had been brought up far from all scenes of revelry and dissipation. Besides, Philip knew that his royal mistress detested his wife, as she detested the wives of all the nobles whom she distinguished with special favor. Consequently, the Countess Anne, neglected and

even disowned, was fain to leave London, whither she had gone to join her lord; and take up her abode with his grandfather, who treated her with the greatest kindness, as if she had been his own child, and did all in his power to reclaim her husband.

The young Earl was, however, not long permitted to lead this giddy life, in total oblivion of his duty to his God and to his kindred. Queen Elizabeth, whose parsimony in all matters excepting the extravagant adornment of her person is well known, loved nothing better than to be amused and entertained at the expense of her subjects. Philip, flattered by her notice and eager to retain her favor, had squandered, for the sake of her profitless and capricious smiles, large sums of money on sumptuous banquets, tournaments and entertainments. Very soon he greatly impoverished his resources and involved himself deeply in debt, thus incurring the displeasure of his grandfather and other relatives. When, on the death of the old Earl of Arundel, he succeeded to the management of the property, he found himself obliged to sell large portions of his lands to satisfy his creditors. Then Philip, weary of frivolous pursuits and criminal excesses, resolved to reform, and by kindness and constancy atone to his wife for the sorrow he had caused her by his unkind behavior.

The Queen, hoping to attach him to the court, raised him to the dignity of privy councillor; but the honors she bestowed on him only increased his desire to break off completely with his former life. Elizabeth, mortified and irritated at this change in her favorite, sought grounds of incrimination against him. It was not difficult to bring him within the grasp of her vengeance, considering the vague wording of the legislation of that time, and the subserviency of the courts of law to the will of the monarch. Soon the Earl was suspected of a favorable bias toward

Catholicism. He had been present in 1581 at a disputation between Campion and his opponents in the Tower, when the former, suffering and exhausted as he was from having recently been tortured upon the rack, completely silenced and put to shame some of the Protestant divines who were most esteemed for their learning and eloquence. The arguments used by Campion easily convinced Philip; he saw on which side was the truth, but he did not feel urged at once to embrace it. On the contrary, he resolved not to become a Catholic until he could determine to live as a Catholic.

It was one day, we are told in his life, while walking alone in the gallery of Arundel Castle, that the grace of making a public profession of his faith came to him. "After a long and great conflict within himself," his biographer writes, "lifting up his eyes and hands to Heaven, he firmly resolved to become a member of God's Church, and to frame his life accordingly; yet kept it secret, neither making his lady nor any other person living acquainted therewith; until, after some few days, going to London and meeting his brother, the Lord William Howard, to whom he bore a special love, he discovered his determination to him, and dealt so efficaciously with him that he, too, resolved to be a Catholic."

The danger of such a step, however, was very great. The Countess of Arundel had already been imprisoned, by Elizabeth's orders, for having embraced the proscribed religion a year or two after the death of the old Earl. Although she had taken the utmost precaution to observe secrecy in her meetings with the priest—"an ancient and grave man, made priest in the reign of Queen Mary,"—who had been brought privately to Arundel Castle by a Catholic gentleman, one of the Earl's retainers; although she had gone alone at unseasonable hours, by dark and lonely passages, to the chamber he occupied, in

order to make her confession to him, she could not avoid discovery. Within a month or two after her reconciliation she was accused as a recusant by the inhabitants of Arundel; the priest was banished from the kingdom, and the Countess forced to leave her own house, and remain for a year and more under strict custody as a prisoner in the house of Sir Thomas Shirley at Wiston in Sussex. There her first child was born.

Unwilling to incur the risk of losing their liberty, Philip of Arundel and his brother came to the conclusion that it would be the best plan to leave the country and sojourn in Flanders until the return of more peaceable times, when they would be free to follow the dictates of their conscience. But their purpose got wind. On the eve of Philip's departure word came from the Queen that she intended to honor him with a visit at Arundel House. Preparations had to be made for the reception in state of the royal guest. A sumptuous banquet was served in magnificent style, at the conclusion of which Elizabeth expressed her satisfaction and thanked him for the entertainment provided for her. The very next day, however, Philip was informed that he was a prisoner in his own house. Several times he was summoned before the privy council and closely interrogated on the subject of religion; attempts were also made to implicate him in a recent conspiracy. But no legal charge could be substantiated against him, and after three or four months he was set at liberty.

On account of these troubles Philip had been compelled to defer his reconciliation to the Church, much as he desired to accomplish it. As soon as opportunity offered, however, he contrived a meeting with a missionary priest, Father William Weston, of the Society of Jesus, who passed under the assumed name of Edmonds, and was much esteemed for his heroic sufferings for the cause of religion. By

this good man the Earl was received into the Church. "The affair," observes Father Weston,* "was transacted quietly, in the darkness of the night, so that no one might see me either going out or coming in accompanied by the Earl, or talking to him for long together in a quiet and separate place; more particularly because a suspicion was entertained by certain members of his family, who watched him closely, that some such idea was floating in his mind. On the second day, however, I was sent for again; and in a chosen place, in presence of himself and one or two of his relatives—not more,—I celebrated Mass and gave him Holy Communion."

This was in the year 1584. The persons present were probably the Countess, whose term of detention had then expired; and the Earl's sister, Lady Margaret Sackville, who had also become a Catholic. Father Weston had then not been long in England. Later on he was arrested and kept a close prisoner for seventeen years, until, utterly broken down and almost blind, he was banished by James I., and ended his days at Valladolid, in the odor of sanctity. By the means of this holy priest, the Earl, his biographer tells us,† "received such comfort into his soul as he never had felt before in all his life, and such good directions for the amending and ordering his life as afterward did greatly help and farther him therein. For ever after that time he lived in such manner as that he seemed to be changed into another man, having great care and vigilance over all his actions, and addicting himself much to piety and devotion."

So radical a change in his manner of life could not long escape observation. A watchful and jealous eye was upon all who were known or suspected to be recusants, and the Earl soon found himself involved in small perplexities. Unwilling to

withdraw entirely from court, for fear of giving offence and arousing suspicion, he was yet unable to fulfil the duties of his position without compromising his principles. If the Queen went to hear a sermon at Westminster, while the rest of the nobles attending her were assembled in the chancel, he was forced to walk up and down the aisles of the cathedral. Or if his office required him to accompany his royal mistress to devotions in the palace, he either absented himself altogether or retired as soon as he had brought her to the chapel. On occasion of the opening of Parliament, when it was necessary for him to be present, both on account of the high position he held in the state and his office about the Queen's person, as one of the chief noblemen of the realm, he was sorely perplexed as to the conduct he should pursue. No pretext for evading the fulfilment of his functions presented itself. He attended accordingly, and proceeded in procession to the Parliament House, his place being close to the Queen's person, as he was one of her train-bearers. When all had taken their places and the signal was given for the heretical celebration to begin, the Earl feigned to be overcome with the heat and hurried out. So ingeniously did he arrange appearances—trying to look flushed, unbuttoning his doublet and seeking the fresh air,—that his real motive for remaining away during the service escaped notice.

But it was impossible that this state of things should continue long. Philip had enemies, who determined to employ his change of religion as a means of ruining him. Of this he was informed; and, since the severity of the penal laws was continually increasing, he thought the only means of safety was to make another attempt to leave the kingdom and live in France, where he could serve God quietly. Father Weston did all he could to dissuade him, but in vain. The Earl told him that he had consulted Dr. (afterward

* "Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers," Second Series, p. 83.

† "Life," p. 27.

Cardinal) Allen, who was then president of the seminary at Rheims, and he had counselled him to adopt this alternative. A vessel was hired to convey him secretly to France, and all preparations were made for the journey.

Before leaving, Philip wrote a long letter to the Queen, not to be delivered until after his safe arrival in France, acquainting her with the motives that induced him to take this step. It was hard to forsake his native country, "wherein my friends, my wife, my kinsfolk do invite me to stay"; while, on the other hand, he went on to say "the misfortunes of my house, the power of my adversaries, the remembrance of my former troubles, the knowledge of my present danger, do hasten me to go." Since, then, no middle course could be adopted, he preferred to break the ties that bound him to home, renounce all worldly prospects, and live in poverty and discomfort abroad, rather than remain in England in continual danger of his life or peril of his soul; and he entreated her Majesty to give him credit for acting in accordance with his conscience in quitting the realm, and not to visit him with her displeasure, which would add bitterness to his other sorrows.

This letter never reached Elizabeth's hands. The chaplain whom the Earl had taken into his household at Arundel, and whom he had admitted into his confidence, made the acquaintance of a certain Gilbert Gifford, who was formerly one of his fellow-students at the English seminary, but then a spy in Walsingham's pay, employed to collect information for the government. To this man, who, though an apostate, professed great zeal for the Catholic religion, the priest told everything; thus the Secretary of State got possession of the Earl's secret.

The captain of the vessel which Philip had chartered for his flight received orders from the council to delay his departure, on the pretext that the wind was contrary,

until measures had been taken to apprehend the fugitive. At last he announced his readiness to set sail; so the Earl, accompanied by two servants, repaired to the seaport of Littlehampton, about four miles from Arundel, and hastily embarked, unsuspecting of any treachery. The anchor was weighed, the mouth of the river was cleared, and, aided by a favorable breeze, they put out to sea. Philip now breathed freely, already congratulating himself on being at length beyond the reach of his enemies. But, alas! he rejoiced too soon. As the shades of twilight deepened, and the English coast was fading from sight, the captain hung out a light from the masthead. This was the signal agreed upon with Walsingham's emissaries. It had been planned that the Earl should be seized on flight, not in the harbor. A ship of war, which had been watching their departure, came up in quick pursuit; the bark was boarded, and the fugitive was arrested, conveyed back to London and committed to the Tower. This happened in April, 1585.

The next act of the council was to appoint commissioners to investigate the Earl's conduct, and twice he underwent examination. Nothing could be proved against him, however, and no further proceedings were taken for about twelve months, at the end of which time he was summoned to plead to an indictment in the Star-Chamber. The principal points alleged against him were: (1) that he had been reconciled to the Church of Rome; (2) that he had corresponded with Dr. Allen, the Queen's declared enemy; (3) that he had endeavored to leave the realm without the royal license. To these accusations he replied that he had embraced the religious doctrines of the Church of Rome and had confessed to a priest, but that nothing more was involved in this than spiritual submission to religious authority; that he had written to Dr. Allen, but only on matters of conscience;

and that his reasons for leaving the country were stated in his letter (which had been published) to her Majesty, to whom he meant no offence. Nevertheless, he was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000 and be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure.

Arundel, when led back to the "foul and noisome" dungeon that had already for thirteen months been his abode, felt that little hope could be entertained of the speedy termination of a captivity dependent on the pleasure of her tyrannical Majesty. Still, the extreme severity of his treatment was somewhat relaxed. He was allowed to walk occasionally in the prisoners' garden, and to have the attendance of one or two servants,—that is, for as long a time as they could remain. They were treated as prisoners—allowed to speak to no one, and locked up night and day with their master, in a room into which a ray of sunshine scarce ever penetrated, and in which there was so foul a stench that even the warder could hardly endure to enter it. Thus the servants, instead of ministering to the Earl in the sickness which his imprisonment brought on, were so indisposed themselves that it was necessary to dismiss them.

Arundel bore with the utmost patience and constancy the hardships of this tedious imprisonment. After two or three years, more liberty was granted him: he was allowed some measure of intercourse with two other Catholics; and, above all, he obtained access to a Marian Father, who was confined in a chamber not far from his own. This was brought about by means of a bribe of £30, given by the Countess of Arundel to the daughter of the lieutenant of the Tower. Moreover, the Earl contrived to procure the articles necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and occasionally, through the connivance of the jailers, one or two prisoners would, in the dead of night, steal from their cells and meet

in Arundel's apartment, where Mass was said (the Earl himself serving with great humility), and receive that Bread of Angels which gives courage to martyrs, solace to the afflicted, and makes suffering desirable and attractive.

But these meetings, the only consolation and support of the captives, were to be employed by their enemies as a weapon against them. Tidings of the approaching Spanish invasion reached them; and with it a rumor—which had obtained credence among Catholics—that on the arrival of the Spaniards, a general massacre of all who professed the proscribed religion would take place. This coming to the Earl's ear, we are told, "out of his piety he judged it necessary that all Catholics should apply themselves to prayer for the avoiding of that danger, or for the better preparing themselves thereto." He accordingly suggested that the priest (who passed under the name of Bennet) should say Mass with that intention, and with the others keep up prayer during twenty-four hours.

The government was informed of this proceeding; misconstrued into an intercession for the good success of the Spanish fleet, it was used as a means of affixing the guilt of treason upon the unfortunate Earl. No sooner, therefore, had the alarm caused by the Armada subsided than he was again committed to close custody, and twice subjected to examination on the matter, as well as on that of the Pope's power to depose the Queen. On the latter point he refused to give a definite answer; whereupon the Lord Chamberlain grew so enraged that he called the Earl "a beast and a traitor," declaring that rather than that he should escape the gallows he would himself perform the office of hangman. To which the Earl replied: "The sooner the better, if it please God." "Therewith the examiners all rose, left him and went their way"; and preparations were made for his trial.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XIV.

AN hour or so later, with night fallen upon them, in the deep heart of a forest so dense that they were in almost absolute darkness, worn out with stumbling over invisible vines and laboriously breaking a way through obstructing undergrowth, the two wanderers paused, to look their situation, if they could not look each other, in the face.

"We are lost!" said Atherton. It was the first time he had acknowledged the fact, which had been abundantly clear for some time. "I am ashamed of myself as a woodsman; but when we came out of that infernal cloud, I must have turned in exactly the wrong direction, so that there is no means of telling where we are now."

"What can we do?" asked De Marsillac. He had kept up bravely, following the guidance of Atherton in their laborious tramp through the wilderness in which they were plunged; but it was now evident from his voice that he was quite overcome with weariness.

"I am afraid there is nothing we can do except spend the night in the woods," Atherton answered. "And if we can find an open space, we had better remain quiet. There is nothing to be gained by aimless wandering in the darkness. As soon as the sun rises I shall know in what direction to strike out. But now we know nothing of our whereabouts, and are surrounded by hidden perils which make movement very unsafe."

"Then," suggested the boy, "had we not better stay where we are than wander farther, looking for an open space which is difficult to find?"

"No; because later in the night there is a moon, and when it rises I should like to

be able to see something of our surroundings. Here we can see nothing. If we could manage to climb a little higher—but I can tell from your voice that you are used up."

"Oh, no, I am not!" was the prompt reply, while into the voice rushed the rallied energy of will. "If you think it best, I am ready to go on."

"Be sure, then, to follow me closely and cautiously; for a fall over some precipice would form a tragical termination to our adventure."

Onward then again, and this time also upward, increasing thereby the strain on heart and lungs. Atherton, accustomed to mountaineering and always a hardy climber, had very little idea how painfully his companion, with lips parted to breathe but never to complain, was laboring behind him. Now and again they paused; but, finding the thick growth still all round them, Atherton again pushed on, sure only of one thing—that he was mounting upward. "And if I can only reach the crest of the ridge," he thought, "*I must find clearer space.*"

So on, still on, breaking through boughs which swept their faces; plunging waist-deep into beds of fern or broad-leaved plants; slipping across wet moss; falling over entangling vines;—and all the time unable to tell into what hidden pitfall the darkness might betray them.

Happily, in their wandering they had left behind the cloud which was the source of their trouble, and were now upon a different and somewhat lower portion of the ridge. At least Atherton judged that it must be lower—a gap between loftier heights—when, to his great relief, they presently emerged into a comparatively open space, which was evidently the summit; for he at once perceived that he overlooked another world of dim, mountain forms towering against the sky, and deep valleys and gorges.

"We are on the top of the divide," he

said; "and can use our eyes again—which is something to be thankful for. This starlight seems quite brilliant after the darkness we have been groping our way through; does it not?"

But his companion was once more without power to reply. He sat down—or, to speak more correctly, collapsed upon the ground,—and made no effort to do more than recover his breath, of which a last bit of very steep climbing had almost entirely deprived him.

"My poor boy, you are completely exhausted!" exclaimed Atherton, at once divining the state of the case. "Here!—take a good pull at this flask. How lucky it was that I brought it!"

"I don't deserve the benefit of it," said the other, after he had obeyed and been restored at least to the power of speech, "since I would not bring it. Have you taken some yourself?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose I am not done up, too, by all we have gone through? It has been very trying work, especially the last climb. Now we will take things easily for a while. After all"—throwing himself upon the ground,—“it is a good thing to be so tired that one is indifferent to everything except the mere privilege of resting.”

"Resting is a good thing," said the other, who was sitting with his back and head reclined against the trunk of a palm; "but I can't agree that it is good to be tired—so unspeakably tired! If we had had another hundred yards to climb, I fear I should have dropped in my tracks."

"Why didn't you say so and call a halt? There is no wisdom in trying to force one's self to exertion beyond a certain point, and surely no disgrace in acknowledging fatigue."

"If one has not very much strength, one must make up for it with pluck," said the boy. "Did you not say so yourself? And there are few things one can not force one's self to do if one tries. I have

always believed that. Weakness is often only another name for giving way."

"I am prepared to testify that it is not an infirmity of yours," observed Atherton. "There are not many men of double your physical strength who could or would have followed me without protest or complaint as you have done during the last two or three hours."

There was a moment's silence. Praise—honest praise—is sweet to every child of man; and possibly those few words, simply and sincerely spoken, amply repaid the listener for all he had endured. But he did not answer them; only after a moment said:

"I think my predominant thought as I toiled up the hill was what a fool I had been ever to wish for adventures and fancy I should enjoy them. If this is a specimen adventure, I shall be satisfied hereafter to walk in commonplace paths."

"You think so now; but if you have the real love of adventure, you will feel differently when you are once housed and fed. Adventures are often more enjoyed in retrospect than at the time of their occurrence; but to one who has the true adventurous spirit, hardships and even dangers become keen pleasures. I grant, however, that one must have a strong physique to enjoy them thoroughly."

"And yet you—"

"Have not a strong physique, you would say? I believe that is a mistake. My opinion to that effect has been growing ever since I left New York, and now I am fully convinced of it. Did I climb this mountain like a man who has anything very much the matter with him?"

"You certainly did not. But are you not afraid of the exposure, if we must spend the night here?"

"I am afraid of nothing—for myself. For you, however, I am exceedingly concerned. Such exposure is new to you, though not to me; and if there were any

possible means of finding or making a shelter—”

“But you know there is none. And why should I suffer more than you? I am young, I am healthy; and if the air on this summit is a little chilly, how fresh it is, and what delightful odors come to us from the forests and gorges below!”

It is indeed impossible to conceive anything more delicious than the sylvan fragrance which night draws forth from these tropical forests,—the wild, sweet freshness of growing things, which is carried by the land-breeze far out to sea, to suggest to the voyagers on some passing ship—strangely mingled with the musical wash of waves against the vessel's side—pictures of great, serrated, forest-clad, cloud-swept heights; and of deep green gorges, through which clear streams flow between banks where vegetation runs riot in unspeakable luxuriance, and the air is heavy with countless aromatic odors of blossom and leaf.

“They are delightful,” Atherton agreed, with a deep inhalation; “but I should appreciate an odor of food much more just now. Heavens, how hungry I am, now that I have time to think of it!”

The boy sighed: nature with him, too, clamored for support. “It is best not to think of what we can't possibly get,” he remarked, practically. “We will have to tighten our belts like Indians. And you can smoke. That is said to deaden the pangs of hunger.”

“And what will you do?”

“Oh, I will inhale some of your smoke; or, better yet, I will sleep! I am very tired; and, you know, ‘*qui dort dine*.’”

“I wish I did know it; for, in that case, I should soon be sleeping myself. But as it is, I will light a cigar and wait for the moon. She ought to appear very soon now.”

“I fear it is not so late as you think; for the hour of her rising is quite late. And when she comes, what can she show

us more than we see now—mountains and trackless forests?”

“Well, that remains to be seen. At all events, she is our only hope, until the sun appears.”

“My opinion is that we had better stay where we are until the sun does appear.”

“We shall see,” Atherton repeated.

Then for a time there was little more conversation. The boy, with his head leaning against the trunk of a royal palm, fell asleep, completely worn out by the exertions of the day. Atherton sat, silently smoking, and anathematizing the folly which had placed them in this exceedingly uncomfortable if not dangerous situation, while an hour or two wore away. It must have been at least ten o'clock before the moon, with a considerable slice taken from her waning disc, rose over the eastern mountains and flooded the whole wide scene with silver radiance. Nothing more wildly beautiful could be imagined. But Atherton was hardly in a mood to appreciate the magnificence of the picture, as his glance swept in every direction, eagerly seeking some clue to guide them out of the wilderness which surrounded them, and sought in vain. On every side towered great mountains, their mighty flanks clothed with impenetrable forests; the moonlight falling upon their furrowed sides, but failing to pierce the deep cañons at their base; and all wrapped as with a mantle in the majestic calm, the inexpressible solitude only to be seen and felt in remote, untrodden wilds.

Over the prospect, on the side of the ridge from which he had ascended, Atherton gazed in despair, and then turned his observation to the country on the other side. This in its general features was much the same, only he perceived that immediately below them instead of a ravine there was a valley,—one of those spaces, fruitful, well-watered, very gardens of paradise, which abound even in the

recesses of the great heights. Hope suggested to him that there might be a village, or at least a hamlet, here; for he remembered the trail branching off from the road to La Ferrière, which they had followed, and which the guide had said led, no doubt, to some village among the hills. Might not the village be here below them? And if so, what would be easier than to obtain a guide there; or, even without one, to follow the trail until it led them back to where they had left their horses? The moon had not yet risen high enough to illumine the valley, which, being on the western side of the ridge, was in deep shadow; but Atherton strained his vision in the attempt to pierce the obscurity sufficiently to tell if there were any signs of human habitation within its borders.

The cabins of these villages are, however, so insignificant and nestle so closely under the spreading shade of mango, banana and palm trees, by which they are always surrounded, that to distinguish them at any distance even in daytime is difficult. It was not strange, therefore, that he failed to discern any such sign as he sought; and he had resigned himself to waiting for the advent of day, when suddenly he perceived the most unmistakable of all the tokens by which man indicates his presence—a light.

There could be no doubt of it. A mere point in the distance, it still shone with a steady glow out of the obscurity which clothed the valley; such a light as streams from the habitation of man alone, and spoke eloquently to the weary wanderers of the possibility of obtaining the food, shelter and guidance they needed.

Atherton did not hesitate a moment after the friendly gleam had met his eye, and he had satisfied himself that it was no *ignis-fatuus*; but walked over to where his companion still slumbered, and, laying a hand on the lad's shoulder, shook him.

"What is it?" asked the latter, opening his eyes quickly; for the slumber can not be very profound that is taken in a sitting posture, with no softer pillow than the trunk of a palm.

"A light!" replied Atherton. "A beacon to guide us out of this wretched situation. Evidently there is some inhabitant, or perhaps a village, in the valley below us, and we are going there at once."

"Are we?" said the boy, without rising. "It seems to me we would do better to remain here until morning. I really dread plunging into the deep woods again."

"Nonsense!" answered Atherton, vigorously. "You are sleepy and lazy. Think of obtaining something to eat, not to speak of a better place to rest than this mountain top!"

"But the woods! Think how dark they are and how tangled, and how difficult to force one's way through; and how certain we shall be to lose our direction as soon as we are in them again."

"We shall not lose our direction. I have the points of the compass clearly in my mind now. Besides, the moon will give us light even in the woods."

The other shook his head as he rose to his feet. "No moonlight can pierce where we have been to-night," he said. "But if you think it best we should go—"

"I am *sure* it is best. To spend an hour—two hours, if it takes so long—in the woods and then reach a house, is better than to stay here famished and comfortless until morning."

"*Eh bien*," said the boy, shrugging his shoulders in his French fashion; "lead on. But I am certain you will wish yourself back before you have gone very far."

"And I am certain I shall not, whatever you may do," Atherton answered, as he again took the lead, and set off at a brisk pace down the mountain side.

Facilis descensus held good here as elsewhere. They had less fatigue than in ascending, and went down at a more rapid

rate; but hardly with less difficulty, as far as breaking their way through the undergrowth was concerned. De Marsillac proved, moreover, to be in the right in asserting that the moon 'would afford them little if any light. Into these dense shades sunlight can scarcely penetrate; and the moon's pale rays, even had they not been on the shaded side of the mountain, would have had little power to pierce the thick canopy of foliage under which they plunged. Guiding himself, therefore, more by touch than by sight, Atherton crashed along, sending back now and then a brief warning or direction to the boy following him; trusting that he was keeping his general direction, but certain of nothing in these bewildering shades. It was breathless work; but after an hour they found themselves on level ground, and emerged into a fairy valley encircled by giant heights, and 'looking an ideal abode of peace and Arcadian happiness, as its cluster of palm-thatched huts lay under the broad shadow of fruit groves by the side of a clear, babbling stream.

(To be continued.)

Environment.

IN shadows brown I saw an opal lie,
 Pallid as April sky
 When far the sun supreme his light has hid
 The ashen clouds amid.

Gently I moved it where the sunbeams' play
 Caressed its face of gray;
 And lo! within the seeming opal-gloom
 A red rose burst to bloom.

Then emerald, crimson, violet—all rich dyes
 That stain the evening skies,
 Upon the opal's magic mirror came,
 In trembling maze of flame.

Like as the rainbow-prisoned gem, a soul
 In darkness lies and dole,
 Till lit by some rare mind with all gifts rife,
 It flashes into life.

BERYL.

Blessed Rita of Cascia.

POPULARLY KNOWN AS THE PATRON OF IMPOSSIBILITIES.

BLESSED RITA* was born in Rocca Porrena di Cascia, a little village of Umbria within the limits of the ancient Duchy of Spoleto, of poor but pious and honest parents, already well advanced in years and childless, until Heaven gave them, in 1377, this child of benediction. Whilst Rita was yet in her cradle swarms of large white bees were constantly seen alighting upon her lips,—held as an unmistakable augury of uncommon virtues. Her filial love and respect for her parents, her solid merits and good qualities at an age when generally children think little of aught but of amusing themselves, her disregard for the puerile games and vain occupations of the other young people of her native village, soon won for her the admiration of all, and caused her to be regarded as a model of perfection,—her whole time being devoted to meditation and prayer.

At the age of twelve years she resolved to consecrate herself to God by a vow of chastity; but her parents, who were nearing the end of their mortal career, required her to embrace the matrimonial state prior to their decease. Rita bowed to their will; and God, doubtless in order that, like St. Monica of old, her example should serve as a lesson to Christian wives who have unruly husbands, permitted her to unite herself in marriage to a man of ferocious and surly temper, who was the terror of the country round. However, by her gentleness and forbearance, she so far mollified his harsh character as to be able to dwell in peace with him for the space of eighteen years, ending by rendering him not only perfectly tractable but even

* Diminutive of Margherita.

heartily submissive in all things to the law of God.

Her husband being shortly after slain by his enemies, she not only besought their pardon from God, but restrained her two sons from seeking to avenge the death of their parent; beseeching the Almighty rather to take them from life than to permit them to commit a similar crime. Her prayers were granted: her two sons soon after expired in peace with Heaven; and Rita, delivered from all ties which bound her to earth, resolved finally to quit the world and to consecrate herself to God in a monastery. For this purpose she presented herself at the Convent of St. Mary Magdalen, of the Augustinian nuns of Cascia, begging in all humility to be admitted as a member of that community. Unfortunately, it was contrary to their custom to admit widows; and Rita, after three successive applications, was inexorably refused. But SS. John Baptist, Augustine, and Nicholas of Tolentino came miraculously to her aid. One night when, prostrate in prayer, she poured forth her soul before the Throne of Grace, her three sainted protectors called her by name, ordered her to follow them, and, suddenly elevating her in the air, bore her to the cloister and introduced her therein through the barred doors. The religious, deeply impressed, could no longer refuse her petition, but admitted her amongst their number.

Her dearest wish granted, Rita immediately sold all her earthly possessions, distributed their price to the poor, and returned to the monastery, where she bound herself by perpetual vows. The spouse of a crucified God, she crucified herself by the most rigorous acts of mortification: fasting, haircloth and disciplines were daily practices. She ate but once a day, her sole food being bread and water; she had no compassion for her body, and her obedience toward her superiors equalled her ardor for penance.

It is related of her that, by command of the abbess, desirous to try her virtue, she went, uncomplainingly, every day to water a piece of dry wood which lay in the convent grounds.

So mortified and obedient a soul could not but be most dear to God and be overwhelmed by His most precious favors. Rita possessed an extraordinary gift of prayer, and gave herself up constantly to that holy exercise; meditating from midnight till sunrise upon the Passion of Jesus Christ with such ardor and devotion and such a flow of penitent tears as not unfrequently to faint from excess of emotion.

It is related of her that on one occasion, after hearing a touching sermon on the sufferings of Jesus Christ, preached by a celebrated Franciscan missionary, Jacques de la Marche, Rita retired to her cell to meditate on what she had heard; and, kneeling before the figure of the crucified Saviour, besought the grace of herself sharing His sufferings. Immediately a thorn detached itself from the crown of our Divine Lord, and pierced her forehead so deeply as to create an incurable and offensive wound, which she was compelled to endure until her death. But when, on the occurrence of the Jubilee year of 1425 she wished to go to Rome, together with her religious Sisters, but was hindered by the prioress because of her infirmity, her miraculous wound was instantaneously healed, and she could satisfy her pious desire. On her return to her monastery, however, the wound reappeared, and in a most repulsive way, so that worms issued from it. Consequently, fearing to incommode her companions by her presence amongst them, Rita retired into solitude, passing sometimes fifteen days without speaking to any one, conversing solely with God. This mysterious wound is held to be the origin of the custom of invoking her protection against the ravages of small-pox. Her patience in so humiliat-

ing and painful a malady rendered her yet more pleasing to the Almighty, who accorded her the gift of extraordinary miracles, whence she acquired, in Spain especially, the title of *Abogada de Imposibles*,—"Advocate of Impossibilities."

The Bollandists cite many examples of her miraculous power. They tell us that one of her relatives whom she dearly loved, visiting her during a severe illness, asked her if she desired anything from her former residence. "I should like," replied Rita, "a rose from my little garden." It was then the month of January, and her relative thought her delirious; but on her arrival at home, chancing to cross "Rita's garden," to her intense astonishment she perceived a magnificent rose, just full-blown, which filled the air with perfume! She hastened to bear it to Rita, who this time begged for "two figs," which were also found in the same garden and in full maturity.

On another occasion a woman of Cascia, whose daughter lay at the point of death, having implored the aid of the prayers of Rita, found on her return home her child miraculously restored to perfect health. This and other similar prodigies wrought by Rita rendered her name famous, and attracted visitors even from the most distant lands,—all of whom were welcomed by her with the utmost charity, and none of them quitted her presence ere being fully consoled and edified.

Victim during the last four years of her mortal life to an incurable malady, which she endured with exemplary patience and resignation, her abstemiousness was such that her religious Sisters were convinced that she was sustained by the Holy Eucharist rather than by material food. At last, feeling her end approaching, she demanded the last Sacraments. She exhorted her companions to the faithful observance of their holy rule; then, after crossing her hands and receiving the blessing of the abbess, she tranquilly

expired, May 21, 1443, according to her recent biographers. Her corpse became wonderfully beautiful the moment she breathed her last; whilst the wound on her forehead, until that time horrible to behold, appeared entirely healed.

An enormous concourse of the faithful attended her obsequies, celebrated in the chapel of the monastery of Cascia, where her remains are still preserved incorrupt, after the lapse of four centuries. Very soon her aid was earnestly invoked by her fellow-townspeople, and so numerous and extraordinary were the miracles obtained through her intercession that she received the title of the "Patron of Impossibilities." Her power with God being thereby clearly demonstrated, her cult was approved, with special Office, by Popes Urban VIII., who admitted her to the ranks of the beatified, October 11, 1627; and Clement XII., 1730. Her name is likewise inscribed in the Roman Martyrology, under May 22, as follows: "Cascia in Umbria, Blessed Rita, widow, nun of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, who, after earthly nuptials, loved exclusively the Eternal Spouse, Jesus Christ."

An ancient painting, preserved in the church of the Augustinian monastery of Cascia, portrays the principal events of the life of Blessed Rita: her introduction within the convent walls by the three Saints, her protectors; her clothing with the habit; the part taken by her in the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ by means of the wound marking her forehead in form of a crown,—rays issuing from the crucifix and, as it were, piercing her head; her death; her religious Sisters praying around her bed; her tomb, and the concourse of pilgrims visiting the shrine, etc. Her special symbols are, however, the rays from the crucifix which are to pierce her forehead, and the fruit and flowers miraculously accorded by God to His faithful servant in her illness, as above mentioned.

In Rome Blessed Rita is honored as special patroness of pork-dealers, cheese-mongers, victualers, etc., known under the generic name of "Pizzicagnoli," who, on May 22, annually distribute doweries to a number of young maidens, destined, according to individual choice, either to matrimony or to the religious state. The latter—known, by reason of their peculiar costume, as "Ammantate"—appear in the procession taking place in the little church at the foot of the Capitoline Hill, dedicated under the invocation of Blessed Rita of Cascia; clad in a white, blue or red robe (according to the color of the sack worn by the members of the confraternity), a white waist, a high gimp entirely concealing the lower portion of the face, and a long white veil. The gimp and the veil, it may be remarked, are covered with pins most artistically and curiously arranged.

Those maidens destined to the religious state are distinguished from their more worldly companions by a wreath of white artificial flowers, and receive a double portion in dowery, to be paid to them only when they enter the convent of their choice; in like manner the other fortunate young maidens may claim their respective doweries only on the eve of marriage. All the "Ammantate" receive Holy Communion on the Feast of Blessed Rita, May 22; and are likewise required to be present at the High Mass, when half-blown rosebuds are blessed during the function and distributed to the congregation, in memory of the miraculous rose already alluded to.

This little Church of Blessed Rita da Cascia was originally a parish, affiliated to the Basilica of St. Mark, and under the *juspatronatus* of the Roman family of Boccabella, by whom the edifice was, in fact, built in 1000, as attested by various monuments and inscriptions yet existing therein. In 1658 Mgr. Joseph Cruciani, of Cascia, house-steward to Pope Alexander

VII., restored the church after the plans of the celebrated architect, Chevalier Fontana. He obtained from the Pontiff the grant of the edifice as the national church, in Rome, for the Cascianese; and also the authorization to establish therein a confraternity, under title of the Crown of Thorns—*le Santissime Spine*,—in memory of the remarkable favor accorded by Jesus Christ to Blessed Rita, of participating in the sufferings of His Passion by means of the thorn which pierced her brow.

The title of "Patron of Impossibilities" is given to Blessed Rita in many countries; it appears on a lithograph issued in Paris by the Maison Turgis, in 1875. An old Catalan and Castilian canticle runs as follows:

"En las viruelas mostrais
 • Vuestro poder soberano,
 Quando con divina mano
 Los tiernos ninos curays." *

She finds her place also in the "Acta Sanctorum";† and is frequently mentioned by Pope Benedict XIV. in his great work, "De Canonizatione Sanctorum."‡

The cause of beatification and canonization of Rita of Cascia was introduced July 19, 1737, under the title "Spoletana," before the Roman-Curia; and a recent session of the Sacred Congregation of Rites sanctioned its resumption. The present *ponente* is Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII.; the postulator being the Very Rev. Father Sebastian Martinelli, Prior-General of the Hermits of St. Augustine. In view of the extraordinary manifestations of her unlimited influence before the Throne of Grace, so constantly chronicled, it is confidently hoped that ere long her name will be finally enrolled in the catalogue of the saints.

* "In small-pox you show your sovereign power, when by your divine aid you heal helpless little infants."

† Boll., May 22, t. v, pp. 223-232; t. vii, p. 841.

‡ Books I., II., IV.

The Diocese of Conversano, in the province of Bari, South Italy, has for a number of years been the object of the special solicitude and spiritual protection of Blessed Rita, through whose intercession thousands have obtained the most astounding celestial and temporal blessings and favors. On occasion of her feast, May 22, 1894, one of her grateful clients, as a thank-offering for graces received through her intermediary, published anonymously a record of some sixty of the more extraordinary miracles* wrought through the intercession of Blessed Rita, most of which are fully guaranteed by the Sisters of the Monastery of S. Cosmo in Conversano, whose veracity is beyond suspicion. This year a second edition of the pamphlet has appeared, bearing title: "New and Extraordinary Graces Obtained by the Intercession of Blessed Rita of Cascia, the Saint of Impossibility." The recent edition is enriched by eighteen still more astounding favors vouchsafed by Heaven to the interposition, in behalf of her devout clients, of the humble Augustinian religious.

These spiritual and temporal graces embrace a wide range, including every ill to which flesh is heir,—the entire scale of temporal needs: peace restored to families; marriages arranged for dowerless and forsaken maidens, and grievous calamities averted. Nor are the spiritual favors less remarkable. Unexpected conversions of public and hardened sinners, the dead restored to life,—this is but the merest summary of the manifold evidences of the tender interest shown by Blessed Rita of Cascia to those who confidently seek her protection in their spiritual and temporal necessities.

"E."

* The client makes use of the term "miracle" in due conformity to the decrees of Pope Urban VIII. of March 13, 1625, and of June 5, 1631; as also to other decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites relative to forestalling the supreme judgment of the Church in similar prodigies.

The Tales that Tim Told Us.

II.—QUARRELSOME JUDY.

"TIM, sing us another song, please!" said Rebecca, one balmy evening in spring, as we sat under the blossoming apple-tree on the emerald greensward, which, through Tim's care and attention, more nearly resembled (he averred) that of his native sod than any he had ever seen in America.

"Now that I begun it with the song about Sally Kelly, I'll have no peace with ye, children."

But one could see by the expression of his honest countenance that he was nothing loath to give us another taste of his vocal abilities; for he at once straightened his back against the tree, stretched out his legs, and then gave two or three preliminary coughs; while we hurried to range ourselves, Turkish fashion, in attitudes of expectation.

"Did ye ever hear this?" he continued. "But I'll engage ye didn't. Where would ye hear it, indeed? I'm afeard I haven't it all, it's so long since I sung it; but I'll try, any way. There's a story at the end of it; an' ye'll like *that*, I know."

"Oh, yes, sing it, and then tell us the story!" we cried in chorus.

"Children," remarked Tom, shaking his head, "I greatly fear I haven't it all; but what I remember I'll sing ye, an' make out to tell ye the rest. 'Tis a very lengthy song—it has forty-four verses to it,—so it's small wonder I'd be forgettin' some of it, an' me so many a day without singin' it or hearin' it sung. But here goes!—

"As I pursued my peregrinations,
I met a beggar upon the way;
His clothes in tatters from his body fallin',
His hair an' beard ragged, long an' gray.

"Yellow an' skinny, his hands were tremblin';
Such a scarecrow would one seldom see;
An' I will admit ye without dissemblin'
I was afeard when he accosted me.

“‘Kind sir,’ says he, ‘maybe you can tell me
What has become of my little cot?
Somethin’ strange has indeed befell me,—
Last night ’twas there an’ to-day ’tis not.’”

Here Tim came to a halt, and vainly tried to refresh his memory by many and varied repetitions of the last two lines he had sung. Much to our disappointment, he at length announced himself unable to continue the song, “which,” he said, “I had intended to give ye entire, with some explanations at the close. I’ll tell ye the story, whatsomever; an’ it’s a true one.

“Did ye ever hear tell of a shrew,—do any of ye know what it means?”

We expressed ourselves ignorant of the meaning of the word, and Tim thus defined it:

“’Tis a scoldin’, naggin’, browbeatin’ wife,—that’s what it is; an’ the poor man that’s tied to one has his purgatory on earth. Such women, strange to say, is not without their good qualities. They nearly always happens to be wed to easy-goin’ men,—by way of contraries, I suppose. They’re purty near always clever managers,—keepin’ a clean house an’ good victuals. But what’s that when there’s no peace with it all? Well, then, the greatest barge in all Ireland was Judy Flattery,—‘mild Tom Flattery’s Judy,’ they called her to tell her from his brother Mike’s wife, who was a Judy, too—”

“I thought a barge was a boat, Tim,” interrupted Rebecca.

“An’ so it is, darlint!” was the reply.

“But in Ireland a woman is called a barge when her tongue’s always goin’,—scoldin’ an’ fault-fandin’. And Judy was a *terrible* barge. Routin’ Tom and the little ones up at break of day, takin’ them to task for soilin’ the white, shinin’ table, clean as scourin’ sand an’ elbow grease could make it; for bringin’ in dirt on their feet; for bangin’ the doors,—for every imaginable thing they did and didn’t do. ’Twas scold, scold, scold from mornin’ till night.”

“Did you ever visit those people, Tim?” asked Hugh.

“Did I visit them, indeed! Sure it all happened as far back as my great-grandfather’s time,—maybe farther. I’ve often seen the mountain where he went, and I climbed it more than waunst; an’ I heard the story hundreds of times. If it’s in regard of my bein’ so familiar with the ways of a bargin’ woman ye asked the question, Hugh, I’ll say this much. I had my own experience with one for a matter of fifteen years, an’ that’s how I know so much about it. They’re all grown from the same stem.

“However, as I was sayin’—or if I was not I’ll say it now,—poor Tom Flattery well deserved his name; for he was a mild-mannered man and a kind one. He’d never answer a word, an’ she ballyraggin’ him, but just smoke his pipe in the corner, or maybe steal out an’ leave her talkin’ to the air.

“One evenin’, after milkin’, he came in to the fireside; an’ says he, by way of a compliment—she was cuttin’ potatoes for seed, an’ the two children lyin’ in the settle-bed near the wall,—‘Judy,’ says he, ‘you’re a very industrious woman entirely. Always at somethin’, even when the day’s done an’ the balance of the world is restin’ from labor.’

“‘An’ I’ve need to be that same,’ says she; ‘for if I wasn’t my children would be starvin’ an’ myself a holy show with the dint of poverty.’

“‘An’ how do ye make that out, Judy?’ says he, a trifle nettled, for all his mildness; for he was a hard-workin’ man an’ a good provider, as they say in Ireland. ‘Tell me what ye mean, Judy?’ says he again, after waitin’ for the answer she didn’t give him.

“‘I mean,’ says she, ‘that a woman with such a slow, easy-goin’, dawdlin’ man as yerself has to do double work if she’d keep a roof over her head. I could plant a row of potatoes while you’d be liftin’ one. I could milk two cows while you’d

be wonderin' which you'd tackle first. I could be home from Mass of a Sunday while you're meanderin' as far as the churchyard stile. Yes, I could go from here to Slievenamon an' climb it and be back at the fire again before you'd have made half the journey.'

"Slievenamon is a good five miles from this, an' it's a good two miles and a half to the top; isn't it, Judy?" says Tom, very slow and reflective like.

"It is that," says Judy, not quite so snappy as before; for she begun to wonder what made him ask the question.

"Well," says Tom, 'if ye weren't a woman, an' it was in the daytime, I'd take ye at yer word an' see which of us could do it first. But things bein' as they are, an' no way of changin' them, there's nothin' to be said.'

"Oho! oho!" says Judy, risin' from the stool and flingin' a potato skin at him. 'That's the way ye're always gettin' out of difficulties. I doubt if a pot of gold at the end of the journey could tempt *you* to leave the comfortable fire an' drag your great lazy carcass up Slievenamon. No,' she went on, as spiteful as she could, when she saw how calm and cool he looked at her out of his mild gray eyes,—'no, not if the lives of your little innocent children depended on it.'

"So that's the kind of man ye think I am, Judy?" says Tom.

"That's the very kind," says she, goin' into the next room an' bangin' the door.

"Poor Tom's heart was very heavy in him. He was a man that loved his own fireside, an' there was less peace for him there than anywhere else in the world. He filled his pipe, gave a look at the little children in the settle-bed, opened the door softly an' went out. But Judy's ears was very sharp, an' she heard the click of the latch from the room.

"Are ye goin' up the mountain, Tom?" she cried, with a scornful laugh.

"Maybe so," says Tom, very quiet, an'

walkin' very slow an' easy through the garden.

"She saw him go over the stile, caught a glimpse of him an' he steppin' onto the road, and that was the last sight she ever got of him in this world. Tom Flattery came back no more to his wife and children till the bones of the three of them was dust in the village churchyard."

Here Tim paused, and, solemnly shaking his head, surveyed the awe-stricken group around him, too deeply impressed by the melancholy contemplation of Tom Flattery's fate to volunteer either remark or question. The silence threatened to become embarrassing, when Hugh timidly inquired, in a very respectful tone:

"Is that all, Tim?"

"No," was the reply. "The strangest part is yet to be told, an' the sorrowfullest. Maybe ye wouldn't believe it, but Tom was hardly out of her sight when a cold chill struck Judy to the marrow, an' she began to shake an' to shiver like one with the ague. Poor thing! her heart wasn't as bad as her tongue, an' she had a great remorse on her for the words she said; an' she went back to the kitchen, an' put on a fresh sod of turf, an' got ready some curds an' whey again he'd be comin' in. She left it close by the hearth where he'd see it,—for he had a great likin' for it; an' then she went to her bed. But she couldn't sleep; an' the night wore on, an' midnight came, an' then dawn, but no Tom. When the mornin' grew bright an' there was no tidings of him, she did the chores an' waited. She said no word to any one till evenin'; but when night begun to fall she couldn't stand it longer, an' away she went through the village tellin' her tale; an' she didn't spare herself either. They were sorry for her, of course; an' the neighbors searched here an' there; an' nearly everybody thought she'd driven him to desperation at last, an' to America,—for even in them early days the Irish was beginnin' to

emigrate. But between themselves they thought 'twas no more than she deserved, an' they made great excuses for him.

"Well, she did the best she could with her little place; but she missed Tom sore, for all his slow, quiet ways; an' the tongue seemed dead in her mouth, so seldom did she speak—her that was the greatest barge in the barony. Misfortune never comes without company, they say; an' so it was in Judy's case. Her cows died one after another, and after them the children. Then one mornin' poor Judy woke up a ravin' maniac, with a terrible fever upon her, that it took a long time to cure. After she was well over that she settled into a harmless lunatic, wanderin' about from place to place, with the strange delusion that Tom was hidin' somewhere on the top of Slievenamon. When she was missed for any time, that's where she'd be. And at long last, when she staid from the village longer than usual, they made search, an' they found her on the mountain—dead."

"That is a very sad story, Tim," said Ursula, after a befitting pause; "but I don't see where the song comes in."

"You would, then, my dear, if ye were not so impatient," was the swift and stern reply which issued from Tim's reproving lips. "I told ye the strangest part was to come, an' it hasn't come yet; but ye'll hear it shortly, if ye don't interrupt me with *irreverent* remarks."

Thus sharply admonished, the culprit relapsed into silence; and Tim resumed:

"One day, about five and twenty years after poor Tom Flattery went for that long evenin' walk, there came a strange man to the town, with gray hair and a long beard, the like of which was never seen in the place before. He seemed flighty in his mind, and had the appearance of one that had been in foreign parts; for he had a smatter of foreign tongues, and his skin was tanned like an Egyptian's. Them that he inquired about was mostly dead—that

is to say, the ould people; an' them that was young when he left had grown to middle age, an' no one remembered him at all. For ye'll have guessed 'twas poor Tom Flattery come back again; and 'twas a sad, strange story he told. Weary an' sad in his mind, he walked out that night long ago, farin' farther an' farther till he came to the very foot of Slievenamon itself before he knew it. After that all he could remember was meetin' with a crowd of foreign sailors—Spanish 'tis likely, for in them days there was many a Spanish barque in Wexford Bay. Far as it was from Tipperary—an' not so far neither, by yer American distances,—some of them journeyed through the country round about; an' that must have been the way with these. Drunk they were, an' they fell on poor Tom an' cracked his skull. What made them take him along no one can ever tell; but maybe they were short of hands, an' thought 'twas wise to do so.

"Be that as it may, when he came to himself rightly he was in the hold of a vessel, an' there he staid till she was far out at sea. The blow on his head served him badly: it made a partial idiot of him. An' so the years went by,—now here, now there, with never a right remembrance or understandin' of who he was or where he came from long enough to make his way home back again. But after all them sad an' lonely years he did contrive to keep his stray senses together till he came once more to Ireland. But when he saw how things was he gave up altogether an' lost the little wits he had left, wanderin' lonesome an' harmless—poor fellow!—all through the length of Tipperary an' Wexford, from Slievenamon to Wexford town, an' from the mountains to the sea. Everybody was good to poor Tom; he grew to be a kind of curiosity through the two counties, by reason of his misfortune an' his queer appearance. An' that's how the song came to be written, my brave Ursula. I wished I had the two

last verses; there're very affectin'. But I've forgotten them out an' out."

"And what became of him in the end?" queried Ursula.

"That's what the verses would tell ye finely," said Tim, "if they hadn't slipped my mind entirely. After some years of wanderin', poor Tom was missed from the places where he used to stop; an' when spring came an' went an' there was no tidings of him, some of the boys went in search of him—up Slievenamon, of course. They hadn't looked far nor long till they found him, lyin' in his tattered clothes, but 'fair an' peaceful as a rose,' says the song; his poor limbs stretched even an' straight, his hands folded on his bosom, an' he dead, close to the spot where quarrelsome Judy lay down for her last long rest. I seen the place myself often. 'Tis under a jutting cliff, or spur of rock, about half-way up the mountain."

"And did they bury him there, Tim?" asked Rebecca, after a considerable pause, which seemed to indicate that the sad story was ended.

"I never heard where they buried him, but I'll engage it wasn't there. For, you know, there's Christians in Ireland, my dear; an' it isn't to be makin' a show or a wonder of him they'd be. Sure I make no doubt they put him near his family in the village churchyard, alongside of the children an' poor Judy,—forgiven by him she'd driven with her wicked tongue to sup sorrow an' misfortune; forgiven, we *know*—if she asked pardon, an' it's safe to say she did,—by the merciful Heart of the One who never refuses it to them that craves it. Oh, 'tis a beautiful thing an' a consolin' thing, children—the infinite mercy of God!"

THE most profitable education persons receive is the one they give themselves, through the love of God and labors of charity.—*W. R. Alger.*

The Chaplet of the Holy Ghost.

"**A**BOVE all things," said St. Francis of Assisi, "desire to have the Spirit of the Lord." The Blessed de Montfort was wont to pray: "O Holy Ghost! give me a great devotion and a great attraction toward Mary, thy divine spouse;...so that in her and by her Thou mayst form in me Jesus Christ, in a lifelike way, great and powerful, unto the fulness of His perfect age." As a means to attain this end, and that all Christians may share this true, interior, tender, holy, constant and disinterested love toward Mary, whereby "we seek God only, and God in His Holy Mother," the Pope has approved a devout exercise in honor of the Holy Spirit, called the Chaplet of the Holy Ghost. The Superior-General of the Company of Mary, and of the Daughters of Wisdom describes it as "an admirable summary, within the reach of all the faithful, of that part of theology, too little known, treating of the Holy Ghost. It would undoubtedly have delighted our Blessed Father de Montfort, who was so devoted to the Holy Ghost and our Blessed Lady."

In exhorting the children of the Church to apply their minds and hearts to the Holy Ghost, "after the example of the Virgin Mother and the Apostles," the Holy Father writes: "We have great reason to expect the highest and most salutary gifts from Him who is the Spirit of Truth, who has revealed divine mysteries in Holy Writ, and who supports the Church with His abiding presence. From Him, too, the living fountain of sanctity, souls that have been regenerated unto the adoption of the sons of God are enhanced and perfected for eternity. For it is from the manifold grace of the Holy Spirit that they unceasingly derive light and fervor, remedy and strength, comfort and peace; every good wish and intention, and the fruitfulness of salutary undertakings.

In fine, the action of the Holy Ghost in the Church is such that, as Christ is the head of this mystical body, so in like manner may the Holy Ghost be rightly called the heart of the Church. For the heart exercises a hidden influence; and therefore the Holy Ghost is to be compared to the heart, that invisibly vivifies the Church and makes her one."

All Christians perceive the necessity of the help of the Holy Spirit, but all do not equally see the necessity of daily invoking His aid. Everything that brings before Catholics the all-importance of devotion to God the Holy Ghost is deserving of special welcome. Most heartily, therefore, do we welcome the Chaplet of the Holy Ghost, bearing with it the high approval of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, all the English bishops, eminent prelates in Ireland, Scotland, and the United States. In approving the Chaplet, Cardinal Gibbons said: "I pray that it may conduce to greater devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, who is the sanctifier and perfecter of every good work." The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York has highly recommended this form of devotion on several occasions.

It certainly meets a great need of our age, in which, from the want of the light and grace of the Holy Ghost, so many are ceasing to believe in Christ, the Son of Mary, and to walk in the way of His Commandments. Such a devotion seems well calculated to promote faith and piety in our people, and render them more mindful of the Holy Ghost, by whom, through Jesus Christ, we are born again unto God, supported in all our trials, guided in all our ways, and sanctified by His most holy and adorable presence within us.

The form of the devotion is as follows: Sign of the Cross; short act of contrition; solemn invocation—the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come"; versicle, response, and prayer, "O God, who hast

taught the hearts of the faithful"; then appropriate meditations, prayers, and practices. No set form of meditations or practices is prescribed: each person may follow his inclination in this particular. We append the series prepared by a zealous Capuchin Father, who has done much to propagate the Chaplet of the Holy Ghost in England. For several reasons it is to be preferred to others that we have seen:

I.

By the Holy Ghost is Jesus conceived of the Virgin Mary.

MEDITATION.—"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; and therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." (St. Luke, i, 35.) "Our Father," "Hail Mary," once; "Glory," seven times.

PRACTICE.—Imitate Jesus, model of all virtues,—to be spiritually conceived and born in you by the power of the Most High and the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, spouse of the Holy Ghost.

II.

The Spirit of the Lord rested upon Jesus.

MEDITATION.—"And Jesus, being baptized, forthwith came out of the water; and lo! the heavens were opened to Him, and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon Him." (St. Matt., iii, 16.) "Our Father," "Hail Mary," etc., as above.

PRACTICE.—Hold in the highest esteem the sevenfold gift of the Holy Spirit bestowed upon you in Baptism. Keep your baptismal vows.

III.

By the Spirit is Jesus led into the desert to be tempted.

MEDITATION.—"And Jesus, being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from the Jordan, and was led by the Spirit into the desert, for the space of forty days; and was tempted by the devil." (St. Luke, iv, 1, 2.) "Our Father," etc.

PRACTICE.—Distrust self, trust in God, and ever strive to be a perfect Christian and a true soldier of Jesus Christ. Watch and pray. Frequent Holy Communion. Meditate on God's word.

IV.

The abiding presence of the Holy Ghost in the Church.

MEDITATION.—“And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting;... and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak... the wonderful works of God.” (Acts, ii, 1, 4, 11.) “Our Father,” etc.

PRACTICE.—Be devoted to the Holy See, the mouthpiece of the Holy Ghost. Hear the Church; uphold her doctrine; seek her interests; defend her rights.

V.

The abiding presence of the Holy Ghost within the soul of the just man.

MEDITATION.—“Know ye not that your members are the temple of the Holy Ghost, who is in you?” (I. Cor., vi, 19.) “Extinguish not the Spirit.” (I. Thess., v, 19.) “And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby you are sealed unto the day of redemption.” (Eph., iv, 30.) “Our Father,” etc.

PRACTICE.—Strive after cleanness of heart. Be ever mindful of the presence of God's Holy Spirit within the soul, and correspond with His divine inspirations so as to produce His most holy fruits—charity, joy, peace, patience.

“Our Father,” “Hail Mary,” “I believe in God,” for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

WE have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
’Twere cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

Notes and Remarks.

Whether the beautiful and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots be or be not eventually declared by the Church a véritable martyr, the promotion of her cause for beatification will assuredly accomplish one genuine good. It will elicit the truth, and the whole truth, from among the countless realms of falsehoods, of bigoted suppositions, of haphazard conjectures that have been published concerning her during the past three centuries. That Mary's character will be vindicated from many a foul aspersion is most certain; while an incidental benefit to historical truth will be the unmasking of England's virgin-queen, the so-called “good Queen Bess.” The chapter of English history wherein these two sovereigns fill so large a rôle will certainly be studied and expounded with a thoroughness never before brought to bear upon it; and the judgments of many a standard historian of other days, it is safe to say, will be absolutely reversed.

Not since Lord Ripon, the high-priest of English Freemasonry, was converted to the Church has there been such a seven days' wonder as the abjuration of Signor S. A. Zola, “Grand Master, Grand Hierophant, and Sovereign Grand Commander of Egyptian Masonry.” For thirty years he has been a member of the sect, and for twelve years he governed it in Egypt as absolute sovereign; so it may be assumed that he has had ample time and opportunity to study both its tenets and its tendencies. In the solemn abjuration which preceded his conversion, Signor Zola writes:

Freemasonry proclaims itself a *purely* philanthropic, philosophic and progressive institution; having for its sole objects a search after truth, the study of universal science and art, and the exercise of charity and beneficence. It professes the utmost respect for the religious faith of each of its members; and affirms that it formally interdicts, in its assemblies or meetings, any discussion of religious or political matters, or any controversies on such subjects. It declares that it is neither a religious nor a political institution; but is a temple of justice, humanity, charity, etc. Well, I here solemnly affirm that all these Masonic declarations are absolutely false. The pretended religious liberty in its laws

and ritual does not exist. It is not only a lie, but a shameless one. This pretended justice, love of humanity, philanthropy, and charity, have no place whatever in the real Masonic temples, nor in the hearts of the leading Freemasons; for they, with very rare exception, neither know nor practise any such virtues. Truth does not exist in Freemasonry, or in any of those who fill the highest grades in the order. In the sect itself, lying, deceit, and perfidy are the sovereign rulers; and those pretended virtues are simply put forward as the mask to blind men of honor and good faith, and to induce them to join a body of persons whose principles they would abhor if they knew what they really are. In truth, I hereby declare that Freemasonry is an institution the scope of which is to undermine and destroy every form of religion, and especially the Catholic faith; and to try to substitute a diabolic worship and to restore humanity to primitive paganism.

It will be pleasant to remember, when the amiable A. P. A. gentlemen die or return to their native Orange lodges, that many Protestant ministers had the courage and the sense of justice to denounce the infamous organization; but it will also be remembered that many others, professed followers of "the meek and lowly Jesus," were ranged among the persecutors. For those who "sympathize with the Catholics" but keep their mouths closed tight as a clam we can have only contempt. As *The Casket* said recently, it is justice, not sympathy, that we want. "The sympathies of Pontius Pilate were all with the meek and holy One who stood before his tribunal; but that did not prevent him from delivering the Saviour over to the Jews."

The conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Kain has again fixed the attention of the country on the old Catholic city of St. Louis. Like his venerable predecessor, the new metropolitan is of a reticent and retiring character; but his public words and acts reveal him as a man of unusual ability, a growing figure in the life of the Church in America. May he be spared many years to wear the pastoral badge in the city of Rosati and Kenrick!

It is a truism that infidels and "religious reformers" are seldom willing to carry their principles out to their logical conclusion. When Melanchthon's mother was dying, she

called him to her bedside and said: "Tell me, my son, whether I should die in the old religion or embrace that which you have founded." If history be true, Melanchthon made answer: "I can not deceive my mother at such a time. Our religion may be the most comfortable to live in, but the old one is the best to die in." Somewhat similar is the account given of Renan by his disciple, Hughes le Roux. A friend was describing to Renan the reckless immorality of certain young men, when the "teacher" interposed: "The young people of my generation were more masters of themselves. They knew their duty better; they had grown up under a stronger discipline." When it was asserted that the young men had only followed out Renan's own teachings, the philosopher "was ready to make complete disavowal." It is certain that when Renan was asked by a friend what he should teach his children about religion, the apostate answered: "Do as everyone else does."

The *Catholic Examiner*, of Bombay, calls attention to the large number of officers of Irish blood and with unmistakably Irish names in the German army and navy. In glancing over the official register, one meets with scores of O'Gradys, O'Byrnes, O'Briens, O'Rourkes, Sullivans, and McSweenys. Some of these men trace their pedigree back to Irish ancestors who served Germany during the Thirty Years' War (1618-1648); others had Irish forefathers, who remained in Germany after the Seven Years' and the Napoleonic wars. One retired General—O'Byrne—commanded the Saxon First Regiment of Guards during the Franco-German war of 1870. Another retired officer—Major O'Grady,—now in the Chilian service, earned a high reputation as a cartographer.

The question of settling the Manitoba schools difficulty has entered upon another phase. The Remedial Bill introduced by the Conservative government at Ottawa was, perforce, abandoned, as the opponents of remedial legislation offered to its passage the most flagrant obstruction ever witnessed in any parliamentary assembly. One session of

the members was protracted from 3 p. m. Monday until midnight of Saturday. Parliament has been prolonged; and Sir Charles Tupper, ex-High Commissioner to London, has formed a new ministry, which will seek election on June 23. The best guarantee Canadian Catholics can have that the Conservatives are thoroughly determined to relieve the disabilities of the Manitoba minority is furnished by the presence in the new Cabinet of Senator Angers, of Quebec, whose course on this vexed question has elicited the encomiums of all truly Catholic French Canadians. With Mr. Angers are also associated such sterling ultramontanes as Hon. Messrs. Taillon, Desjardins, and Ross. Sir Charles Tupper has issued a strong electoral manifesto, and we shall be more than surprised if his party does not return to power with an increased majority. The Liberals introduced the Manitoba question into the arena of politics, but they are likely to regret their action before the close of the current half year. One thing is assured, in any case: either the Greenway government in Manitoba must settle the matter within the next few months, or Ottawa will arrange it over their heads.

The unexpected death of Cardinal Galimberti was a severe blow to the Holy Father, who exclaimed mournfully on hearing the news: "It seems to be God's will that I should outlive all my best friends!" The late Cardinal—young, able and energetic—was a valuable helper of the Pope, with whose views and policy he was in the closest sympathy. His skill in diplomacy was recognized the world over; and for many years he was one of the most prominent figures in the public life of Europe. Friends and foes alike esteemed him for his piety and integrity of character. May he rest in peace!

A writer in the *Liverpool Catholic Times* observes with truth that while most Catholics know at least something about ecclesiastical Rome, few know much of the lay or social side of Catholic organization in the Eternal City. One Roman institution in particular might be profitably studied by American Catholics—the *Circolo San Pietro*. Its mem-

bership is pretty equally divided among the young men of the aristocracy and the working-people. Social distinctions are by no means obsolete in Rome, but the members of the Circle of St. Peter work, pray, and fraternize in perfect equality. At present the centre of the Circle is Prince Sacchetti. There are four hundred members (they must be under forty years of age), who labor diligently for the spread of the faith by word, but especially by religious example. They hold that contributions of money do not comprise their whole duty to the poor and the sick, whom they serve by personal ministrations. They found libraries for the workingmen, and form funds for the exemption of ecclesiastical students from military service. They have also established two large public dormitories for homeless men; the members of the Circle superintending their admission and presiding at morning and evening prayers. Perhaps the most ambitious and certainly the most meritorious work of the society is its annual First Communion class, when it rescues the poor boys of Rome from their evil surroundings, provides for them, and instructs them until they are prepared to receive Holy Communion. Those who consider Roman piety merely ceremonious or emotional would do well to study the work of the *Circolo San Pietro*.

Canadian exchanges chronicle with regret the death of the Hon. T. W. Anglin, one of the ablest and most prominent Catholics in the Dominion. Two decades ago he published in St. John, New Brunswick, *The Weekly Freeman*,—a journal whose marked ability and uncompromising Catholicism gave it high authority among our people in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Anglin subsequently entered the House of Commons, of which body he for some years occupied the honorable position of speaker. An eminent journalist, an orator of more than common power, a gentleman of the strictest integrity, and a Catholic politician who could be depended upon to safeguard the interest of religion irrespective of party preferences, Timothy Warren Anglin was a public man such as the Church admires, and would fain have more of in Canada and the United States as well. *R.I.P.*



* UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. *

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IX.

ELIZABETH," remarked Aunt Janet one Saturday afternoon, "Patrick brought in such a quantity of pears that Hannah has not yet finished making them into sweetmeats, and I had better help her. I shall therefore be obliged to let you and Polly go up to the church and put everything in readiness for the Mass to-morrow. You must be very careful to follow my instructions exactly."

"Oh, we will!" declared Elizabeth. "I went with you so often last summer,—I know pretty well what is to be done. And Polly will love to go. May we drive up with Sport?"

"Yes. In gathering the flowers to take with you, do not forget to select those not fully blown; thus they will be in their perfection by the morning, and the sanctuary will be filled with their fragrance."

Polly here made her appearance in the dining-room, where, seated at the table, Miss Janet set about paring the fruit; while in the kitchen beyond Hannah stood over the fire, tending a kettleful of luscious Bartletts that bobbed about in the clear, boiling syrup. To watch this process of preserving was so fascinating an occupation that under ordinary circumstances the little girls would have regretted being sent away. But to be

entrusted with their present commission they rightly considered a great honor, and were in a hurry to be off.

If in Grandma Colton's city garden three-fourths of the space was given to the cultivation of flowers for the altar, at Hazelbrae great quantities were grown for the same purpose. The two girls hastened to fill a large basket with the choicest blooms,—with long sprays of the pink-tinted Rose of Sharon from the bushes that lined the garden paths, with heliotrope and sweet alyssum, as well as geraniums, asters, marigolds, and other bright or odorous blossoms, some of which came from the flower-plots on the terrace.

It made Polly happy to remember that the few half-hours she had spent in weeding those plots had something to do with rendering these flowers more worthy of the use to which they were now dedicated.

"For if they had grown up among weeds they would never have become so perfect and beautiful," she said to herself; "and I am very glad I kept such harmful companions away from them."

When this pleasant task was completed, Polly and Elizabeth put on fresh print dresses and their sun-hats; for the shaker bonnets were used only in excursions around the farm. Just as they were ready Patrick brought Sport and the pony carriage around to the front door.

"The rogue is in great humor to-day," he said. "Take care he does not land you in a ditch somewhere along the road."

They patted the pony, with whom they were evidently on the best of terms; gave him a piece of sugar, and then jumped

into the small phaeton. Patrick handed Polly the basket, Elizabeth took the reins, touched Sport's glossy coat very gently with the small whip ornamented with red ribbons, and they started off.

"What a cute little horse Sport is!" exclaimed Polly, as they were whirled gaily along.

"Yes: he always seems to want it understood that he goes with us not only for service, but because he is willing to allow us the pleasure of his company," replied Elizabeth. "If we don't talk to him, or sometimes romp with him a bit, he gets sulky and won't play,—that is, he won't carry us any farther, but comes to a full stop, and has to be coaxed and bribed with promises of cakes or candy, just like a school-boy or girl. Hannah says he is a sad wag; aren't you, Sport?"

Sport turned his head, and winked at Polly so solemnly that she broke into a merry laugh.

"I do believe he knows every word you say," she averred.

"Oh, yes, indeed! You ought to hear Hannah talk about Sport's pranks. She sometimes declares he is an old fairy, and not an ordinary pony at all. Once he walked right into the kitchen and ate up a panful of biscuits she had baked for tea. Sport likes pies too, especially mince-pies. One day when Hannah was baking she had to go down cellar for some butter, and when she came back there was Sport in the kitchen. She stamped her foot at him, scolded, and even tried to drive him out with a broomstick; but it was of no use: he would not go, and kept dodging her round and round. At last she thought of a plan. Bringing a pie from the pantry, she walked backward out of the door, calling the pony and holding the pie toward him. He followed her from the house and got the pie; for, although he did not deserve it, Hannah would not cheat him. If she had, he would never have forgiven her."

Of course Polly was intensely amused at this story.

"Oh, do go on,—tell me something else about him!" she begged.

"I am sorry to say, Patrick and Wilhelm have taught Sport to chew tobacco too," continued Elizabeth; "but grandpa has forbidden them to give him any more. Sport did get into dreadful trouble once. It was when Mrs. Vanderbeck came over to Hazelbrae to sell some cheese. You know she is awfully ill-natured, and is always repeating disagreeable tales about people. Leo says she makes him think of a cackling hen. Mrs. Vanderbeck wears a wig, as I suppose you have noticed. She was standing at the house door talking to grandma, and had taken off her shaker bonnet to fan herself with it, when Sport was driven up. Grandma was going to send her home in the pony phaeton, and Sport was mad to have to go, I guess. Well, her tongue clattered on and on. 'But it is not right to judge others hastily,' I heard Grandma say. And suddenly, instead of answering, Mrs. Vanderbeck gave a shriek and put her hands to her head. I could hardly believe my eyes: it was as bald as a baby's, and she looked *so* funny. You see, Sport had pulled off her wig, thinking it was something good to eat. Having discovered his mistake, he waved his prize to and fro before her in a tantalizing way, and then ran half-way down the drive with it, trundling the phaeton after him. When they prevailed upon him to give up the wig, it was a queer-looking object. Mrs. Vanderbeck clapped it on as quick as she could. She was so angry she would not go home in the pony carriage, and said she would rather walk back to her farm. Sport was glad, I am sure.—But, Sport, you must be very good this afternoon; for we are going to church, remember!"

Sport looked around again, winked once more as if to say, "You are going if I choose to take you there"; and then,

having made up his mind to offer no objection, he settled down to a steady pace.

The neat little Church of Our Lady of Lourdes is situated more than a mile above Hazelbrae, on a picturesque hillside. The road that leads to its door continues on into the heart of a charming country. Behind it rises a background of woods; and as one stands in the sunny churchyard, white with crosses, one may look away for miles down the wide and peaceful Paradise Valley, bounded by the violet hills, beyond which rolls the Hudson.

Elizabeth was so accustomed to the scene that she paid slight attention to it, as, having set down Polly and the basket at the door of the church, she drove Sport around to one of the sheds provided for the shelter of the horses. On her return she found her companion dreamily gazing off across the landscape.

"Is it not lovely!" Polly exclaimed.

"It does look pretty now, with its fields of waving grain, and its green patches of woodland here and there," answered Elizabeth. "But you should see it in the autumn, when the woods are turned to yellow and flame-color, and the hills are a deep purple; or in winter, when the valley is covered with snow and the sun shines down upon it."

As she spoke she unlocked the church door, and they entered.

"Oh!" cried Polly, in pleased surprise.

The little Gothic edifice, though simple and unpretending, was exceedingly tasteful. The walls were of a pale terra-cotta tint; the small rose-window above the altar, as well as the heads of the lanceolate, diamond-paned windows on either side of the single aisle, was of soft or rich hued cathedral glass. The altar, of graceful design, was snow-white inscrolled with gold. To the left was a shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, and above it a picture of the Sacred Heart. This being only a mission chapel, the Blessed Sacrament was not kept here; yet the peacefulness

and silence impressed the girls, and they knelt down a moment to say a prayer.

"We have to sweep and dust the sanctuary, and then arrange the flowers and prepare the altar," explained Elizabeth presently, when they set to work.

Polly found a broom, and began to wield it vigorously. After sweeping industriously for a while, she stopped and, leaning on the broom, whispered:

"Elizabeth, does not this tidying up make you think of the little home at Nazareth? I suppose, even after Our Lord began to preach and teach, He went back sometimes to see His Mother; don't you think so? He was always so loving toward her, you know. Well, imagine we were there, and were allowed to do something to prepare for His coming; wouldn't we do it well?"

"Yes," answered her friend, surprised at this unexpected glimpse of Polly's thoughts; for the latter was always shy of expressing what passed in her mind. "And is it not the same, since He will be here in His Real Presence to-morrow?" Elizabeth went on, with unusual gravity.

After that they worked with new energy, and hearts as gay as the birds that had built their nest under the sanctuary eaves, and whose glad twitterings could be heard through the open windows. The remembrance lent a charm to their task as they disposed the flowers in the high vases, brought back the candelabra, and arranged the linens of the altar. In almost too short a time all was prepared, and they sat down to rest in one of the pews.

"It is the prettiest little church I ever saw," affirmed Polly, enthusiastically.

"Then fancy how it looks at Christmas, all hung with garlands of evergreen," was the reply. "One year we were at Hazelbrae for Christmas, and I came up here to help Aunt Janet and some other young ladies to deck the church. It was just as you read in story-books. Mary Ann Edwards and Alice Connors came up too and—"

The sound of Sport pawing impatiently without cut short her reminiscences. "We had better go," she said, "or Sport will be up to some caper."

They went out, therefore; Elizabeth locked the church door, and in a few moments they started for home. On the way all was well until they happened to meet a wagon with three men in it. Then Sport shied and broke into a mad run down the road.

Polly, pale and frightened, clung to Elizabeth; but the latter held the reins firmly. She knew Sport was only startled and would calm down presently. So it proved. After he had run about a quarter of a mile, he became quite gentle and tractable again. Elizabeth relaxed her grasp of the reins, and Polly drew a long breath of relief.

"Gracious, I thought we were going to be thrown out!" she cried.

"Poor Sport! he did not mean to be naughty," returned Elizabeth. "But once he was run into by a wagon with three men in it; and ever since, when he meets three men driving together, he wants to get out of the way,—seems as if he can count up to three, at any rate; doesn't it?"

The next morning, as the family of Hazelbrae were early at church, the two girls lingered outside the door in the sunshine, watching the congregation which was beginning to gather. Farmers, with their wives and children, arrived in comfortable Jersey wagons from the heart of the valley, whose quiet roads, leading onward and upward toward the little church on the hill, seemed indeed like the entrance to Paradise to them, after their week of toil. Others had driven over the ridge and through the woods, from remoter valleys beyond. There were several carriages from the village; bands of young people came afoot from long distances; and now and again Elizabeth recognized an old man or woman who had trudged a weary way so as not to miss Mass,—

trusting to "good luck" to obtain "a lift on the road," or perchance a ride home again from some fortunate possessor of a conveyance.

Going in now, the two girls took their places with those preparing for confession. Half an hour later one of the Farrell boys, who acted as acolyte, rang a small, tinkling bell to summon any stragglers who might have lingered in the churchyard; and then the Mass began.

How impressive and devotional everything was! Miss Janet played the organ and led in the singing of the sweet, simple music. Father Mack's sermon was so easy to understand; the song of the birds in the trees near by could be plainly heard; and even the glimpse through the open windows of the green fields, the sunlit valley, and the beautiful sky was no distraction, but rather a fresh incentive to thanksgiving—the *Sursum corda* of nature. And, finally, when Polly and Elizabeth knelt side by side at the altar-rail to welcome the Divine Guest, for whose coming they had tried to make ready their hearts with as much care as they had prepared the little sanctuary, both felt that this was truly one of the happiest days of their lives.

(To be continued.)

A Happy Village.

In Hanke, a little village in Japan, there has not been a quarrel or a lawsuit in two hundred years. Neither has there been one single crime committed, one poor person obliged to call for aid from the town, or a delinquent tax list. The Japanese government has made this model community a gift of one hundred dollars, which all will admit is well deserved. But these villagers have earned infinitely more in the peace and prosperity they have enjoyed,—a reward which the people of any town might have with the same pains.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke, i. 48.

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To Blessed Rita.

WHEN thou wert dead, dear Saint,
A swarm of strowy bees—
Their wings all languorous of the South—
Brought amber honey to thy mouth,
As'twere to win thee by their sweet constraint
To whisper once again upon the breeze,
Not sighs that rose from prayerful ecstasies,
But gentle words that won all hearts to thine,
And thro' thee to the Heart of Love Divine.

O Blessed Rita, win for us this grace—
That gentle words, like bees
From hearts of summer flowers,
May bear the honey of kind ministries
To those who mourn sad hours.
Then sweeter than the honeycomb
Of Hybla's storied hill
Shall be our welcome unto Joy's true home,
When Sorrow's heart is still.

The Physical Appearance of Our Lord and of His Mother.

BY THE REV. REUBEN PARSONS, D. D.

TRADITION furnishes the devout soul with two diametrically opposite descriptions of the physical appearance of Jesus, and it is therefore to be supposed that there can be no certainty as to the physical appearance of His Mother. According to some of the Fathers of the

Church, our Saviour was not at all like that noble and majestic, grave though sweet personage whom Christian art usually depicts; on the contrary, the humility of the Son of God, His desire to shun every appearance of prizing the gifts for which humanity yearns, caused Him to assume a body which was rather ignoble than attractive. Certainly this theory seems to be sustained by that passage of Isaiah (liii, 2): "There is no beauty in him nor comeliness; and we have seen him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of him." When we insist that the prophet here speaks of the sacred countenance disfigured by blows, spittle, and clots of blood, the defenders of the commonplace appearance of Christ declare that many Fathers hold that Isaiah was thinking of the God-Man as He appeared in His everyday intercourse with the children of men upon earth. For instance, when Celsus the Epicurean upbraided the Christians for venerating a person who was "insignificant in stature and of ignoble features," Origen replied that the Christians did not believe that Jesus was of insignificant height, but that they rightly held that He did not have a majestic appearance or a beautiful countenance.*

* "Fatetur scriptum de Jesu corpore despectabili, quamvis non habeatur aperte scriptum parvum fuisse et vile. Est autem locus apud Isaiam prædicentem venturum eum non supra modum decoræ specie, nec excellenti pulchritudine."



Then we hear St. Clement of Alexandria,* St. Athanasius,† and Tertullian‡ avowing that the quoted prophecy describes the usual appearance of Jesus, and not merely that which He presented amid the horrors of the Passion. St. Irenæus is of the same opinion; he remarks that the face of Jesus was not beautiful, but "unseemly."|| St. Augustine also favors this supposition; for he says: "As man, Christ had neither beauty nor comeliness."§ However, the reason assigned by the holy doctor for his opinion is exceedingly weak. He says: "Unless the Jews had deemed Him ugly they would not have attacked Him, scourged Him," etc. St. Clement of Alexandria thinks that it was necessary for Our Lord to assume a lowly and even despicable appearance, lest some might be so attracted by His beauty as to neglect His most important teachings for the mere pleasure of gazing upon Him.¶ Certainly this argument is no more weighty than that of St. Augustine.

In direct contradiction of this certainly repulsive theory, we find many Fathers and very many more modern ecclesiastical writers contending that Jesus Christ was of remarkable beauty. These authors rely chiefly upon a passage in Psalm xlv which all Scriptural scholars regard as referring to the Messiah: "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men; grace is poured abroad in thy lips.... With thy comeliness and thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously, and reign." St. John Chrysostom says that Christ was wonderful not only in His miracles: His beauty struck even a casual observer.** St. Jerome says

that Our Lord drew people toward Him by the brilliancy of His eyes.* And St. Bernard tells us that the voice of Jesus was sweet and His features beautiful; that men were attracted to Him by His appearance no less than by His words. St. John Damascene narrates how Abgar, King of Edessa in Mesopotamia, having sent a painter to make a portrait of Jesus, of whose wondrous deeds he had heard, the artist attempted to fulfil the commission; and how the effulgence of our Saviour's countenance so affected the painter that he was obliged to abandon his design.† Nicephorus observes that St. Luke made portraits of Jesus, of His Holy Mother, and of the Apostles; and he proceeds to describe the appearance of Our Lord as it had been recorded by ancient tradition: "His countenance was beautiful. He was fully seven palms in height.‡ His tresses were blond and wavy. His eyebrows were black, and they did not quite form semicircles. His eyes were large, vivid, and of a yellowish color.|| His nose was long; His beard black and very short, though His locks were long; for they had never been cut, and no hand had ever touched His head, save that of His Mother, when He was young. His neck was erect but not stiff, and His carriage was not haughty,—indeed, He generally walked with His head slightly bent. His complexion was like the color of wheat; His face was neither round nor pointed, but slightly elongated and florid, like that of His Mother.§ Gravity, prudence, and clemency were stamped on His features; in a

* "Pedagog.," bk. iii, ch. i.

† "Humana Christi Natura," at end.

‡ "De Carne Christi," ch. 9.

|| "Adv. Hæreses," bk. iii, ch. 19.

§ Comment. in Psalmum xlv.

¶ "Ut Dominus esset vili et humili forma corporis, ne quis speciem laudans, et admirans pulchritudinem, ab iis quæ intelligentia sunt percipienda abduceretur."

** "Etiam cum simpliciter adspiceretur, insigni abundabat gratia." (Homily xxvii in Matth.)

* "In Cap. ix et xxi Matth."

† The Saint adds that Our Lord pitied the chagrin of the artist and the disappointment of Abgar; that, therefore, He pressed the canvas to His face, and the sacred features were immediately pictured on it. ("Orthodox Faith," bk. iv, ch. 17.)

‡ The text has ἐπτά σπιθαμῶν ἦν τελεῖων.

|| ἐπιφανέζοντα.

§ ἔχων τὴν ὄψιν ἐπιφανέζον ἀλλ' ὡς περ τῆς μητρὸς αὐτοῦ.

word, He was very like His Mother." The reader will observe that Nicephorus, being a Greek, tries to discern Grecian characteristics in the features of the Saviour; and it is noticeable that nearly every olden writer, while agreeing with those of other races in a general description of the divine countenance, shows an inclination to depict it as quite similar to that of one of his own nationality in more than one particular.

Very many pages of Our Lady's magazine would not suffice for the presentation of one half of the testimonies of ancient and medieval writers which support the opinion that the cited text of Isaiah refers only to the appearance of Jesus while He was undergoing the horrors of the Passion. In addition to the judgments already quoted, we would merely observe that a noble and even beautiful appearance (in the more elevated sense of the term) is ascribed to our Saviour by those ancient monuments which have either come down to us or have been described by reliable authors who were familiar with them. Thus Theophylactus tells us of a statue of Jesus which had been erected by the woman whom Our Lord had cured of a bloody flux, and which subsisted in the time of Julian the Apostate. The Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, had a statue of Jesus in his private oratory; for he deemed Him worthy of a place among the false divinities to whom he sacrificed.* St. Irenæus speaks of a woman who belonged to the heretical sect of the Carpocratians, and who venerated images of Homer, Pythagoras, and Jesus. The famous picture of Jesus in the arms of His Mother, which a constant tradition ascribes to the brush of St. Luke, may be seen to-day in the Borghese Chapel of the Liberian Basilica in Rome. It is from monuments such as these, as well as from the *consensus* of the majority of medieval authorities, that the

now prevalent opinion concerning Our Lord's beauty was derived; but it can not be denied that during the first centuries of Christianity the contrary theory was held by many venerable persons.

If the reader wonders as to how such an opinion as this latter, so repugnant to our instincts and so subversive of our conceptions of the Redeemer's human perfections, originated, let him remember that the early Christians were anxious to obviate any idea of the attributes of the Divine Humanity which could at all derogate from the exalted purity of that Humanity, and that therefore they felt obliged to insist that Jesus was not beautiful in the sense that the average worldling understands. Certainly the beauty of Christ could not have been of that purely carnal nature which is apt to excite the most unworthy of human passions rather than the nobler faculties of the soul. This was the truth which ancient writers wished to advance.

Calmet remarks that the Saviour was to teach men and to draw them to Himself; therefore it was necessary for Him to be both gracious and imposing. The Angel of the Schools shows that in His Incarnation the Redeemer accepted the defects which were part and parcel of human nature, but not the particular defects which are found here and there among men. He made Himself liable to suffer hunger, thirst, fatigue, pain, need of sleep, etc.; but it was not in His designs to be crippled or sickly or blind or ugly-featured. Nor can it be said, with any degree of plausibility, that Jesus presented an ugly appearance in a spirit of humility and penance, and in order to induce us to make little of physical beauty, just as He was to lead us to a rational contempt of riches by His own life of poverty. If such be our logic, then we must assert that Christ ought to have adopted every one of our corporal defects: that He should have been afflicted by all the diseases known

* Lampridius, "In Alexandro."

on earth, by all the deformities ever visible in the bodies of men. We dare not advance such a proposition; therefore let us reject the theory that humility caused Our Lord to appear as ugly in feature, as ignoble and abject in person. Let us be assured that when certain of the early Fathers of the Church declared that Christ was not beautiful, most of them had in mind that kind of beauty which is not befitting to a real man,—that kind of which Ovid makes Phædra say to Hippolytus: "*Sint procul a nobis juvenes ut femina compti.*"*

In regard to the appearance of the Holy Mother of God, we are impelled by reason to agree with Nicephorus when he says that Our Lady and her Son were very much alike; for, since Our Lord had no earthly father, He must perforce have "taken after" His Mother. Following, as he avers, St. Epiphanius in this matter, Nicephorus describes the Virgin Mother in almost the same words that he has used when depicting Jesus, adding that she was always clothed in robes which preserved the natural color of the material. Cedrenus and Sixtus of Siena speak of Mary in the same manner, and all three appeal to the portraits ascribed to St. Luke as witnesses of the accuracy of their descriptions. Critics of good calibre have denied the authenticity of these supposedly Lucan pictures, and equally good critics have apparently refuted their arguments. Be the truth as it may, there is excellent evidence to show that the works in question are at least copies of an original which the Evangelist had painted. The arguments adduced to evince that St. Luke could not have executed any portrait of Our Lady are trivial in every instance, and often unsound. Thus it is said that the Apostle of the Gentiles speaks of St. Luke as a physician; but does that remark of St. Paul show that St. Luke could not

paint? It is averred that the Jews allowed no painters or sculptors to reside in their territories; but we know that St. Luke was an Antiochian, and that it was in that city that St. Paul converted him. We are told that St. Augustine declares: "Nor are we acquainted with the face of the Virgin Mary, from whom He was miraculously born." But this assertion proves merely that St. Augustine had not seen the portrait in question.

It is said that the pictures attributed to St. Luke were executed after the outburst of Nestorianism, and as a proclamation of the divine maternity; it is also averred that the Seventh General Council, when refuting the Iconoclasts, made no mention of any pictures by St. Luke. To the former argument we reply: Nestorius did not deny that Mary brought Jesus into the world, but that she was *Deipara*; therefore a picture representing merely a mother with her child would not have been a protest against Nestorianism. As to the silence of the Seventh Council in the premises, we know that the synodals considered not the question whether pictures and images of the saints existed, but rather the question whether such representations were to be venerated. Finally, long before the origin of the Nestorian heresy (y. 431) there was depicted a portrait of Mary with her Divine Babe, in the Baths of Domitian; and many glass vials, bearing the same figures, have been found in the Catacombs,—all being of a date prior to the fifth century, and some of them having been made in the second at the latest.

It is a comfortable thought that the smallest and most turbid mud-puddle can contain its own picture of heaven. Let us remember this when we feel inclined to deny all spiritual life to some people, in whom, nevertheless, our Father may perhaps see the image of His face.—*Hawthorne.*

* "Epist. 4."

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XV.

"NOW," observed Atherton, as they paused in momentary admiration of this smiling spot, "are we not more than repaid for the labor that it has cost us to reach here?"

"Before answering that," said his companion, whom weariness inclined to be cynical, "we will see what kind of reception we meet. You know what Mr. Hoffman told us of the dislike and suspicion with which white people are regarded in these places."

"Oh, a fig for dislike and suspicion, if they give us food and shelter!" Atherton returned. "We will select the principal house for our application, and I have no fear of the result. Come!—only a few steps farther, and our labors for the night are over."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed the boy, with a sigh, as he again put his tired limbs in motion.

Following a path along the margin of the stream, they approached the shade-embowered hamlet, which still seemed wrapped in deep repose until they were within a very short distance of it. Then suddenly on the still night air there rose the sound of singing—a weird, monotonous chanting of many voices,—that evidently issued from a building which they were immediately approaching: a long, low, palm-thatched edifice of wood.

Atherton paused. Something in the character of the sound recalled to his memory all that he had heard of Vaudoux meetings,—of how they are held at dead of night, generally in remote spots where no eye of the uninitiated can behold them, and where any stranger who should present himself would run the utmost risk.

What could this strange singing indicate but some such gathering? And if so, it behooved them to be cautious. He looked at his companion, who had paused also.

"I think," he said, "that it will be well to ascertain what this means before we allow our presence to be known."

"If we were at home," replied the boy, "I should know very well what it means. I should say that it was a negro religious meeting, and that they would soon begin to shout."

"But since we are in Hayti," said Atherton, "there is danger that it may be a religious meeting of another kind. It may be one of the Vaudoux gatherings, of which we heard such terrible stories at the Cape."

"I don't believe those stories," answered the other, with the incredulity which foreigners usually display on this subject. "I could not tell Mr. Hoffman and his friends so, but I don't believe them. A form of Vaudoux exists among the negroes in Louisiana, and therefore I know it is absurd to talk of it as a regular worship with priests and sacrifices. It is simply a survival of African sorcery, practised by some negroes on others more ignorant than themselves, and connected more or less with a horrible African dance."

"You forget that Louisiana is as different from Hayti as from the interior of Africa," said Atherton. "And, apart from the influences brought to bear upon the negro there, he could not possibly, if he desired, perform with impunity the horrible rites which are said to take place here. But, whether matters have been exaggerated or not, we must know what this is before going farther; for should it prove to be what I suspect, our danger would be extreme. We will therefore, proceed cautiously; and the first thing to do is to keep out of sight. Let us get into the shade."

As he spoke he stepped out of the bright moonlight which lay upon the

path into the deep shade of a thicket of mimosas, which, with other luxuriant growths, extended up to the building from which the singing proceeded. Safe from observation here, and moving with extreme quietness, they approached the house in the rear; and found it so rudely and carelessly built that they were able to see clearly all that was taking place within by looking through the chinks of the wall, while keeping carefully in the shelter of some large, broad-leaved plants which grew immediately against it.

What they beheld was a scene so weird and so entirely a verification of all they had heard and read that they could not doubt they were indeed looking upon a meeting of Vaudoux worshippers; and even their pressing bodily wants were for a time forgotten in the interest it awakened. For wild and terrible are the stories told in Hayti of this fearful idolatry, which, introduced in the days of the French Colony by slaves from the west coast of Africa, and practised secretly then, is now so widely diffused that it is impossible to say what order of Haytien life is free from its degrading superstition. It is at least certain that, although nominally forbidden by law, the sect is so powerful in numbers and influence that few officials are brave enough to incur its enmity; and that especially in country districts it flourishes almost unchecked, even when it takes its most awful form of human sacrifices and cannibalism. It was owing no doubt to the remoteness of this spot, upon which the two wanderers had stumbled, that the temple into which they looked stood within the borders of a hamlet instead of being as usual buried in the forest; and that there seemed no pretence of secrecy in the celebration of the dark rites now going on within.

At the end of the long apartment, which was all that the building contained, there stood a kind of altar, beside which, on chairs draped with red cloth and elevated

on a throne-like platform, sat a man and woman—evidently the priest and priestess. Both were pure negroes, of the ordinary Haytien type; and both were dressed in long gowns girded by red sashes. The man wore also a red handkerchief bound around his forehead, above which stood erect the peculiarly knotted hair that marks the Papaloi, or Vaudoux priest. A throng of men and women filled the room, all of whom were singing the monotonous, barbaric chant which had first attracted the attention of the lookers-on; and all were moving their bodies in slow, swaying motion; while every eye was fastened on the altar, upon which stood a box containing the serpent which was the object of their idolatry.

De Marsillac shuddered. "This is horrible!" he whispered. "All that we have heard must be true. Let us go away. The forest is better than this."

"Not yet," Atherton replied. "Think what an unlooked-for chance to witness one of these meetings! Men have risked their lives by going in disguise to see what we see now without any risk at all."

"But they are absolutely *worshipping* the serpent in that box!"

"What is that to us? Now that we are here, we will see it all. Of course we must presently go back to the forest; for we can not show ourselves until daylight after this. But we will not go until we have seen whatever—"

He paused abruptly in his speech; for the chant suddenly ceased and silence fell,—a profound, complete silence, which lasted for several minutes. Then, rising to his feet, the Papaloi began to speak,—at first in low, rapid tones; then louder, with increasing excitement, until at last he fairly shrieked his utterances. To Atherton these were mostly unintelligible, from the *patois* in which they were spoken; but the young Louisianian comprehended enough to be aware that the speaker was extolling the worship of the serpent in

which they were all engaged; that he urged his followers to be faithful to this adoration, and to obey implicitly the commands of Vaudoux; promising them freely temporal and also spiritual rewards. The degree to which he had wrought upon the emotions of his listeners was soon apparent from the cries that broke from them, and in the increased motion of their bodies,—a nervous shaking, apparently beyond control, that passed like a wave over them. Some prostrated themselves before the altar, others with lifted hands uttered petitions; when, perceiving that he had raised their excitement to the proper pitch, the speaker suddenly broke again into the chant—now wilder, higher in key, more barbaric in its strange rhythm than before; while added to it was an accompaniment that seemed to transport the assemblage to frenzy,—the peculiar sound of the Congo drum.

The scene which followed soon became indescribable. Still singing, the people began to dance, shaking violently with the nervous trembling already mentioned; some of them hissing and wriggling like snakes, and all filled with what seemed a veritable diabolic possession. Louder grew the chanting, more frenzied the movements of the dancers—some in their fury tearing off portions of their clothing,—while above all sounded the note of the drum: a strange, wild echo from the deep African forests whence this infernal worship came. As the red light of the smoking torches, which alone illuminated the room, fell over the scene, it was hard to believe that these savage creatures, dancing their horrible dance with demoniacal energy, had ever left their dark forests, or been brought into the faintest contact with any form of civilization.

"It is too dreadful to witness," said De Marsillac, averting his face with a gasp of horror. "Oh, let us go away!"

But Atherton's hand fell on his arm with a detaining grasp.

"Wait!" he answered. "We will go after a moment, but I must see the end of this. What can be to come next?"

He was soon answered. The drum ceased, and, as if under the influence of a spell, instantly the whole frantic assemblage became quiet and silent again. But now the silence had in it a sinister, menacing quality of expectation,—such expectation as that of the tiger when, crouching motionless but quivering in the jungle, he waits the coming of his victim. Like so many human tigers these men and women now waited, their glistening eyes fastened on the altar. Plainly, something terrible was about to take place. Atherton felt himself growing cold with undefinable horror.

Presently the Papaloi arose, made an obeisance to the serpent, and, passing behind the altar, drew forth from beneath something which he brought forward and laid before it.

"My God!" said Atherton in a sharp whisper to his companion. "They have brought out a child!"

"A child! Impossible!" exclaimed the other, turning to look once more through the aperture from which he had averted his face.

It was a child undoubtedly—a female child of six or seven years, bound hand and foot—that lay before the altar. A stir of horrible eagerness passed over the assemblage, but the silence still remained unbroken while a stalwart young negro detached himself from the throng, and, approaching the throne, knelt before the priestess, or Mamamloi. What he said was not audible to the concealed and now horror-stricken observers (it was, in fact, a request that they might offer the sacrifice of the "goat without horns"); but her gracious assent was evident, and immediately two other negroes came forward and lifted the child to her feet.

"Why, they are going to murder her!" cried De Marsillac, seizing Atherton's arm.

"Oh, for God's sake let us do something before it is too late!"

"What can we do?" asked the other. "We ourselves would be murdered if our presence was discovered; for"—he swore a great oath, which was surely not recorded against him—"the infernal devils are about to offer a human sacrifice!"

At this moment indeed the Papaloi, knife in hand, again advanced to the child, who until now had seemed half-stupefied, but who, catching the deadly gleam of the blade, began to scream.

That scream was echoed by another cry as the Papaloi drew his knife across the victim's throat,—a cry which made the whole assemblage start and look around, seeking the person from whom it had proceeded. A breathless minute passed in this scrutiny, then some one shouted, "Outside!—search outside!" and a dozen men rushed from the building.

Meanwhile when De Marsillac, with that involuntary cry of overmastering horror, dropped fainting at his feet, Atherton had known that there was not a second to lose, if their lives were to be saved. One quick motion of his hand to his pocket gave him the assurance that his revolver was there; then, picking up the insensible boy, he retreated as rapidly as his burdened condition would allow through the bushes which had sheltered them, and spent the minute which meant their salvation in putting all the distance possible between himself and the temple; so that by the time the searchers had rushed out and were beating the bushes where he and his companion had been standing, he was a hundred yards away. He was aware, however, that their fate was sealed unless he could find some place of immediate concealment. To gain the forest, burdened as he was, before he could be overtaken was impossible; so, with senses quickened by the awful nearness of the danger, he looked around, seeking some refuge, as men only seek

that on which life and death depend.

But where was refuge to be found in this haunt of murderers? His eager gaze swept the scene around him, while the voices of the searchers seemed to his excited fancy to be drawing every instant nearer; but he perceived no shelter which could serve any purpose of concealment. Filled with a sense of despair, he was about to place the boy upon the ground, and, standing over him, kill as many of the wretches seeking them as possible before the inevitable end—an end which gained new horror from the thought of what would follow death—should come, when suddenly he thought of the stream. As they approached the hamlet he had observed that its banks, especially in one place, were washed out, forming cavities on each side. Here was a hiding-place which might pass unnoticed save in case of a prolonged and careful search,—such search as would not be likely to be made, since the wretches would hardly suppose that strangers could have wandered into this remote spot. It was an instant's work to gain the bank of the stream, break through the bushes fringing it, and let himself and his still insensible companion down over the crumbling edge.

Underneath he found, as he thought would be the case, a perfect place of concealment. During past flood-times, when swollen to a raging torrent, the stream had chiselled out these hollow spaces, from the projecting surfaces of which a green curtain of bushes and vines now drooped. Atherton pushed these aside, and into the cavity behind thrust the body of the boy; then, crouching beside him, waited, pistol in hand, for what should come.

What came were many trampling feet upon the path above him, and much talk in a language of which he only now and then caught a word he understood. But the tones of the speakers told him they were of differing opinions—some for searching farther, some for returning; and it was

also evident that the latter were in the majority. As a matter of fact, these last were of the opinion that the cry had been uttered within rather than without the house, by some novice not yet hardened to the offering of human victims, who was ashamed or afraid to confess it. "For how," they argued, "could a stranger possibly have been present? Or when had such a thing ever been known as that any one from the outside penetrated here?"

Perhaps the others were ready to be convinced, feeling secure of their impunity in crime, and anxious to return to the horrible feast awaiting them. At all events, after a pause and discussion just above the spot where Atherton crouched grimly waiting, they retraced their steps; their voices gradually died away, and silence reigned again over the wide, beautiful scene, which had so suddenly been transformed into a very gate of hell.

(To be continued.)

To the Lady of My Love.

BY EDMUND OF THE HEART OF MARY, C. P.

THOU hearest oft "All-beautiful, my Queen!"

From one who worships what he has not seen:
From one content to know thee fairest fair
Of womankind, and sweet beyond compare,
And comely with immortal loveliness,
Surpassing all that poet's heart may guess.

And while he owns most humbly, as he ought,
His undeserving of one tender thought
From thee, O dearest! or of any place
In thine inviolate bosom full of grace,
He knows, from many a proof, that thou dost deign

Receive his love, and largely love again.

Then, if he finds thy beauty, O my Queen!—
Those eyes, those lips, that face—though yet
unseen,

So strong a magnet to his thought; he fears
No blame for this—as when, in folly's years,

He made heart-idols. *Now* he museth well:
No syren lure has bound him in its spell.

Ah, pray that he may hunger more and more
To see thy face, this toilsome journey o'er:
To feast on loveliness can ne'er decay
Like earthly charms which fade and pass
away.

Next vision of the Godhead One and Trine,
Heaven's crowning joy is Jesus' face and
thine.

MAY 12, 1896.

A Martyr in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

(CONCLUSION.)

ON the 14th of April, 1589, Arundel was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall, and required to plead to an indictment of treason, before the Earl of Derby, who had been appointed lord high steward for the occasion, and twenty-three other peers. As he entered the Hall every eye was turned to survey him. The tall, comely figure, which still bespoke the strength and elasticity of youth, was in strong contrast with the sunken eye and sallow countenance, upon which Sorrow had impressed her image so deeply. As the prisoner approached the bar, "he made two obeisances to the state and to the nobles, and to the others present"; and, holding up his hand in a manner that marked the dignity of innocence, he exclaimed: "Here is as true a man's heart and hand as ever came into this Hall!"*

The indictment comprised numerous articles of accusation; some the very ones of which he had been "proved guilty" in the Star-Chamber; others charging him with having offered up a variety of prayers for the success of the Spanish expedition. The proceedings served only to show the

* Tierney, "History of Arundel," vol. ii, p. 389.

groundlessness of the accusation and the unwearied malice of his accusers. It was alleged against him that he had, in his letter to the Queen, arraigned the justice of the sentence that consigned his father to the scaffold; that he had privately attempted to leave the kingdom; that Throcimorton, a recent conspirator, had placed him, in one of his catalogues, at the head of the Catholic noblemen in England, and had marked Arundel as one of the ports to which an invading fleet might securely direct its course.

But in addition to these and other accusations, both Sir Thomas Gerard and Father Bennet—his trusted friends, from whom he had oftentimes received spiritual consolation,—were brought in person to bear witness against him. The latter admitted that he had requested him to say a Mass of the Holy Ghost for the success of the Spaniards; the former, that the twenty-four hours' prayer was to the same end. Both of these statements he denied stoutly. Father Bennet almost immediately after, with great remorse and contrition, retracted in writing the assertion which, in a moment of weakness, had been extorted from him by threats of torture. This tardy repentance was, however, of no avail, any more than were the answers which the Earl himself made, "readily and resolutely," to the other charges brought against him.

Most of those present at his trial were of opinion that he would be acquitted; nevertheless, he was declared guilty of high-treason, and sentence was passed upon him. He heard the award with perfect composure, and even cheerfulness. The belief in his innocence, of which he made a dignified protest in writing, was so general that the Queen hesitated to sign his death-warrant, and yielded to the persuasions of those who counselled her to spare his life. Yet, with the refined malice which entered so largely into her character, she would not allow him to be

informed of this. For several years the sword was kept hanging over his head; and he knew not when he lay down to rest at night whether with the morrow's light he might not be summoned to mount the scaffold, nor in the morning when he rose whether before night he might not be a headless corpse.

This constant uncertainty was, however, one of the least of the afflictions laid upon the helpless prisoner. He was ready and willing to enter upon the last combat, of which he was in hourly expectation; but the calumnious reports which were set in circulation respecting him, the total exclusion of all intercourse with friends, wife or children, the harsh behavior of his keepers, and the inhuman treatment, the constant petty persecutions he met with on the part of the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir Michael Blount, added greatly to the chalice of his bitter sufferings. Of the conduct of the lieutenant he thus expressed himself in a letter written about a year before his death: "His injuries to me, both by himself and his trusty Roger, are intolerable, infinite, daily multiplied; and, to those who know them not, incredible. And the most you can imagine will be far inferior to the truth when you hear it." These words mean all the more coming as they do from the pen of one who was "never heard to complain of the loss of his goods, the incommmodity of the prison, or the loss of his liberty."

Not only did he accept with cheerful resignation the sufferings he endured, as a means of expiating the sins of his early life, but, in his anxious desire to increase in Christian perfection, the customary practices of piety did not content him. Immediately upon rising in the morning, which he did at five o'clock, his invariable practice was to remain for some hours kneeling on the stone pavement of his cell, his hands and eyes raised to Heaven, absorbed in mental prayer. The rest of the day was carefully portioned out.

Besides the time set apart for meditation and pious reading, and that appointed by order of his physician for such corporal exercise as was possible to him, several hours were occupied in writing or translating religious books. We are told that "one book of Lanspergius, containing an epistle of Jesus Christ to the faithful soul, he translated out of Latin into English, and caused it to be printed for the furtherance of devotion." It appeared after his death, bearing the imprint of London, 1598. But more valuable than any translation would be the "Three Treatises of the Excellency and Utility of Virtue," which the Earl composed in prison, and which has unfortunately been lost. His biographer says that, "for fear of a search"—meaning, probably, the seizure of his papers,—he was forced to send his work away before it was fully finished. It was given to Father Weston for correction,—the last person to whom a valuable manuscript should have been entrusted, as at that time he was hunted from one hiding-place to another, and had the greatest difficulty in eluding the vigilance of his pursuers.

The Earl also employed himself in studying the writings of St. Jerome, Eusebius, and other early Fathers of the Church, from which, as he told Father Southwell, he found 'exceeding comfort for the confirmation of his faith, by beholding there how the Church was in her infancy,' then as now, the divinely appointed teacher of immutable truth. On Sundays and feasts it was his custom to read some portion of Holy Scripture with particular reverence and devotion.

In atonement for the indulgences and excesses of which he was guilty in his youth, Philip led in prison the life of an ascetic, as far as his table was concerned. He ate most sparingly at all times, rarely partaking of meat, and fasting most rigorously three times a week, in addition to special days, amongst which were the

eves of all feasts of our Blessed Lady,—for to her he was particularly devout. A considerable part of the money assigned to him for his maintenance in the Tower (for every prisoner had an allowance according to his rank) he gave to the poor, as this was the only means of almsgiving then within his reach.

Of all the sins of his past life for which he expressed the deepest compunction and sorrow, none caused him greater regret than his conduct to his wife. On this subject he speaks as follows in a letter to Father Southwell: "I call Our Lord to witness that as no sin grieves me anything like as much as my offences against my wife, so no worldly thing makes me more loath to depart hence than that I can not live to make her satisfaction according to my most ardent and affectionate desire. *Afflictio dat intellectum.*" (Affliction gives understanding.)

The intercourse with Father Southwell which the noble prisoner was privileged to enjoy for a short period was his greatest consolation. That holy martyr had been removed, on the expostulations of his Protestant father, from the filthy and loathsome dungeon into which he had been thrown; and was lodged in a cell in the Beauchamp Tower, to which, by use of a golden key, Arundel, who occupied an apartment in the same Tower, gained frequent access. The execution of Father Southwell—whom he always called "the Blessed Father,"—under circumstances of revolting barbarity, affected him very deeply. Moreover, his more than ten years of captivity had worked sad havoc with him. But the period of his sufferings was now drawing to a close.

One day in August, 1595—one of the few days on which he allowed himself any other than meagre fare,—a roasted teal was served up for dinner. Immediately after partaking of it he was seized with retching, succeeded by dysentery and other symptoms of poisoning. It appears that

the cook who prepared the meals for the prisoners had been corrupted by a man who had been discharged from the Earl's service, and subsequently employed by the Queen to harass his former master, and give information in various suits in the exchequer which had been instituted against his estates. This man, irritated by failure in accomplishing his end, formed designs against the Earl's life; judging rightly that he had no cause to fear being brought to justice, since it was well known that Elizabeth readily condoned those who found means to shorten the life of condemned persons, thus sparing her the odium of a public execution.

The strength of Philip's constitution enabled him at first to resist the effect of the poison, but he felt that his days were numbered. His only regret on finding that his end was near was that he could no longer hope to make public profession of his faith upon the scaffold. Pointing one day in the direction of Tower Hill, the spot where the blood of so many innocent victims had been shed, he said sorrowfully to his attendants that it had been his earnest desire to die on yonder Hill for his religion, rather than to expire on his bed in that chamber, as now seemed probable. But when his physicians announced that his disease baffled their skill, and he had not much longer to live, joy lit up his pale countenance. He flattered himself that compassion for a dying man would so far prevail with the authorities that the ministrations of Father Weston, who had admitted him into the Church, would not be denied him. He also thought that the longed-for time had come when he would be permitted once more to clasp his wife and children to his heart, as the Queen had given a kind of promise to his friends that this interview should take place before his death.

Accordingly the prisoner wrote with trembling hand a most dutiful letter to Elizabeth, informing her of the hopeless-

ness of his situation, and claiming the fulfilment of her engagement. This letter was conveyed to her by the lieutenant of the Tower, who presently returned with a verbal answer. With regard to the first request, it was declared absolutely impossible that Father Weston or any other priest should go to him; as to the second, the Queen said "it should not only be granted, but he should, moreover, be restored to his honor and estates, with as much favor as she could show, provided he would but once go to their church,"*—that is, at the price of apostasy. "On that condition I can not accept her Majesty's offers," Arundel firmly replied; "and if that be the cause in which I am to perish, sorry am I that I have but one life to lose."

The blow was unexpected; and Arundel, though his fortitude failed not, rapidly sank beneath it. One may almost compare the tyrant's cruel message to the sponge filled with gall held to the lips of the Saviour in His last agony of thirst. The thought of that meeting had sustained him in moments of anguish and desolation; to relinquish the hope of it was the last sacrifice demanded of him. Prostrated by exhaustion, he could no longer rise from his bed; and was forced to give over saying his breviary, as he was in the habit of doing. Instead of this, he betook himself to his beads.

The last interview between the dying man and the lieutenant of the Tower, whose harsh and cruel conduct had aggravated his sufferings, was extremely affecting. The lieutenant had been touched by the heroic resignation Arundel displayed when the Queen's answer was brought him; and now, humbly kneeling by his bedside, he begged him with tears to forgive him. "Do you ask forgiveness, Mr. Lieutenant?" said the Earl. "Why, then, I forgive you in the same sort as I desire myself to be forgiven by God." Raising himself a little on his pillow,

* *Life*, p. 115.

he took his hand, and, clasping it, said: "I pray you also to forgive me whatever I have said or done in any way offensive to you." Then, for the sake of others who might be consigned to that place, he begged him to remember that a prisoner coming to the Tower brought sorrow with him, and advised him to be extremely careful not to add affliction to affliction, or tread on one whom misfortune had cast down. "Your commission," he said in conclusion, "is to keep with safety, not to kill with severity. Remember that God, who with His finger turneth the unstable wheel of this variable world, can in the revolution of a few days bring you to be a prisoner also, and to be kept in the same place where you now keep others." He then bade him a kind farewell; and the lieutenant went away weeping, little anticipating that the remarkable prophecy of the prisoner's final words was speedily to be fulfilled. Yet so it was. Six weeks after the Earl's death Sir Michael fell into disgrace; he was deprived of his office, committed close prisoner to the Tower, and subjected by his successor to treatment no less unmerciful than others had endured at his hands.

"The last night of his life," writes the Earl's biographer, "he spent for the most part in prayer,—sometimes saying his beads, then such prayers and psalms as he knew by heart. And oftentimes he used these holy aspirations: 'O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit! Lord, Thou art my hope!' and the like. Very often he invoked the holy names of Jesus and Mary. Seeing his servants in the morning stand by his bedside weeping in a mournful manner, he asked them what o'clock it was. They answered that it was eight or thereabouts. 'Why, then,' he said, 'I have almost run out my course, and come to the end of this miserable mortal life.' He desired them not to weep for him, since he did not doubt but that, by the grace of God, all would go well with him; which

being said, he returned to his prayers upon his beads again,—though then with a very slow, hollow, and faint voice; and so continued as long as he was able to draw sufficient breath to sound out the names of Jesus and the glorious Virgin, which were the last words he was heard to speak."* Thus he expired, "in a most sweet manner, as one falling into a pleasant sleep"; his wasted hands, still holding the rosary, laid in a cross upon his breast. He was then thirty-eight years of age.

Such was the peaceful end of Philip Howard's brief career. He is described as "the idol of all who knew him, the admiration of Europe, and the object of the sympathy of the world."† Cornelius à Lapide speaks of the Earl as "a glorious confessor—yea, a martyr," in his commentary on the words, *Rapinam bonorum vestrorum in gaudio suscepistis*;‡ also remarking it to be "wonderful how much he lost, and with what quietness of mind he endured all adversities." We have seen how in his days of early revelry he shone amongst the most honored competitors for the favor of his sovereign; and how, after little more than five years of life at court, he had generously sacrificed interest, fame and pleasure to follow the voice of conscience and embrace the religion of his forefathers. This was in Elizabeth's eyes an unpardonable offence. Nor was she content with pursuing him with her rancor during his life: even after death she heaped insults upon him. The funeral appointed for the first nobleman of her dominions was the poorest and meanest possible. The interment took place in the chapel of the Tower, without any religious solemnity, except an insulting discourse from the Protestant minister who attended at the grave.

One would have thought that the rage

* Life, p. 199.

† Tierney, "History of Arundel," v. ii, p. 407.

‡ "You took with joy being stripped of your own goods." (Heb., x, 34.)

of the tyrant would at length have been satisfied; but it was not so. The widowed Countess of Arundel had to experience during the remainder of Elizabeth's reign all the rancor of that sovereign's hatred. She was constantly exposed to insult and persecution; she was forbidden to visit London, even for medical advice, without permission; and if on such occasions, during her sojourn at Arundel House, the court chanced to remove into the neighborhood, she was ordered instantly to quit her residence. During her husband's captivity, the Countess frequently petitioned the Queen—not indeed in person, for Elizabeth would not admit her to her presence, but through friends—to be allowed to visit him; her request was invariably refused with scorn, and even with opprobrious language. As soon as the Earl's condemnation was pronounced, his estates were forfeited to the Crown, all the furniture of the various houses being seized,—“nothing being left her,” as the Countess' biographer says, “but the beds on which herself, her two children, and a few servants were to take their rest; and those only lent her for a time. The very pension of £8 a week, doled out to her for her subsistence, was paid irregularly, and seldom unless asked for; so that she was compelled to dismiss her servants, sell her jewels to pay them their wages, and was reduced to hard shifts to procure necessary provisions. The Countess survived her husband thirty-five years; her life was most exemplary and her death most happy. Her son, who at his father's death was little more than ten years old, and the careful training of whom was his mother's principal employment, was restored in the reign of James I. to the earldoms of Arundel and Surrey.

In a letter which the Earl wrote from the Tower shortly before his death he stated that, had his life been spared, he meant to restore all the church property which had passed into his possession, and

to give up two of his principal houses for religious purposes. Moreover, he had intended to build a chantry, and for that object he appointed the sum of £2,500; hoping that his son, should he be able, would carry out his design. And in case of his outliving the Countess, it was his resolve to become a monk.

When dying, he bequeathed his breviary to Father Weston; but Father Garnet retained it in his own safekeeping, as a precious relic for those who should come after. He feared to entrust it to Father Weston's custody, as his effects might at any moment be taken from him by violence,—as indeed they were. The Earl's breviary is lost, but the remains of that brave confessor have been carefully preserved. At the request of his widow and his son they were transported, in King James' reign, to Arundel, and deposited in an iron chest in the vault of the Fitzalan Chapel. Each bone is wrapped in silk. In the time of the late Duke the chest was opened, and one of the bones taken out and placed in a reliquary of gold.

The cause of the Earl's death was never investigated. A report was circulated, and repeated by Protestant historians, that he killed himself by his austerities. That we ought to esteem him a martyr for the faith, and may with just reason commend ourselves to his prayers and intercession, is the conclusion of his biographer, who adds that such is the opinion of all good and learned Catholics, both of our own and other nations.

ALL the doubts of sceptics are as nothing, or as very little, compared with the great doubt which arises in men's minds from the ways of Christians themselves saying one thing and doing another.—*Jowett.*

ACT only from your inmost conscience, and only good will come to you.—*Rahel Levin.*

The Wrecker of Tenby.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

I.

"BIANCA!"

A woman, aged and worn beyond her years, rose quickly at the feeble call, and approached the couch where Inez Vaughan lay. It was an early spring evening, and masses of fantastically shaped purple and crimson clouds lay in the west, where the sun had just gone down.

Inez Vaughan stretched one thin white hand toward them.

"They bring it back," she said, slowly and with evident difficulty,—“all! I can see the Incas' palaces, the Indian fanes, the waving pines,—all! How long has passed since we left it?”

"Six years, Señora."

"Only? They were long, these years, but for the babes. Bianca dear, where are they?"

"On the strand with their nurse."

"Ah! I must see them when they come in, and my husband. My time is short."

Tears were in the waiting woman's eyes, but they did not fall.

"The saints forbid!" she cried. "It was the winter, the long cruel winter, that left you so low, Señora. The sun and—"

"Nay, nay, child," Inez said, pressing the crucifix she held in her hand to her lips. "It is God's will, and I am glad."

Bianca did not reply. More than six years before a gallant caravel, with Dom Pedro de Castello and his daughter on board, was captured by the followers of Drake and Raleigh. She was on her way to Spain, with wealth enough to satisfy the rapacious greed of her captors. Inez de Castello was young and beautiful; and Walter Vaughan, a master-spirit among the lawless buccaneers, saw and loved her. In his castle, that looked over Tenby Bay, she was kept a prisoner till she became

his wife. She had kept the faith in "a faithless land," and her sole tie to life was the two children of her marriage.

"Hark!" the dying woman said, with the quick hearing of those whose earthly pilgrimage is nearly over. "I hear Inez' voice. Go, Bianca, and tell my husband I would speak with him."

The nurse obediently left the room, closing the heavy oaken door gently behind her; and Inez' lips moved in prayer as she thought of the words she would say to her husband.

In a few minutes Walter Vaughan entered. He was well over thirty years of age, and looked his years fully. His eyes were blue and bright beneath his heavy eyebrows; they softened as he approached the couch where his wife lay, and his voice was gentle and low as he spoke her name.

She held out her wasted hand to him, and a tremor passed through his stalwart frame as he touched it reverently with his lips.

"Walter," his wife said, "sit down. I have much to speak of."

"Nay, Inez; why speak to-day? Talking tires you. In a few days strength will come back to you."

"Not so, my husband. Father Selby—" she spoke the name with hushed breath, as if the walls had ears—"has much skill, and he let me know the truth."

Vaughan muttered something in an undertone regarding Jesuit meddlers.

"Oh, hush! Walter, I have sent for you to beg of you, for God's sake, for Blessed Mary's sake, to give up your evil life, to become reconciled to God's Church."

Her husband smiled grimly. "Why, sweet, that would mean Tyburn!" he said.

"And even so. Walter, I know you do not believe in this new faith?"

"In truth, not I nor any sensible man; but it suits many, this religion of Harry's making. The lands of recusants, with their monies and goods, make many love it.

Know ye not that my father and mother suffered for the faith?"

"I have heard so, indeed. But, Walter, the children."

"What of them? The lad has nerve and pluck already."

"Yes, but when I am gone? Walter, I have been a good, true wife to thee?"

He bent his head and again kissed the hand that lay outside the coverlet.

"Walter, let the children go to my own land—to sunny Spain. My sister is abbess of Sion Convent, nigh to Cadiz. Let Inez go to her."

Vaughan did not speak, and the wife prayed silently.

"If you will," Vaughan replied at last. "And the boy?"

"Can he not go also?"

A frown contracted the man's brows, and Inez clasped her hands.

"Let him go. Let them both be brought up in their mother's faith. I want them to be mine again in heaven, Walter."

"So be it," Vaughan said: "they shall go together."

"Yes, when I am—no more. It will not be long. Walter my husband, you will keep your word?"

"By the God above, by the rover's law, I will!" Vaughan declared, and he laid his hand on the crucifix for a brief minute.

His wife sank back among the pillows that were no whiter than her face; and her husband, with a secret pang, noted the heavy shadows beneath her dark eyes, and the transparency of the hands that held her rosary, and he said in a lighter tone:

"But there must be no talk of dying, Inez darling! What say you to a trip to Spain yourself?"

For a moment her dark eyes brightened.

"It is too late. Nay, husband, I meant no reproach; but if you would please me, promise to give up this life."

"I can not. Knowest thou, Inez, that the Vaughans once owned the lands for miles and miles around? Our race has

been harshly treated by Tudor and Stuart alike; and now only Scotsborough Towers and its few barren acres are mine. If I win a golden harvest from that broad blue field"—he pointed to the sea below, that still reflected the hues of the sunset—"it matters not to James Stuart."

Inez raised herself with sudden strength.

"Listen, Walter. God works in strange ways. Put not thyself against Him, lest evil come of it. I know not what that evil may be, but this I know: He will triumph; He will bring thee to Himself through woe and misery and wretchedness."

Her voice failed; her face, pale already, grew ashen gray; and Walter's loud cry brought Bianca.

"The babes, Bianca!" Inez gasped.

Bianca flew from the room, returning almost instantly with a sturdy boy, and a girl little more than a baby. For a minute the mother's strength returned as she tried to clasp the children in her arms.

"Walter—your promise—you will keep it?" she panted, with quivering breath.

"I will!"

Inez murmured a few words in Spanish, of which he caught only "*Jesu! Maria!*" She was dead even as she spoke.

"Here, woman!" Walter said, a little later. "Stop your weeping; tears are of no avail." He took the crucifix and rosary from his wife's icy hands.

Bianca rose from her knees.

"Look there"—he pointed to a huge cupboard,—"you will find an iron-bound casket."

Bianca brought the box, and Vaughan deposited the crucifix and rosary therein; then he knelt by the couch for a moment and touched his dead wife's brow with his lips. Her long dark hair lay over the pillows, and his keen dagger severed three tresses from their fellows. Two he placed in the casket, and then handed it to the weeping woman.

"Keep these mementos of a dead saint," he said, in a voice that not all his resolu-

tion kept firm. "Take them to that land that she loved."

"I understand not—" Bianca began.

"There is no need," Vaughan interrupted. "See him who hides in St. Govan's Cave, and do—what is necessary."

Two days later Father Selby blessed the mould where Inez Vaughan was to find rest, within sound of the sea; and on the next morning a vessel left Tenby Bay, in the gray dawning, with Walter Vaughan's two children and Bianca on board; and her skipper had orders to sail for Cadiz.

II.

"Whither away, old comrade?"

Pilot Rhys turned hastily at the call.

"Is it you, Vaughan?" he said. "We may expect a storm. See how the gulls hover on Manorbier!"

"Aye, thou sayest right: there is a storm brewing. The sea-witches are dancing round Penarth," answered Vaughan.

"God help all vessels in the narrow seas to-night!"

Vaughan laughed a mirthless laugh.

"Come, Rhys! The landlord of the Mariner's Rest brews good ale. Come and quaff a tankard to my good fortune."

The two men proceeded toward the hostel. Far away in the west heavy clouds were gathering, and sharp gusts of wind blew inland. In Tenby Street groups of men conversed together, and with some of these Vaughan exchanged brief remarks.

"The years have not passed lightly with you, Vaughan," the pilot said, as they seated themselves. "Why, man, you are as gray and grizzled as I, who had been quarrelling with the world twenty years before you were born!"

"No," Vaughan made answer, bitterly; "far otherwise. To-night, I trow, fortune means well by me."

"How?" Rhys questioned, as he slowly quaffed his ale.

Vaughan glanced at him suspiciously, as he replied: "Dost thou not know what trade I follow?"

"Nay. I have been far from Tenby for many years."

"No matter. We'll drink this cup to all who sail the narrow seas to-night. The lights on Scotsborough have brought many a Spanish carack to a speedy grave. Many a barque for Bristol bound has gone to pieces beneath them," Vaughan remarked, exultingly. "Nay, man, why do you frown?"

"And you have turned wrecker,—you, one of Raleigh's brood?"

"Why not? We have looked on many a dark deed in the old days, Rhys. Do you recall how we nailed down the hatches on the *San Juan's* crew? how we sank the *Juanita* in the Gulf Stream? Do you ever think of the day we chased the *Pinta*? Ah, those were the days!"

Rhys' brow darkened.

"You say rightly: those were dark and evil deeds, yet not so dark and evil as thine now. Vaughan, God's curse rests on thy felon craft."

Vaughan laughed as he retorted: "It may. At any rate, it thrives not over-well; but to-night shall recompense for all."

"How?"

"There is a hooker moored in port that has come from Cork in Ireland. Her captain brings tidings of a stately barque that he saw in sore distress, with main-mast gone and sails reefed. Seest thou what follows? She'll go to pieces on St. Catherine's Rocks to-night beneath our lights. By the triple deck and towering poop O'Driscoll knew her a Spanish galleon—a home-bound ship, most likely, that has lost her convoy. Ha, old Rhys! don't you think she will be a prize worth securing?"

The pilot brought down a clenched fist on the board before him.

"It is evil work, Vaughan, and it is cowardly work."

"Hast thou grown pious in thy old age and made peace with the Spanish?" Vaughan sneered.

"We sea-dogs make no craven peaces; but we scorn to war like dastards."

"Well, never mind! This is my last venture. There is wealth enough on board the Spanish caravel. Let me get it for my little maid, and for the boy—Scotsborough's heir."

"Where are they?" Rhys asked, wondering. "I know nothing, you see, of this my own birthplace," he added.

"With their mother's kin at Cadiz. You remember Inez de Castello?"

Rhys nodded.

"She was my wife. My little maid dwells in Sion's convent, and the boy has been nurtured by holy men."

"In God's name, let them remain where they are: the girl in the cloister—"

"Sho! And the lad—wouldst thou make him a monk?"

"If he will. If not, give him a good sword to make his way with."

"Sage counsel, truly. But I'll have none of it. My girl shall wed with the proudest in the land; and young Walter shall ruffle it with the best of them, were he thrice over a wrecker's son. The King, good sooth, needs friends in these days."

"That is true."

"Hark ye to the music of the winds! It sounds pleasant to my men and me."

"Are thy hell lights up?"

"That they are for a certainty."

"Then, Walter Vaughan, you are a poltroon and coward, unworthy to be one of Raleigh's brood; but I shall sail ere many minutes to warn the barque, were she three times over a Spanish foe."

Vaughan sprang to his feet.

"You dare not! No boat could live in such a sea."

"Anthony Rhys dare do anything, you know well, Vaughan," the pilot answered, passing into the village street. He raised his voice high above the din of the tempest: "Men, there is a ship in peril outside Tenby Bay! Who will come with me to save her?"

There was no answer. One by one the wrecker's vassals turned away and followed Vaughan up the steep ascent to Scotsborough Towers; and Rhys buttoned his rough jacket more closely round him as he strode to the pier and unmoored a boat. Suddenly a man joined him.

"For love of Christ and our fellow-men," he said, "I will go with you. I am Murtagh O'Driscoll, of Kinsale."

Rhys seized his hand.

"Come on, sir!—come on!" he cried. "There is no time to lose."

The dusk fell quickly over the village as they rowed out into the storm and the night.

In the meantime the wrecker and his men took the narrow path that led to Scotsborough Towers. The wind blew furiously, but over and above the sound of the gale came the roar of the breakers. A pale moon shone fitfully through the flying clouds, and showed where the waves broke white as foam.

The hours passed slowly by. Vaughan, nervously pacing up and down in the highest turret, paused now and then to look into the night or to ask the lookout if there were any signs of the expected vessel. He was restless and moody, and muttered a word or two aloud as he walked.

"It was this meeting with old Rhys," he thought to himself, "that renders me such a fool. Old Rhys of all men to turn preacher!"

The voice of the watch smote his ear.

"Sail ho!"

"Can you make her out plainly?" Vaughan cried, while those of his men near at hand approached to view the doomed vessel.

"She's a gallant ship,—I see the castle at her main. How the foam breaks over her!"

"Old Anthony Rhys has sped ill," one of the men laughed.

"She drives on St. Catherine's Rocks. Hurrah! a rich prize is ours to-night!" another cried.

There came a momentary lull in the tempest, as the wrecker, followed by his savage clan, raced down to the shore; and the moon shone through the parted clouds. Vaughan paused to discern more plainly the helpless barque. On the deck, so near was she to land, he could make out two forms: one, that of a tall youth; the other, a maiden that clung to him. He saw the girl's hair blown by the wind; and as the clouds closed over the moon he heard a long, despairing cry. The next moment the cheers of his retainers told him the caravel had struck.

The morning came. The winds had died away, and the Bay of Tenby lay calm and smiling in the flush of the sunrise. All along the strand lay the traces of the wreck; silken webs and bales of cloth were among the wreckage. The wrecker, haggard and worn, passed them by contemptuously, leaving them to his comrades. He strode along till he reached a sheltered nook, where the seaweed was gemmed and frozen. There, side by side, lay Anthony Rhys and the Irish captain from Kinsale. There was something like envy in Vaughan's eyes as he moved away. Another turn brought him in sight of a boy and girl locked in each other's arms. Half in awe, half in fear of he scarce knew what, the wrecker knelt by them. In the maiden's clasp there was an iron-bound casket. The cry that broke from his lips as his dagger forced it open was like that of some stricken animal.

There, before Vaughan's distended eyes, lay the long black braids of Inez de Castello, and the rosary and crucifix she held when dying. Beside them lay a carefully folded note. His trembling fingers opened it, and he read:

BROTHER:—God has chosen in His wisdom to visit this town with a grievous plague. For us, it matters not: it is bliss to live or die. But surely it were well to protect your tender children, as far as may

be. A caravel leaves to-morrow, and her captain promises to land them with you. May God and His Mother guard them, the kin I have loved! They will keep the faith, I trust, as their mother did. We pray for you always, brother. God grant our prayers be heard!

From your sister,

SISTER MARY OF CALVARY.

Slowly the wrecker read the words. He knelt and gazed long on the boy and girl—his children; but he did not offer to touch them. The boy bore even in death a likeness to his mother, and Vaughan's thoughts went back to her death-bed and her warnings.

"God has triumphed!" he said at last. "I am vanquished!"

The boy and girl were laid in their mother's grave. From that spot Vaughan did not move for many days; and then some one bore tidings of his strange state to Father Selby, who still lived. The priest had made many efforts to speak to Vaughan, but these had always been repulsed. He sought him once more, and the wrecker listened to his words.

"You destined your children for high places, but God has placed them higher still. Had they lived to mingle with those of Charles' court, their faith had been endangered. Their mother, the sainted Inez, has them by her now. Vaughan, you can not defy God with impunity," the old priest said.

What else he said is unknown, but Walter Vaughan left England. To one of the monasteries of France a fervent penitent went as a servant, and the Brothers there wondered much at his prayers and mortifications, and his continual silence.

Many years passed by. Charles Stuart had suffered death, and Cromwell reigned in England with savage cruelty, when the fishers' wives of Tenby saw one morning a still form lying on the Spanish lady's grave. It was her husband, who had come home to die.

Notes and Remarks.

That Congress is amazingly generous with the money of tax-payers is not an altogether novel assertion; but we question whether the chief legislative body of the nation can afford to adopt before the world the absurd policy formulated a few years ago by the Secretary of the Interior and now accepted by many Congressmen. That policy is to dole out to Catholic schools for the education of Indians a meagre appropriation, which shall grow more meagre yearly; meantime endeavoring to replace the religious schools by such as bigots will consider "unsectarian." The injustice of this policy has already been sufficiently shown. President Grant invited the religious orders to undertake this work when nobody else was hankering for it, and it is manifestly unjust that they should now be left with expensive and utterly useless buildings on their hands. The *inexpediency* of the policy has not, we believe, been pointed out. Commissioner Browning, according to the New York *Sun*, has stated that to provide for the 4,000 children now educated in religious schools, the government would have to expend a million and a half dollars *for buildings alone*; and that at least two years would be required to get them all "ready for occupancy without injury to the cause of education." At the present rate of extinction, it will not be many years before there will be no Indian children to put into these schools; and the government, too, will be found to have some useless buildings. But considerations like these sometimes count for little with the men who vote appropriations in Congress.

It is reported that on the occasion of his coronation the Czar intends to grant an amnesty to all the priests whom persecution for conscience' sake has exiled to Siberia, and to follow up this act of justice by proclaiming complete religious liberty throughout the Empire. We will try our best to believe this rumor. Unfortunately, the Russians, like the Chinese and the Asiatic Indians, have a superstition that religious toleration would disrupt the nation and weaken its power.

Despotic governments thrive on tyranny and exclusiveness. There have been rumors like this before, and they proved to be—only rumors. Moreover, his Imperial Majesty, who is supposed to be an absolute monarch, has not the power to do this thing. However, there seems to be no doubt that Mgr. Kozlowski, Archbishop of Mohilev, has been instructed by the Russian government to draw up a memorial on the status of Roman Catholics in the country, with a view to improving their condition. But in this case especially it will be safer to prophesy after things happen.

Some of the secular papers of France have been commenting recently on the probability of the French government's forbidding the reunion of bishops at Rheims in October next, on the occasion of the fourteenth centenary of the baptism of Clovis. It appears that letters really have passed between the Minister of Public Worship and Cardinal Langénieux on the subject, and that the former has expressed the *apprehensions* with which the government would view such a reunion. This statement speaks volumes for the boasted freedom enjoyed by the citizens of the French Republic. If a number of bishops can not convene in a city of France for a purely religious celebration without provoking the fears or apprehensions of the ruling powers, those powers must have little faith in the stability of their institutions. Up to the present, however, the government has not stultified itself by actually forbidding the assembling of the prelates, nor do we suppose that it will take any such ridiculous action.

One of the charges most frequently put forth by the enemies of the Church in India is that Christianity denationalizes the people. This ridiculous bogey, which terrorizes the ignorant even in more advanced civilizations, is especially powerful among a conservative people, jealous and suspicious of everything European. A recent convert, who bears the unpronounceable name of Upadhyaya Brahmandhav, has, with the good-will of the Archbishop of Bombay, undertaken a policy which must dispel much of this ancient prejudice. By birth a Bengalee

Brahmin, a man of lofty parentage, keen intellect and great learning, Mr. Brahmandhav became first a theist, then a Protestant, and finally, about five years ago, a Catholic. Professing himself everywhere an Indian of the Indians, he travels from city to city, lecturing before large and cultured audiences whom his learning and geniality attract. His zeal is inexhaustible, and he has recently established a magazine for the explanation and defence of Catholic truth. That a native of such rank and culture should be led to embrace an arduous apostolate and a life of such self-sacrifice is a most gratifying proof of the hopefulness of missionary work in India.

Mr. James Britten, one of the most zealous of the lay apostles of England, has contributed to *The Month* a study of "Protestant Fiction" which must amuse even those whose astonishing gullibility it exposes. There are few Catholics in our country who have not met the sort of people described in this paragraph:

I must add that peculiarly irritating kind of Protestant fiction which takes the form of an assumption of superior knowledge as to what Catholics believe. I suppose every convert suffers from this. "Do you mean to say that you really believe the Pope is infallible?"—"Certainly."—"It's absurd for you to say that; for you know perfectly well that you do nothing of the kind." This item is from my own experience. Another was: "It must be very consoling for you to believe that all your relations will go to hell."—"But I don't believe anything of the kind."—"Now, what's the good of denying it? You know you *do*." Later on I have constantly found that the simple explanation of some point of Catholic faith or practice is met with: "But that is not what Catholics *generally* believe."—"Yes, it is."—"Well, I always understood quite differently."—"Do you know many Catholics?"—"No, I don't know any; but I always understood," etc.

Mr. Britten calls attention to another important fact—that certain words suggest to Protestants notions which a Catholic never dreams of. Such was the case of the good old lady who was sure that Catholics pay for absolution; for she had heard the priest say during a mission that "an indulgence could be obtained *on the usual conditions!*" A non-Catholic friend of Mr. Britten had a great admiration for Cardinal Manning, but

thought him very foolish in some ways. "Why," said he one day, "I see from the papers that the Cardinal has granted forty days' indulgence to all who abstain from drink on St. Patrick's Day and two other days! Now, what *is* the good of keeping sober for three days if they may indulge for forty days after?"

Announcement is made of a religious conference to be held in one of our large cities between fifteen Catholic priests and laymen and the same number of Protestant ministers and laymen. The objects of the proposed conference are stated to be: primarily, the discovery of the obstacles to Christian union, and the formulating, if possible, of plans for their removal; and in the second place, the discovery and removal of obstacles in the way of united Christian work. That something beneficial, as to this latter point, may result from the friendly discussion of the thirty gentlemen is not improbable; but it is a foregone conclusion that "formulating plans for the removal of obstacles to the organic union of the churches" will come to naught.

After years of painstaking research at Loreto, Rome, and other places, the Rev. Dr. Sauren, of Cologne, has been led to believe that the Litany of Loreto, in its present form, is not older than the fifteenth century; and that it did not originate at the celebrated shrine, but was brought there by pilgrims from no one knows where. There were older litanies, composed exclusively of titles from Holy Scripture; but the beautiful poem which now constitutes *the* Litany of the Blessed Virgin is a flower of modern growth.

It is always a great advantage, even when it is not a great pleasure, "to see ourselves as others see us." A friendly Protestant critic, writing to our highly esteemed contemporary the *Catholic Universe*, dismisses the new Know-Nothingism contemptuously, but holds that a real obstacle to the progress of the Church in this country is the evil example of bad Catholics. "While I do not hold that Protestants live up to all they

profess, I do assert that it is the lax morals of a certain class of Catholics, and not the religion they profess, that are held in aversion by Protestants." This is very sweeping. It ignores the unconscious prejudice generated by three centuries of isolation and of misrepresentation in pulpit and press. However, the criticism is well meant; and it emphasizes anew the scandal given by certain "Catholics," who, as this Protestant writer charges, "go to Mass and to confession, but their daily home life remains the same as before"; and proves what we have often said—the mists of prejudice disappear before the shining example of a fervent Christian life. Argument may be met by argument, but prejudice yields only to noble lives and holy deeds.

Commenting on an article from the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, on the practical ineligibility of a Catholic to the Presidency of the United States, the *Casket* disclaims for Canada the disgrace of having originated the A. P. A.,—"that blot on the civilization of this Continent." "We have our own share of bigots," adds our Nova Scotia contemporary; "and we furnish a considerable quota of those of Massachusetts and of one or two of the Western States. We are painfully conscious of these facts, and we never attempt to deny them. But when we are charged, as we very often virtually are, with furnishing the entire stock of bigots in the Republic—when we hear the A. P. A. referred to as a Canadian society,—we feel like resenting the charge as a grossly unjust one."

On mature consideration, we are inclined to believe that the point is well taken. Were every Canadian immigrant to this country banished to-morrow, there would undoubtedly remain a sufficient number of A. P. A. fanatics to constitute a standing disgrace to American institutions and an offensive nuisance to American patriots, native or naturalized.

Maltese Catholics resent England's meddling with the laws regulating the validity of mixed marriages contracted on their island. Such marriages of this class as are not celebrated according to the form prescribed by the Council of Trent are at

present invalid; and the Catholics of Malta see no reason whatever for changing—the law that makes them so. It is said that the proselytizing tendencies of Lady Salisbury has something to do with the proposed legislation; but it is to be hoped that the earnest protest of those chiefly concerned will have weight with England's Prime Minister.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Rev. James Fullerton, of the Diocese of Charleston; and the Rev. Peter F. Sullivan, rector of St. Edward's Church, Philadelphia, who lately passed to their reward.

Sister M. Beata, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Adrian, Sisters of Nazareth; Sister M. Patricia, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mother M. Gertrude and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Mother M. Hunter, of the Order of the Visitation,—all lately deceased.

Mr. John J. Mitchell and Miss Nellie Mitchell of Long Island City, N. Y., who lately departed this life.

Mr. Daniel Orr, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who breathed his last on the 11th inst.

Mr. Philibert A. Gervais, whose life closed peacefully on the 9th inst., at Troy, N. Y.

Mr. Edward Murray, of Baltimore, who yielded his soul to God on the 20th ult.

Mrs. Catherine Gibbons, who passed away on the 14th ult., in Chicago, Ill.

Miss Sarah T. Walsh, of Scranton, Pa., whose happy death took place on the 5th inst.

Mr. John Clarke, of New York city; Miss Mary McCarthy, Seymour, Conn.; Catherine Redmond, Jackson, Mich.; Mary E. Martin, Olyphant, Pa.; Mr. P. F. O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Catherine Quinn, Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, John A. Donohue, Mr. Peter Hugo, Mrs. Catherine Rossiter, and Mrs. Bridget N. Mahon,—all of Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Eliza Holahan, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mr. James Flaherty, Pawtucket, R. I.; Mr. John Buckley and Mrs. Z. T. Baldwin, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. Ellen Collins, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Daniel Connolly, Mr. Peter Beyer, and Mr. Patrick Roden, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. James Mackey, Newbury, Mich.; Mrs. Thomas Kilcullin, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Mary L. Mohoney and Mrs. Eliza Byron, Troy, N. Y.; Mr. Edward J. Lonergan, Peabody, Mass.; Miss Mary Dooley, Davenport, Iowa; Mr. James Fahy, Ireland; and Mrs. Otelia A. Henry, Allegheny, Pa.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



★ UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. ★

A Dream of Stars.

LAST night as I knelt at my window
And gazed at the star-jewelled skies,
I heard the soft winnow of dream-wings,
And sleep touched my wondering eyes.

And 'round every star I saw angels—
The beautiful angels of God,—
Who whispered: "Each star is a footprint
Where Mary in heaven hath trod."

And then I drew near to the angels,—
Not one of them stopped me or spoke;
And just as I kissed the sweet star-print
My heart beat so loud I awoke.

A True Story of a First Communion.

BY AUNT ANNA.

IN the dimly-lighted chapel of a magnificent palace in the city of Warsaw, one evening in the year 18—, knelt a woman and child. They were the Countess Sokolinski and her little son, Stanislas. Prostrate before the image of the Sorrowful Mother, the weeping woman begged her intercession for him who now lay condemned to death in the prison not far distant,—destined to an early and shameful doom for having taken part in a recent uprising of the Poles. With sighs and bitter tears the Countess supplicated the Queen of Heaven, crying out: "Holy Mother of God, pray for us, hear us, save us! Restore to the wife her husband, to the child his father. O thou

to whom no one has ever turned for help in vain, hearken to us in this moment of anguish; and by the love thou didst bear and the sorrow thou didst endure for thine only Son, listen to our one petition! Spare him to us, O Holy Mother,—in thy tender mercy spare!"

Darkness fell, and still they remained on their knees,—the child motionless and tearful, the mother alternately filled with hope and plunged into despair. At length the Countess arose, looked about her, and, seeing that it was night, left the chapel, followed by the boy.

"It was an inspiration!" she said to herself as they passed down the long corridor to her own apartments. "I shall act upon it at once, lest I lose courage. Come, Stanislas, my boy! Your father must go free."

An hour later the unhappy but now hopeful woman might be seen going in the direction of the prison, wrapped in ungainly furs, and wearing an immense cap on her head. She held the child by the hand; while at a short distance behind followed an old servant, Peter, who was devoted to his master and mistress. On arriving at the gate of the prison, a piece of gold placed in the hand of the guard gave her and the child admittance to the cell of the condemned man; from whence, after the lapse of three-quarters of an hour, two forms again issued, and, passing the guard, retraced their steps the way they had come. But at midnight, when the turnkey made his rounds, he discovered that the Count Sokolinski had fled; and in his cell, reclining on the miserable cot

where he had lain, was his wife the Countess, who had enabled her husband to elude the vigilance of the jailers and make his escape.

Some time after this the Count found himself in Paris, but without any tidings of his devoted wife, on whom he had not at first apprehended the authorities would take vengeance for his departure. But as time passed and no news came, he began to fear that they had made her a victim in his stead, and his heart was torn with anxiety and sorrow. He knew not what had befallen her; fearing that she had been condemned to Siberia, he could not answer his little son when he asked the oft-repeated question: "Papa, when shall we see mamma again?"

Meanwhile the education of the boy had been confided to the Fathers of the Jesuit college, where he increased in knowledge and virtue. He was nearly eleven years old, and began to prepare for his first Holy Communion. One day, after having once more interrogated his father as usual, he continued: "I wish her to be here for my First Communion, and I am sure she will come." Acting at once upon the wish to see his mother on the all-important day, the thought of which now occupied his mind, at study time that evening the little fellow drew a clean white sheet of paper from his desk, took a fine new pen, made the Sign of the Cross, and wrote the following short letter to Peter, the old servant, who still remained in Warsaw:

PETER:—Will you please tell mamma that in about a month's time I am to receive my first Holy Communion, and that she must be here without fail on that day? I do not write to her, because our letters are intercepted; this is why I rely upon you to give her this message. Tell her that I am at the college in the Rue —, Paris.

I embrace you with all my heart.

STANISLAS.

As soon as he had written this letter, Stanislas took a small picture of the Blessed Virgin, which he prized highly, pasted it at the end of the paper, and, having folded and sealed the letter, sent it off. Alas! at that same moment his father was reading a dirty slip of paper on which was written, in an unknown hand:

"No longer any hope! She goes to Siberia. Peter will do all he can, but it is likely that she will succumb to the fatigue of the first march. We love and sympathize with thee always."

Nearer and nearer came the day of the First Communion. Neither to his father nor his teachers had the boy said anything of his letter, but he had spoken of it frequently to Almighty God. He had counted the days and the hours, and had said to himself: "Before the time of my First Communion I will make a novena to Our Lady, which will end on the day when for the first time I am to receive absolution; and I shall try to be so good and so fervent that she will grant my prayer to have my dear mother on that day." And so he prayed his confiding, fervent, childish prayers; never doubting but that they would be answered as he desired.

It was now the eve of First Communion day, and, according to custom, the parents came to give their blessing to the little ones. Count Sokolinski was there with the others. Stanislas threw his arms around his father, and then knelt for his blessing.

"That is yours, papa," he said, when he arose from his knees; "and mamma's will come a little later."

The father sighed. "Ah!" he replied, turning away his tear-dimmed eyes.

"Yes, papa," continued the boy. "She will come. I *wish* her to come, and she will be here. Let me tell you the whole secret, papa. I have been making a novena to the Blessed Virgin; it will be finished at five o'clock to-day. At four I will receive absolution, and then I shall be as

pure as an angel, and the Blessed Mother will not refuse me anything I shall ask. You know what that is, papa. To-night or to-morrow morning early mamma will be here."

"Let us be content now," said the father, scarce knowing what he said; and, in order that the boy might not discover his sorrow, he hurriedly took his departure.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and Stanislas went up to the porter's room. When the old man saw him he asked:

"What do you wish, my child?"

"I have come to see if any one has asked for me."

"Your father was here this morning."

"I know, but I am expecting another visitor—my mother."

"But, my dear boy, your mother is not in Paris."

"No, but she is coming. She will be here for my First Communion. I know it quite well."

"How do you know it?"

"I have asked our Blessed Lady to send her either to-night or to-morrow morning. For nine days I have prayed to her; my sins have all been forgiven—I have received absolution,—and my heart is pure as an angel's now. That is why I know the Blessed Virgin will refuse me nothing, and that my mother is coming to see me receive my first Holy Communion."

The old man looked at him sadly, as he answered:

"I share in your wish and your prayer, though it is almost too late to expect any one to-night: the hour for visitors is past. Go back to your companions, my little fellow."

Stanislas obeyed with reluctance. The novena was ended; the hour when he had expected his mother was nearly over, and she had not yet arrived. He longed to remain near the door, so as to fall into her arms the moment she appeared, but he consoled himself by thinking: "When my mother comes, the porter will call me."

Six o'clock struck; seven, eight, and—no one appeared! Supper was over, and now the boys were filing through the long hall on their way upstairs to the dormitories. Suddenly the bell rang loud and long. A pale and emaciated woman appeared at the portal and eagerly asked to see Stanislas Sokolinski.

The porter hesitated,—she seemed so forlorn and poverty-stricken that he thought her an impostor. Stanislas, who had purposely lingered behind the others, saw her through the glass door, recognizing her form and features in spite of the changes suffering and imprisonment had wrought. Thrilled by the sound of the dearly loved voice, trembling and weak though its accents were, with a loud cry of joy he rushed forward. In a moment he was in her arms, sobbing and laughing on her bosom.

"I *knew* you would come, mamma darling!" he cried. "I told papa. I knew you would come, because I prayed to Our Lady to send you, that you might see me receive my first Holy Communion."

Her story was soon told. She had contrived to escape on the way to Siberia, by means of a file, given her by Peter, secreted in her clothing, with which she cut the handcuffs that bound her to her companion, who also escaped, and had gone she knew not whither. She had already learned from Peter the address of the boy; and on reaching Paris, foot-sore and weary, had gone directly to him,—arriving at the very time he so confidently expected her. Her husband's address she did not know, as all his letters to her had been intercepted.

The Count and Countess Sokolinski, once more united and happy, assisted together at the First Communion of their son; kneeling later themselves to partake of the celestial Food, with hearts full of thankfulness to the tender Mother who had heard and answered the fervent prayer of a spotless soul.

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

X.

The summer was nearly over, when one day Bernard found thrown inside the gate of Hazelbrae a large handbill, printed on pink paper, and setting forth in correspondingly glowing terms the attractions of a travelling show which was to give a performance in the town of X on a day of the next week. He loaned the poster to Leo, who brought it into the house and began to "talk circus" directly.

"The Kijinksy Brothers are going to be there!" he proclaimed; "a clown that used to be with Barnum too; Zerello, the wonderful horseman; the electric girl; also the sword-eater, and 'other famous performers and wonders too numerous to mention,' as it says in the advertisement. See here!"

Elizabeth seized the bill and studied it over with Polly.

"I wish we could go!" she sighed.

"Bernard is determined to go," pursued her brother, in a low tone. "He has saved up the money grandpa gave him for taking care of the young chickens; and if he is not allowed a day off—well, I bet he will sneak away somehow. And I've half a mind to go with him. I have fifty cents I earned by picking apples."

"Oh, don't think of such a thing, Leo!" protested his sister, with superior wisdom. "Besides, Polly and I do not want to be left out. We will ask grandpa to let us drive over with Sport or old Fanny."

"Huh! Fan would drop down dead before we were half-way, and Sport can not carry any such load," grumbled Leo.

Perhaps Mr. Campbell had a suspicion that to refuse his consent would be too severe a test for the boys, recollecting a saying in vogue in his day: "All is fair when there is a circus." At any rate,

he settled the difficulty by announcing:

"I will drive you over to X myself. I have not attended any entertainment of the kind for years."

Time dragged slowly for the young people during the interval. At last there was only one afternoon and evening more; then the early part of the following morning would be occupied with preparation for starting, and after a very early dinner they would be off. But how was this long afternoon to be whiled away? Patrick saved Bernard the trouble of trying to decide by taking him off with Wilhelm to bundle rye.

Leo was not around when they started for the field. At first he thought of following them, but he was restless. There was a swing under the apple-trees that overshadowed the old ice-house, whose sloping roof made such a jolly slide. With the help of the ice-house ladder, which he set against a limb of the tree, Leo tied up the rope of the swing shorter, till it formed a trapeze, and began to imitate the feats of the Kijinksy Brothers, as he remembered them from a former exhibition.

All went well. Holding on to the board of the swing, he let himself down and swung from it in as many ways as he could devise, head downward, lying across the swing on his back, etc.; and then, standing and balancing on one foot, he bowed to the plaudits of an imaginary concourse of spectators. But, alas! just as he was about to respond to a tumultuous encore, the rope slipped, he turned a somersault not on the program, and fell to the ground. Luckily the grass was fairly thick under the trees, as the swing had not been there long. He was therefore only a little dazed, and spent the next few minutes in cogitation.

Rubbing his scathed knees, he concluded he had practised enough in "ground and lofty tumbling" for one day, and determined to get Sport, and try fancy riding without saddle or bridle, after the

manner of Signor Zerello. Fortunately for both the "milk-white steed" (as in his mind's eye he saw Sport described on the handbill) and the ambitious would-be equestrian, the pony had been taken to the blacksmith's to be shod, and Wilhelm was to go for it later. Going back to the apple-trees, he saw the girls come out of the house with a small basket.

"Where are you bound?" he called.

"Over to the barn to hunt for eggs," answered Polly.

"Gee-whiz, just the thing, 'Lizabeth! I'll help you."

Joining them, he took the basket, and kicked it along like a football. His sister rescued it and started ahead swiftly. Leo and Polly raced after her,—the former to regain possession of it, the latter to aid in preventing his doing so; and thus they all three arrived together, panting and laughing, at the lower door of the barn.

The search for eggs did not last long. The girls found a few, and Leo pounced upon several that Bernard had previously collected and hidden away in a grain barrel, intending to take them into the kitchen on his return from the harvesting.

Now the explorers mounted the stairs to the upper barn. How quiet it was there! On three sides rose great mows of the fragrant, newly-stored hay reaching nearly to the roof. The lofty doors that formed the fourth side of the building being closed, the only light came through the blind of a round window above on the opposite wall. In the middle of the floor were the hoppers, or boxed-in open places through which the hay was thrown to the mangers below. The young people looked down. Only old Fanny was in her stall; for the new horses had been taken to the field to haul home the rye. A ladder rested against one of the mows.

"I am sure we would get some eggs up there," said Polly.

"Wait a minute," advised Leo.

He climbed the ladder, made his way to

the window and opened the blind, letting in the sunshine. Then the girls went up.

"It is twice as much fun searching here!" cried Elizabeth, as they tramped around in the hay and tossed it about.

They gained three or four eggs, but soon left off hunting, to romp and hide from one another; gradually pushing on over the mows, so high they could almost reach the rafters with their hands.

"Is not this a grand lark!" said Elizabeth, as, short of breath, they at length sat down to rest. Like Leo, she had been at her wit's end to provide herself with diversion during this last afternoon before the excursion to the circus.

Polly was in her element. She always entered enthusiastically into a frolic, and her gay laugh awoke the echoes of the old barn, and startled the pigeons in their cote over the round window. Regarding her as she paused a moment with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, Elizabeth thought how very different she appeared from the pale little city orphan who had come to Hazelbrae but two months before.

Polly peered over the edge of the mow. On the floor below lay a heap of hay. Presently she stood up, exclaiming:

"Would it not be good fun to jump down on that hay, then run across, climb the ladder, chase one another over the mows, jump down again, and so on, going round and round the barn? Let us try it, and whoever gets around first the greatest number of times shall have a prize."

Elizabeth measured the distance by a glance. "It is too high," she said, shaking her head.

"Not a bit, with half a load of hay to land upon," persisted venturesome Polly.

"No," chimed in Leo, quickly. "I have jumped into the wagon when it stood there empty."

"We could not try for a prize, because we should have to jump by turns; besides, we have no prize to give," still objected his sister.

"I forgot," admitted Polly. "Suppose, then, we just jump one after the other, as if we were playing 'Follow my leader'? I dare you to do it!"

Now, of all things, Elizabeth would not be dared. If Polly, ostensibly because of her one year of superior age and an inch or more in stature, naturally took the lead in many of their undertakings, Elizabeth was never far behind.

"Well, you go first," she responded, laconically.

Polly crept to the side of the mow, slid neatly over its edge, from which hung a long fringe of hay, and alighted, laughing, on the soft heap beneath. Scarcely had she scrambled to her feet and got clear of the hay than Elizabeth followed her example; and then came Leo, last only because his impulsive sister had pushed before him; and since Polly proposed the play, it had been her privilege to begin.

It was great fun. Now they clambered up the ladder, tramped across the mows, leaped down again, and completed the circuit of the barn a second time. Here they were, once more at the starting-point. Leo, nimble and active as a monkey, shot over the edge of the mow. Polly went next, swift as a flash. Now it was Elizabeth's turn, but she hesitated and drew back. A dizziness seized her; she looked down: the distance seemed greater than before; the heap of hay had become flattened and somewhat scattered. Ah, if she had only taken warning by that instinctive shrinking!

"Come on, Elizabeth! What are you afraid of?" called Polly, from the foot of the ladder. Leo was half-way around for the third time.

Elizabeth laughed recklessly and finally jumped. Instead of springing up quickly as the others had done, however, she uttered a low moan and lay on the floor.

Polly ran to her in dismay, and Leo hurried back over the ladder.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Polly, wringing her hands. "Are you killed? Oh, dear,—oh, dear!"

"No, I guess not," faltered Elizabeth. "But my foot—ah—oo! It is broken or crushed, or something. It bent under and struck the floor. Ah—oo!"

A nervous tremor, caused by the pain and the shock of the fall, took possession of her, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Leo in much distress, falling on his knees beside her. "Straighten out your foot. There! It can't be broken, you see. Be brave now, Elizabeth. Don't you suppose you can stand up? Here, lean on me and take Polly's hand."

The unfortunate girl made an effort to comply, but no sooner did she touch the injured foot to the ground than she sank back with another moan.

"Cricky, that's bad!" ejaculated Leo.

"*Aou, aou!* what *shall* I do!"

"Try to bear it as the martyrs endured their sufferings," Polly said, gently,—this being the only comfort she could think of.

Elizabeth bit her lip and struggled to follow this sublime counsel; yet, in truth, she had little of the martyr spirit, and could not help wondering what degree of fortitude Polly would evince under similar circumstances.

"Oh, take off my shoe!" she sobbed. "Perhaps that will lessen the pain."

Polly unbuttoned the shoe, and drew it and the stocking off very gently. The poor little foot was discolored by an ugly bruise. Elizabeth shrank even from Polly's tender ministrations; but, having satisfied herself that no bones were broken, she gratefully accepted from Leo the drink of water he brought from the barnyard pump; for, despite her resolution to be courageous, she felt a trifle faint. After sipping from the tin cup, she poured the remainder of the water on a handkerchief and laid it over her throbbing instep.





THE HEART IMMACULATE.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke 1. 48

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Two Distichs by Our Holy Father Leo XIII.

AUDITUS Stygiis gemitus resonare sub
antris:

O detur miseris hinc procul hora brevis!
Quid facerent? Imo elicerent e corde dolo-
rem,

Admissum et scelus abstergeret hora brevis.

Through Stygian caves this dolent cry is
heard:

Were one short hour but given beyond
Hell's power!

What deed were done? Their utmost soul-
deep stirred,

All crime would tear-blanch'd be within
that hour.

The Secret of the Heart of Jesus.

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT OF AUGUSTA
THEODOSIA DRANE, O. S. D.*

AT this time our minds are
all, more or less, occupied
with the devotion to the
Sacred Heart, which the
Church presents to our
contemplation, especially
as connected with the Blessed Sacrament.
And it seems to me a little reflection on
our own hearts, their nature and their
capabilities, would be a help to us in medi-

tating on the Sacred Heart of our Blessed
Lord. And for this reason. It is marvellous,
if we reflect ever so little on it,—first,
what immense capabilities there are in the
human heart; and, secondly, how very
little we know about it. Of all mysteries,
perhaps there is none of which we know
so little as of that we bear within us.

By the heart, of course, is meant all
our interior life, principally our will and
affections. Every act must spring from
the heart—*i. e.*, either from our will or our
affections. Life is not made up merely of
intellectual thoughts. Living is acting;
and by an act is meant not the thought only,
but the deed proceeding from the impulse
of the will or affections. Holy Scripture,
which tells us more than anything else
about our heart, in countless passages
intimates at the same time how little
we know of it, and how immense are
its capacities. It calls it a deep. Who
shall search its depths? "The Lord hath
known the depth of the sea and the
human heart,"—classing them together
as two great abysses unfathomable save
by God alone.

How little do we know of its capacity
for sorrow till some great grief has over-
whelmed us! How little we can guess
the extent of suffering we are capable of
enduring! And it is the same with joy.

* Notes of a conference given to her community
in June, 1873.

Who is there that remembers the first touch he ever felt of sensible devotion, were it ever so slight and imperfect, and does not recall the feeling of some new sense being awakened, of the existence of which he had not even dreamed? Who can tell how many of these capabilities are lying dormant within us, perhaps only to be aroused in another world to increase the joys of heaven?

The vehemence of our passions startles us at times, when roused by some unexpected cause. We are amazed at our capabilities of love or joy or sorrow; not to speak of all the worst passions of the human race, of which perhaps we know nothing, but of which we doubtless have the seeds in our hearts. Who, then, will venture to say that he knows his own heart?

It seems to me that in thus reflecting a little on the unexplored depths of our own hearts we come to have a better idea of what the capacities of the Heart of Jesus must be. Not, of course, that we can compare our hearts to His, which is an infinity; but still our hearts are also abysses, and we shall understand better the meaning of those words, "Abyss calleth on abyss." Above all, we know, as the Church teaches, that the Sacred Heart of Jesus is an unfathomable abyss of love for the whole human race. If our feeble capacities for love can not be sounded, who shall measure His?

In every human heart there is, more or less, a craving for affection and sympathy; there is a void which must be filled; and while this want is unsatisfied, there is unceasing restlessness and disquietude.... It is not a beautiful thought but a real fact—which we should strive to embody in our daily lives—that Our Lord has given us His human Heart to be the object of our affections. Let our hearts be *filled* with the love of that Sacred Heart; immense as they are, It is greater still. If that infinite abyss of love can not fill

them, what else will satisfy them? "Our hearts," says the great St. Augustine, "were made for God; and they can never find peace or rest until they rest in Him, above all created things." The experience of our daily lives proves the truth of these sublime words.

In the writings of our holy mother, St. Catherine, we find an expression which is, as we may say, *hers*; and, as far as I know, has not been made use of by any other writer on the subject. It is the "Secret of Our Lord's Heart." The vision is historically related in the supplement of her life: how Christ showed her His open side, and how the light that poured from it filled all the church where she was praying. And in her writings she relates how God one day reminded her of the vision, and of the words she addressed to the Incarnate Truth. O Immaculate Lamb, she asked, *wherefore* didst Thou will that Thy Heart should be thus pierced and laid open? And our Blessed Lord answered that there were many reasons, but *chiefly* that His friends should see the secret of His Heart. The depth of contemplation opened out in these words is boundless.

It is the peculiarity of every human heart that it has its secret. We speak of our anxieties, our faults, our thoughts, to many; but the secret of our feelings is revealed only to those who enjoy our most intimate confidence. So Our Lord's Heart, which, in Its nature, dispositions, and affections, is so truly a human heart of like nature with our own, has Its secret; and St. Catherine tells us what that secret is. In a vision which she calls the Bridge she describes three degrees by which the soul attains to perfect charity: the first, the pierced feet; the second, the open side; "and *there*," she says, "shall be revealed the secret of the Heart, which is the third and last degree of consummate charity." The secret, then, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is His infinite love for man; and as

there is no expression for it intelligible to us, He therefore invites His friends to see the secret of His Heart. The Passion is, of course, the most complete expression of the love of God. Yet those sufferings, infinite as they were in regard to the Person who suffered, were finite with regard to their duration; so that even they were not enough to express a love that was infinite.

And the mystical and supernatural favors so often received by contemplative saints, whatever else they meant, certainly meant this: that there were moments in their lives when their hearts were completely changed by the action of the infinite love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This change of heart, quite apart from the exterior and mystical signs (which, of course, are entirely beyond our sphere), we all of us daily ask in the verse, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me!" We are all of us conscious of something in our heart requiring this change. We go sighing and longing all the day long because of something which resists efforts, which seems to resist prayer, but which will not resist the action of the Heart of Jesus. The love of God for man was shown forth toward the whole world in the sufferings and death of the Cross. But something more—a further expression is shown to His friends when He invites them to see the secret of His Heart.

O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, make our hearts like unto Thine!

MAN is an eternal mystery to himself; his own person is a house into which he never enters, and of which he studies the outside alone. Each of us need have continually before him the famous inscription which once instructed Socrates, and which was engraved by an unknown hand on the walls of Delphi: "Know thyself."—*Emile Souvestre*.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XVI.

WITH the aid of the water near by, it was not difficult to revive the insensible boy. Atherton dashed it liberally over his face; and, when he stirred with a reviving gasp, raised the flask to his lips. "Drink!" he said, in a tone of such imperative command that the other obeyed without protest or hesitation; and after a moment was able to withdraw himself from support and sit up alone, though trembling excessively.

"Did they murder her?" he asked then, in a horror-stricken whisper. "My God, I can still hear her cry!"

"It seemed unnecessary on your part to echo it, however," replied Atherton. "In consequence, we have had as close a shave from death as we are likely ever again to have until it comes."

"Did I cry out so as to be heard?" asked the other. "I did not know it. And I fainted too? That is strange. I never did such a thing before in my life."

"You never before had such occasion. I don't blame you for fainting. I could almost have done that myself—only I felt more fury than horror,—but it was your cry that brought a whole pack of devils at our heels."

"What shameful weakness on my part!" observed the boy, in an accent of intense contrition. "How did we escape?"

"I picked you up and ran for it. There was nothing else to do. But I had little hope of saving our lives. If you were not a light weight I could never have done it."

"You *carried* me! Oh, I can never forgive myself! What a position to place you in because I had not self-command enough to be silent! You would have been justified in leaving me to my fate.

But"—with a violent shudder—"thank God and thank you that you did not!"

"I should have made a fight if the worst had come," said Atherton. "I had seven shots, and I knew I could answer for that many of the miserable wretches. But of course we should have been killed at last—and *eaten!* That was the most appalling thought."

The boy drew nearer to him with an involuntary movement.

"Where are we now?" he whispered. "Are we safe?"

"Not yet, but we soon shall be. I am only waiting to give those who pursued us time to return to their devilish worship before we make our way back to the forest, which we were so glad to leave a short time ago, and will now be so thankful to enter again."

Ten minutes passed, which seemed an hour; and then, bidding his companion remain quiet, Atherton rose.

"I am going to reconnoitre a little," he said. "On no account stir until I return."

"May I not come?" asked the other.

"No. Stay here while I see if the way is clear."

Leaving the cavity where they crouched, and standing on the edge of the shallow stream, he cautiously parted the bushes growing along the bank and looked over the valley. There was no sign of human presence; and, after listening intently for some seconds, he sprang to the surface of the bank and disappeared, leaving De Marsillac a prey to the keenest anxiety and fear.

At another time the boy would have followed, despite the injunction to the contrary which he had received; but now, acutely conscious of his late ignominious failure in self-control and the consequent peril in which it had placed them, he felt that he owed Atherton—who had saved his life at the risk of his own—the small return of implicit obedience as long as this situation of danger lasted. He

waited therefore, not even leaving the shelter in which he sat, for what appeared an interminable length of time, until at last he heard a slight sound above, and the next moment Atherton dropped over the bank again.

"All clear!" he reported, briefly. "I have been as far as the village, and found no one watching. They are all at their infernal orgies, and now is our time to escape. We must go at once."

"I am ready," replied the boy, rising as he spoke. He would have fallen, however, when, having scrambled out of his hiding-place, he stood on his feet, but for Atherton's support.

"Steady!" said the latter, as he held him up. "You are not going to faint again, I hope; are you?"

"Certainly not," was the quick reply. "I am—only a little weak. That scene made me ill. Just give me a minute."

"I see how it is" (rather grimly); "I shall have to carry you again."

"You will not!" (indignantly.) "I am all right now. Go on!"

"Well, I'll give you a hand up the bank at least."

To this it was impossible to object, since without such assistance the bank would have proved rather a formidable obstacle to one whose strength, never excessive and always rather of the spirit than of the body, was now indeed at a very low ebb. The bank once mounted, he was conscious of an access of vigor from the sight of the hamlet and the thought of the danger lurking there. It was true that a sense of deadly sickness came over him at the recollection of what he had witnessed, and of what was no doubt now going on. But it was a sickness which did not incapacitate, but on the contrary lent such wings to his feet that he was in advance of Atherton when they gained the forest and once more breathed freely, knowing themselves at last safe from pursuit.

Pausing on the edge of the deep woods into which they were about to plunge, Atherton glanced back over the scene that so short a time before had looked to them an idyllic Arcadia in its peaceful serenity and beauty.

"At this moment," he said, "there is nothing I would not give to be able to level a field-piece upon that abode of devils and wipe it from existence; or, better yet, to take its inhabitants out and shoot them singly. Yet I must turn my back and go away; knowing that what we have seen to-night will be repeated again and yet again, with no prospect of their punishment."

"Is there *no* possibility of punishing them, in any way?" asked De Marsillac. "If these atrocities are against the law, can we not inform the authorities of what we have seen?"

"And do you think the authorities would act upon any information given by foreigners and white men? You have not grasped the idea yet of what Hayti is. Besides, this which we have witnessed is a common occurrence—everyone who knows the country says so. Therefore why should we attempt to interfere with a national institution? That is no doubt what they would think."

"But it seems appalling to do nothing. Think of the unutterable horror of it! Can you ever forget the cry of that child?"

"Not soon, I fear. But the scene when I went back—don't ask me to speak of that! Ah, how the recollection sickens me!"

"I would not hear of it for anything!" cried the other, hastily. "For God's sake, let us get away—far away! I never before knew how a coward feels; but now I am afraid—horribly afraid."

"There is now nothing to fear," said Atherton, as they went on. "Not one of those cannibals would leave his awful feast; and besides they are drinking, and will soon be helplessly intoxicated. What a glorious opportunity to go in and kill

the whole of them—devil-worshippers and murderers as they are!"

"I would much rather have killed them at the moment of the murder. If I had had a pistol, I should have shot that Papaloi as he turned with the knife. Nothing could have held my hand,—I am sure of it."

"It would have been a picturesque and well-merited punishment, and possibly not more dangerous in its results than what you did. But, after all, Henri, we have not come to Hayti to constitute ourselves avengers of blood. Remember what lies yet untouched in the garden of Beaulieu."

As if struck by a shot, the boy paused, and, turning, faced his companion. They were not yet in a forest so dense but that some stray beams of moonlight filtered through the foliage and showed to each the pale face of the other.

"What did I say to you yesterday?" he asked, in a quick, tense tone. "Did I not say that we might die instead of returning there? You laughed at me then. But how near death we have been to-night! And how do we know that even yet we are out of danger?"

"I think that we are," said Atherton, who felt himself a little startled. "Don't be foolish. It is rather curious that you should have said that yesterday; but it was only one of those chance shots which events afterward turn into a prophecy. You certainly can't pretend that you had any premonition that we were to run into such unforeseen danger as we have been exposed to."

"No," answered the other, slowly, "I had no premonition further than what I told you, and you called superstition—the belief that if I did not then take what I came to seek I would not have another chance to do so. And now"—he spoke in a tone of quiet despair—"I am sure that I never shall."

"This is ridiculous folly!" exclaimed Atherton, impatiently. "I would not have believed that a boy of so much pluck

could be guilty of it. Your nerves must be completely unstrung, else you could not utter such nonsense. What is to prevent your returning to Beaulieu? Even if the devils from whom we have escaped knew of our presence here, we are safe from pursuit; and we have only to wait a few hours for daylight to find our way back to our men and horses."

"You don't know how exhausted I am," said the other, confessing it for the first time. "I shall never be able to get back to the place we left. And we can not seek help, and you certainly can not carry me again; and so—"

"And so we are to perish like the babes in the wood! A very pretty programme, truly. If the worst came to the worst, I would show you whether or not I could carry you again; but it isn't coming to that. We are going to find a place to rest, and sleep if we can; and to-morrow you will laugh at this nonsense. Come on!"

He took the boy's arm and drew him on. They were still following the stream, and a few minutes later they found themselves in a leafy glade among the hills—a spot fit for a fairies' meeting-place, where the ground was free from undergrowth, and the moonbeams fell through the exquisite fronds of tree-ferns, while all the solitude was made musical by the sound of water.

"Here is a good resting-place," said Atherton. "I knew we should find something of the sort. Sit down on that bed of ferns, put your back against that tree, and now we will address ourselves to a light collation of bananas."

He began emptying his pockets as he spoke, until a large pile of this nutritious fruit lay before them.

"There is one great advantage in being lost in the tropics," he said, as he turned down the skin of one: "nobody need starve here. There is no better food than this."

"When did you get these?" asked his companion, with surprise.

"When I returned to the village. It was only to lift one's hand and help one's self, and fortunately my pockets are deep. Half a dozen or so of these and a little brandy and water, and you will be ready to go to sleep, and wake to-morrow quite fresh and ready for our tramp over the hills."

"You must think me contemptibly weak," said the boy, after a few minutes' silence,—“and, I am afraid, as weak in mind as in body."

"I think nothing of the kind. As I told you before, considering your physical strength, you have done wonders. But you are completely used up now; besides which, your nerves were terribly shaken by the awful scene we witnessed; so it is no wonder our situation looks to you much darker than it is. As a matter of fact, we are all right—trust me. There is nothing before us now worse than a little fatigue and inconvenience; and there is nothing more certain than that we shall get whatever is to be found at Beaulieu."

"You understand why I am so anxious about it?—you know I told you all that depends on my success."

"Yes, I know and understand. Did I not pledge you my word that Mademoiselle Diane should have her ransom?"

"It is not only of Diane I am thinking. My mother!—what would my mother do if I had died a little while ago at the hands of those wretches?"

"But you did not die, so why think of it any more?"

"How can I help it? You say my nerves are shaken. I suppose they are. The gleam of that knife is before my eyes all the time, and the cry of that child rings unceasingly in my ears."

He put his hands before his face, as if to shut out the scene his fancy so vividly painted, at the same time shuddering convulsively.

"What you want is rest," said Atherton, kindly; for he saw that it was a case of shock to the nerves that would not soon

pass away. "Try to think of something else. Or, if you can't do that, thank God for our escape. And get to sleep as soon as possible. There is nothing like sleep to bring the nerves back to their proper condition."

"And you?"

"I shall not sleep. In the first place, I have no inclination to do so; and in the second place, I think it, on the whole, safer to keep watch. I haven't the least apprehension of any danger, but it is well to be on the alert."

"Then we must keep watch and watch," said the boy, earnestly. "Oh, I insist upon it! What time is it now?"

A ray of moonlight enabled Atherton to answer: "Ten minutes past one."

"Then I will sleep two hours; and you must wake me then, so that I can watch while *you* sleep. Promise me to do so, or I will not consent to sleep at all."

"Very well, I promise. Now let us have no more talk. In fact, I am going to stroll about a little while I smoke."

"You will not go far?"

"Certainly not. I shall not lose sight of you. Have no fear."

The last words, instead of offending the listener as they might have done a little earlier in their adventure, fell upon his ear with a soothing sound. He was for the first time in his life—as he had truly said—in the strong grasp of fear: that passion, or emotion, of which those who are physically brave know so little, but which is one of the worst sufferings the human soul can be called upon to endure. Every fibre of his body, as well as his whole spirit, was sick with the horror of the appalling scene he had witnessed. He could not divest himself of the fancy that the forest around was filled with the dark faces of cannibal murderers; and all the stories he had heard in the Cape from Mr. Hoffman and his friends rose in memory,—terrible stories of human

ghouls robbing graves in order to feed upon the dead; or, worse yet, of those who had been thrown into what was only a simulation of death in order that they might be resuscitated, killed, and devoured; of the fearful *loup-garou*—the monster whose business is to steal children for these feasts; of a slain youth found with a cane driven into his heart, through which the blood had been sucked; of an unhappy woman taken ill on the road, whose husband left her in a wayside house while he rode to the nearest town for medical aid, and who, returning, found that she had been murdered—cut into pieces and *salted down*!

These blood-curdling tales—all resting, though he had not known it at the time, on absolute evidence—might rouse only a passing shudder when told on a pleasant veranda with lamplit rooms behind, the security of companionship and the near neighborhood of power; but *here*, in these deep mountains, so wild, so remote, with the celebration of a cannibal feast near at hand, and with the consciousness of an escape so narrow from a fate the most awful,—it was no wonder that their recollection filled the boy with a thrill of terror altogether new to his experience. So he had asked, like a child, not to be left alone; and there was comfort in the sight of Atherton's tall form passing and repassing to and fro; in thinking of the weapon he carried; in reliance upon his courage and resource already so abundantly tested; and even in a whiff from his cigar which came now and then, strangely mingled with the aromatic odors of unnumbered plants and flowers. After a while even the gleam of the murderous knife was forgotten, and the heart-piercing cry of helpless childhood; the young head drooped, and Atherton, when he approached, saw with satisfaction that his companion was sleeping the deep sleep of weariness and exhaustion.

A Hymn to the Heart of Jesus.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE REV. B. HAMMER,
O. S. F., BY MARY E. MANNIX.

H EART full of kindness,
Thou welcomest me,
As, weak and sin-laden,
I turn unto Thee!
The treacherous serpent
Hath wounded my heart;
Ah, long have I suffered
Its poisonous dart!
Its fierce, raging fever
I have not withstood;
With tumult and passion
It filleth my blood.
The wound lieth open,
And death seemeth near;
Ah, what can I hope for,—
No remedy near!
Mine eyes can discover
No beckoning star,
Though dangers surround me
And help is so far.
To Thee will I hasten,
O holiest Heart!
Repentant and bleeding
From sin's bitter smart.
Thy love doth await me,
Thou healest my wound;
The way of salvation
Once more I have found.

A Valiant Catholic.

NOT the least notable among those who, while not actually identified with the Tractarian Movement of 1833, were yet intimately connected with it, was the late Sergeant Bellasis, the history of whose life, conversion and subsequent career as a Catholic is of great interest.*

Sergeant Bellasis was born in the year 1800, at Basilden Vicarage on the Thames,

* "Memorials of Sergeant Bellasis," by Edward Bellasis.

his father being a clergyman of the Church of England. He lost him when he was but two years of age, and his mother afterward married another clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Maude. When he was eight years old, young Bellasis was sent to Christ's Hospital, where he remained seven years and a half, was entered as a student at the Inner Temple in 1819, and called to the bar in 1824.

Although at first inclined to politics, the acerbities and trickeries which are some of its distinguishing features were so foreign to his truthful and sensitive nature that he put all such aspirations behind him in disgust; and, subsequently winning distinction as a great railway lawyer, he was in 1844 created Sergeant-in-Law. He retired from the practice of the law in 1867, in the height of a lucrative and honorable career,—“thinking it better,” he modestly said at the time, “to discontinue my professional business before it began to discontinue me.”

He married in 1829, but his wife died after a union of three years. She was the only child and heiress of William Lycett, of Stafford, and bore him one daughter, who died shortly before her. In 1835 he again married the only daughter of William Garnett, of Lark Hill, by whom he had a numerous family of four sons and nine daughters. Ten of his children are still living, the youngest being an Oratorian priest.

His early memoranda do not indicate any singularity of religious opinions as distinguished from those of his friends and companions, but they show that he was always actively religious. His first bias toward the Catholic faith—of which he knew little, and that little imbibed from prejudiced sources—probably dates from the year 1833, when he undertook a foreign tour, thus becoming personally acquainted with Catholic countries. He says afterward concerning this journey: “There were no Murray's hand-books in

those days, and we missed much. However, I visited the churches, and very soon had my ideas corrected about the Catholic religion. I was surprised at the earnestness of the people at their prayers; and I wrote to my mother that, though I might indeed have got into the land of superstition, it certainly was not the country of irreligion."

Three years later (in 1836) he writes of Thorndon: "Lady Petre showed me the chapel, and I was much struck with its beauty and at the reverence with which everything sacred was treated. I think this visit made me less than ever disposed to listen to disparaging observations about Catholics."

In the year 1841, on a subsequent tour, he writes from Brussels to his mother: "...I am quite satisfied that this is a far more religious country than England, as well as a more moral one. We have been among the lowest of the low, and in some of the largest cities; and we have never seen a drunken man, we have never heard an oath, nor have we ever seen a person, male or female, who had the slightest appearance of vice of any kind; and those to whom we have talked upon religious subjects have conversed in the most serious manner. As to their habits, my wife was sketching in the Cathedral of Louvain yesterday, and she saw not only the mistress of the hotel but the waiters come in to say their prayers, one after another, as they could be spared."

In August of the same year he writes from the Moselle: "We visited the baths or watering-places of Ems, Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, and Wiesbaden, all full of German company....Gambling was constantly going on in public every day, and three times as much on Sunday as other days, additional rooms and tables being prepared to accommodate the public. It was rather new for us to see gaming at all, but to see ladies gaming was very new.... Yesterday we were at the baths

of Bertrich (in a Catholic country), and nothing of the kind is ever attempted or permitted.... Nearly the whole population go to Mass and Vespers every day."

The following letter to Dr. W.G. Ward, though somewhat lengthy, we quote entire, as to omit parts of it would destroy the unity of the whole, not a word of which the Catholic reader can afford to lose. Moreover, we would say to the Protestant reader, should he chance to see these pages, that what was true then of our much-abused and calumniated Catholic countries is also true to-day, provided one visits them without assuming the armor of wilful and invincible prejudice. Sergeant Bellasis writes:

"On first going abroad, in 1833, I went with those impressions respecting the Roman Catholics and their system wherein I had been brought up and which were current among those with whom I lived. I expected to find all irreligious or indifferent; the poorer classes ignorant, and the priests purposely keeping them so; and I went prepared to look at their religion and their religious services with distaste. At first, I confess, everything that I saw seemed to confirm the impressions with which I started. If I saw people diverting themselves on Sundays, I concluded it was a wilful and deliberate desecration of the day. If I saw priests walking among them, I concluded they were winking at it. If I saw a person by the roadside on his knees before a cross, I concluded he had placed himself there for us to see; and I thought all meanly-clad monks were simply lazy beggars. The very constancy of the people at church I attributed to formalism. And I thoroughly believed they worshipped images; for I saw them kneeling before them, and I thought that proved it.

"The notion that I should find the Catholics indifferent was soon dispelled. The manner in which I saw a French steersman at the helm of his vessel take

off his cap on passing the large crucifix on the pier at Dieppe surprised me; and the earnestness and devotion I saw in the churches were something entirely new to me. But, then, I fell back upon the idea that it was all superstition and idolatry—fraud in the priests and ignorance in the people.

“Of the higher classes of laity in the countries in which I have travelled I have seen nothing; but I have seen a good deal of the priests, of the poor, and of the schools for the children of the poor. And the more I saw the more I became convinced how utterly groundless my impressions were. Of the priests (I speak now of Belgium and Prussia, where I saw them most) I have a very pleasing recollection. Here and there I met with a mere argumentative theologian, but as a body I was struck by their kindness of manner and simplicity of life; although in the conversations I had with them I might not accept their views, yet the very idea that they were not honest and sincere shocks and distresses me. I felt, and still feel, convinced that they were religious men.

“That the poor are ignorant is, I believe, an entire misapprehension: I never talked to any who were so. I should say they are far, far better instructed in religious knowledge than our own people of the same class; and their attention to their religious duties is, to my mind, quite affecting. In large manufacturing towns I have seen hundreds upon hundreds of people, in their working dress, at five o'clock Mass in the morning, before going to the factories,—all with their books, and joining heartily in the service. And I need scarcely say what a contrast this forms to the habits of the same class of persons in this country.

“I have visited also many Catholic schools abroad, chiefly those under the superintendence of the Christian Brothers; and my opinion is that we have nothing to compare with them, either as to the

regularity and order of the schools, the extent of the secular education, the carefulness with which religious instruction is imparted, or the number and character of the masters.

“Upon the whole, my last impression upon returning from a foreign country [Belgium] to our own was that I was coming out of a religious country to one of indifference. The open churches of the former, the frequent services, the constant worshippers, the solemn ceremonial, the collected air of the clergy in their ministrations, the indubitable devotion and reverence of the people, their unhesitating confidence in their church, have nothing approaching to a counterpart with us. I know nothing more disheartening (I speak of the effect produced upon myself) than a return to England after some time spent in Catholic countries. Everything seems so careless, so irreverent, so dead. With all my heart I wish, especially for my children's sake, that I could see in this country some approximation to the solemnity, reverence, devotion, and earnestness which I have witnessed abroad.... All this may seem harsh toward my own country and my own church; but it is, nevertheless, the impression I have derived from what I have seen. I am, of course, liable to be swayed by prejudice as well as others; but, so far as I know myself, my prejudices, both those of education and family connection, were all the other way, and I feel that they have been overcome by facts which are irresistible.”

By way of contrast to these impressions, we append a letter written by Mr. Bellasis in August, 1843, which gives his ideas of the observance of religion in his own country. The reader will understand that he was still a Protestant:

“I can not say, in our assumed character of rural lay deans, we saw much to gratify us. We lamented over the miserable state of Tewkesbury abbey church,—a place once splendid, now wretched. We admired

the Cathedral of Worcester, though it is all yellow-washed on the inside; but we did not admire the congregation or the services, or the cool way in which the clergy present marched out of the church without any pretence of celebrating the Holy Communion; although the altar was prepared and 'all things ready,' and guests willing to partake. In fact, we saw the wine poured out of the chalice back into the black bottle, and the former wiped out with a dirty duster; and finally the said chalice and the said paten wrapped up in the said duster and carried away."

He had also modified his opinions respecting Catholics at home as well as abroad, gradually coming to believe that their morals were superior to those of their Protestant fellow-countrymen; and, with regard to their religious teachers and schools, recognizing the fact that no paid instructors can compete with a system where those engaged in teaching labor for the love of God.

These conclusions were not the hasty impulses of a mind unformed or impressionable, but the mature judgment of an intellect logically trained in analytical schools. With a mind so constituted and biased, it is indeed no wonder that the processes by which he finally arrived at the truth were as slow as they were convincing. It occupied him during sixteen years of profound observation and close research, in which he employed every means to ascertain the true status of the Church and its doctrines, somewhat to the impatience of several among his contemporaries. As an instance of this, Dr. Scholl, of Treves, one day declared that life was too brief for the conversion of so cautious a man. "Ah, that poor Mr. Bellasis!" he was heard to exclaim. "He has too many scruples,—he will never enter the Church." But when he had once taken the final step all doubts, difficulties and obstacles vanished forever; and he became as gentle, yet convincing,

in his dealings with others similarly situated as he had been rigid and uncompromising with himself.

"His attitude in this regard," observed his biographer, "was well delineated by a familiar illustration (one found carefully written out among his private papers): 'A stranger is traversing my garden; I see him trampling under foot my choicest and most favorite flowers. My first feeling is anger, and I hasten toward him with words of remonstrance on my lips. But as I approach I perceive that his trespass is not wilful: he is blind. At once my anger vanishes away, and its place is supplied by sympathy and kindness, and a desire gently to direct his steps.'" Thus he had a most happy way of dealing with bigotry, and of disarming prejudice by his great urbanity.

(To be continued.)

Miss Lorimer's Lodgers.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

"O MISS KATIE, go quick,—see out the window! Them's them yonder: the new folks from the old Judge's rented place. Ain't he got a heavy winter suit o' hair on for such a hot day!"

Barbara's shrill voice from the foot of the stairs startled her mistress in the act of adjusting her Sunday bonnet. With its lilac strings flying, she hastened to her *point de vue*.

"Why, bless my eyes!" she exclaimed, leaning eagerly out.

"Them" were just turning off from the main street into the tree-fringed lane that ran by the side of Miss Lorimer's house,—a slender young girl in mourning, and an old man of knightly bearing, whose stern, deeply-lined face caught a leonine aspect from the mane of snowy hair falling about it.

"Why, bless my eyes!" repeated Miss Lorimer. "The new folks! Sure that's the old Judge himself, and Miss Emma grown up to him,—old Judge Fardon, that bought the first land that ever was sold here, for his summer-house, when Willerville was just a wee bit of herself. And to think of the shame and pity of their comin' back in a thunder-storm last Friday night to that tumblety place, that ain't been aired since the Greens left off rentin' it! How well I remember the summers he used to come with the trunks and the servants by the dozen, and his young wife with her spine-of-the-back trouble! He wasn't so very old then; it's a grand and mighty sorrow that's wrung and bleached him that a-way. It ain't a day over fifteen years since the last season they spent here, and give their grounds for that picnic to finish the church; and the son, they loved the very shadder of, down from college to help; and little Miss Emma all in white, with blue ribbons—the Holy Mother's colors; and now—yonder she goes all in black. Dear, dear! the whole world does seem changed, too, from white to black since that time"—her voice slipped down many tones at this point. "Sure, true enough, that was the very summer I give up Joe to stay on with mother."

"Ma'am?" said Barbara, entering at that instant. Poor Miss Lorimer's conversations with memory were often thus suddenly interrupted by her listening servant's "Ma'am?" So, with a start that dashed some old pink over her faded cheek, she made answer:

"Sure, Barbara, I ought to be sayin', 'We'd better be gettin' off to Holy Mass ourselves rather than watchin' our neighbors get there before us.' And I am just hopin' that Miss Emma and her father will find the same comfort for their troubles in the Lord's blessed promises and dear Father Marvin's sermons as some other folks with troubles that I knows of have."

So the kind soul was deeply grieved when she saw the knightly old Judge pacing up and down the well-beaten path in front of the dear little ivy-wreathed church on the hill, while its sweet-toned bells sang, "Enter, enter!"—with his head bowed and his hands locked behind him, pacing up and down outside the church, while his daughter knelt within it. Had some of earth's cruel storm-winds "blown out the candle of his faith"? Miss Lorimer glanced pityingly over to the girlish figure in the "strangers' pew" as she entered her own; and into her prayers that morning for "prisoners, infidels, heretics, strayed and wounded lambs," she slipped the name of "poor Miss Emma's pa."

Miss Lorimer was one of those unselfish, all-loving little creatures from whom are made the best of daughters, wives, mothers, friends; or who, missing active employment in any or all of these callings, become simply the best of women. From her mother she inherited enough rich, red Celtic blood to keep her faith green through all droughts and frosts, her heart warm, her honest blue eyes bright with a smile or a tear as sympathy demanded, and to scatter through her speech a trifle more "sures" than seemed really necessary in one so uncertain of herself as Kate Lorimer.

Her *moyen-vivre*—a small fancy-goods store—stood on a corner, a window on each street; and in the decoration of those windows—which it was her great ambition to make look "just like Paris"—her circumstance-thwarted artistic talent found outlet. Their color-scheme, worked in bright worsteds against a background of white, was always harmonious; there were taste and feeling in the fingers that gave such loving pats to the "baby things," and trimmed so gracefully with a yellow crape scarf the stiff little sign of "Stamping done here." Not a foot had slowed before the tempting display all the next morning; not a customer sounded

the alarm-bell, which rang at every movement of the door.

"Ding-ding" at last. The Judge's daughter, in the softest of sweet voices, was asking for a skein of silk. Not a feature of that strong, dark, young face escaped Miss Lorimer: the sweet, sensitive mouth; the broad, white, curl-shadowed forehead; the great, sad, yearning eyes—eyes that had watched so many a night (couldn't any one see it?) and cried "themselves to sleep."

For Miss Emma's many *causæ lacrymarum* had, naturally enough, formed source of gossip in the tiny village, where, as in many a larger community, "our neighbor's affairs" are given precedence in debate to our own. It was two months now since the Judge had fallen ill; only young Dr. Catherwood's devotion by day and by night had brought him through. And it was while lying at Death's door that, despite all entreaties, he had stubbornly refused to see a priest—and that priest Father Marvin, with his sunny smile warm with the perennial summer of inward peace, whose ten years' ministry had endeared him to his flock as no other pastor had been endeared. Surely there was no heart's door so low or so narrow but Father Marvin could just bend his head, pull himself together, and walk in.

"Indeed, Father," said Miss Lorimer once to the dear priest himself, "it's again and again that my thoughts go back to that poor Miss Emma, and her father out of the fold, when I remember the time he was as good and true a Catholic as ever leaned on the Lord for strength. It must be some mighty sorrow that's changed the heart of him."

"Yes," replied the priest, with a sigh. "But while there is life there is hope for the soul as for the body; and I place great trust in that pure young daughter's intercession and special devotion to our Blessed Mother. There are some who, while still on earth, writhe in flames of their own

enkindling. We must not forget to pray for them, my child, as we pray for the souls in purgatory."

So a thousand words of sympathy rose to Miss Lorimer's lips as she laid the skein of silk in its purchaser's hand; but she only asked:

"Is there anything else, Miss?"

"Well, yes," said the girl, with sudden resolution. "Do you ever have orders for embroidery—anything in needle-work?" The color in the olive cheek deepened; she paused.

"Sure," replied Miss Lorimer, slowly. "Along about Christmas I might."

"Christmas!" There was a note of despair in the tone; the "eyes" turned to a beribboned calendar over the counter, and said sadly: "This is only June."

"What sort of things is it, Miss? Sure if I could see them I could tell better," said the little storekeeper tenderly, her thoughts reverting to the days of "trunks and servants," and now—and now.

"Oh, a number of articles!" returned the Judge's daughter, nervously. "The work of a young person who has a great deal of leisure. I will send them to you, if I may; and if you find any among them you could place on sale and set a price upon—"

"Sure," interposed Miss Lorimer, some of the "thousand words" of sympathy breaking from their restraint, "it's every-one of them that I'll be placin' on sale, and gettin' the good price for, too, from them that's able to pay it,—them that's picked up the fortunes that others have lost. And it's proud and happy I am there's the least thing I can do for you. You don't remember me—why should you?—but it's me that remembers you like yesterday: a little angel all in white, sittin' by your father in church, in those blessed days when he was—himself. And many's the prayer I've said to see him there again, Miss, well and strong; and seein' all plain, with his grief and trouble

wiped out by the touch of God's grace."

Next morning an old negro, "with young Missus' compliments," deposited on Miss Lorimer's counter a large basket, from whose depths, with many exclamations of admiration, the little storekeeper drew forth "things of beauty" of every variety—work of needle and of brush. A black enamel *plaque*, painted in St. Joseph's lilies, she caught up with a positive cry of delight; the beautiful in nature and art always 'made her throat feel too full to express herself' in words.

It was with the amount of the price set on that *plaque*, abstracted from her small "savin's," that Miss Lorimer took the way to the Judge's house a fortnight later,—a whole fortnight, in which all the other articles had been "Oh-ed" and "Ah-ed" and "Lovely-ed" over by her best customers, but not one purchased by them.

"How very good of you to come in the rain,—how very good!" said the softest of sweet voices, out of the dusk of the gloomy old parlor.

"Sure, Miss, many's the day sooner I've grieved not to have been able to come," replied Miss Lorimer, in embarrassment; roughly using the bunch of geraniums she had delicately planned to lay in Miss Emma's hand at the same time with the money, and finally dropping them with a metallic clink to their stems. "All the rest will be soon, but the *plaque's* sold now, and here's just a bit of what it's worth. Sure, Miss, those lilies are pure and fresh from the garden enough to lay on the Blessed Mother's altar, and more *real* lookin' than the branch St. Joseph holds in his statue. The fine taste of a *lady's* hand is in them, as in everything else that you sent; and it's achin' my heart is to think of that poor young creature whatever did them all, and that's bespoken your kind interest to turn them into money. It's a bargain they'd be at any price, as I told Mrs. Gardner when she wanted to cheapen that beautiful *plaque*.

Ah, Miss! it's the rich that are most after bargains. '*Never!*' said I. 'I'd buy it myself first.' Though it's not every purse, ma'am, that has a gold linin'."

"Doctor," said Judge Fardon suddenly one day, "you won't allow me to eat, talk, sleep or think, except as you direct. Promise me to place some professional or friendly restrictions on that little Penelope yonder. Every moment she's not hovering like an angel over me, she's busy with some fancy work,—all day spinning, and I should suppose all night ravelling, and no returning Ulysses to wait for. Make her go out, and blow some of the stoop from her shoulders and some color into her cheeks. She's all I have left in the wide world now, sir; and I want her to be strong and hearty, like—a boy."

It had not needed these words of the Judge to call to the young physician's notice the curious fact that every moment Miss Emma's slender white hands were not otherwise engaged, they were tangled in a net of silk or linen threads, the taper "thimble" finger always thimbled. Giving the matter much thought, he reached many conclusions, all pathetic. With a sigh, he glanced over to the fair picture she made in the embrasure of the western window, the last rays of a setting sun resting tenderly on her dark, bowed head. To utter, as promised, professional and friendly remonstrances, he paused beside her chair on his way out; and, lingering there to listen to her eager assurance, so rudely contradicted by her heavy eyes, that 'she was never tired,' her sweet laugh laughed, he knew too well, solely to rejoice her father's ear, he took up an end of the embroidery over which her fingers flew with feverish rapidity, and examined it with the air of a connoisseur—it was a square of hem-stitched linen bestrewn with purple pansies. Yes, he would know it anywhere; and soon it hung, gracefully suspended, across Miss Lorimer's window.

Dr. Catherwood was driving slowly when it caught his eye, and the next moment his buggy was standing before her door.

"Sure, sir," she said, bravely, "it's the work of a young lady that Miss Emma's interested in; but it's fine and soft and beautiful as if she had done it herself."

"It is," said the Doctor, coughing; "and I want everything in the window, and everything else that—comes from her, to send home at Christmas—to my mother."

And the dear young Doctor's face, as he folded "everything" away—most of the bundles in that deep left-hand breast-pocket,—brought before Miss Lorimer a never-to-be-forgotten face, that so shone once all for her.

"The Holy Mother bless and keep them that loves together," she sobbed that night, with her cheek against "Joe's" faded daguerreotype; "and help all them that's parted to walk alone!"

(Conclusion in our next number.)

A Greeting from Afar.*

RING out, O bells, the fifty priceless years
That bind a faithful shepherd to his fold;
Each a link closer drawing him to them,
Each a fair jewel in the diadem
Crowning to-day those Heaven-recorded
years,—

Thus written: "Storm, plague, peril, cares
untold;

And, weal or woe, a heart of purest gold!"

Ring out, O bells! Nor think I hear ye not,
For waves that roll between or peaks that
rise.

No prayer than mine ought sooner reach the
skies,

If memories of kindness ne'er forgot,
Or grateful thoughts, or soul-deep wishes, be
Fit offering for a Golden Jubilee.

* Inscribed to the Most Reverend William Henry Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, on the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood, June 10, 1896.

Where We Laid Her.

AWAY in the sweet country she lived.
Her home was one of our simple
Irish homes, with thatched roof and open
door; and it stood a few paces in off the
road—don't you know? She was not
young, but elderly, the mother of chil-
dren,—all of them grown and some of
them married. She sat in that open door,
with our Irish sun gleaming in upon
her, and you loved the look of matronly
kindness that all but sanctified her face.
Whenever you passed by—whether the
sycamore tree that grew by the porch
cast its shadow with the morning light
to the west, or whether the level rays of
evening flung shafts of beaming radiance
that quivered with happiness, and seemed
to play with equal gentleness on the
highest leaf of the sycamore as on the
doorstep of the unambitious home—there
she sat, with the calm expression on her
features, and her lips moving as the Beads
slipped silently through her fingers. Oh,
it is all but an unearthly happiness to
think of the devotion of the Irish heart
to Holy Mary! If you could come with
me through our Irish homes, I would tell
you stories of devotion to Mother Mary
that would make you dream you were
treading the border-lands of heaven.

A day came and she was not at the
door. And the old sycamore stood—don't
you know the way a sycamore with its
rich foliage stands?—like a silent monk,
with his hands thrust into the ample
sleeves of his coarse brown habit, bowing
to the *Gloria Patri*. And the old sycamore
stood, casting a mournful glance on the
untenanted doorway. And the level shafts
of evening sunlight appeared, and they
wondered where was that quiet face they
loved to look upon; and the beggar
passed in and out, and the old familiar
face was not there to invite to rest; and
the wayfarer like you or me passed along

the road, and from the open door there was no friendly nod or responsive smile.

She was on her bed. O poor soul, how troubled and uneasy! The heart was no longer equal to its work,—the organ that had done its duty with as never-flagging an attention as your own good Long-fellow's clock: "Forever, never; never, forever." Ah, it was stumbling now! And the dear face was swollen, the hands were swollen, the feet shockingly so. The pillows were raised in her bed: she could get no breath. O the poor old heart! It was a good heart,—a big heart for friends, bigger for God. But the poor heart could get no breath now. From side to side she turned, gasping, hungering for breath,—hungering for that easy draught of God's good air into the lungs. Only one full draught, one unlabored draught, such as you and I are drawing this moment, quite unconsciously, though not regardlessly,—oh, no, no! God forbid!—but one easy, untroubled, freely-inhaled, freely-exhaled draught, such as we have been breathing every moment of this livelong day. They tell us how many draughts of air we take in a minute. I was never up to those scientific things. I don't know how many; perhaps twenty. But of all that number, not one for her,—not even one short minute of calm, sweet rest,—no, not even the one-twentieth of a minute. Oh, the uneasiness, the gasping, the hungering! And the gentle face, but for the involuntary twitchings, calm and saintly and reposeful as ever.

They sent for the priest. The old sycamore stood outside her window, like the silent monk meditating on the shortness of human life; and the evening rays fell in a pencil of light on the wall of her unadorned bedroom. I was there when the priest came in. A little table with ever so white a cloth stood there. In one vessel was holy water, in another common water; a candle stood ready to be lighted; a towel and napkin and some cotton. Oh,

it is a solemn moment when a priest comes in to the bedside of the dying!

Holy pens or holy tongues may tell of the adorable helps that the sacred human Heart of the merciful Saviour has vouchsafed to the soul in that hour. It may be permitted us to say that if it be true, as is the pious belief of Christians, that the particular judgment of the soul takes place in that very room, and by that very bed where the poor body hath been lying—as happened on Calvary, when the penitent thief was judged by the merciful Saviour on his bed of death,—how divinely consoling are the sacred designs of God, that in that very room and by that very bed the minister of the Lord, armed with the omnipotence of the Lord—"Whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven,"—should stand,—nay, O ye angels, should *bring*, as St. Joseph to Simeon, the very Lord Himself; the redemption not of one individual soul, but of all Israel! Yes, "plentiful" indeed, in the words of the inspired penitent, is His redemption. "For with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plentiful redemption."

But I will tell you what I saw. When all was over I heard the priest adding a last word. "It is from God we have our life," he said; "and the greatest act of sacrifice we can make is to give up that life willingly into God's hands when He calls for it." I saw her stretch out her hands; I saw the old sweet smile on her face; the shaft of light grew brighter, and the shadows of the sycamore leaves became still on the wall. She lifted her hands slowly upward; her eyes followed; and then I heard her cry: "I give up my life to God any moment He asks it."

A shadow came before the face of the sun, the gleam of sunlight vanished, and the sycamore shadows faded from the wall. The priest took the poor swollen hand to say good-bye. The dying woman raised his hand suddenly to her lips.

"May I meet that hand in heaven!" she ejaculated; and, before he could have withdrawn it, she kissed it a second and a third time. I saw him hurry out of the room as if he were pursued; his head was bent, his eyes seemed moist, and I think he spoke to no one.

"Poor little priest!" she muttered, as she lay back in strange and wonderful calmness on her pillow. Yet not strange or wonderful if we think of the beautiful Sacrament of Extreme Unction and of the Heart that instituted it. "I have pity on the multitude," quoth He. Ah! where is the multitude? Poverty has a multitude, and hunger has its multitude. But what are their multitudes to the multitude ranged under sickness and sorrow and sin and death? "I have pity on the multitude." Eighty thousand dying every day, perhaps a hundred thousand; in a week seven hundred thousand; in a year what an appalling multitude! Oh, these are the ones that claim pity! And where was pity ever, or where did it appear in its most pitiable form that the Sacred Heart was not there? The mother's hand is not wanting by the pillow of the dying; the doctor's skill is straining its utmost; and shall doctor or mother be more human than the human Heart of Jesus? "I have pity on the multitude"; and so He institutes the beautiful Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and He gives sweet oils, the emblem of holy peace; and the mind is consoled and the body gets rest. "He rebuked the winds and waves, and there came a great calm."

When the evening light faded the eyes closed, the wearied heart beat faint and fitfully, and at last grew still forever. The old smile remained on the face. They laid her out in death, dressed in the brown habit of Our Lady of Carmel, the spring roses by her side and the cross of the Saviour in her hands. And don't you know?—in the moonlight the shadows of the sycamore leaves stole in, and watched

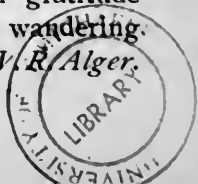
by her bed, and in the midnight breeze the old tree-top crooned and mourned.

And two days after, when the noonday sunshine was richest, they took her out by that open door. The poor sycamore stood looking on, and for one passing instant cast its shadow on that holy bier. It looked at them putting the coffin into the hearse, and saw the hearse and procession move away, and never said a word. It stood like the silent monk meditating on death and judgment. Along the white roads, through the green country, in the young bloom and promise of spring, the procession wended its way. We saw a green hill in the distance; toward that we were journeying. It was one of those places consecrated by the footsteps of Ireland's Apostle. There was a pure, sweet verdure on the steep hillside, and cattle browsed on the top. The low-lying valleys were rich in pasture and meadow—robed, even to a poet's delight, in their garb of emerald green. Here and there heavy belts of wood and forest timber gave picturesqueness to the scene; while nearer the snug farm-houses, with all the innocent and domestic happiness their surroundings typify, lent a charm of their own.

We had reached the little graveyard. It stood in rural simplicity and rural loneliness at the base of the hill. The coffin was taken in; in the old Catholic way it was borne round the little cemetery. I noticed that the sun kept looking on. It listened to the beautiful service of the dead, and it looked down on the coffin as we began to pour in the clay. I noticed it whispering to the yew-tree that stood hard by, and then both seemed to say with the departing priest: "May she rest in peace! Amen."

R. O. K.

FEW women at the present time appreciate the debt of honor and gratitude they owe to the troubadour, or wandering minstrel, of the Middle Age.—*W. R. Alger*



How Vernet Made His Easter Duty.

THOSE who have visited the galleries of Versailles are not likely soon to forget the wonderful pictures of Horace Vernet. Like many another man filled with worldly ambition, Vernet was for a time indifferent to his religious duties; but the following incident shows that his heart was really as true and as beautiful as his pictures:

In 1853, just ten years before his death, he went to revisit the battle-fields and the rich scenery of Algeria, which he has immortalized on canvas; and it was then that "a chance meeting" made him acquainted with Dom François Regis, the illustrious founder of La Trappe in Africa. Dom François had come to Algiers on an errand of business; and, pausing in the street to greet an old friend, was introduced to the distinguished painter. Vernet was most gracious, and said to the holy man: "I left Paris with the full intention of visiting you at Staouëlli, and I hope to do so." A cordial invitation was given, and the monk returned to his monastery.

A few days after this meeting Dom Regis was informed by a lay-brother that a gentleman had called and was waiting to see him. The Abbot happened to be in the fields; and, returning at once, he saw bounding toward him a fine greyhound, closely followed by a huntsman in full attire.

"Do you recognize me, Father?" he asked, bowing respectfully.—"I do, sir," replied the Abbot; "and I am glad you have not forgotten the promise you were good enough to make the other day." And immediately he conducted him through the abbey and its surroundings. Vernet admired all that he witnessed—the pious atmosphere of the place, the perfect cleanliness, order and simplicity of the cells, refectory, and chapter-room.

Dom Regis and his new acquaintance

grew more intimate as they continued their walk through the grounds. Soon the painter slipped his arm into that of the monk, and gradually, the conversation taking a confidential turn, he unfolded the secrets of his inmost soul and uncovered all that troubled his conscience. Father Regis was struck with admiration at the frankness of his new friend, and lost no time in turning it to his spiritual good. Pausing abruptly, as if struck by a sudden thought, he said: "We are on the eve of Palm-Sunday. You have done two-thirds of what Christians are accustomed to do at this time of the year; you have now only to fall upon your knees and say: '*Benedic mihi, Pater.*'"

The unexpectedness of the issue did not displease Vernet, whose straightforward disposition would not perhaps have appreciated the more cautious approach of a timorous director. "Very well, Father," he replied simply; "I am quite willing."—"Let us not go so fast," said the good Father, in his amiable way. "I will now leave you to the action of grace, and return to my work."

During a whole week Horace Vernet was so absorbed in religious exercises that he quite forgot his friends at Algiers, who wondered at his prolonged absence. The whole colony was anxious about the brilliant talker whom Algerian society loved to honor and enjoy. When the news came that he was at La Trappe, living the life of a monk, it was greeted with incredulity first, and then with astonishment; but the artist, utterly unconscious of the sensation he was creating, was making a serious retreat in preparation for his Easter duty, and edifying the members of the community by his sincere and simple piety.

On Holy Saturday, his heart overflowing with happiness, Vernet said to Dom Regis: "Father, I wish to consecrate to God all the decorations that I have ever received, and thus sanctify, as far as may be, this poor

human glory." Dispatching a messenger to Algiers, he received the case containing the medals and decorations by which the sovereigns of Europe had honored him. With the simplicity of a child he arranged them on his breast on Easter morning, as a homage to the God of the Eucharist; and when he rose to approach the Holy Table tears stood in his eyes. The same day he was allowed, at his own request, to sit at the common table, beside the Abbot, and share in the meagre repast of the community. On taking leave of Dom Regis and the hospitable monastery, where his heart had recovered its peace, he said feelingly: "This has been the happiest day of my life."

A Duty of Catholics.

RELIGION is unquestionably the strongest and the most vital of all the powers operating in our world; and it may be questioned whether, since the foundation of Christianity, religious activity was ever greater than it is at present. It is manifested in a thousand ways, and opportunities for its exercise are continually increasing. The cries, What is truth? and, Where is truth to be found? are heard everywhere outside the pale of the Church. Thousands are groping after a firm and sure creed,—searching everywhere but in the right place for the lost groat of faith. Now, as everybody in these days reads and wants to read, it is easy to see how much may be effected by disseminating printed matter calculated to dissipate the prejudices or dispel the ignorance of Protestants in regard to the doctrines of the one true Church. Whatever can be done by zeal and charity, enlightened and guided by discretion, should be done by every Catholic individual in the great cause of the conversion of souls. We are in duty bound to pray for, edify,

and instruct our non-Catholic brethren.

For the discharge of the important duty of instruction a certain equipment of knowledge is an absolute necessity. Every Catholic should feel obliged to know the Catechism thoroughly, and be able to defend the teaching of the Church. Points of history and the like are best explained by means of books, which are now abundant; and there are few families so poor as not to be able to own a little collection of works especially suitable for Protestant friends and neighbors. The publications of the English Catholic Truth Society are a library in themselves, and they are as cheap as could be desired. Who can say that he never has opportunities to put into the hands of inquiring non-Catholics a book or leaflet that will convey more than can be said by word of mouth? Converts to Catholicity have often been heard to remark that, until they openly expressed a wish to join the Church, everything Catholic seemed hidden from their eyes.

The obligation of being ready and willing to instruct others is one which, it is to be feared, many of the faithful do not realize. There is a vast difference between preserving the faith and professing it openly. No Catholic ought to feel complimented to hear even an acquaintance say, "Oh, I didn't suspect you were a Roman Catholic!" Only fervent Catholics ever set Protestants thinking, and it is remarkable that those who are prepared to explain their faith and eager to do so meet with earnest inquirers wherever they go. A consideration of the amount of prejudice that may be dissipated by chance conversations ought to quicken the zeal of everyone. Innumerable conversions have resulted from casual meetings with Catholics who live up to and love their religion.

In a recent pastoral the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newport and Menevia observed: "The friend who knows how to explain to a

friend some point of Catholic doctrine; the servant who can give a clear answer to an employer; the young man or young woman who shows careful teaching in the Catechism,—it can not be estimated how much good such Catholics as these can effect." An illustration of this is afforded by the circumstances of the conversion of Mr. Milne, a son of the Rev. Dr. Milne, of Edinburgh. Inflamed with a desire to convert his father's gardener from the error of his ways, the young man undertook the task with great zeal. But he had reckoned without his host. Patrick Murphy was proud of his faith, and knew the Catechism "like a book." Instead of converting him, Mr. Milne's own mind was disturbed, and he began to doubt seriously the tenableness of his position as an Anglican. His reverend father, to whom he exposed his doubts, not being able to clear them up, recommended him to the Bishop of Edinburgh. But the difficulties raised by the interview with "Pat Murphy" were to be settled in quite another way.

His Lordship held forth in his library for two hours on the points submitted to him, with all the eloquence and logic at his command. Mr. Milne had just finished his university course in Cambridge, and had a sound knowledge of logical processes, and accordingly he yielded to the force of logic there and then. "Are your doubts removed?" queried the bishop; to which young Milne answered: "Yes, my Lord: I have no longer a doubt that the Church of Rome is the Church of Christ." True to his convictions, he became a Catholic; and two of his friends were converted by means of the books which he had studied while preparing for his reception into the Church.

Good books are abundant, but there is a dearth of Patrick Murphys everywhere; and the example of such as he is needed to render good books effective for the conversion of souls. This is the apostolate of the laity.

Notes and Remarks.

The appalling calamity in St. Louis, which in a few minutes destroyed hundreds of lives and scores of fortunes, will not soon be forgotten; but it were well if the lesson of the disaster would survive with its remembrance. No one who really believes in judgment and moral accountability can regard the mere loss of life or money, the physical pain or the mental anguish, as the most awful feature of the disaster. Hundreds of souls, many of them without even a moment's warning, were swept into eternity—that is the terrifying thought. In Catholic times and climes such a calamity as this would have been followed by a general revival of faith and religious fervor. God came to those hundreds in St. Louis as He had threatened of old—"in the whirlwind and the storm"; let us hope that He found them not unprepared. The duty of the hour is to pray for their souls; the lesson is to keep ourselves in the peace of a good conscience, and to be ever ready for the most important act of our life—the leaving of it.

The conviction that religious prejudice, as well as commercial interests, has much to do with the "Free Cuba" enthusiasm must be forced upon those who read the newspapers attentively. If Spain were not a Catholic country, sentiment would at least be divided. At the very beginning of the war the sympathy of the great majority of Americans went out to Cuba, and as a result we hear only of victories by the Cubans and atrocities on the part of the Spanish troops. Every newspaper office in the United States has been turned, for the time being, into a recruiting office for Cuba; and all sorts of evil reports have been circulated to prejudice Americans against the cause of Spain. Now, we have no great predilection for monarchies, but we have still less for "republics" such as Hayti; and there is no assurance that the gang of adventurers who seek to overthrow the Spanish power in Cuba could replace it by anything better than despotism. Most of the Cuban patriots are of the Garibaldi kind.

The people have nothing to hope for from them, but much to fear.

We have carefully examined the documents lately issued by the Spanish Legation in Washington, and are firmly persuaded of two points: first, that Cuba has no valid and irremediable grievance against the mother country; and second, that if Spain were not a Catholic country misrepresentation of her government would not be so general, and there would be less enthusiasm for Cuba in both pulpit and press.

A unique sight was witnessed at Antwerp a few weeks ago, when the whole city turned out to honor Miss Constance Teichmann. The daughter of the governor of the province, she had entry into the highest society, where her birth and attainments would have won her a brilliant place; but she chose a life of devotion to the poor and suffering. For fifty years she has nursed the sick in hospitals daily, seeking out misery to relieve, and taking a leading part in every charitable work. Her rich patrimony was expended upon the poor and upon deserving artists. One whom she had befriended, the celebrated Flemish composer, Edgar Tinel, dedicated to her his masterpiece, "St. Francis,"—an oratorio in honor of a Saint who also chose a life of poverty and charity for his portion. The reward of Constance Teichmann is laid up in heaven, but the joy of Antwerp was beautiful in itself—the processions, music and banners in honor of the jubilee of this angel of mercy.

It is only some horrible object-lesson that can draw the attention of many people away from business and pleasure and fix it on things religious. We all remember how the wrecking of a crowded train by three large boys at Rome, N. Y., set our judges and newspapers talking about the need of "moral training." They have been having a similar experience in Canada. The Grand Jury of Hamilton, Ont., having commented strongly on the increase of juvenile crime, Justice Street addressed them in this plain language:

I have been looking into the history of the young men convicted of some of these serious crimes at

the present assizes; and I find that it is not imported criminals at all, as a rule,—that, in fact, with one exception, they were all young fellows who had been brought up in the city of Hamilton, and who had been educated at the public schools; so that, if these are a fair specimen of the criminals who were causing the outburst of crime in Hamilton, the remedy you suggest, of prohibiting the importation of people from other countries, is not going to help it. It is necessary to look nearer home, and consider whether the system under which these children are brought up is the system that is most likely to make good citizens of them. I am very much afraid I have a strong conviction myself that it is not. These young fellows went to the public schools, where they are never taught, as far as I understand, any principles of morality at all. They are simply taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and a smattering of other things; but they are not taught the difference between right and wrong. My impression of the way in which a great many children are brought up in the schools of this country is that they grow up without any idea that a thing is right or wrong; and if they are found out in the commission of an offence, they are very sorry they did it.

Our beloved Republic, far more than the monarchies of Europe, must depend for its perpetuation upon our schools; it is important, therefore, that those schools should cultivate what will most intimately affect the future of the country—the moral nature of its citizens.

It was a poet who first said that conscience doth make cowards of us all, and "men of physick" have often asserted that imagination doth make many people sick. But an able Catholic physician, in an essay published a few weeks ago, emphasizes a point which is well known to medical men, and which ought to be familiar to the layman as well. "There is a great deal of truth," he says, "in the claim that the reading of medical literature, with symptoms of disease and details of symptoms, is a common promoter of disease. During my career as a medical student I noticed that some of my classmates complained of symptoms of nearly all the diseases as they were lectured upon by our professors, and that they were continually dosing themselves with the drugs mentioned as appropriate. Quacks and proprietors of patent nostrums appreciate this peculiar susceptibility; and, by artful advertisements, play upon it, to the enrichment of themselves, at the expense of the public. Exactly how

this happens we do not know; but we know that it is a fact, and that it is due to the influence of the mind acting on the body through the nerves and blood-vessels." A humorous philosopher assures us that he went into the British Museum one day a well man; and, after reading a medical book, walked out of the library "a perambulating hospital," the only malady he was free from being "housemaid's knee." But there are those who *will* patronize quacks and the unscrupulous papers that thrive upon their advertisements.

An observant and trustworthy English contemporary declares that "visitors to Italy within recent years, whether friends or foes of the Church, can not have failed to notice a remarkable reawakening among Catholics. It is evident beyond all question that the Church has a hold on the people, and is, from year to year, strengthening that hold by social activity." The chief reasons assigned for this renaissance of Catholic zeal in the capital of Christendom are the influence of the Catholic press and the impulse given by congresses of the laity. These congresses are especially valuable as stimulants to vigorous social action. They are held at short intervals in all parts of Italy, and give promise of filling "a long-felt want" by promoting unanimity of sentiment and solidarity of organization among Italian Catholics. When the Holy Father sees fit to remove the *non expedit* from Catholic voters, there will be trouble for officials and governments who persecute the Church.

The Prefect Apostolic of the Transvaal, writing to *The Missionary Record*, furnishes some fresh information as to the status of the Church in the Boer Republic, which is now engaging public attention. Forty years ago priests were forbidden to say Mass or perform any religious function; now, however, churches, schools, convents and charitable institutions may be built without governmental interference. None but Protestants can be members of the Volksraad, or employed in any public service—not even as government clerks, policemen or school-teachers. Only in some districts is there acute

hatred of the Church, but dormant bigotry is widespread. This condition of public feeling is a vestige of old Dutch penal laws, which the first Boer settlers brought to South Africa three centuries ago. The ridiculous disabilities imposed upon Catholics have already been removed in Cape Colony and the Orange Free State; we wonder how long they will continue to disfigure the statute books of the Transvaal. President Kruger's policy of checkmating England has won for him the admiration of the world and a first rank among statesmen. But there are some things still to be done before Oom Paul can be mentioned in the same breath with the founders of our own Republic.

The Buddhist fad, which caused a ripple of excitement in both Europe and America a few years ago, is happily obsolescent; but perhaps there survives enough interest in the subject to warrant our quoting the latest word advanced by Western scholarship. In a luminous study of the contrasts between Buddhism and Christianity, Monsig. d'Harlez, of the University of Louvain, says:

The general impression is that Buddhism is an unique religion of uniform principles, presenting but trifling differences in its different schools. Nothing could be further from the truth. Buddhism, considered as a whole, is a Pandemonium, where all kinds of beliefs, however opposed they may be among themselves, are grouped together—a veritable chameleon of ever-changing hues. The name Buddhism is like a tent which covers all possible kinds of merchandise. The divergent, contradictory sects all hold that they owe their existence and their *credo* to Buddha; but this is the only belief they have in common. To give an adequate idea, in a few words, of the oppositions between them, we shall content ourselves with saying that the sects of Buddhism range from fatalistic Atheism to Pantheism and the most developed Polytheism, and from the most rigid practices of asceticism to the simple prescription of constantly repeating the name of Amitâbha with faith.

Buddhism is a religion for suicides and misanthropes. The end it holds out to its devotees is simply annihilation—exemption from the horrors of rebirth. It could not be more diametrically opposed than it is to the doctrine of the Holy Teacher who said: "I am come that you may have life, and have it more abundantly."



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

To the Little Ones.

E'EN stronger than a father's love,
That love so deep and true,
The Sacred Heart in heaven feels,
Dear little ones, for you.

More tender than a mother's love,
The sweetest earth e'er knew,
The Sacred Heart in heaven feels,
Dear little ones, for you.

Then strong and tender be the love,
Which shines through all you do,
For that dear Heart which suffered so,
Dear little ones, for you.

The Little Messengers.

A STORY OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

I.

PATTY and Annie were two little girls of five and seven, who lived in the suburbs of a large city,—so near that they could hear its busy hum from morning till night; and yet so far that they might as well have been, for all their acquaintance with it, a hundred miles away. I say so far, because the house in which they lived was built on what the extension of the city had left of a high hill, once covered with beautiful forest-trees, which had in earlier days been a favorite resort of city folks when

they wished to take a day's outing. These woods had once belonged to the grandfather of the little girls; but, as the city kept creeping up and up, he had sold the greater part of the ground, reserving only that portion surrounding his residence—an old-fashioned, square house, with a hall in the middle, and large, airy rooms on either side.

This property consisted of about five acres, two of which—nearest the house—were laid out in flower and vegetable gardens; with a beautiful soft green lawn on the table-land behind the house, and numbers of great trees still growing luxuriantly on three sides of the boundaries of the land yet remaining in the family. But the making of a broad avenue, and the cutting necessary to accomplish this, had left that part of the property facing the street many feet above the sidewalk. A stone wall had been built, over which ivy grew in profusion; and instead of having constructed a long flight of straight, steep steps, Mr. Wilson, their grandfather, had had them arranged in several series, so that one went up easily by a sort of winding pathway.

The family, being accustomed to the ascent, found it easy enough; but not so strangers, who invariably complained of the steps; wondering, too, how they ever managed it in winter when the ground was frozen and slippery, especially after a fall of snow and sleet. Another subject of constant wonderment among visitors was that the children, who were all small, did not tumble, head-foremost, down the steep, grassy incline which

sloped from the plateau to the street. But they never did; and if they had, no doubt the Providence, which guarded them so well from other evils, would also have preserved them from hurt. The principal charm of this delightful residence was that, being cut off, as it were, from the world below, they knew little of it and cared less,—finding all the pleasure and amusement they could desire in the large, beautiful garden and fringe of shady woods that bounded it.

As I said before, Patty and Annie were aged respectively five and seven, yet they had never been farther alone than the foot of the long steps. On Sundays they went to church with their father and mother, and occasionally for a walk with them in the evening. Sometimes they accompanied their nurse to the notion-shop on the Avenue, but this was about the extent of their acquaintance with Broad Avenue thoroughfare.

The day on which my story opens was Patty's birthday. She was just seven, and her father had given her an exquisite little ring set with garnets, which had delighted her more than any present she had ever received. For Patty had a pretty, symmetrical little hand, and the ring looked well upon it. And that Patty was aware of this became evident at once; so much so that her perhaps over-scrupulous father had some misgivings as to whether he had not laid the foundation stone of vanity in her mind and heart by this welcome and beautiful gift. But Patty's mother did not share in these fears. She knew it was but natural that the child should be a little taken out of herself by the lovely ring; and knew also that, after the first fever of admiration and the first joy of possession should subside, the ring would become as much a matter of course as her other belongings,—quite an everyday affair, the same as the pretty frocks and aprons the children loved to put on when they were fresh and new.

This morning their mother sat on the porch, sewing. The children had said their lessons, and were playing on the lawn near her. Presently they heard her call, "Patty! Annie!" and ran to her side.

"Children," she said, "I wonder whether you could not go to the store for me and get a spool of thread? Maggie is busy helping Sallie with the ironing, and I need the thread very much. I think I might let you go, if you are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" they both exclaimed with one breath. "Why should we be afraid?"

"O mamma, do let us go!" said Patty, dancing up and down in the exuberance of hope and joy at the contemplated privilege. "It is only two blocks away, and we've been there hundreds of times with Maggie. Do let us go!"

"Well," replied their mother, smiling at the enthusiasm of the children, "I think I shall. Get your best white sunbonnets; and take each other's hand, so that you will be more safe, and not likely to be separated as you go along the Avenue. You are such little things that you might get lost in the crowd."

The children ran off, and soon returned with their pretty white sunbonnets on top of their soft brown curls; and the mother looked after them wistfully as they went down the steps together, hand in hand,—Annie with the other hand in her apron pocket, tightly holding the nickel which was to pay for the thread. She had begged to carry it, and Patty had been willing; partly, I suspect because it left the hand free on which shone the bright new golden circlet with its rich, dark stones. And I do not think one would be far wrong who should think that she held that little hand somewhat conspicuously in the public eye, as she trotted along with her sister to do her mother's errand.

Fifteen minutes passed—twenty-five—the clock struck the half-hour—but the little ones did not appear. More than once the mother went to the front of the

house, from which, through a bend in the Avenue, she could see a long distance; but there were no little white sunbonnets in view. At length, becoming very uneasy, she called Maggie from the laundry and dispatched her in search of the children. Another anxious quarter of an hour, and she could see them coming slowly along, Maggie between them; but it was not until they reached the top of the steps that she saw they had both been crying.

"Children," she began in alarm, "what has happened?"

For answer they began to cry again; and Patty, throwing herself into her mother's arms, sobbed forth:

"O mamma, mamma, my lovely ring is lost, my ring is gone, my ring is stolen! O my ring, my ring, my ring!"

"I found them at the corner, ma'am," explained Maggie, "crying, with a crowd around them, and a policeman just getting ready to fetch them home. I think it's a shame if two sweet, innocent little children like them can't go to the store in broad daylight, and the streets full of people, without being robbed. Stop crying, Patty dear, and tell your mamma how it happened."

But it took some time to soothe and compose the children sufficiently to enable them to tell their story. As nearly as I can remember—and I have not forgotten it even after all these years,—this is how they related it:

"Mamma," began Patty, seated on her mother's knee, close to her breast, as befitted the bereaved one; while Annie sat on the step of the porch, just at her feet,—“mamma, it was this way. When we got to the foot of the steps, a girl was sitting there. She was ragged, but she was big—I think maybe ten,—and I knew my clothes would not fit her. She had a basket, and it was dirty, and there was a dirty rag in it. Her face was dirty too—”

"She had a brown face," remarked Annie. "I think she was a mulatto girl."

"Yes, I think she was," said Patty.

"I thought she had ugly eyes," said Annie. "They were black, and they snapped like this"—suiting the action to the word. "She looked at Patty's ring."

Patty resumed: "We stood there and looked at her for a minute, and then I whispered to Annie: 'Don't let's stare at her: she might feel bad.' I knew our clothes wouldn't fit her, mamma; so we couldn't give her any—"

"And she said," interrupted Annie,—“Patty said: 'Let's ask her if she doesn't want to go up and get something to eat from Julia.'”

"Then I did," continued Patty; "but she said: 'Where you uns goin'?'—that's what she said. And then we told her we were going to the store for some thread, and she said: 'I guess I'll go along, 'cause you're so little I kin take care of you.'"

"I thought that was real kind of her; but yet she looked so funny, and I didn't like to say no."

"But I said no, mamma," put in Annie. "I said: 'You needn't come with us. We know the way ourselves, and we are in a hurry. Come, Patty!'"

"Then she picked up her dirty basket," said Patty, "and came fast as she could. When we got a little ways up the Avenue she said: 'How much money have you got?' I said: 'A nickel.' 'Let me carry it. Some one may take it from you,' she said."

"And then I said," interposed Annie: "‘They can't,—it's tight in my apron pocket, and I'm holding it with my hand.' But she begged and begged, but I wouldn't even let her touch it."

"Then," added Patty, "she began to say: 'What a pooty ring! Ain't that a new ring?' And I told her papa gave it to me for my birthday this morning. Then she said: 'Take it off and let me fit it on my finger,—it's as thin as yours, and thinner. Let's see if it ain't.' But I wouldn't, and then she didn't ask me any more. So she just walked on, kind of

a little behind us, till we came to the hallway that goes into Lincoln Flats, and she opened her eyes so big and said: 'Come in here a minute. I want to leave my basket.' But we wouldn't go."

Here Patty burst into tears once more, and Annie joined her. But their mother succeeded in learning that the girl had actually dragged them into the hallway; and, after snatching the ring from Patty's finger and the nickel from Annie's pocket, had run away and left them terrified and sobbing. It was thus that Maggie found them. They had just been accosted by a policeman, who was about to fetch them home when she met them.

"He said he would keep a sharp lookout for the girl, ma'am," said Maggie; "for she was nothing but a common thief, and ought to be put in the House of Refuge. But he said she was a sharp one, and wouldn't come around that corner for a spell. He didn't remember ever to have seen one that looked like the children described her. Poor little lambs! they'll never forget this fright."

When papa came home the sad story was again related, to his great sympathy and indignation. He saw the friendly policeman, who promised to report to him if the thief was found; and the promise of a new ring—which, Patty stipulated, should be "exactly like the other"—did much to alleviate the sorrow of the bereaved child. But the effects of the nervous terror and shock remained, and it was a long time before those two little ones again dared to venture forth upon the streets alone. Their first experience had been too bitter to be soon forgotten.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

LIVE while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the Christian preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure, while I live to Thee.

—*Family Arms of Philip Doddridge.*

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XI.

"My foot does not hurt so much now," said Elizabeth after a few minutes. But, alas! it could not be forced into the shoe again; for the sprained ankle had become sadly swollen. What was to be done?

"Suppose that Leo and I make a chair by joining hands and carry you to the house?" suggested Polly.

"No, no!" was the impatient answer. "I shall be able to walk soon. I *must* walk; for I do not want mother to know anything about it. What would she say?"

"Why, 'Lizabeth, mother never told us not to jump down from the hay mow!" argued Leo.

"No, because she never thought of our doing it. But Polly and I are not allowed to play in the barn, anyhow. And, then, Hannah did not want us to go for eggs,—I just insisted. Oh, dear, my foot does ache so still!"

"Sliding down the mow was a crazy thing, and I made you do it!" bewailed Polly, dismayed at the outcome of what she had until now hardly regarded as an act of disobedience, having the egg hunt for an excuse.

"No one could have made me do it if I did not wish to," gasped Elizabeth. "But since I have suffered the consequence, I shall have to do the best I can. Only promise me you will say nothing about this scrape. There will be the circus to-morrow, you know—oh, how unlucky I am! Leo, get some more water, please."

Leo soon returned with the cool water from the pump; and, after bathing the injured ankle a while longer, Elizabeth drew on the stocking once more, and at last succeeded, not without some sharp twinges of pain, in crowding her foot into the shoe. Then, grasping Polly's hand for

support, she stood up; but tottered, and with difficulty refrained from crying out. As she became accustomed to the upright position, however, it seemed to grow more endurable; and she managed to take a few steps, saying:

"Come along. If I can get to the house and up to my room I shall be all right. Just tell mother I have a headache,—it is true: I *have* an awful one. I do not want any supper. I won't come downstairs again to-night; and by to-morrow my foot will be well, I guess. So don't tell, will you?"

"Not if you do not want me to," said Polly, doubtfully.

"I bet you will tell the whole story yourself," averred Leo.

Elizabeth set her teeth and determined she never would. Assisted by Leo and Polly, she reached the lower barn; but here sank to the floor again.

"Do let us carry you!" urged Polly.

"Or I will get Sport's little cart and draw you home in it," offered Leo.

"Somebody would see us, and stop to ask a hundred questions," demurred his sister. "No: I said I would walk, and I *will* walk."

Upheld by her resolve—which, however, would have profited her little without the support of Polly and Leo,—she actually *did* persevere in hobbling to the house. Unfortunately, just as they approached the front door, hoping to slip in quietly, all three of the ladies of the family appeared,—Mrs. Colton and Miss Janet bound for the garden; and Mrs. Campbell, sewing in hand, about to establish herself in her favorite corner of the veranda.

Poor Elizabeth! In vain she quickly released her tight grasp of Leo's arm, and, pausing with her hand resting on Polly's shoulder, tried to assume a natural attitude and appear unconcerned. But, however anxious to conceal a fault, she was too honest ever to acquire much success in doing so, and had small skill in acting

a part. Now, moreover, her white face, and the peculiar expression which usually lingers after the shock of an injury, at once betrayed her.

"Why, what is the matter, child?" exclaimed Mrs. Colton, in alarm.

"Oh, nothing, mother!" stammered the little girl, weakly.

"Nonsense! what *is* it?" demanded Mrs. Campbell, glancing sternly at Polly and Leo.

The former flushed nervously; the latter shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating "Please-don't-ask-me" air.

"Tell me what has happened?" said Mrs. Colton, putting her arm around her little daughter.

"Her shoe is open,—she has hurt her foot," ventured Aunt Janet.

Elizabeth saw it was useless to withstand their inquiries any longer. She sat down on the doorstep, and her tears began to flow again as she finally faltered out the sad tale, yet without accusing any one but herself.

"It was all my fault: I proposed jumping off the mow," avowed Polly.

"O Polly, Polly! what shall I do with you?" sighed Mrs. Campbell, shaking her head, gravely.

"Polly is no more to blame than we are," asserted Leo, bluntly.

"No, she is not!" sobbed Elizabeth.

"You have all done very *very* wrong," said their grandmother, with unwonted severity; occasioned in part, no doubt, by concern at her granddaughter's plight. "Elizabeth, I fear, will be laid up for some time; and as for you other young people, after having behaved in this way, you can hardly expect to be taken to the circus."

Leo dashed upstairs, looking like a thunder-cloud; while Polly, in a tumult of emotion, also fled away, leaving their unfortunate companion to the care of their elders.

Hannah had meanwhile appeared, and

was demonstrative in her sympathy. Taking up the little girl in her strong arms, she carried her to her room, where the swollen ankle was more skilfully bathed and bandaged.

"If we had a stiff plaster to put around it, I believe it would be nearly well by to-morrow," said Aunt Janet, who felt for the children in their disappointment, and was already disposed to plead their cause.

"Patrick is going to X after supper," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Tell him to get the plaster."

All the evening the restless patient, with her sprained foot propped up on a chair, awaited his return with feverish eagerness. Unhappily, when he arrived he confessed with chagrin that he had forgotten Miss Janet's commission.

"It was too cruel of him!" complained Elizabeth, bitterly; for on this remedy she had founded the forlorn hope of being able, possibly, to get to the circus, after all. As, mortified and confused, Patrick stood at the door of the south parlor twirling his cap in his hand, she gave him a tearful glance and turned her face away.

"Indeed, an' you shall have it yet!" he blurted out, in great distress. "The horses are stabled for the night, but I'll trudge back every rod of the way to X, and come home on the midnight express, to bring it to you. Sure, what trouble is the journey! And even if 'twere, don't I deserve a punishment for being so hard-hearted as to disremember what I was to bring for you? I can't understand how I came to do so at all, except 'twas because I had many things to see to. But don't be uneasy,—I'm off!"

"No, no!" cried the little girl, her irritation disarmed by this proof of his contrition. "No; for even if you brought the plaster,"—a queer lump in her throat caused her to hesitate,—"I may as well acknowledge—it would not make my foot all right by to-morrow."

But Patrick was still bent upon going; and it was only after Mrs. Colton had assured him the plaster would be really of no more avail than the pasteboard splints and liniments grandma had already brought into requisition, that he was persuaded to give up the long tramp he would so willingly have imposed upon himself by way of atonement.

The next day, in fact, Elizabeth was "unable to put her foot to the floor," as Hannah expressed it; but she begged earnestly that Polly and Leo might not be deprived of the gala time on account of their foolish escapade. Grandmother Campbell finally, and not unwillingly, consented to allow them to go,—“so as not to spoil Mr. Campbell's plans,” she said, as a pretext for yielding.

Bernard received the news of this concession with as much pleasure as the culprits themselves; and, in his delight, stood on his head against the kitchen wall, to Hannah's apprehension.

"The *omadhaun* will give himself brain fever with his carryings on," she said; while the object of her disquietude continued his congratulations to Leo.

"You see, I was so glum at the idea of your not going," he admitted. "It would not have been much satisfaction to ride over to X on the train and take in the show all by myself. There would have been no one to laugh with, you know; and every time the clown got off a good joke, or the Kijinsky Brothers made a flying leap, I should have felt very sorry, thinking of you poor creatures, who were missing it all."

Elizabeth saw the pleasure-seekers drive away without her. Polly, however, had guaranteed to pay close attention to every detail, so as to recount to her later all that happened; and Hannah stopped "in the midst of a mountain of work" to make some chocolate caramels for her, by way of consolation.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. i. 48

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Roses and Thorns.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

"THE world is a garden; let's gather its roses,"

Sing the crowd in the freshness of life's dewy morn:

They pluck the rich blooms, but each culling discloses

That the fairest of blossoms still covers a thorn.

"The cloister's a thorn-brake; ah, Lord, all the nigher

To Thee!" say the few in whose hearts true love glows:

They enter; and, lo, from each rough, prickly brier

There blooms out in beauty a fair, fragrant rose!

A Valiant Catholic.

II.



N the year 1836 Mr. Bellasis purchased a volume of "Tracts for the Times," and began to read it with the deepest interest. At first it gave him no leaning toward the Catholic Church, only that of consistent action, and also of submission to church authority. In 1840 he made the acquaintance of Dr. Newman, and followed his career through all its vicissitudes of

doubt, uncertainty, and final separation from the Church of England. He happened to be present at Littlemore when Newman preached his farewell sermon. He thus writes of it to his wife:

"But the sermon I shall never forget. The faltering voice, the long pauses, the perceptible and hardly successful efforts at restraining himself, together with the deep interest of the subject, were almost overpowering. Newman's voice was low, but distinct and clear; his subject was a half-veiled complaint and remonstrance at the treatment which drove him away.... If anything ever carries *me* toward Rome it will be want of sympathy from our own brethren in the English Church."

This was in 1843, and in 1848 he was still longing for truth—still seeking that which he could not find in the church to which Newman had cried in the desolation of his spirit: "O my mother, my mother! how is it that those who would have died for thee fall neglected from thy bosom?" The following memorandum expresses his state of mind at this period:

"When Our Lord ascended into heaven He left behind Him His Church to point out to man the way to holiness and to help him on his path. To save man from the futile attempt of groping his own way, the Church is to teach him God's holy truths, to instruct him in holy practices, to encourage him; and, if necessary, to restrain him. If a man flags, it is the

Church which is to urge him on; if he strays, it is the same Church which is to bring him back; if he doubts, she is to certify him. Now, all this naturally implies that the Church itself is to assume a position of superiority, so as to direct and rule.

"But the Church of England does not direct and rule, neither does she assume an attitude of authority. She is, for the most part, silent; and when she breaks her silence it is with uncertain and hesitating sounds. Instead of forming or moulding individuals or the State, she submits herself to be formed and moulded—now by the secular power, now by individuals for themselves. All find fault with her; all talk of her as defective; all assume a patronizing air; and instead of submitting to be mended by the Church, everyone is for mending it, and takes credit for countenancing and supporting it. And the Church is willingly acquiescent and subservient, and is content to be an humble dependent. As an ecclesiastical police, she is useful; as a Christian Church, she has ceased to perform her duty. There is neither counsel for the doubtful, support for the weak, medicine for the sick, rest for the weary, nor restraint for the unruly."

In 1850 he had travelled so far on the road to Catholicism that he hesitated about the baptism of his son; when he finally decided to have him baptized in the Anglican Church it was with the following declaration, dated the Feast of the Purification:

"I, Edward Bellasis, Sergeant-at-Law, being about to present my son for baptism at the district church of Christchurch, Marylebone, by the name of Richard Garnett, hereby declare that I present him for such baptism not as an admission into the Anglican Church exclusively, but into the Catholic Church, which alone I deem to be the Church of his baptism."

At the end of November, in the same year, he and his wife went on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hope-Scott, at Abbotsford.

Mr. Hope-Scott was then in the same condition of mind as Mr. Bellasis. The Hon. Gilbert Talbot (now Mgr. Talbot) was also a visitor, and they conversed much on religious subjects. Returning to London, he had several serious conversations with Cardinal (then Mr.) Manning; and finally called on Cardinal Wiseman, who gave him a letter to the Rev. James Brownbill, S. J. Mr. Bellasis was received by this good priest into the Church on the 27th of December, 1850, and confirmed the next day by the Cardinal in his private chapel. Though not yet fully convinced, his wife sympathized with him, and this was at once a source of joy and sorrow to both. Mrs. Bellasis writes of that time:

"My sufferings were too great to dwell upon. I was torn hither and thither by my love for my husband and my dear old father,... who had in the autumn told me that he would rather follow any child of his to the grave than that he should embrace Popery. Against the unanswerable arguments of the Sergeant stood my prejudices, fostered from my birth in the depths of a rigid Protestantism, and backed by a strong feeling that anything that might be good in me was the fruit of the system in which I had been brought up. Added to this were ridiculous notions that if I ever did join my husband I should be obliged to give up my Bible, get remarried, and regard so many that I loved as everything that was bad in the category of heretics."

At first the Sergeant did not put his children under instruction; but as they soon expressed an earnest wish to follow their father, he introduced the elder ones to Father Brownbill, and they were all received into the Church on Maundy-Thursday of 1851. In the meantime Mrs. Bellasis was still without the pale, desiring to take the decisive step, yet fearing to do so; and, moreover, being withheld by feelings of affection and ties of association which she dreaded to sever.

On Palm-Sunday Mr. Bellasis attended the Confirmation of Mr. Manning and Mr. Hope-Scott in Cardinal Wiseman's private chapel, standing godfather to the latter of the two recent converts. Mrs. Bellasis' account of the final step in her conversion is very interesting. She writes, speaking of Palm-Sunday:

"I went out for a walk—I cared not whither,—and I walked on and across the river; my Good Angel, I think, guiding me to the door of St. George's Catholic Cathedral, Southwark. Any way, I found myself there; and I sat down inside the building, feeling, if not quite dead to every religious impression, decidedly sulky and stupid. A little bit of palm was given me, or I took it, and I put it into my muff. The service over, I walked all the way home again,—it must have been three miles at least. The rest were at luncheon. The little children quickly detected the smell of incense and the bits of palm about me; and, with faces all smiling and curious, came a chorus: 'O mamma! where have you been?' I could not resist their winsome ways, and had a good cry; and from that day my mind was in an altered attitude."

The next morning, true to the resolve made the previous day, she went out alone, called upon Mr. Manning, and was sent by him to Father Brownbill, who fixed the following day for her baptism. Referring to this, she relates an experience not unusual to converts, which seems a sensible and palpable infusion of grace, wonderful in its effect upon the mind and soul. She writes:

"The waters of baptism seemed to clear away, in a very strange manner, any doubts that might linger. I rose calm and collected, feeling I possessed a something I had never possessed before. Many, I believe, have felt the same on receiving conditional baptism; for indeed baptism, as it used to be too often performed in the Protestant churches—with a tip of

the finger barely moistened, and no water running,—could be no baptism at all."

Contrary to their fears and expectation, the Sergeant and his family lost neither clients nor any friends worth retaining by their entrance into the Catholic Church. Before pronouncing his adhesion to it, in the latter part of 1850, he wrote the well-known letter entitled: "The Archbishop of Westminster. A remonstrance with the clergy of Westminster from a Westminster magistrate, called forth on the occasion of their address to the Bishop of London embodying their views on 'Papal Aggression.'" The second letter was written in 1851, and was at once a fearless arraignment of the real aggressors and an able defence of Catholic rights. He was at all times ready to defend his religion, and especially well equipped for the work. Safe in the ark of God's Church, he had not arrived there without having been buffeted by many a storm, hindered by many a rock of error,—all of which now happily lay behind him.

On a certain occasion the Church was violently assailed in his presence by some of his fellow-magistrates; whereupon he arose and said that he did not believe it to be the desire of the justices to make that court the arena for theological discussion; and, at all events, he would be no party to it.... He might, however, take leave to remind the court that the religion so maligned was the religion of their forefathers for a thousand years; that it was the religion of two hundred millions of Christians; and that in our own country it was the religion of men quite as honorable and quite as estimable as any of the members of the court around him; and of men quite as able, intellectually, to understand and appreciate their religion. Further, he might be allowed to say, mixing as he had done for years in Catholic society, and being well able to speak upon the subject, that there was every desire on the part of Catholics to

stand well with their Protestant fellow-countrymen; that they were ready to join in any benevolent or social work for the general benefit; and, in particular, that he had never heard in Catholic society any disrespectful word of Protestants, or of the Protestant clergy, as such. Catholics differ from them,—essentially differ; but such unjust language about Protestants and such uncharitable imputations of motives as had been heard that day about Catholics, were, he undertook to say, never heard in Catholic society. More than that, there was every disposition to acknowledge the generous service formerly rendered by Protestants to Catholics in times of difficulty; and traditions remain of many an estate, which would otherwise have been lost through the penal laws, having been preserved to the Catholic family by the generosity of Protestant neighbors.

Anchored in the peaceful haven it had taken him so long to reach, Mr. Bellasis' faith never wavered; and his gratitude to God for the great favor vouchsafed him was unbounded and constant. To his second son, about to make his First Communion in 1862, he writes:

"I am rejoiced at it from the bottom of the heart, as the one great object of my life is to see all my dear children firmly planted and steadily growing in the Catholic Church. And as you, one by one, arrive at the important period of your First Communion, I feel an additional security that the great blessing God has given us will not be withdrawn from us; but that we shall, one and all, remain true and faithful members of His Church all our lives and *in æternum*.... It cost me much to become a Catholic; it is for you and your dear brothers and sisters to preserve the blessing; and I hope you will do so, as the most valuable possession you can ever have."

In the childlike faith and perfect simplicity of this man lay his chiefest charm.

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XVII.

WHEN next De Marsillac opened his eyes, daylight was all around him; and the pale, tired-looking man standing over him was saying:

"Sorry to disturb you, but it is time we were moving."

"You did not wake me, after all!" cried the boy, springing up. "You broke your promise—you let me sleep all night!"

"Yes," was the cool reply; "because it was better you should sleep at night than that you should break down by day. How do you feel?"

"Quite rested. But you have had no sleep at all. How could you act so!"

"For the very good reason that you needed sleep and I did not,—or, at least, I could do without it. I am glad you are feeling better. Here are three or four bananas. When you have breakfasted we will start."

The other smiled as he took the bananas.

"One would think we were on a desert island," he said. And then the smile faded, as he looked up with a recollection of horror dawning in his eyes. "Was it a dream?" he asked. "Did we really see—"

"The Vaudoux worship and the human sacrifice? Yes. I am sorry to say there was no dreaming about it. But don't think of it now. What we have to do is to get away from here as soon as possible."

"I am ready: let us go at once. I shall not breathe freely until we have put the mountain between ourselves and that place of abominations."

"We are not going *over* the mountain," replied Atherton, calmly. "We are going *around* it, by the trail we partly followed yesterday, and which must lead to the village we have seen."

The boy started. "Do you mean to go *there?*" he asked.

"Not to the village immediately. I hope to be able, by skirting around it, to escape observation. But we must find that trail. I can not risk the fatigue and danger of further wanderings in these mountains, when there must be a path leading out of this valley, to find which will mean safety."

"But if we should be seen?—they will know that we were the spectators of their meeting last night."

"Let them know it. Last night we had to fear the rush of a multitude, with their passions already inflamed to the utmost—human tigers thirsting for blood. To-day they are scattered, many no doubt yet helplessly drunk; those who may be sober capable of understanding the argument of *this*," and he touched significantly the pistol in his pocket.

De Marsillac turned a shade paler than he had been before, and did not speak for a moment. Then he said, slowly:

"Don't you think it would be better to take the fatigues and dangers of the mountains rather than run the risk of having to use that? If you killed any of those wretches and even escaped with your life, what would follow in a country where white men are hated and justice unknown!"

"I shall not kill any one except in self-defence," answered Atherton. "Wretches as they are, I have no desire to be their executioner; and it would certainly be unpleasant to figure in a Haytien court either as murdered or murderer. *'Après tout, ce n'est qu'un blanc de moins,'*" he added with a laugh, recalling the story Mr. Hoffman had told. "That would be the decision in the former case, no doubt; and as for the latter, we will not think of it; for it is not likely to come to pass. But find that road we must. So *allons!*"

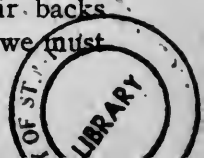
Retracing their steps of the previous night, they soon reached the margin of

the forest; and saw before them again the Eden-like valley, with its picturesque hamlet clustering amid groves of fruit-trees. In the clear, delicate light of early morning—for the sun had not yet appeared over the high crests of the encircling mountains—it seemed steeped in an even deeper repose than when beheld by moonlight. No sign of human presence could be perceived about it, and Atherton repeated his opinion that all the inhabitants were sleeping off the effects of their orgy of the night before.

"And now," he said, looking around with the eye of a veteran mountaineer, "I begin to think that it will not be necessary for us to enter the valley at all, nor even to skirt it for any considerable distance. There is but one natural outlet from it, and that is the gap in the hills on our left. We will make for that, and I am sure we shall there find a trail."

The gap of which he spoke was on the eastern side of the valley, while they stood on the northeastern; so that the distance between the two points was not very great, and there was no necessity for leaving the shelter of the woods; while, to the great relief of De Marsillac, they increased their distance from the village with every step. These steps were also far less difficult than if taken higher on the mountain side, where the forest growth was so dense and the riotous parasites so many that progress was a constant struggle; and it was as if, in their fierce struggle for space in which to exist, every tree and plant had its neighbor by the throat. On this lower level walking was easier; and, since they made all possible haste, they reached the gap within half an hour; and found, as Atherton had anticipated, a well-defined trail leading through it.

"Thank Heaven for so much!" said Atherton when, with a sense of inexpressible relief, they had turned their backs on the valley and village. "Now we must



pray that we may meet no wayfarers—at least for a time—to report our presence here. This would make a perfect place of ambush.”

It was not a cheerful suggestion, but of the fact there was no doubt. This narrow pass through the mountains, with its trail running along the side of a steep height, densely wooded above, and with a green chasm below, in which could be heard but not seen the tumbling fall of waters, offered every facility for assassination which imagination can conceive. It was an ideal locality for such a purpose. No better covert could a murderer desire than the thickets overhanging the path; and no better hiding-place, were hiding-place desired, for the body of his victim than the verdure-filled *arroyo* below.

But the two who now followed the trail had stout hearts. Although they knew not what moment might bring them face to face with some one bound for the village, who would carry there the news of the presence of strange white men, they walked on with cheerfulness and energy; inspirited by finding themselves on a path instead of wandering through the trackless forest; and yet more inspirited by leaving behind them the scene of all the wild horrors of the night. Now and then Atherton glanced at his companion with mixed wonder and admiration. How slight he looked!—how frail a frame for such work as this,—for long hours of weary tramping, of exposure, fasting and danger! Yet what a brave spirit animated that slender body and looked out of those clear, brown eyes! Conscious before of a strange tenderness for the lad, as if divining in him the qualities he had displayed, Atherton felt now an affection such as an elder brother might entertain for one younger and weaker than himself, yet in whom the spirit overrode the flesh so as to make them comrades on a basis of equal courage,—an affection, as he had once laughingly said, such as Alan Breck

felt for David Balfour when they lay in the heather together with a price upon their heads.

After they had been walking for about two hours, he uttered a thought which had been in his mind for some time:

“Since we have come so far in safety, we might rest for a short while. We are neither of us in very good condition for athletic exercise this morning.”

The boy glanced at him suspiciously.

“I think,” he said, “that you suggest that on my account. But I am not such a weakling as you imagine. Remember, I slept last night.”

“But I did not. So I hope you will allow me to be a little tired. We will take fifteen minutes for rest; and, that our minds may be at ease, we will conceal ourselves while doing so.”

He led the way as he spoke up the hillside which rose above them, and where they found themselves in the midst of the same riotous tangle of every variety of plants and creepers with which they were already so unhappily familiar. A few steps were sufficient to put them in perfect seclusion; for, entering within the shelter of one of those strange fig parasites—which, having seized and strangled in their embrace some stately tree, drop their long tendrils to the ground from its branches, thus forming a green tent,—they were absolutely secure from observation.

Still, the boy was not at ease in mind.

“You are doing this on my account,” he repeated. “I am certain that, on your own, you would not halt when haste is so necessary. And I assure you that I am perfectly capable of going on.”

“You will be yet more capable when our rest is over,” replied Atherton. “Don’t you know that it is good policy to halt now and then on a march? One goes on with fresh vigor. And you must remember that we have already taken a great deal out of ourselves, and have had nothing to sustain our strength but a few bananas.”

"All the same, you would not do it if you were alone," persisted the boy. "You think that I will break down again as I did last night, and I don't blame you for thinking so. I behaved like a fool, and a very weak one at that. In consequence, I am suffering all the pangs of self-contempt this morning. But I am not going to repeat my folly and weakness."

"That is exactly as I thought," said Atherton. "You would prefer to drop in your tracks, as you admitted last night that you came near doing. But I object to so ill-judged a display—or, if you prefer the word, exercise of the triumph of spirit over matter. My dear boy, you remind me very forcibly of some valorous young recruit whose bravery outruns his physical powers, and who has not yet learned discretion or patience with those limitations of strength which exist, in more or less degree, for all of us."

"Ah, you are so kind to try to restore my self-respect! But I can never forget how I failed last night," answered the other, sadly.

"How did you fail? By fainting at sight of the murder of that child? Don't you know that medical students often drop down senseless on witnessing their first surgical operation? And what operation could equal the horror of that scene? Any one might have fainted—even the strongest man; it was a question of nerves, not strength. When you recovered consciousness you were as plucky as possible."

"Very plucky!" (sarcastically.) "To talk that stuff about dying—just because I was tired!"

"And what better reason would you want? Complete physical exhaustion, nerves unstrung from a terrible shock, and imminent danger,—there is the diagnosis of your case; and it is a diagnosis which would excuse much more than you were guilty of."

"Say at once that I was hysterical" (with a most unamused laugh). "That is

what your diagnosis really means. Well, it is true that one does not know one's self. I always thought an emergency would find me brave, cool, self-possessed. And when the emergency came, as weak and useless—worse than useless, as much of a helpless burden—as the heroine of an old-fashioned novel."

"Come, now! This is greater nonsense than any you talked last night," said Atherton, losing patience. "But I see how it is: your vanity is suffering because you think you did not play a sufficiently heroic part."

"My vanity!" repeated the boy, and then paused as if meditating on the words. Atherton, who had uttered them with the deliberate purpose of administering a stimulant, expected an outburst of indignation; but to his surprise the brown eyes, with traces of moisture shining in them, turned on him presently a look of candid humility. "Perhaps you are right," he went on. "It may be my vanity that is suffering. I suppose we should all like to be heroes if we could, or at least to possess those qualities we have always most admired. But I am sure that I am also sorry to have been the cause, by my weakness, of bringing you into so much danger."

"But you should not think of that," said the other, with emphasis. "What is escaped danger? Scarcely matter for a thought—unless, indeed, one makes it a source of pleasure by boasting of it."

"I can never forget that you saved my life, in return for my endangering yours."

"Well, are we not told to return good for evil?" laughed Atherton. "Bah! you make too much of all this. By the time we have gone round the world together, and been in a dozen or more adventures, you will take such trifles as a matter of course. Now let us talk of Beaulieu, where I hope we shall be to-night."

"To-night!" (in a tone of incredulity.) "Where do you think we are now?"

"Unless I am very much mistaken, very near the place where we left our horses."

"Why do you think so?" (eagerly.)

"I think so from the general direction we are following, and from the fact that this trail is evidently on the other side of the mountain, upon the flank of which we lost our way. It will, I believe, finally lead us safely around to the mouth of the cañon where I found the drift from the gold vein."

"Oh, then, pray let us get on! There is surely no reason why we should waste time here."

"The time is not wasted that recruits one's strength. You have never been in many adventures, or you would know that. However, since you are so anxious, we will be moving. I wish I had some definite idea how much farther we shall have to go, and whether we shall find our people where we left them."

"What would have become of them if they are not there? They surely would not go away without us."

"There is no telling what folly those who are accustomed only to act under orders may commit when left to themselves. But I have some reliance on Gilbert. He has a certain British bulldog obstinacy, and a strong habit of unquestioning obedience, which may keep him waiting until I appear."

"In his place, I am afraid I should hardly know what to do. He must have been aware twelve hours ago that we were lost. It would have seemed to me that the best thing was to seek help and organize a search."

"He would know better than that. He has stayed too many days in camp, while I was tramping after game in the Rocky Mountains, not to know that I can be trusted to find my way out of any wilderness, and that I abhor fuss. No: the more I think of it, the more I believe that we shall find Gilbert quietly waiting for us."

He proved to be right—in a degree, at

least. Waiting for them Gilbert was; but not very quietly, as they discovered by the time they had advanced a mile or two farther. For suddenly as they walked on through the wild, beautiful solitude, they were startled by a sound of distant firing.

"What on earth can that be!" cried Atherton, pausing to listen. "Pistol shots! Can our men have been attacked, or are they fighting a duel?"

"Perhaps they are firing as a signal to us," suggested De Marsillac.

"That is exactly what they are doing," said Atherton, as, after a short interval, another shot or two were heard. "Gilbert thinks we may be guided by the sound. That settles the question of our being in the right way, and of their being where we left them. Now let us see if they can hear a shout."

About ten minutes later the men and horses were in sight; and the long, weary tramp of the wanderers ended where it had begun.

(To be continued.)

In a Colorado Cañon.

BY MARION MUIR.

I PROMISED, weary of the city's din
 And of a heart-pain fretting all within,
 I would return to mountains that I knew,
 Where spiced winds sang of heaven, rolling
 through
 The vibrant pine groves; where far down the
 bells
 Hung blue by stony arches and sweet wells,
 My fancies shaken by the shout of streams,
 I went forth, holding those delightful dreams.
 But there I found my valley dark with
 showers
 Of bitter soot, and slag had scorched the
 flowers;
 There, where the doves had crooned, hot
 oaths were thick
 With steam from loud saloons where blows
 fell quick.

So I turned, murmuring that life was doubt;
But, far above, the stainless stars came out.
And under their high calm returned to me
The sacred truths of old philosophy
From lips now silent: "Let thy heart be still,
And life's dim shows pass by thee as they
will.

In thy own soul seek courage; in thy heart
Set thou a sanctuary place apart,
Or thou shalt catch at briers and deplore
Warm hopes, slight gain, and disappointment
sore."

Miss Lorimer's Lodgers.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

(CONCLUSION.)

A VERY smiling, bright-eyed "good-news" bearer Miss Emma found waiting to see her early next morning. "Everything sold" (never a breath of who was the buyer);—everything disposed of, and all at something nearer the price they deserved.

And it was on her return home that Miss Lorimer stopped and tore off the sign "Furnished room for rent," which she had tacked up one May morning when "business depression all over the country" had made trade in Willerville very dull indeed.

"And Miss Lorimer's rented her room at last!" said young Dr. Catherwood's old housekeeper, pouring the coffee. She had a habit of presenting to him at breakfast every morning a sort of news-bouquet of all Willerville's happenings, real as well as imaginary. "Yes, indeed,—that second-floor front room that sensible people have been urg'in' her to turn into profit ever since her aunt died and left it empty. And she holdin' off so all along of not likin' the idea of takin' lodgers. That's just the way it is with Kate Lorimer,—prouder'n a peacock, but the lovin'est heart in the world beneath her feathers. I'm glad to see improvements in her sense,

likewise in her luck. And they tell me as it's Miss Fardon that's engaged that room for a friend of hers,—kinder took and paid the rent of it in advance till he comes."

"He!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Ah!"

Some weeks later, near the close of a damp September day, a gentleman stepped from the train at Willerville station; and, after glancing at a letter drawn from his breast, proceeded slowly on his way, leaning feebly on his umbrella, and often shifting from hand to hand his burden of a small valise.

"It's Mr. Ashleigh? Sure, sir, your room's all ready. We've been lookin' for you since mornin'." Miss Lorimer's hospitable words of welcome fell fast. "Just throw down everything. Barbara will fetch them up in a minute. This way,—the stairs are narrow, but easy-like; and I hope you'll find everything comfortable, Mr. Ashleigh."

They entered the pretty lamplit room.

"We all thought, the weather bein' damp and raw-tastin'," she went on, "and havin' been sick, and travellin' so far, sure you'd feel better for the stove bein' kindled. There's such company in a fire,—just like a friendly hand in yours. And there's a whole hour to rest in before supper-time,"—pushing forward the splint rocker with its faded chintz cushions.

"The old Judge—that's Miss Emma's father—" she resumed, after a pause, with her back toward her lodger,—“he's been so poorly these last weeks it keeps her close at home. He can't bear her out of his sight. And no wonder—blessed angel! And the Doctor says he can't be contraried or worried with anything. But she got here for a moment this mornin'; and sure them flowers in the blue bowl, and that scarf on the bureau, and that picture of the Holy Mother over the chimney, and them books on the table, is all her dear hand's fixin',—all from her own home-room. She even smoothed up them bed pillers the very last thing."

Miss Lorimer hastened out, softly closing the door; knowing as well as if she had looked back that the occupant of the old splint rocker had "just give 'way like a woman."

"Alas! alas!" she murmured, wiping her cheek. "And there's the fountain-head of sorrow that's drowned the light of his father's life and bowed his white head in shame to the grave! Poor, blessed boy! with Miss Emma's own eyes gazin' out at you so grievingly. Sure if he's guilty, as the jury found him, and his poor father believes he was, it's worn and wasted to the bone that he is with repentance and yearnin' for pardon."

When, alarmed at the silence, she ran upstairs an hour later, she found him lying as one lifeless, across the bed, with both arms clasped around "them pillers." So she sent that night for the Doctor, and next morning for the priest.

Dr. Catherwood tiptoed to the bedside and stood gazing down at the "soul-sick stranger," as Miss Lorimer described him, just fallen into a troubled slumber. While waiting his awaking, he opened one of the books that lay near—The "Imitation," a much-read copy; the name on the fly-leaf, "John Ashleigh-Fardon." When the sick man unclosed his eyes, he felt his fevered hand pressed in a grasp strong, loving as a brother's.

Miss Lorimer's front-room window did not command a particularly fine view; yet, till the day before he died, her lodger sat beside it like a watcher. There were few passers; but one fair morning the upright Judge Fardon walked by, leaning on his daughter's arm,—weak in flesh but strong in spirit; stern as Nemesis, in armor *cap-a-pie*, visor down. Long looked after were those two by the one at the window, till the trees shut them out,—wind-swayed trees, with yellow leaves falling fast as tears.

Still, it was not as desolate as it might have been, with Miss Lorimer's tender

nursing, the Doctor's and dear Father Marvin's daily calls; and Miss Emma—angel visitant of all the sick and sorrowing in the village—coming through the chill autumn twilights, guarded like a precious secret by faithful old black Pompey. And it was with only one prayer ungranted that Miss Lorimer's lodger passed away,—almost a smile on the coffined face, over which the light, creeping through rents in the faded chintz curtains, fell so softly. Close to the hushed heart, beneath Barbara's wilted chrysanthemums and the Doctor's cross of scarlet roses, Miss Lorimer laid *her* modest flower offering—a black enamel *plaque* painted in St. Joseph's lilies.

"There, look at it, dear!" she said. "Sure it's better than the real, now that you know how your sweet sister loved you,—how she toiled and stitched to bring you down here, and keep you here, within sight of her pityin' eyes and sound of her comfortin' voice."

The funeral, Willerville learned, would take place Saturday; and perhaps it was at Father Marvin's bidding that so many assembled to attend it. Even old Judge Fardon, near the middle of the Mass, came slowly up the narrow aisle, till all at once he paused midway, as one recalling he came late; and remained, with bowed head, standing there.

At the moment when, if he so please, the priest may pay tribute to the dead, Father Marvin stepped forward.

"Dear friends," he began in his low, sweet voice, that seemed consecrated to the utterance of good and holy words, as his life was consecrated to the performance of good and holy deeds, "a young stranger who found shelter from the grieving world in our peaceful midst has passed hence. Reared in luxury and tenderness, only son of a gentleman, he had, alas! irrevocably alienated from himself the affections of an adored father—one of those stern, upright men whose reading of the law is literal:

'If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee. . . . And if thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee.' Abiding by their decision, they find strength to undo clinging arms from round their knees, and stumble on alone. There is no sin, however scarlet, but the waters of repentance can bleach it white as wool. The sinner's Judge holds not His tribunal on this earth. He whom we mourn died, as he had lived, a true Catholic—pardoning, and praying pardon; with his last breath commending his soul to the mercy of his Father. So"—turning toward the coffin—"we know where to look for that gentle spirit whose tenement of clay lies crumbling yonder. His faith was like to that of an innocent child,—'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He is home at last, in the bosom of the all-forgiving God. But, oh! exceeding sore is my soul for those to whom he was dear—dear for his many virtues, for his very weaknesses. His people, whoever they may be, wherever they may dwell, anear or afar, these do I humbly consign to God's tenderest compassion, mindful that the 'Lord is ever nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.'"

When Emma Fardon rose from her knees, lifted her streaming eyes, it was her father whom she saw standing beside her. "Lean on me, dear child!" he whispered; and, clasping close her hand, he stepped into his place as chief mourner,—erect, staring straight before him, the firm mouth a trifle harder set. But when the last clod was pressed down, he swayed. Unhorsed, wounded to the death, the old knight flung up his visor and gasped for air.

"My boy!" he cried aloud. "O God, my erring, pardoned son!" Then, waving his arms toward those about him, "I the sinner!" he sobbed; "I the sinner! *Ideo precor omnes orare pro me!*" and fell prone across the new-made grave.

Toward midnight the Judge recovered consciousness.

"Send for all who were kind to my boy," he commanded. "I want to thank them from my heart before I follow him; but first call Father Marvin—instantly, instantly! The time is short."

And it seemed as though the dear priest must have been watching, praying in the next room, he answered the summons so quickly. And when at length the dying man sank back upon the pillows, himself a "pardoned son," shriven, anointed, his soul's long fast broken by "the Bread that maketh strong the heart for the journey," Miss Lorimer was kneeling beside the Doctor and the "angel daughter," commended with her father's last sigh to "Mary the Mother of orphans" and the "refuge of mourners."

Between the Doctor and Miss Lorimer, the health and comfort of the front room's new young lodger was assiduously looked after. One gray November afternoon, when the Doctor had just left and Miss Lorimer just entered, Emma Fardon called her close to where she lay among the cushions of the old splint rocker; and (not for the first time), hiding her face against that sympathetic shoulder, whispered something very fast and low.

"O my darlin', my darlin'!" cried Miss Lorimer, with an upward glance of thankfulness. "Your father asleep in the arms of the faith, and you the dear Doctor's wife, with the old flush of health creepin' back to your cheek! Ah, the Blessed Mother, the Blessed Mother! Sure it's sweet to know she hears every prayer that we pray, by her choosin' the best of them all to grant."

VERY often an unexpected grief or an unmerited misfortune gives to a man an energy and a perseverance which he could never find in happiness. And after such trials a man often becomes superior who would have remained simple and vulgar if he had always been happy.—*Dumas.*

To Friends.

(On the Death of their Father.)

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

WHY mourn the ripened ear of tasselled wheat

That in the fulness of the harvest-day
Sinks low beneath the sickle's ruthless sway,
And prostrate lies? Its life hath been complete
From seed to blade, from blade to kernel
sweet;

And sterner fate it were should slow decay
Sap stealthily its full-grown grace away,—
The reaper's timely stroke brings ending
meet.

Like ripened ear, in God's own harvest-time,
Your father's mortal husk doth stricken lie;
Yet know you well who live by faith sublime
His soul, the body's kernel, ne'er can die.
Grieve not, but bless; the Hand divine hath
given
To each of you one friend the more in heaven.

The Last Resting-Places of the Apostles and Evangelists.

ST. PETER, Prince of the Apostles, suffered martyrdom about thirty-four years after Our Lord's Ascension. His remains were at first consigned to the Catacombs, at the foot of the Janiculum, or Vatican Hill, crowned to-day by the Palace of the Vatican. The body of the Saint now rests, as everyone knows, in St. Peter's. St. Paul also suffered martyrdom in Rome. Being a Roman citizen, he was put to death by the sword. His mortal remains rest in St. Peter's.

St. Andrew was crucified on the 30th of November, sixty-two years after the birth of Our Lord, in the Greek city of Patras. In the year 357, during the reign of the Emperor Constantine, the martyr's relics were removed with great solemnity from Patras to Constantinople, and placed in

the Church of the Apostles. In 1210, through the instrumentality of Cardinal Pietro of Capua, the Saint's body was taken to Italy and placed in the cathedral at Amalfi, in the Neapolitan Provinces.

St. James the Greater was beheaded on the 25th of March, A. D. 11, in Jerusalem, where he was buried. Some time afterward his body was taken to Spain and interred at a place then called Tria Flavia, now known as El Padron, on the borders of Galicia. At the beginning of the ninth century, in the reign of Alphonso II., surnamed the Chaste, the Saint's remains were discovered and removed to Compostella, where they now rest in the cathedral.

St. James the Lesser, surnamed the Just, was cast from the pinnacle of the Temple at Jerusalem in the year 43, then stoned and beaten with a club. He was first interred where he expired, but in the year 572 his holy remains were removed to Constantinople.

St. John, the Beloved Disciple, passed to his Master in Ephesus, at the age of one hundred—or, as some say, ninety-six. A church was built in his honor on a hill near Ephesus, in which his holy body reposes.

St. Thomas died at Kalmia, in India (also called Thomastown, Moliapoor, and Malipur). He was buried in a subterranean chapel. In 1523 John III., King of Portugal, caused a search to be made for his remains, which were discovered; a piece of a lance and a phial of blood were also found in his grave. The precious relics were deposited in the church at Edessa in Mesopotamia. St. Thomas is called the Apostle of the Indies.

St. Philip, when eighty-one years of age, was bound to a cross, head downward, and stoned to death in Hieropolis, in Phrygia, in which city he was buried by the Christians. Later his body was taken to Rome, where a church was built in 260 in honor of the two Apostles, St. James and St. Philip. In 1204 the Florentines

received, as a most precious relic, an arm of St. Philip.

St. Bartholomew, also called Nathaniel, was first flayed alive, and then beheaded. He suffered this cruel martyrdom in Albanopolis, in Armenia. In 508 the relics of St. Bartholomew were taken, by order of the Emperor Anastatius, to Duras, in Mesopotamia; thence they were removed at the close of the fifth century to Lipari in Sicily. The invasion of the Saracens in 809 caused the Saint's remains to be again removed; they found a temporary resting-place in Benevento until 983, when, in the reign of the German Emperor, Otto II., they were transported to Rome, where they now rest in a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

St. Matthew received the crown of martyrdom in Ethiopia. His remains are venerated at Salerno, in Italy, whither they were carried in 954.

St. Simon was crucified by the pagan priests in Persia. He was interred by the Christians in Kertch, where a slab still marks his resting-place.

St. Judas Thaddeus was put to death by heathen soldiery. The place of his interment is unknown. On account of Judas the arch-traitor, this Apostle is usually called St. Thaddeus.

St. Matthias, chosen to fill the place of Judas Iscariot, was stoned and then beheaded by the Jews in the year 64. The Empress Helena brought his remains to Europe, Rome being their first resting-place, but they now repose at Treves.

St. Mark was put to death at Alexandria. He was dragged over rough stones until he expired. His last resting-place is in Venice.

St. Luke's martyrdom took place in Patras, when he was eighty-four years of age; he was hanged from an olive-tree. His body was taken to Constantinople in 375.

Talks on Social Topics.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

YOU know the story of the ill and melancholy prince whom the wise physician ordered to wear for a certain period the shirt of a perfectly happy man. The man after long search was found, but he did not own a shirt! May you discern the moral as did the prince!

The announcement by the authorities of any college that a Professorship of Happiness had been established would unquestionably start a chorus of derision from those whom we term practical people, and be a welcome boon to the jaded brain of the funny newspaper paragrapher. But it is undoubtedly true that no study heralded in any educational prospectus, no science prominent in any curriculum, no accomplishment supplementing the school routine, can approach in value the humble little lesson of finding happiness in simple things,—a lesson which is within the reach of all.

For the child is father to the man—and woman; and the man who, in spirit, possesses the beauty of the flaming sunset is richer than the stolid millionaire, who covers his walls with unappreciated and expensive landscapes. The woman who loves a wild-flower is infinitely more affluent than she who can afford to load her dinner-table with the stifled and drooping exotics of the conservatory. The sun pours its gold most freely into the curtainless cottage; the sweet air best finds its way where silken hangings do not hinder; and these and kindred blessings belong forever to the child whose parents or teachers, or, later, whose friends give him the key which unlocks the door of the chamber of happiness.

The man with limitless wealth can get no more delight from a book, no more

FAIR words won't feed the friars.—
Irish Saying.

beauty from a statue, no keener pleasure from a symphony of Beethoven's, than you or I. He never knows, as did Charles Lamb, the keen pleasure of giving his hard-earned pennies for a rare old volume at a bookstall; he has no knowledge of the delight of giving up luxuries for the sake of a water-color which makes life something beside a desert waste. A pot of hyacinths on a February day has no charm for him whose pathway is strewn with orchids.

But the gift of finding happiness at small cost, whether in the enjoyment of nature's prodigal blessings or the pursuit of a favorite art or study, is seldom the birthright of the child, and so he must be taught; but, the lesson once committed, he has that which enriches his neighbor as well as himself, and the divine content of a heart whose happy beats praise the Lord. Life holds for him henceforth neither ruin nor disaster; for the secret of the Golden Age is learned again, and the song of his life is all a *jubilate*! He joins in the happy chorus of the morning stars, the matin concerts of the birds, the song of the laughing and sunlit waves. Living upon the earth, he rises above it. He has neither discontent nor envy nor strife nor covetousness nor melancholy,—those things which make unhappiness of life and are not from God.

He who is happy will be good; who can imagine a dismal saint or a whining martyr? But the lesson of happiness must, as we said, be taught early to the young; for although, by God's grace, it may come to the old, the wasted years can not be recalled any more than you can call back the mist of yesterday or last week's wind-swept thistle-down. Strange things, indeed, are happening in this end of the century; and who can tell but some one now living may hear without amazement that the curriculum of all well-ordered schools includes the study of the science of happiness?

Bits of Broken Glass.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

THE full moon in a still night is God's most ancient figure of the elevation of the Host.

The worst miser is the learned man who will not write.

A little girl eight years of age, toiling in a New England mill, was asked: "Who made you?" She answered: "God."—"Why did He make you?" She answered: "To work!" That was a bitter word, but there was some truth in it.

No man ever became bankrupt by the loss of time spent upon his knees.

Why are persons who doubt that St. Peter was at Rome certain that Simon Magus was there? And why do those who scoff at the relics of saints keep Gen. Jackson's small-clothes in precious cases?

A very homely cygnet may become a very beautiful swan;—it is neither kind nor wise to slight a boy.

We show reverence to old age when we should show it to childhood.

At the end of the *Miserere* comes the *Gloria*; at the edge of the crossed desert are the green grass and the music of running waters. Spring follows winter; the Passion ended in the Resurrection; after earth-life comes the Vision of His face. Therefore be not despondent.

The devil grins when he persuades us that it is *always* "in bad form" to talk roughly.

A gentleman very seldom meets rude people.

Notes and Remarks.

From the Brief in which the Holy Father accords new spiritual favors to pilgrims to the Holy Land, we extract the following paragraph which will prove of interest to pilgrims in desire: "As for those who, detained at home, shall have contributed to any of these pilgrimages, either by sending pilgrims in their place, by alms or otherwise; and those also who, united in spirit to the pilgrims, impose on themselves some act of mortification or of piety to be practised each day as long as the pilgrimage lasts—as, for instance, attendance at Holy Mass, the Way of the Cross, the recitation of the Rosary, the Seven Penitential Psalms, or the Little Office of Our Lady,—we grant a plenary indulgence, which may be gained at their option on any festival falling within the period embraced by the pilgrimage."

Not so many years ago the contention that St. Peter lived and taught in Rome used to be ridiculed by non-Catholics as "a mere assumption of Romanists"; but nowadays not a few learned Protestant writers, among them the late Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, accept the evidence as strong and clear that St. Peter as well as St. Paul taught at Rome. "The tradition of the early Church which headed the list of Roman bishops with Peter and Paul," remarks a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "represents a true historical fact."

An exceedingly timely and sensible pastoral was recently issued by the Bishop of Tulle, France, on the duty of voters. Emphasizing the importance of the electoral obligation during this era of universal suffrage, he plainly informs French Catholics that in their hands is order or disorder, tranquillity or trouble, morality or corruption, honor or dishonor, prosperity or ruin. This paragraph, it appears to us, should cause millions of Frenchmen seriously to reflect: "Let us cast a rapid glance at our past conduct with reference to this electoral duty of ours,—on the grievousness of the faults committed and

the responsibilities incurred; on the dangers and misfortunes of every kind that have resulted therefrom to Church and country. Should we not make public confession of our shortcomings with profound humiliation, with deep regret, and with the firm purpose of making reparation, if there still be time?"

Had such teaching been more general in France a quarter of a century ago, and had French Catholics acted upon it, their government would to-day be a Catholic council instead of a lodge of Freemasons.

Horace Greeley in one of his calm moments said that "of all horned cattle the most dangerous are college graduates"; and we are sometimes sorely tempted to substitute "presidents" for "graduates." In the effort to say something startling at commencements, some of these learned men are apt to make fools of themselves. Last week "Dr." Nash, President of Lombard "University," held up Cromwell, Washington, and Lincoln to the callow young bachelors of art as models to be imitated! To associate the name of Cromwell, the murderer, fanatic and tyrant, who prayed by night, and by day slaughtered men for the glory of God, with the names of Washington and Lincoln is an act of violence against history and an outrage upon the feelings of Americans. "Dr." Nash ought to have wound up his astonishing performance by adding the names of Benedict Arnold, Judas Iscariot, and the Emperor Nero.

How easy it is for millionaires to write in the spirit of St. Francis! Less than a year ago an enterprising daily paper formally asked the wealthiest dozen Americans whether money helped to make people happy, and the wealthiest dozen formally answered, No. Now Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has known both extreme want and extreme wealth, delivers an enthusiastic eulogy of poverty in the current number of *Cassell's Magazine*. He says:

You know how people are all moaning about poverty as a great evil; and it seems to be accepted that if people only had money and were rich they would be happy and more useful, and get more out of life. There never was a graver mistake. As a rule, there is more happiness, more genuine satis-

faction, and a truer life, and more obtained from life, in the humble cottages of the poor than in the palaces of the rich.... I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men who are attended by servants and have governesses at a later age; but am glad to remember that they do not know what they have missed. They think they have fathers and mothers, and very kind fathers and mothers too; and they enjoy the sweetness of these blessings to the fullest. But this they can not do; for the poor boy who has in his father his constant companion, tutor, and model; and in his mother—holy name!—his nurse, teacher, guardian angel, saint, all in one, has a richer, more precious fortune in life than any rich man's son can possibly know, and compared with which all other fortunes count for little.

Mr. Carnegie deplores the present universal feeling that poverty should be abolished. "We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish poverty would be to destroy the only soil upon which mankind can depend to produce the virtues which alone can enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses." After this glowing utterance, in which there is as much truth as consolation, we shall confidently expect our millionaires to lay down the burden of wealth for the blessedness of poverty.

Baron Maximilian Erp, the new Belgian Minister to the Vatican, is a *persona grata* to the Holy Father. In 1867, when the Garibaldians were preparing to invade the Eternal City, Erp and his brother Roger resolved to join the Pontifical Zouaves. On asking their mother's consent, however, they were told that while one could go, the other must remain at home. Lots were cast, and fortune favored Roger, who was subsequently shot dead in the battle of Mentana.

It is rarely indeed that a purely personal function calls out so cordial and unanimous a recognition as did the celebration of Archbishop Elder's Golden Jubilee this week. Few lives—even few priestly lives—have been so full of labor and edification as his. Were it not for the modesty of the Archbishop, we should be tempted to quote the lines in which St. Paul recounts the dangers, the labors and the flagellations he suffered for the faith. But this we must say: no American bishop has labored more large-heartedly or single-

minedly than he, whether in training priests, in parochial work, in time of pestilence, or in reconstructing a badly shattered diocese. His apostolic poverty and the simplicity of his character, his conspicuous unselfishness and his devotion to the poor, deserve to be treasured as precious traditions of the Church in America. *Ad multos annos!*

Anything which helps to set the great truths of religion vividly before the public eye is to be esteemed as a blessing; and accordingly we welcome the association recently formed in New York for the purpose of exhibiting a series of pictures illustrating the life and death of Our Lord. The series consists of seventeen paintings of mammoth size, and the itinerary of the company will embrace the principal cities of North America. As accessories to the paintings, there will be a tableau, a chorus to render religious music, and a course of lectures by the well-known convert, Henry Austin Adams. The managers of the enterprise promise that it will be conducted in a spirit of reverence and becoming dignity, and we learn that Catholic charities are to be benefited by it.

There are many indications that Agnosticism, "the climax of logical inconsistency and the height of intellectual presumption," is a decaying creed. Even Spencer, the prophet of the new sect, posits the existence of God as an indispensable first principle both of knowing and of being; and some of his whilom disciples now openly declare that God is not concealed from mortal ken; that, after all, we really do "see through a glass darkly" and "know in part." In a recently published essay President Schurman, of Cornell University, refers to Agnosticism as "a passing fever of juvenile free-thinking, a transitional and temporary phase of thought."

We can not, of course, accept his opinion that there will ever be a reinterpretation of the idea of God which has hitherto been held by the great majority of believers; though many misconceptions of the Deity on the part of those who have had no infallible guide may be dispelled. Agnosticism is due, not to the advance of knowledge, but

to the decay of understanding. "Unless you believe you shall not understand." Dr. Schurman says:

The human mind can no more surrender its belief in God than its belief in a world or in a self. Contemporary Agnosticism, strange as it may sound, is in part due to the great advance which Knowledge has made during the last half century; it is blindness from excess of light. The astonishing results of scientific investigation have given us new insight into the physical universe and the life of mankind; and though, in consequence of the immanency of the Infinite in the finite, every enlargement and rectification of our view of man and nature must also involve growth in our knowledge of God, the first effect of this advance has been merely a revolt against the partial and inadequate representations of God which popular thought has inherited from the ages that antedate the birth of modern science. But the Agnostic fever seems already to be burning out.

A leading Protestant review is clamoring for the appointment of a world's commission to investigate the success or failure of non-Catholic foreign missions. It wants to know whether the \$350,000,000 expended on missionaries for the last hundred years could not have been better used; and declares that the apostolic men who move their families into some pleasant spot in Asia or Africa have an easier life than the ministers in East and South London. We don't doubt it—but missionaries ought not to be expected to achieve impossibilities, and Protestantism is essentially sterile; it never yet Christianized a single country. However, it gives one a new realization of the evil wrought by the "Reformation" to remember the everlasting conflict it created between Christians, the mental energy consumed in controversial or heretical works, and the lavish expenditure of Protestant money for the fight against the old faith,—the nursing of a forlorn hope. If the spiritual, intellectual and financial energies consumed in this internecine warfare had been expended in spreading Catholic truth, how much better off the world would now be, both as regards peace and progress!

A pioneer of Catholic education in Ontario lately passed to her reward at Chatham. Many families in Canada owe more than they will ever realize in this world to the zeal and devotedness of Mother Mary

Xavier; and since there is joy in heaven when a sinner returns to God, there must be joy exceeding great when so faithful a servant enters into everlasting rest. Mother Xavier was the foundress and for many years the head of the Ursuline Convent and Academy at Chatham,—encouraging and edifying her Sisters in religion more by example than by words, and leaving to all who came in contact with her a memory of the sweet odor of Christ. She had almost reached the age of eighty-three years, fifty-eight of which had been passed as an Ursuline. Her death was peaceful and pious as her life had been prayerful and unselfish. May she rest in peace, and may her example inspire many vocations to the Order of St. Ursula!

Notable New Books.

THE DIALOGUE OF THE SERAPHIC VIRGIN, CATHERINE OF SIENA. Translated from the Original Italian by Algar Thorold. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Benziger Brothers.

This valuable addition to mystical writings comprises a series of treatises dictated by St. Catherine of Siena while in a state of ecstasy, and is presented for the first time in English. The subjects treated are classed under four general heads—namely, Divine Providence, Discretion, Prayer and Obedience; while the particular points dwelt upon include the love of God and our neighbor, humility, corporal penances, suffering, the disposition with which we should seek God in prayer, and the grief we should feel for our own sins and those of others. The very title-page of this handsome book will turn some from its perusal; for with many there is a notion that mysticism and common-sense are diametrically opposed; and because their so-called common-sense is, as a rule, employed in gratifying self, in making life comfortable, and in devising means whereby religious obligations may be met with least possible personal inconvenience, they fail to see common-sense in uncommon piety.

Mysticism is defined by Algar Thorold, in the introduction to this work, as "the reduction to the emotional modality of the highest

concept of the intellect; or, more briefly, the habit of the love of God." St. Catherine saw all things in the bright light of perfect love; and if we find it hard to follow some of her thoughts in their flights to the Godhead, it is because our minds and hearts are not purified and sublimated by prayer, as was the will of this Siennese virgin. Thomas à Kempis says in his inimitable work: "Happy is that soul which heareth the Lord speaking within her, and from His mouth receiveth the word of comfort." It was in this holy conversation with the Divine Master that St. Catherine learned the truths which are set forth in her Dialogue; and while we may not apprehend the fulness of wisdom which breathes through her lines, we can not misunderstand such lessons as the following: "No one should judge that he has greater perfection, because he performs great penances and gives himself in excess to the slaying of the body, than he who does less; inasmuch as neither virtue nor merit consists therein. . . . Merit consists in the virtue of love alone, flavored with the light of true discretion, without which the soul is worth nothing." And surely this is practical: "One does not arrive at virtue except through knowledge of self, which is more perfectly acquired in time of temptation; because then man knows himself to be nothing, being unable to lift off himself the pains and vexations which he would flee."

From the same Divine Teacher does St. Catherine bear this consoling message in her words regarding the joys of the blessed: "They have a special participation with those whom they closely loved with particular affection in the world; with which affection they grew in grace, increasing virtue; and the one was the occasion to the other of manifesting the glory and praise of God in themselves and their neighbor. And in the life-everlasting they have not lost their love, but have it still, participating closely, with more abundance, the one with the other."

In reading the chapters which deal with the weakness and even iniquity of those who serve God's altar as His sacred ministers, one must remember that St. Catherine wrote her treatise in the fourteenth century, when, by reason of the troubled state of monarchies

and the evils of official life, grave disorders grieved the heart of our mother—the Church.

The translation seems to be all that could be wished; the English meeting the demands of clearness and harmony, without losing that archaic quaintness of language one would expect in a work of this kind. We hope that the publication of this volume will hasten a new edition of Mother Drane's admirable and much-sought "History of St. Catherine of Siena."

SUMMER SCHOOL ESSAYS. Vols. I. and II.
D. H. McBride & Co.

The purpose of perpetuating the Columbian Catholic Summer School by the publication of the papers read before it, is worthy of all praise. The first-fruit of that purpose was a scholarly treatise on "Prehistoric Americans," and the two volumes of essays now under review are a worthy continuation of the series. The papers thus far published have two distinguished merits: they have the note of timeliness and they are the work of specialists.

Monsig. d'Harlez, than whom no living scholar is more competent, writes of "Buddhism and Christianity." He discusses the religious condition of India when Gautama appeared, outlines the purpose and the growth of Buddhism; and, while admitting a certain superficial resemblance between it and Christianity, shows them to be essentially antagonistic. Buddhism, he proves, is not a religion of uniform principles, but a babel of conflicting creeds and practices—a sort of exaggerated Brahministic Protestantism. Dr. Hart, with a firm grasp of both theology and medicine, discusses "Christian Science and Faith Cure" in a style which charms and convinces. The most quotable passage in his essay is his arraignment of the papers which disseminate diseases by detailing their symptoms in advertisements. Reading-circle work, church-music, and kindred subjects, are discussed in separate papers; and for a strong *finale* there is a study of "Historical Criticism," by the president of the Bollandists. It is both scholarly and critical, as one would expect it to be.

Volume II. opens with a keen, dispassionate analysis of the "Spanish Inquisition," from

the pen of the Rev. J. F. Nugent; followed by a character-sketch of Savonarola, by Mr. Conde Pallen; a highly valuable essay on Joan of Arc, by Mr. J. W. Wilstach; a scholarly and *timely* discussion of Magna Charta by Prof. J. G. Ewing, of the University of Notre Dame; and a tribute to the "Missionary Explorers of the Northwest," by Judge W. L. Kelly. It is impossible even to catalogue the intellectual treasure of these volumes, but we have no hesitation in affirming that they are among the cheapest and best Catholic books thus far produced in America.

A FEW MEMORIES. By Mary Anderson. Harper & Brothers.

An unkind review of this charming biography, read before time permitted a perusal of the book in question, proved a disadvantage; for, on reading these "Memories," resentment was aroused at every page by the manifest injustice of the criticisms; and so the review received as much attention as did the work under notice.

A more delightful book has not come to our table this spring. It sketches the career of a charming woman with an unaffected simplicity of style. The writer's personality is clearly seen throughout in all its unspoiled beauty; and to read the book is to enjoy a personal acquaintance with Mary Anderson, so vivid is the pen-portrait. Her early life is, of course, interesting; and we follow with close sympathy the story of her struggles in the first days of her dramatic career. But a feeling of exultation comes over us when we read of her magnificent successes, triumphs, won not by seeking after stage effects or pandering to depraved tastes, but by devotion to the highest, the best, the purest in art, and by living up to the noblest ideals of womanhood in private life.

The kindly advice and heartfelt sympathy of Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Jefferson, and Charlotte Cushman were much to this gifted actress; and one gladly reads of these exceptions to the generally accepted opinion that professional jealousy always prevails among persons of the same calling. Miss Anderson's account of her visits to Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, Tennyson, Browning, and other celebrities, has a special

interest; and we can not but feel a certain pride that so much distinction was merited by our fair countrywoman.

In the unfavorable criticism mentioned above, the reviewer declares that Mary Anderson is not sincere when she says that she wrote these "Memories" in order to show young girls ambitious of a stage career "how serious an undertaking it is to adopt a life so full of hardships, humiliations, and even dangers." He argues that the success which crowned her efforts would serve rather as an incentive than a check to stage-struck girls. The critic seems not to have taken into account the years of study and anxiety Mary Anderson recounts, the "barn-storming" tours, and her first appearance in San Francisco, of which she writes: "With but few exceptions, the members of the numerous company ridiculed my work, and unkind remarks were heard on every side. The press advised me to leave the stage; continual taunts from actors and journalists nearly broke my spirit. I slept but little, and this only toward morning, from the exhaustion of weeping all night." This would hardly prove an incentive to most girls.

It is the writer's tender, unobtrusive piety which lends a rare fragrance to her autobiography; and to read of her daily attendance at Mass and of her visits to the Blessed Sacrament is to be deeply edified, and to realize how delightful must be the quiet of home life after the fever and fret of the stage.

THE TEMPTATION OF NORA LEECROFT. By Francis Noble. CLAUDIUS. By C. M. Home. Catholic Truth Society (London).

Nora Leecroft was a girl of gentle birth, reared in a good Catholic family. Her temptation came when she went to live as companion to a dear old Protestant lady, Mrs. Amersly, whose son Gerald was possessed by a most violent hatred of the Church. But his character was noble, and he was soon enthralled by the loveliness and moral strength of Nora. After their engagement, Gerald Amersly refused to be married by a priest, and a long and trying estrangement followed. How Nora conquered her temptation and filled many lives with happiness is charmingly told by Miss Noble, who knows how to adorn her tale with a moral without

preaching a patent homily. But we think that, like some preachers, she did not stop in the right place—that she went beyond the real crisis.

"Claudius" belongs to the same literary class as "Fabiola" and "Dion and the Sibyls." It has not the strength nor the interest of those great historical novels; but it is very readable, nevertheless. Claudius is a young Roman whom St. Paul in this story describes as "very noble for a pagan"; and his kindness to the Christian martyrs wins for him the grace of faith. The Apostle of the Gentiles figures not inconspicuously in these pages, though the hand that would paint him is hardly strong enough for the task. His bearing and still more the words put into his mouth hardly meet our conception of that masterful man. Still, "Claudius" has the glamour of a Roman atmosphere about it, and it is a touching and edifying picture of the sufferings of the early martyrs.

JESUS: HIS LIFE. A Diatessaron. By the Rev. H. Beauclerk, S. J. Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

"The maker of this valuable volume has followed the plan of Tatian's "Diatessaron." He narrates the history of the Redeemer in the very words of the Gospel—an obvious advantage over the plan usually followed in Lives of Our Lord. As its title suggests, it is a compilation of the events, discourses, and even the slightest details, recorded in the Four Gospels; and it affords a more intelligible account of all that Scripture teaches about the three and thirty years than could be obtained from the study of the Evangelists themselves. A work such as this implies great learning and even greater industry; but it was worth doing, and Father Beauclerk has done it well. The sacred text suffers no mutilation in his pages; and, except in a few places, the effect is of a continuous narrative from one source rather than a compilation from four. The marginal references are most valuable, and, without the slightest confusion, almost every word of the sacred narrative is credited to its proper author. We rejoice to see works of this kind multiplying. The reverend author, the publishers, and their enterprising agents in this country, are to be congratulated.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them. HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

The Very Rev. Father Constantine, C. P., Buenos Ayres; the Rev. Joseph Bazoge, C. S. C., Memramcook, Canada; the Rev. Anton Svensson, of the Diocese of Detroit; the Very Rev. Peter Colgan and the Rev. Thomas Hines, of the Diocese of Buffalo,—all of whom lately passed to their reward.

Mother Mary Xavier, of the Order of St. Ursula, Chatham, Ont., who was called to the reward of a devoted life on the 22d ult.

Mr. Frederick J. Faro, of Chicago, Ill., whose death took place last month.

Mr. James Kimball, whose life closed peacefully on the 2d ult., in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Ellen Kane, of Perth Amboy, N. J., who died a happy death on the 12th ult.

Mr. James A. Hayden, who was drowned on the 17th ult., in Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Julia Dunn, a fervent Child of Mary, whose pious death occurred on the 23d ult., at Lima, Ohio.

Miss Mary A. Reside, of Baltimore, Md.; who departed this life on the 7th ult.

Mr. Malachy McDonald, who met with a sudden but not unprovided death on the 27th ult., in St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Michael Cullen, who completed his course on the 31st ult., at Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Eugenie Cour, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who yielded her soul to God on the 14th ult.

Mrs. A. McElrath, of St. Louis, Mo., who breathed her last on the 7th ult.

Mr. Charles M. Reynolds, Mr. Henry Kimberly, and Mr. John T. Larkin, of Baltimore, Md.; Mr. William Purcell, Mr. Martin O'Connor, Miss Mary Corrigan, and Mr. John Kenney, New York city; Mrs. Catherine McCauley, Crawford, Neb.; Mrs. Elizabeth Casey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Margaret Walsh, Sacramento, Cal.; Mr. Michael Burns, Co. Mayo, Ireland; Miss Julia Lucey, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Sarah Cahill, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. William A. Manning, Mrs. Mary Dempsey, and Mrs. Bridget Curran, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Catherine Neary, Salem, Mass.; Mrs. Michael Boyce, Quebec, Canada; Mrs. Timothy Sheehan, Ottumwa, Iowa; Mr. Daniel Toomey, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Joseph McLaughlin, Pittsfield, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth Stone, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Xavier Schafer, Mr. George M. Wright, Mr. Patrick Lavan, Mr. John McGee, Mr. Cornelius Coyle, Mr. James Morrison, Mrs. Bridget Doudle, Mrs. Bridget Flaharty, Mrs. Mary Kehoe, Mrs. Mary Walsh, Mrs. Jane Flanagan, Mrs. Margaret Mahare, Miss Ellen Noud, and Miss Mary E. Carney,—all of Albany, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace;



★ UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. ★

The Little Messengers.

A STORY OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

II.

MORE than a week had passed since the adventure of Patty and Annie, and no word had been received of the stolen ring. The friendly policeman had reported to the father of the children that, although he had been on the lookout for the girl, he had not seen any one answering her description. His theory was that she belonged down town, and had strayed out of her usual begging route that day, as those of her class—professional beggars—sometimes do. Having possessed herself of the ring, it was not likely that she would soon again make her appearance in the vicinity, where she might be recognized and arrested. This theory seemed probable.

Patty's godfather, a pious priest, lived in a neighboring parish, and occasionally visited the family. He was very fond of the little girl, and she returned his affection. After papa and mamma, she thought there was no one like her godfather. On the occasion of his next visit Patty related the story of her loss, her lips quivering, tears in her innocent eyes. When she had finished he said:

"Well, that was a sad loss indeed, Miss Patty. But, tell me, have you prayed to St. Anthony?"

Patty confessed that she had not done so.

"Not prayed to St. Anthony, and yet you expect to recover that ring!"

The little one explained that she had thought of the ring only as irrevocably lost.

"And I say that if you will pray to St. Anthony with confidence he will surely return you the ring. Begin this very night. Make a novena. Your mother will tell you what prayers to say. Promise the good Saint something by way of gratitude, and see if he doesn't send that ring back to you!"

Here Patty timidly explained that, while she wished to recover the ring, she had no desire to have the thief punished; that, on the contrary, she had been kept awake nights by the fear that the policeman might arrest her and put her in the House of Refuge; and that she would rather never see the ring again than feel that through its recovery the thief should be imprisoned.

"Bless your kind little heart!" said her godfather. "But you must not worry about it in that way. The best thing that could happen to such a child would be to put her out of the way of temptation. Don't you know that, Patty?"

"Yes, Father," said the child, though reluctantly. "But papa has promised me another ring."

"Never mind about the other ring," persisted her godfather. "Just make a novena, and everything will turn out well."

Thus assured, Patty promised; and that night, before they retired, all the family united in beginning a novena, consisting of the Litany of St. Anthony, with a short prayer of intercession for the return of

the lost article. The novena once begun, Patty had not the slightest doubt but that it would be answered. Day followed day and there were no tidings, but that did not trouble her in the least. So confident was she that her prayers would be heard that her mother, dreading the effect of a disappointment on her mind, said to her one evening:

"Patty, you know God does not always answer our prayers according to our wishes. Sometimes He withholds what we ask only to grant us something better. Now, if your novena should not bring you what you desire, there will be something else sent to you in its stead."

"I know, mamma," was the reply; "but I feel sure that St. Anthony *will* send back my ring. Father G. is so good, and he told me to have confidence. I *know* it will come back. I don't worry a single bit; and the nine days are not over yet, you know."

The novena was finished. They said the prayers in the morning of the last day, because their father and mother were to be absent that evening, and all wished to finish the novena together.

After breakfast the children's mother told Maggie that she wanted her to go to the Convent of the Good Shepherd to see about some sewing. When the little girls heard this, they begged to accompany her, and their mother's consent was given. Although the convent was situated about four miles from their home—quite at the other end of the city,—they could go nearly all the way in the street-cars, and they joyfully made ready to set out. As they bade their mother good-bye Patty said, wistfully:

"Mamma, if the policeman brings the girl while we are gone—I'm almost sure he will,—don't let him take her to the jail, will you? Only make her promise not to take rings any more, or anything. Maybe she will be good."

The mother promised, with a kiss; and

as she looked into the trustful, innocent eyes she, too, became impressed with the confidence that animated the heart of her child. She felt that dear St. Anthony had not heard those fervent prayers in vain.

About midday she was in the garden planting some flowers when she saw Maggie and the children coming. Patty was in advance, toiling eagerly up the steps, her little hand extended; and as she came nearer, the mother saw on the tiny first finger a ring, which had not been there when she left home that morning. The happy child gave her no time to ask a question.

"See, mamma!" she cried, throwing herself into her mother's arms in the very spot where she had wept upon her bosom a fortnight before. "O mamma, I have my ring—my *own* ring! St. Anthony found it for me, just as godfather said he would."

Half crying, half laughing, the joyful children danced around their astonished mother, both speaking at once, till she playfully bade them be still for a moment and let her hear Maggie's account of what had occurred.

"We had just left the convent," said the girl, "and were walkin' in the direction of the cars. You know there's two blocks to go, ma'am; and we were goin' very slow, for it was warm, when Patty catches me by the hand and says she, tremblin' all over: 'Maggie, there's the girl that stole my ring.'—'Where?' says I, lookin' all about me, up and down the sidewalk. 'There,' says Annie, in a whisper, pointin' to a ragged-lookin' imp goin' down a basement steps. She had a dirty basket on her arm and a long shawl trailin' on the ground. She had an old woman's bonnet on her, so I couldn't see her face, or whether she was black or white. The two children clung to me. They were frightened, the creatures. 'Are ye sure?' says I,—'are ye sure that's she?' They told me they were sure. They hadn't seen her face, but they knew the clothes. 'Very

well,' says I. 'Sit quiet there on them steps, and I'll watch for her till she comes up. 'Tis well for ye,' says I, 'that she didn't see ye; for she'd have run away.'

"Well, the two children sat as quiet as mice in the shade of the big front steps. She couldn't see them, and she comin' up the basement ones; and she wouldn't know me, nor what I was waitin' for at the top of them. 'Twasn't long till she come trapesin' up, with some crusts in her dirty basket, and she just puttin' a clean white baby's lace cap in the basket. 'What's that?' says I; and she jumped. 'Where did ye get that little cap ye're stealin'? Give it to me this minute,' says I, 'ye thief!' For I knew she took it from the clothes-horse where it was airin', and the girl gettin' her some cold victuals; I knew it as well as if I see it with my own eyes. 'Git out, ye Irish thing!' says she, strivin' to pass me. But I seen the ring on her little finger, and says I, clutchin' her hand like a vise and pullin' it off: 'And where did ye get *this*, ye thief of the world, but off a poor little baby's hand on Chestnut Hill?' With that the children could sit still no longer; and when she see them jumpin' up she got away from me with a terrible wrench, leavin' the basket behind; and the last we saw of her she was holdin' on for dear life to a beer wagon that was tearin' down the street with a pile of empty barrels, and the driver whippin' at her to leave go. But Patty has her ring, and if it isn't a miracle I never heard tell of one. It ought to be written down, ma'am; and I'll hope you'll make no delay in writin' it, for the honor of God and His Blessed Mother and the great St. Anthony."

"And then Maggie took the little cap back," said Patty; "and the girl said she was glad. And then we came home."

The fame of St. Anthony's kindness spread far and wide among the friends and acquaintances of the family,—the godfather not neglecting to tell it every-

where possible. I am sure that some of my older readers will recognize it anew, although this is the first time it has been "written down," according to Maggie's wish and behest. But in these days, when the devotion to the dear Saint of Padua is increasing so rapidly and wonderfully, I think it but due him to give it to the public, thus adding my mite to his glory.

In fulfilment of her promise made during the novena, Patty took the name of Antonia in Confirmation; and to this day the members of the family, when desirous of obtaining a favor of the Saint, solicit Patty's prayers to her special favorite and benefactor.

(The End.)

Holidays at Hazelbrae.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

XII.

It was a pleasant drive to the circus. All along the turnpike the Hazelbrae folk met vehicles going in the same direction; and at length, from the summit of a hill over which the way led, they beheld, within the enclosure of the old race-course on the edge of the town of X, the white tents of the Bohemian caravan.

A few minutes later Mr. Campbell, having put up his bays at the stable of the road house in the vicinity, bought the tickets for his party, and they were speedily within the grounds. There was still half an hour to spare; accordingly they decided to stroll about and discover what was of interest in general before entering the canvas-covered amphitheatre.

The field presented a striking scene. People from all the country side continued to arrive in goodly numbers. The majority hitched their horses to the rail fences or trees near by; and, once inside the gate, wandered on, with an air of being resolved to get as much amusement

as possible out of every moment of the time. Venders of peanuts, popcorn, and pink lemonade did a thriving business; and fakirs selling flashy sham jewelry cried their wares in opposition to those hawkers who found ready purchasers for Japanese fans, the day being sultry.

Most diverting of all were the supernumeraries of the circus company, who, in gay costumes—tawdry caricatures of medieval knights and squires,—eagerly invited the passing throng to patronize the numerous side-shows.

"Ladies and gentlemen," called one, "come in and see the native East Indian prince and conjurer! Avail of the educational advantages of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs, as well as the unparalleled jugglery, of the Orient—only ten cents!"

"Shake hands with the electric girl," pressed another. "The most marvellous phenomenon of the age. Moves tables, *et cætera*, by the lightest touch of her delicate fingers. Weighs ninety pounds and can lift the heaviest bars of iron. Shake hands with her—cost you but a dime."

"Here's your mystic snake-charmer!" clamored a third. "A Circassian enchantress, beautiful as Cleopatra, and greater even than the famous Queen of Egypt; since the asp—nay, the deadly cobra—has no power to harm her. Two nickels admit you to her presence,—only two nickels, and you may behold her wearing these shining reptiles as bracelets and a girdle."

Thus Polly became aware of what Leo and Bernard had foreseen from the first. In each of the lesser tents, gathered in a circle about the main one, was some minor attraction, for admission to which an extra tax was levied. In a flutter of curiosity, yet with some trepidation lest it might be only within the reach of unlimited wealth to profit by these rare opportunities—"equal to a trip around the globe," as was frequently reiterated,—she glanced wistfully at Mr. Campbell.

That gentleman, having apparently lined his pockets with small coin for the occasion, smiled encouragingly; and, to her delight and the jubilation of the boys, he systematically set forth on a tour of all the exhibits. Before they had completed the novel journey, however, a bugle blast announced that the performance under the great canvas was about to begin. They therefore retraced their steps, and hurried to the reserved seats that grandpa had previously secured. It was the first time Polly had ever been to a circus, and all the wonders now enacted before her admiring eyes rendered her, as it were, spellbound.

Leo and Bernard, on their part, were demonstrative in their appreciation of the spectacle. They cheered Signor Zerello's rare feats of horsemanship, clapped their hands vigorously at the prodigies of the Kijinsky Brothers, and were convulsed with laughter over the drolleries of the clown. Their satisfaction was temporarily marred, nevertheless, because of a blunder made by the latter. There happened to be an unoccupied chair beside Polly. In the midst of his capers and cracking of jokes with the Great Mogul of the company, the buffoon unluckily caught sight of this vacant place, and, bounding toward it with the elasticity of a rubber ball, landed beside the little girl, turned his grotesque features toward her with a comical leer, and then sat nodding and grinning at the spectators, who roughly applauded.

Surprised and frightened, Polly drew back, crimsoning with mortification and embarrassment. She felt the eyes of all that concourse of people upon her; and the clown was a rude, unkempt fellow for a neighbor.

Bernard's first impulse was to laugh thoughtlessly at Polly's discomfiture; he checked his mirth, however, when he saw Leo start up and glare angrily at the merry-andrew. But active interference to save Polly from further annoyance was unnecessary; for Mr. Campbell said some-

thing quietly yet decidedly to the motley intruder; and the clown, perceiving he had played a stupid prank, turned his attention to the jolly farmer next to him on the other side, and then as suddenly leaped back into the ring.

After this Polly manifested a preference for the humor of the great dog clown—a shaggy black spaniel that perpetrated many frolicsome jests upon a troop of distinguished canine gymnasts which now held the arena.

"Look at him now when each turns a somersault through the hoop!" she cried. "*He* will never do it. See him try! What a ridiculous somersault! Ha-ha-ha!"

She was greatly interested, too, in the personage who directed these clever dog-players. This was a little girl, who wore a skirt of tartan plaid, a black velvet jacket braided with silver; and, set upon her short brown curls, a natty Scotch cap ornamented with an eagle's feather.

Stationed in the middle of the ring, Mlle. de St. Ange (so her name was given on the program), by a wave of a light wand and an occasional word of command, caused them to do her bidding. Next she led out the trick pony and displayed his skill to perfection; and finally, springing to the saddle, how she did ride!—first standing on both feet, then poised upon one—faster, faster—like the wind. Two other ponies were brought; and, stepping from the back of one to another, she thus rode all three by turns, while they ran at full speed.

It was bewildering, astounding! Polly watched her breathlessly until she disappeared, amid a cloud of dust and a tumult of applause, behind the mysterious curtain at the other end of the amphitheatre. Then ere long the performance came to a close, and the crowd began to pour out of the tent.

"But there are the animals and some more of the side-shows to be seen yet," Leo reminded his grandfather.

As Bernard and Polly were not ready to go home either, the old gentleman good-naturedly waited so they might miss nothing, especially as a throng still lingered about the circus grounds.

And now occurred the incident of the day. In the tent of the sword-swallower and fire-eater was the little girl, Mlle. de St. Ange. As the young people stood regarding her curiously, Mr. Campbell paused and addressed to her a few kindly words. She mumbled an indifferent reply, and was turning away when, catching sight of Polly's sole ornament, a light silver chain from which was suspended a small miraculous medal, she made a dash at it, exclaiming:

"Oh, give that to me,—won't you, please? I have lost mine."

In dismay, Polly, who seemed fated this afternoon to attract unenviable notice, shrank away, shook off the impetuous grasp, and put up her own hand to the silver cord.

"Not the *chain*!" scouted Mlle. de St. Ange, with a gesture of scorn. "See, I have a much finer one." And she drew from the folds of her dress a splendid necklace of gold. "It is the medal I mean. You can get another, but I may not be able to for ever so long. Here, I will pay you for it."

Picking up a rapier the sword-eater had cast aside, she began to slash away at one of the pendants of her necklace; just as nobles in ancient times used to cut off pieces of their gold chains to pay for their purchases, as Polly remembered to have read in a story-book.

"No, no!" interposed the young orphan, aghast. "I will gladly give it to you. But tell me how you came to know and love this little badge of Our Lady. I thought—"

"Yes," said Mlle. de St. Ange, after kissing the medal reverently. "You thought circus people did not know or care about such things; you supposed we were regular heathens and pariahs, didn't you?"

Not understanding what a pariah was, Polly did not venture an answer, but simply shook her head.

"Sometimes, indeed, it is only too true, but not always," the girl continued. "We have not much time to learn, you see, and our life is a hard one. Last spring, when we were giving a performance at a town far from here, I had a fall from one of the horses. It was a bad fall, and I could not go on with the circus. At first my father, the sword-swallower, did not know what to do; but in the town was a hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, and I was taken there. Father had to leave me to follow the troop. How I grieved when he went away! But the Sisters were so very kind to me. They took care of me and taught me about God and His dear Mother. I got well sooner than any one thought possible, and my father came for me suddenly; for the proprietor of the circus was impatient, and said if I was not able to return he must replace me, which would mean the loss of much needed money to us. The Sisters were sorry to let me go, especially because I would lose the instructions; but they made my father promise to let me go back to them in the winter to make my First Communion. They gave me a little miraculous medal; but, unhappily, I lost it. I promised to do my best to be very good, and I try to keep my word."

There were now no other strangers in the tent, the fire-eating sword-swallower having finished his exhibition. Coming up to summon his young daughter, he frowned in displeasure as he caught her last words. After a glance at the group with whom she conversed, in whose friendly faces his quick eye discerned a real interest as well as surprise, his mood changed, however, and he grew voluble in response to a remark from Mr. Campbell.

"Ah, yes!" he said in halting English, "for he was a native of France; *'vrai-ment, we Catholique* of right. But me—

what opportunity has one who follows *le cirque*? I see not ze inside of a church zese so many years. But my poor little brown wren of a wife, ze mother of Ernestine, she very religious; she not of ze profession, she not even know when she marry me zat I follow *le cirque*. She like not zat I bring up ze little one to ze life; *mais, hélas!* how can a poor man choose? Ze young wife die; she pray very hard for ze little one. And Ernestine she good child; she obey her father and follow her duty. I look out for her always. She wish very, very much go back to ze Sisters; and I try hard to let her go some day for a little of time,—perhaps next winter *si c'est possible*."

During this conversation the two girls were chatting like old companions, for the mention of the devoted Sisters formed a bond of sympathy between them; and in exchange for the confidence she had received, Polly told of her sheltered and happy life at the orphan asylum.

But the boys, to whom little Mlle. de St. Ange was more entertaining in the rôle of an equestrienne and animal trainer, induced her by many questions to talk on these subjects. She was summing up in an amusing and graphic manner the characteristics of her beautiful ponies, and recalling various instances of the sagacity of the dog clown, when Mr. Campbell reluctantly interrupted the interview to say the children must be going. They therefore took a hurried leave of their chance acquaintances.

When they returned home, Elizabeth thought that, of all the remarkable things they described, the meeting with this extraordinary girl was the strangest and most fascinating. And during the time she and Polly were still together they often spoke of the impulsive, hard-working, patient little Ernestine, and hoped that without many delays and disappointments she might obtain the privilege to which she looked forward so eagerly.

XIII.

One evening, shortly following this excursion to the circus, the county sheriff drove up the avenue of Hazelbrae in great haste. Mr. Campbell went to the hall door to meet him, and they had a long and earnest conference. When grandpa came back to the south parlor, where the family were assembled, he brought with him a marked copy of a newspaper.

"Here is something of interest to some one, perhaps," he said, and began to read as follows: "'Recently Sheriff Ketchem encountered, in a pawnbroker's shop of X, a man whose manner at once aroused his suspicion. The fellow was endeavoring to dispose of an antique silver tankard, evidently a relic of some ancient Dutch settler. When interrogated, he vehemently maintained he had found the cup—'"

"Ah, *he* must have come upon it in the field, then!" interjected Elizabeth, who had listened with breathless interest.

Grandpa gave her an amused glance over his spectacles and continued:

"He was let go therefore—"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Leo, with disgust.

"But the sheriff was not satisfied. He set a detective to shadow the man, and the result was the capture of a gang of housebreakers, as well as the recovery of property for which the officers have been on the lookout for some time."

"Hurrah!" Leo shouted.

"Now, grandpa, you will get back the silver that belonged to your father!" cried Elizabeth, forgetting her lame foot and jumping up from her chair in delight.

"Phew! How do you know that it is grandmother's silver cup which has come to light, or that there is any connection between its discovery and the burglars who made themselves so much at ease here?" demanded grandpa.

"Oh, I am sure of it!" answered the little girl, excitedly.

"Ketchem's theory is," went on Mr. Campbell, turning to his wife and daugh-

ters, "that the gang were lurking in the neighborhood, and the finding of the cup by one of them decided them to begin operations with Hazelbrae. Other houses of the vicinity would doubtless have been entered also had not the sensation created by this robbery rendered it safer for the thieves to decamp. To-morrow I shall go to see if I can identify any of the plunder."

The next day, accordingly, Mr. Campbell repaired to the sheriff's office at X, whither the booty had been transferred. But, alas! previous to the seizure, the robbers, alarmed by the meeting at the pawnbroker's, had melted down the greater part of the plate; and would probably have similarly disposed of the remainder had they not been surprised by the officers, who took them into custody. The Van Loon tankard, the sale of which had not been effected, was thus sacrificed; and, unfortunately, also the Campbell silver, with the exception of two or three forks and spoons, which, however, for the sake of their associations, grandpa was very glad to regain.

Poor Elizabeth was overwhelmed with confusion and remorse as she realized that the loss to grandpa of most of the family-souvenirs he held so dear was due, in a measure, to her wilfulness and persistence in taking the Van Loon cup to pick berries into, despite Hannah's prohibition.

"I am far from blaming you for it all, my love!" said grandpa, to comfort her. "The burglars might have paid us a visit and made off with the silver in any case. If the cup had indeed anything to do with their call—well, remember the lesson, but do not make yourself unhappy about it."

The housebreakers proved to be old offenders; and, there were so many other charges against them, grandpa was not obliged to appear at the trial. They were convicted, and sent to state-prison for a term of years.

"Ah, but I knew they were thorough rascals!" cried Hannah, when she heard

the news of their sentence. "What could they expect but a bad end after despising my beautiful rye loaves!"

Not long after these occurrences, when Elizabeth's ankle was quite well again, the Coltons bade good-bye to the old homestead and returned to R.

Polly shed a few tears as they drove away, and felt a trifle lonely after they were gone; but, having made up her mind to stay with Mrs. Campbell, she soon recovered her usual cheeriness, and began to look forward to Morgan's visit at Christmas. And so came to a close the summer holidays at Hazelbrae.

(The End.)

The Good Baron.

Eugène Delacroix was one of the greatest of French painters. He had been very successful in procuring models from which to paint the various characters he wished to represent, but was unable to find any one who looked like a Roman beggar that he wanted to put into one of his pictures. There were many from whom he could draw the figure fairly well, but it seemed impossible to procure just the head he had conceived. One day he invited the great banker, James de Rothschild, to dinner; and while carelessly glancing at his guest a thought occurred to him.

"You would do for my beggar," he said, "if you would consent to sit."

"And why not?" answered the man, so rich that we say "As rich as the Rothschilds." "It would be an honor to serve as model for such a painter. Appoint the time for your sittings and I will be here."

"Then come to-morrow," returned the delighted Delacroix.

The banker arrived at the appointed hour; and, with a staff in his hand and a picturesque tunic around his shoulders, sat patiently upon what pretended to

be the ruined steps of a temple until a sketch was made. As he rested there a pupil of the painter entered.

"So," he said to Delacroix, "you have at last found a model for your beggar! I congratulate you, sir. He has the very expression."

The master went on painting, being too busy to correct the mistake at that moment. The pupil continued to look on, watching the skilled hands of Delacroix, and, having a tender heart, being overcome with pity for the poor model. At last the artist turned away for something; and the pupil, although very poor himself, took that opportunity to slip a coin into the hands of the amused banker. But Rothschild played out the part he had undertaken; and, instead of laughing outright or refusing the money, he cast a look of gratitude upon the generous fellow and put the coin into his pocket.

"Tell me something about that young fellow," said Rothschild, after he and the painter were left alone again.

"There is not much to tell," answered Delacroix. "He is a worthy young man, with much talent and no means to speak of. I fear he will be a failure."

The Baron only smiled. The next day, or very soon after, the student received a note from the famous banker.

"Charity, my dear young man," it ran, "bears interest. You gave a coin to one whom you supposed to be in need; and he now repays you with the interest your generosity merits. You will find the sum of 10,000 francs lying at your disposal at the Rothschild offices, and the model for the beggar in the picture of Eugène Delacroix begs leave to hope that you will become as great as you are good."

Generous actions, although they always bring a blessing to the one who performs them, seldom have so quick a return as in this instance; for it is said that the kind Baron considered that gift of 10,000 francs the best investment he had ever made.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. l. 48

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At Chickamauga.

HERE met two brothers in a deadly strife.
On this rough battle-field, whose mountain crests
Seem but the pillars on which heaven rests,
Pointing the way to peace; here bit the knife
And barked the gun of war. Here Death was,
rife
With hate and spite, and here with heaving
 chests
And labored sobs of fight his foul behests
Did they; the while ran red the springs of life.
Here met two brothers in a deadly strife.
But they were brothers; and the tender bond,
Strained to the snapping point, still held
them fast.
As then in hate, now in a clasp as fond,
Here met, as brothers still, we weep the past;
And as one stream flow on the springs of life.

ANGELICA.

The Reported Apparition of Our Lady at Tilly-sur-Seulles, Normandy.

BY THE REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J.

THE little village of Tilly-sur-Seulles, which is said to have been favored during the last two months with a series of apparitions of Our Lady, is situated in a pleasant, undulating country between Bayeux and Caen, a little to the south

of the railway that connects these two historic cities. The village is divided into two parts by the river Seulles, which follows a winding course as it runs northward, and finally pours its waters into the English Channel. The station of Audrieu, on the line from Bayeux to Caen, is about two miles distant from Tilly; and the traveller who there leaves the train passes through pretty country lanes, until he sees in the distance a clump of trees which surround the faubourg of St. Pierre, at the entrance to Tilly. After passing through St. Pierre, he finds himself on a slight eminence, whence he looks down on the river, on either side of which, sloping upward from its banks, rises the village that has leaped suddenly into fame.

In Tilly, as in most of the larger villages of France, there are two village schools—the Ecole Laïque, provided and supported by the state; and the Ecole Libre, taught by religious who belong to a local congregation entitled Les Sœurs du Sacré Cœur de Coutances. This latter school is built on the side of a hill, on the road to Bayeux; and its windows overlook a portion of the village, and of the fields which lie beyond.

On the afternoon of March 18 the children were assembled as usual in the Ecole Libre. The elder ones occupied a large schoolroom, three windows of which, extending along one side of it, look out

in the direction of the fields, across the little village. They had just finished their lessons, and the religious in charge was giving directions to some of them to remain and proceed to the church as soon as the evening prayers were said, in order that those who wished to go to Holy Communion on the next day (the Feast of St. Joseph) might prepare themselves for confession; the others were enjoined to proceed home at once. While they were putting away their books, the good nun addressed to them a few kind words, encouraging them to practise devotion to St. Joseph, and promising them a blessing from Our Lady if they were devout to her holy spouse.

While she was speaking thus, two little girls, about thirteen years old, were standing together, almost facing the window. One of them happened to look up, and, with a face of astonishment and awe, drew her companion's attention to something she saw in the distance. The other child looked in the direction indicated, and for several moments they stood gazing out into the distance in blank amazement. Presently they began to nudge each other, one trying to persuade the other to tell their teacher what they saw. At last their excitement was too much for them, and in breathless wonder they cried out: "*Madame, Madame! Voilà la Sainte-Vierge!*"—"Be quiet, and don't talk nonsense!" was the natural reply. But the children pointed to the window, and repeated their assertion that they saw the Blessed Virgin. The teacher, utterly incredulous, looked in the direction in which they pointed, and the whole class of fifty children followed her example.

Yes, there was no mistake. What these two little maidens had seen the mistress and all her fifty children also saw with their own eyes. Across the fields, at a distance of some twelve hundred yards, they saw, as distinctly as was possible such a long way off, a figure of Our Lady

such as is represented on the miraculous medal—with her hands extended, and surrounded by an oval of dazzling light. She seemed to be standing on the ground, against a hedge, at the foot of a tall tree, with her feet resting on a cloud of light.

In utter bewilderment, the Sister ran for the other two nuns, who were teaching the younger children, and in broken words conveyed to them what she had seen. They and the children—to the number of about one hundred—ran to the window, and one and all saw the wondrous sight. Instinctively they knelt down, and, with eyes fixed on the vision, began to recite the Rosary. There they knelt on, as if entranced, for nearly two hours, saying the Rosary all the while. From time to time the voice of the nun who was leading them grew weak from fatigue, and she paused for a few moments. Immediately the vision began to grow dimmer, and the children cried out in concert: "*O Madame, continuez, continuez!*" When the prayer was resumed the vision at once became clear and bright again, until at half-past five it began gradually to fade away, and then altogether disappeared.

When it had vanished the religious consulted together as to what should be done. Prudently, they told the children that they could not explain what had happened; but that it was quite certain they were not good enough really to see Our Lady; and they therefore enjoined on them strict silence, warning them that if they talked about it they might bring ridicule on holy things. "Don't say a word about it—not even to M. le Curé." This advice was the more necessary as the Curé, after hearing the confessions of the children from the Ecole Laïque, had been wondering what had become of his little penitents from the Sisters' school, and had been waiting for some time for their appearance.

The children promised to observe silence, but it is needless to say that it

was quite impossible long to keep a secret that was known to one hundred little girls. Before a week had passed the story had spread all over the place, and had reached the ears of M. le Curé, who wisely declined to express any opinion whatever on the matter; advising all who were interested in the apparition to say many prayers, that they might not be deluded by fraud or fancy. This sound advice was followed by the nuns and their children.

On March 24 they commenced a novena, which consisted of reciting the Rosary together at the end of school. On the very first day, as they were saying the second decade, to their joy and astonishment, the vision reappeared, just as they had seen it before. The next day (the Feast of the Annunciation) they saw it again, during the recitation of the first decade, and it seemed brighter than on the previous occasions. The following day they saw nothing; on the morrow (the Feast of Our Lady's Dolors) it appeared again, but with what looked like a spot of blood on Our Lady's dress, over her heart. During several succeeding days some women of the village happened to be present in the schoolroom while the Rosary was being recited, and they all witnessed the apparition. On the last four days of March it was seen as usual. March 31 was the last day of school before the Easter holidays. On Wednesday, April 1, the three nuns saw the vision, but dimly, as if beneath a veil. On Holy Thursday it is said to have been seen by only one of the religious. On Good-Friday and Holy Saturday it was not seen at all.

We have already mentioned that the apparition as seen from the schoolroom seemed to be about three-quarters of a mile distant. This made it difficult to determine the exact spot where the vision was, and it occurred to the witnesses that they would get a more distinct view if they approached nearer. Accordingly, on one of the last days of March a few of

the elder girls, accompanied by one of the nuns, started for the field where the Blessed Virgin seemed to be standing. It was agreed with those in the schoolroom that when they arrived at the exact spot a handkerchief should be waved by those who remained behind. In anxious expectation the detachment drew near to the place. Alas! there was nothing to be seen. Presently they saw the handkerchief waved in the distance, and knew that they were on the exact spot of the apparition. They were close to the hedge of a large field, sown half with clover and the other half with oats; and surrounded on three sides with a bank, on the top of which was a hedge, and in the middle of it a tall, slim tree. The little party gazed and knelt and prayed; placed themselves first in one spot and then in another. But all was useless: there was nothing whatever to be seen, and they had to return disappointed. However, this absence of any nearer view was not to continue.

On Wednesday of Holy Week the apparition entered on a new phase. We simply tell the story as vouched for by authentic witnesses on the spot, and without expressing for the present any opinion of our own as to the objective reality of the apparition.

During the first few days of its appearance the vision of Our Lady at Tilly was seen only from the schoolroom of the Ecole Libre by the nuns, the children, and one or two visitors who happened to be there. On Wednesday of Holy Week, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a peasant girl named Louise Polinière went into the field where those who had seen the figure from the schoolroom had judged it to be present. She had been abandoned by her parents while quite a little child, and had been adopted and brought up by a woman who lived on a farm close by the field, on the road to Caen. She was at this time fourteen years old; a good child, hard-working and simple, but not very

intelligent. All that she had been taught was enough of the catechism to enable her to make her First Communion. She had indeed heard of the vision, but knew none of the details of its nature or where it had been seen.

That afternoon she went out with her mistress and another woman to gather some food for their rabbits. When they passed the field of the apparitions she felt an impulse to enter it, though she knew that none of the plants she was seeking grew there. As she walked across the field, suddenly some influence which she could not explain seemed to stop her. The girl grew frightened; but, as she had always been taught to pray when she found herself in any danger or difficulty, she fell on her knees and began to say the Rosary—not on her beads, for she had no beads with her, but on her fingers. When she came to the second or third decade she saw all at once, about ten yards away, the figure of Our Lady, not as it had been seen from the schoolroom—under the form in which she is represented on the miraculous medal,—but under the aspect of Our Lady of Lourdes, except that she was carrying the Infant Jesus in her arms. Near her Louise declares she saw a little girl kneeling in prayer, whom she persists in calling *la petite Bernadette*, to whom the Queen of Heaven appeared in the visions of Lourdes. Louise remained praying in a sort of trance for about half an hour when her mistress, who had missed her, came to look for her, found her still kneeling there in prayer, and took her away. She went home and continued to do her ordinary work without any appearance of excitement, and has ever since occupied herself with her daily task just as usual,—the vision having seemed to make but little impression on her, and having been treated by her as if it were an ordinary occurrence.

But almost daily since that first occasion she has, with permission from her mistress,

visited the field, and sometimes several times a day. Each time she declares that some secret impulse has prompted her to go; and when invited at other times to accompany persons thither, she has invariably refused, saying: "*Si j'y vais par complaisance je ne vois rien.*"* When asked if Our Lady ever spoke to her, she replied no, but that once she smiled upon her. In answer to inquiries as to Bernadette's appearance, she said: "*Elle avait une robe blanche, mais elle était bien sale, à côté de celle de la bonne Vierge.*"† When urged to try to approach nearer to the vision, she remarked that there was a railing round it.

But Louise Polinière is not alone in beholding the marvellous apparition. A large number of persons claim to have beheld it with their own eyes; and while many of the stories told are unworthy of credit, there is a sufficient number of reliable witnesses to its reality to render it deserving of a careful investigation.

Although for some days she visited the field alone, the report of the marvels Louise had seen speedily spread, and the curious began to flock thither in large numbers. At first they came only from the village and the country around; but the report soon became more widely known, and a crowd collected each evening on "the field of the apparitions." Visitors began to pour in from Caen, Bayeux, Brest, and even from Paris. The story was reported in the newspapers, and special correspondents were sent to make personal inquiries. Before long some hundreds were present each evening.

But they did not come merely to watch Louise Polinière kneeling in prayer. What she had seen, others began to see also. Although there was considerable variety in the details of the vision, yet it was

* "If I went through complaisance, I should see nothing."

† "She had a white dress, but it looked very dirty compared with the robes of the good Virgin."

always "a vision of Our Lady." Many of the stories told are, doubtless, unworthy of credit. But the number of credible witnesses is so large, and the circumstances are in some cases so remarkable, that we can scarcely explain them as a fraud or as a sort of collective hallucination. I shall narrate two or three instances selected from the large number given in detail in the French newspapers, and for the most part written down from the mouths of those to whom they happened.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XVIII.

IT was late in the evening of the same day when a very tired party arrived again at the gate of Beaulieu. Many hours had passed since the two wanderers found themselves back in the place whence they started, and every one of those hours had been filled with employment of one kind or another. Atherton's energy was astonishing. No one familiar with the aspect of the languid passenger who had lounged on the deck of the *New York* would have recognized him in the man who so indefatigably exerted himself and compelled exertion on the part of others. For finding that, owing to his absence and the consequent alarm it had excited, no more ore had been brought down than the single sack he had sent by Gilbert, his first act, after the pressing bodily needs of himself and his companion had been attended to, was to dispatch the men for a further supply. Then, after a very short rest, and despite the remonstrances of De Marsillac, he returned himself to the head of the gorge, in order to select the best specimens from the vein. All of this occu-

ped time; following came the loading of the ore upon the horses, the slow return to Milot, the bargaining there for another pack-animal to divide the load—an exceedingly diminutive donkey, secured with much difficulty through the good offices and on the security of the schoolmaster,—and finally the journey to Beaulieu.

One point, however, was successfully achieved as a direct result of their misadventure—the guide was dismissed. To get rid of him before the important search should be made had been a difficulty which confronted them all along, and which chance now happily removed. For in consequence of a night-long vigil—Gilbert having tolerated no sleeping; and, moreover, having insisted on making excursions at intervals up the gorge, in the hope that their shouts might reach and guide the wanderers,—together with much unaccustomed labor with the pick, this gentleman of leisure found himself more completely used up than were the two young men who had tramped all night over the hills. When he learned, on reaching Milot, that they did not intend to take the direct road to the Cape, but to diverge again to the old sugar estate, he evinced so much reluctance and carried his protests to such an extent that Atherton summarily dismissed him, with permission to take his way to the Cape by any road that pleased him. Then, greatly relieved, they turned their own faces in the direction of Beaulieu.

As a result of these many delays, it was dusk when they reached the old, carved pillars at the entrance to the magnificent avenue of palms. Riding up this avenue, the fading light veiled all signs of decay in the house they were approaching until it almost seemed as if lights might gleam from its windows and hospitable figures come hastening forward to greet them as they neared the broad terrace before it. So strong was this impression that there was something of a shock in

the aspect of the dark and silent ruin which confronted them, with its roofless walls and empty chambers, when they ascended the terrace steps; for, striking as had been its sadness by day, it was far more striking now in this waning twilight, that in itself was full of infinitely melancholy suggestions.

But there was no time to indulge in the thoughts and memories it roused, since they had the practical work before them of making all their preparations for the night before darkness fell.

"What do you say, Henri—do you care to spend one night of your life within your ancestral walls, if not exactly under your ancestral roof?" Atherton asked of his companion, and smiled at the emphatic negative he received.

"I shall see ghosts enough outside," the boy answered. "I have no desire to meet the company which would marshal within."

"Then we will not intrude upon them," added Atherton. "But I hardly imagine they will object to our camping here on the terrace. It is a capital place. I think, however, that we need not pitch the tent. We are not likely to sleep very much to-night."

"I should think not, indeed!" returned the other, whose pulses were beating so excitedly that he marvelled to hear the thought suggested. What he would have liked would have been to go directly without delay even for refreshment—and settle, once for all, the question of what was to be found in Henri de Marsillac's hiding-place beside the old sun-dial.

He was forced to repress his impatience while supper was prepared and taken—his own performance, or lack of performance, with regard to it calling forth strong rebuke from Atherton,—and then to witness preparations for repose instead of for the labors which awaited them.

"We will sleep until midnight," Atherton announced. "The moon will by that

time be risen, and we can go to work."

"I—hoped we should go to work at once," said De Marsillac, in a disappointed tone. "We would sleep better after we had satisfied ourselves."

"*You* might," Atherton replied; "but I can answer for Gilbert and myself that we shall sleep very well before undertaking any more work, and shall then work better for having slept."

"I am a selfish wretch to forget how tired you must be, and that you did not sleep at all last night," said the boy, remorsefully. "Of course you must rest. But I shall not sleep, so I will be able to wake you at whatever hour you desire."

"There is no necessity for that. You must take some rest also. I shall wake easily enough, never doubt."

"There is nothing I could not sooner do than sleep *here*—to-night," was the reply, in a tone of such earnestness that his companion perceived the futility of further remonstrance.

Indeed Atherton's heart smote him a little for condemning the speaker to several hours longer of suspense; but, apart from the fact that he was by this time physically worn out, and knew his servant to be very nearly the same, he also knew that it was necessary to wait until the moon had risen before they commenced the work that lay before them. Saying therefore, "I hope you'll think better of it and go to sleep; but if you should be awake, call me at twelve," he threw himself into his hammock and was soon sleeping soundly.

But De Marsillac had been right in affirming that nothing was less possible to himself than to sleep in this spot, haunted by so many associations; on this night which was to decide whether his long journey, with all the risks it involved, had been taken in vain or was to be fully rewarded. While Atherton slept, he paced like a sentinel up and down the terrace in the wonderful tropical starlight, which

makes the term darkness, as applied to night in these regions, a mere form of expression. The obscurity was no more than a softening veil thrown over the wide landscape, every feature of which stood clearly revealed in the exquisite radiance of the shining worlds, thick sown on a field of deepest blue.

It was a memorable vigil,—one never to be forgotten by the brave young spirit which was thrilling with imaginations. What a company indeed of ghosts were about him as he paced to and fro before the ruined home of his race! From the shattered walls and empty doorways came the shades of the gay, luxurious men and women of the past, bowing over jewelled snuff-boxes, rustling silken petticoats fresh from Paris, telling the last scandal from the court of Versailles. And behind them followed dark savage forms with knife and torch—children beyond seas of that hydra-headed monster, the Revolution of France. The gay figures were swept away in a hurricane of tears and blood; the sky grew red with the flames of burning homes; and a lurid cloud of carnage and barbarism, never again to be lifted, settled upon the land. For how dark that cloud remained, who could know better than one who had witnessed only last night the scene he shuddered to recall,—the terrible scene of devil worship and cannibal murder? Despite his efforts to keep his mind from the awful memory, it returned again and yet again to that picture, which seemed the supreme expression of all that this fated island—made by God so fair, rendered by man so horrible—had shown him. From the dark ruins of the Cape, with their sinister and tragic memories, to the great fortress built by infernal cruelty and cemented by blood, the desolated plains and deep forests had but one story to tell, and that story was epitomized in the gleam of a deadly knife and a child's helpless cry. "*Haiti, Haiti, pays de barbares!*" What could the

descendant of men who had once made it the wonder of the world for fruitfulness and wealth add to these true and bitter words from imperial lips?

In thoughts and fancies like these the long hours passed, until at last the moon came up the eastern heaven—a strange, mournful presence, as the waning moon ever is, but still able to flood the world with silver light. Her rays, shining in his face, presently awoke Atherton; and, starting up, he looked around. A slender, dark figure was standing at the edge of the terrace, silhouetted against the wide radiance which had paled the stars.

"Henri!" he cried,—and then as the boy turned, "Why have you not called me? Is it not time?"

"It is half-past eleven," was the reply. "I was waiting for twelve o'clock."

"And you have not rested at all! Silly boy! Well, since her lunar majesty is fairly risen, eleven will answer for us as well as twelve. Here, Gilbert!—wake up, man! It is time to go to work."

Gilbert rather slowly arose; and if he had given utterance to the thoughts in his mind, he would probably have declared that a master less given to the pursuit of adventure was to be desired by a servant who, on engaging to perform the duties of a valet, had not anticipated being called upon to supplement them with the tasks of a miner and treasure-seeker. Nevertheless, when he had shaken off the sluggishness of sleep, even his phlegmatic soul felt a faint thrill of the expectation and suspense which filled the others, as, shouldering the picks, they took their way toward the second terrace of the garden, as Henri de Marsillac and his faithful Jacques had taken their way on that August night a hundred years gone by.

Reaching the circle with less difficulty than on their former visit—for Gilbert wielded a cutlass with good effect in clearing a path,—they found it sufficiently illuminated by the moon's rays to dispense

with any other light. Very few words were spoken as they set themselves to the task in hand. First thoroughly clearing the ground around the dial, which had so well and so long stood guard over its trust, they fell to work digging—Gilbert and his master alternately using the pick; for De Marsillac proved quite as incapable of effective labor as Atherton had foretold when he observed his hands the day they sat together on the beach of Turk's Island.

"Your will is good enough," he said, after the boy had made an ineffectual effort to do his part of the labor required; "but your strength amounts to nothing. Give me the pick."

There was no alternative but to obey—the most gallant will in the world being unable to create muscular strength. And so the person chiefly concerned in that which was sought was forced to stand by inactive while the search was conducted.

But the work required was, after all, not very great. Evidently time pressed when Henri de Marsillac and his servant had likewise worked here; and their shallow hiding-place would soon have yielded its treasure had suspicion ever been directed to the spot. For the excavation of the searchers had not reached a depth of more than two feet when there was a sudden, sharp sound, as the pick—at that moment in Gilbert's hand—struck on metal. De Marsillac, who was leaning against the sun-dial, uttered an exclamation as sharp; while Atherton, quietly looking on with his hands in his pockets, called out to Gilbert:

"You have struck it! Go on at that spot."

Ten minutes later the top of an iron-bound chest was laid bare; twenty minutes later two men were eagerly digging around it; and thirty minutes later they had made their excavation sufficiently large to attempt to lift it out. But the attempt resulted in a complete failure: the weight

which it contained was beyond their joint strength to stir.

"By Jove!" said Atherton, looking up at the pale boy who stood on the margin of the excavation, "you have found your fortune indeed! This chest must weigh at least a thousand pounds. It is useless to think of lifting it without further assistance, and that can not be had. So we must open it where it stands."

"How do you suppose that two men brought it here in the first place?" asked De Marsillac.

"They did not bring it here filled. They must have deposited the chest and then filled it—as we must empty it. Do you observe how much it resembles those treasure-chests of Christophe that we saw at the citadel? Evidently every planter possessed such a receptacle for the safe-keeping of money and valuables. And since the key of this was taken away in the pocket of its owner, we must imitate the soldiery of Christophe and break the lock. Give it a few blows with the pick, Gilbert."

A few blows well directed, and the work was done. Then, stepping aside, Atherton motioned the boy, still standing above, to descend.

"Come," he said, "and lift the lid. You alone have the right to do so."

(To be continued.)

HAPPY those who can make up their mind. The decided are always calm; even in the midst of trouble they know their path, and their way is clear before them. They who generously choose the higher and austerer life enter into a great peace. At first they shrink, perhaps, from natural infirmity, and the will fears what the light of faith dictates and what its own choice decides; but the Holy Ghost never calls the soul to higher paths without elevating the will freely and generously to choose them.

The Legend of the Chorister.

BY JOS. WALTER WILSTACH.

IN cloister dim, in vellum pages,
 'Mongst legends of the Middle Ages,
 I wandered, fancy-led,
 In that far world of squires and pages,
 Of minstrels, men-at-arms, and sages,
 My mind on mythic story fed.

To a new-made mound, marked by a cross,
 Each morn I saw a weeping mother come.
 All day in groans and tears her grief was
 spent,
 Mourning her only born—her angel boy.

I stood, but spake no word: the anguish
 fierce
 That tore her bosom half unmanning mine;
 At last a solace came—as solace comes, or soon
 Or late, to all things under sun.

At evening, when the ruddy glow of day
 Was almost gone upon the western hills,
 And she, the faithful watcher, watched her
 grave,

A sudden brightness—as when meteor swift
 Opens the darkness—came, and with it a clear
 voice:

“Weep not, poor mourner; thy seraphic boy,
 Whose voice in choir brought heaven to lis-
 tening ears,
 Is blest with choirs that sing through heaven’s
 aisles.

He hears thy plaints and hovers now,
 A spirit of light, about thee day and night.
 O weep no longer him, but to the church
 Fare thee in patience; there at Mass and
 Vespers

His voice thou’lt hear above the rest,
 As erst it rang.”

So spake the voice
 Of St. Maurice, the patron of the abbey where
 Her boy, a saintly chorister, had died.

Upon her bruised heart the voice as sweet
 balm lay;

And ever after, from the morrow morn,
 The mother in that abbey’s chapel heard
 At Mass and Vespers her beloved’s voice;
 And heard it every day of hers on earth.

A Valliant Catholic.

III.

WHILE the Sergeant’s conversion to
 the Catholic faith did not separate
 him from his old friends or acquaintances
 to any appreciable extent, save perhaps
 by the severance of some former common
 interests, it was the means of acquiring
 many new friends, with whom he formed
 ties so sweet and strong that they were
 broken only by death. He was at this
 time particularly struck by the habits of
 the Catholic households to which he was
 introduced. Religion seemed as natural
 a part of their life as their daily food,
 their occupations, and their amusements.
 The following extracts will instance some
 of the impressions received at this period.
 He writes:

“While we were staying at Everingham
 the hounds were on the lawn, and the
 horses of the guests parading in front, and
 groups of gentry preparing to start, when
 I went into the chapel. There was no one
 there but Mr. William Maxwell (afterward
 Lord Herries); and he was on his knees
 making his morning meditation, in a
 scarlet coat and top-boots. This looked to
 me, at first, like an incongruity. I soon
 saw, however, that it was not so.... On
 another occasion, whilst we were staying
 at Holme, I was up early on a Sunday
 morning, and had gone into the tribune of
 the chapel—which was a gallery opening
 from a staircase, and where I was not
 visible to any one in the chapel below.
 At first the place was empty, but after
 some time the sacristy door opened and
 the young lady of the house entered, who
 during the previous evening had been
 foremost in making merriment amongst
 a young party. She was not conscious of
 my presence, and proceeded to prepare
 the altar for Mass; doing this with such
 reverence and devotion that I could hardly

believe her to be the same person who the night before had been acting charades and playing forfeits with such a merry countenance. Everything now was done with deliberation; she never passed in front of the altar without kneeling; and everything was touched and handled so devotionally that she might have been serving in the presence of some great monarch. She finally knelt and prayed, and retired....

"Mr. Charles Waterton, the well-known naturalist, a vigorous old man, full of cheerful anecdote, with whom we spent some weeks at Walton Hall, was also a well-read theologian and liked to talk on Catholic subjects.... After the death of his wife a blanket, a log of wood, and the bare floor were the only appliances he had for sleeping. At four o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, he made a meditation, bare-headed, in the open air, on the borders of his lake. But, in him, these acts of mortification appeared to be quite consistent with a joyful, not to say jovial, character. All these things were new to me."

Mrs. Bellasis also writes on this subject: "These old Catholic Yorkshire houses are truly patriarchal, and models of what Christian households ought to be. The Angelus awakens us in the morning; Mass comes before breakfast; at noon the Angelus, and again at sunset; family prayers at night, punctual to the minute, nobody absent from the church; and throughout the day religion forming one of the topics of conversation in the most natural way."

Such descriptions are indeed like a piece out of heaven dropped into the midst of a hardened, indifferent, material world. Nothing could be more truly Catholic than the routine of life in the Sergeant's own home. Family prayers were said regularly morning and evening; but those prayers were never unduly extended, as he had a great fear of wearying others.

When on his way to an evening party he usually recited the Litany in the carriage. When a journey was about to be undertaken, the household were assembled in the chapel in order to recommend it to the care of Divine Providence. He was not given to long exhortations in the bosom of his family, preferring to render religion sweeter and more attractive by example and gentle reminders,—never pressing its practices upon his children, although he observed many himself. And he had the satisfaction of realizing in a singular manner how well this silent teaching succeeded.

It was beautiful to mark how fully Mr. Bellasis entered into the spirit of the entire ecclesiastical year, making his first greeting in the morning applicable to each particular season or festival, and thus indicating his abiding sense of the presence of God. When in foreign countries, where religious customs and pious observances were different from his own, he did not take occasion, as even many good Catholics do, to criticise them, but looked to the pious spirit by which they were prompted.

He was by nature unselfish; grace strengthened and increased this beautiful characteristic, which he endeavored in every possible way to inculcate in his children. He never wearied of telling them that the greatest of pleasures was giving pleasure to others. Running through his biography are many sweet, gentle and affectionate acts, impossible to enumerate here, but showing how lovable his nature must have been. He was wont to remind his children that there were two ways of ruling and teaching: one by love, the other by fear. He preferred the former. He was demonstrative toward all whom he loved, especially his children; to a certain extent, he put himself on an equality with them, and he was rewarded by their entire love and confidence. They were his familiars; he was never too

fatigued to teach and entertain them. He was always careful to impress upon them the importance of an observant and intelligent spirit, encouraging a taste in scientific research as well as amusement.

He was an ardent lover of music, regarded it as an educational feature, and, having some ability in that line himself, fostered it in his children. He was not above occasionally attending a good play with his family; indeed he considered it another means of education, and greatly enjoyed such occasions. Home theatricals were always indulged in at Christmas-tide. He also believed in travelling as a help to the development of youthful minds, considering it at once a source of instruction and amusement; and, year after year, holiday time found him touring with his family. As they grew up and began to take their places in the world, he was careful to give them good advice, which was so excellent that we can not forbear quoting a portion of a letter to one of his daughters, as applicable from any father to any daughter in any class of society:

"1. Do not form opinions of things or people hastily," he wrote in 1853; "but reserve your thoughts to talk them over with those you love; it will delight them, and save you from misconception. 2. Do not be too ready to believe anything you hear to another's disadvantage. Of such stories the greater part are wholly untrue or greatly exaggerated; therefore, *mistrust* them all. 3. Never express your opinion in a positive manner, especially to those older than yourself. The habit of doing so is called forwardness and is far from pleasing. If you have occasion to express your opinion, do it modestly, and as if you were not quite sure of it. 4. Do not be too ready to make objections to the opinions you may hear expressed. This habit is called captiousness and is always offensive. It may be you are obliged to disagree; if so, do it with gentleness and,

if possible, in the form of a question. 5. Avoid a critical spirit; in other words, do not find fault with individuals or things. There are few things which will not admit of criticism, but remember a critical spirit is often ill-natured and indicative of a commonplace understanding. 6. Never trust yourself to criticise Catholic religious practices or habits at home or abroad; it may be that you misapprehend them, but to find fault with them is, in truth, to act in a Protestant spirit. 7. Ask the opinions of others as often as you please; but give your own as seldom as possible, unless you are asked, and then give it diffidently. 8. Beware of the *pleasure* of differing from others in matters of opinion; on the contrary, learn to take a pleasure in acquiescing when the subject is indifferent. It is a sure way of pleasing, whilst a habit of disagreeing is very objectionable."

Space will not permit us to quote from the beautiful letters addressed to his daughters at different times, when they were about to change their state of life. Three of them became religious, but not until their vocation had been fully tested, in obedience to the wishes of their father, who, rejoicing that he was selected to make the offering of these young hearts to God, yet was careful to be certain that they had really been called to His especial service. This assured, he gave them up cheerfully, even joyously; whilst they always remained, throughout life, united in the firmest and most familiar bonds of family affection.

When Sergeant Bellasis first became a Catholic it was represented to him by Protestant friends that he would now be overrun by the Catholic clergy. On the contrary, he complained that he did not see enough of them. It was one of his greatest delights to entertain a priest, to oblige him in any possible way, as well as to minister generously to his personal or charitable needs whenever occasion

offered. He never met one on the street without saluting him with great respect, whether acquainted with him or not; and when stopping at a strange place for the night, he invariably called on the pastor.

His kindness to nuns was equally great. He writes in March, 1857: "I was in Staffordshire last week, and this week I am going there again for an election, to vote against a man who votes against the nuns—an unpardonable offence." He often said that there was not the least merit in his charity toward them; for it was always rewarded fivefold. Whenever he was anxious about the success of a case in the courts he would apply to various religious houses for prayers, which were generally successful. When he saw the Sisters coming he would hasten to open the door for them himself; showing them, while they remained, every mark of respect and attention, and never allowing them to depart without a generous subscription or substantial sum of money.

Once a Sister called, looking pale and ill. "I am sorry to see you so poorly, Sister," he said. "Now, about how much would you be collecting to-day?" On being told, he immediately presented her with the amount, called a cab, paid the cabman, and sent the Sister back to her convent, telling her to rest herself for the remainder of the day.

He was more intimate with Dr. Grant than with any of the English prelates, thought him a saint, and esteemed him as a dear and valued friend. The closeness of this intimacy dated from a time when one of the Sergeant's children was lying at the point of death. Dr. Grant called and requested to see the boy. He was taken to the sick-room; and, kneeling down, took off his pectoral cross, which contained a fragment of the True Cross, and touched with it the child's forehead and breast. Then, laying a bottle of St. Walburga's oil on the table, he hastily took his departure. From that moment the child began

to improve and was soon entirely well.

When this child had reached the age of nine there arose a question as to his education, as he was destined, if God so willed, for the religious state. Dr. Grant wished him to be directly trained for it without going to a public school; and the Sergeant, always particular to weigh reasons for and against, finally wrote to Dr. Newman concerning the matter. He received the following interesting reply:

"Well, as to your boy, you see my mind runs so much its own way that I do not know how to trust it. If I spoke it, it would be this—viz., I have little belief of true vocations being destroyed by contact with the world. I don't mean the contact with sin and evil, but that contact with the world which consists of such intercourse as is natural and necessary. Many boys seem to have a vocation, in whom it is but appearance. They go to school, and the appearance fades away; and then people say, 'They have lost their vocation,' when in truth they never had one. In such cases it is, on the other hand, rather a positive good that they and their parents were not deceived. What I shrink from with dread, as the more likely danger, is not the Church's losing priests whom she ought to have had, but gaining priests with whom she should never have been burdened. The thought is awful that boys should have had no trial of their heart till, at the end of some fourteen years, they go out into the world with the most solemn vows upon them; and then, perhaps for the first time, learn that the world is by no means a seminary;—when they exchange the atmosphere of the church, the lecture-rooms and the study, the *horarium* of devotion, work, meals, and recreation, for this most bright, various and seductive world...."

At the Sergeant's chambers was held the first meeting in connection with the Oratory school. The idea was not only to provide proper religious instruction,

but to ensure such a Catholic training as would lay the foundation of a solid piety in the hearts of youth not destined for the ecclesiastical state,—this being considered all the more necessary because the originators were mostly converts, and felt such a training to be more essential for their children than those who had been all their lives surrounded by Catholic influences. There were various opinions as to the best method of carrying out this plan. Some were in favor of placing an individual Catholic at the head of the school, but from the first Sergeant Bellasis was firm in his belief that a religious body should be identified with it. So it was decided that the Fathers of the Oratory should take charge of the establishment.

Nowhere was his loyalty to the Church made more evident than in the course he followed with regard to his sons, when the question was agitated as to whether Catholic young men should be allowed to attend the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. When the highest authority discouraged without forbidding such a course, he considered the intimation a command; and the precious advantages of a university education, which none knew better than he, were cheerfully sacrificed. Were he living to-day, it would rejoice his faithful heart to know that such an extreme course will be no longer necessary.

(Conclusion in our next number.)

It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong, unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon.—*George Eliot.*

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.—*Hawthorne.*

An Imperial Resting-Place.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

AMONG the sights and curiosities of the gay city of Vienna, none strikes the imagination of the visitor more forcibly than a dark crypt, situated under the Capuchin church, where for the last two centuries all the members of the house of Hapsburg have been buried. Neither St. Stephen, gorgeous and solemn; nor the Burg, that stately home of an ancient monarchy; nor Schönbrunn, with its historical memories; nor even the Church of St. Augustin, with Canova's masterpiece—the monument erected to the Archduchess Marie Christine by her bereaved husband, Albert of Saxe-Teschen,—not one of these has the strange fascination of the crypt, where a brown-robed friar leads the way among the coffins of the illustrious dead.

The Capuchin church, under which lies the imperial burial-place, is situated in the centre of Vienna, in the Neuen Markt. It has been in use since 1619, when the Emperor Matthias and his wife, the Empress Anna, were buried there. With the exception of Ferdinand II. and his consort, who were interred at Gratz, and of two empresses who requested to be buried in other convents, all the dead members of the imperial house have been brought there for the last two hundred and fifty years.

The crypt contains more than one hundred and fifteen coffins. Eleven emperors, fifteen empresses, thirty archdukes, fifty archduchesses, besides a certain number of princes and princesses allied to the house of Hapsburg, repose side by side, under the guardianship of the sons of St. Francis. Only one person not of imperial birth has a place in that solemn gathering of dead royalties. Prompted by a grateful impulse that does credit to her womanly heart, Maria Teresa caused the remains of

her devoted governess Caroline, Countess Fuchs, to be laid in her family vault.

The ceremonial in use on the occasion of a funeral at the Capuchins is simple and impressive. When the wooden coffin containing the dead is brought to the entrance of the vault, it is opened by the master of ceremonies of the court, who then summons the Father Guardian of the convent to say whether or not he recognizes the corpse. Upon his reply that he does so, the coffin is closed by means of two padlocks; one key remains in possession of the master of ceremonies, while the other is delivered to the Father Guardian. Later on the wooden coffin, in which the remains are placed at first, is enclosed in a bronze sarcophagus; and some of these, admirably executed, are real works of art.

When, last August, we visited the imperial vault, under the guidance of a dark-robed friar bearing a lamp, we found on the very threshold a small coffin, still covered with wreaths of fresh and fragrant flowers, whose perfume penetrated through the gloomy crypt. We are told that this last comer is a little archduke of Tuscany, belonging to the imperial house—one of the many children of the deposed Grand Duke of Tuscany and of Princess Alice of Parma. Only a few days previous, in the treasure of the cathedral of Salzburg, his birthplace, we had been shown the large wax-candle which had been carried before this little Robert of Tuscany on the day of his baptism. With his white robe of innocence still unsullied, and his heart untouched by sin or sorrow, the boy of ten had been called home to God.

Towering above all the other monuments—just as at Vienna and Schönbrunn, her memory seems to reign supreme and to eclipse all others—is the splendid sarcophagus of the Empress Queen, Maria Teresa, upon which is her reclining figure and that of her beloved husband, Francis of Lorraine. The magnificent bronze tomb

was executed under the personal direction of the widowed sovereign, after the death of the consort to whom she was deeply attached. Around her are some of her children. Just at the feet of his parents, in a plain and unadorned monument, lies Joseph II., the freethinking Emperor. His two wives and his children, all of whom died in infancy, are close by. Then, at rest at last after a most stormy life, lies Caroline, Queen of Naples; and a few paces distant, her sister Marie Christine, whose beautiful monument in the church near by is a lasting remembrance of her husband's love and of Canova's genius.

In this gathering of the children of the great Empress round their glorious mother we miss the fairest of that blooming family group so often depicted by the artists of the day—Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. As we gaze upon the tombs of her brothers and sisters, laid to rest in peace and honor among their kindred, our imagination conjures up the hideous vision of the long agony and bitter death of that most ill-fated daughter of the Hapsburgs. While the princes and princesses of her race were carried in solemn state to the Capuchin convent, and buried amid the prayers and tears of a loyal people, the headless corpse of the martyred Queen was carelessly thrown into a common cart and thrust into a pauper's grave. Only the previous day, at Schönbrunn, we had come across a picture of the young Archduchess, taken before she left her peaceful home for the court of Versailles: a fair and happy childish face, with no forebodings of a tragic future overshadowing the baby features and smiling lips.

As we wander up and down the solemn gallery where dead princes and princesses sleep, we are struck by the strange and often mournful destiny, even of those who lay there at rest forever, by the curious vicissitudes of fate that have brought together in that dark crypt the old and

the young, the innocent and the guilty; baby princes who passed almost without an interval from the cradle to the tomb, and aged sovereigns whose hair grew white under the pressure of an imperial or royal diadem.

Close to Maria Louisa, the wife of Napoleon, is the tomb of her son, the Duke de Reichstadt, once King of Rome. His, again, was a strange story. Born in 1811, when his father's power was at its zenith, poets and painters, politicians and courtiers, vied with one another in celebrating the event that gave an heir to the master of Europe. Enthusiastic homage was paid to the boy on whose baby brow his proud father hastened to place a royal crown. Our readers know how the storm that overthrew the first Napoleon's throne swept away his son's golden cradle; how the child, so pompously christened King of Rome, grew up at the Austrian court, a delicate, dreamy youth, haunted by vague memories of vanished glories, and died at twenty-one in the very room his victorious father had once occupied. All through his short life the thought of that father, whose name was never uttered, but who to his boyish fancy seemed a demigod, pursued the son of Napoleon. He was melancholy and restless; feeling somewhat sadly that he who was now lost in comparative obscurity had once been the sole hope of a vast Empire; but that his past was a forbidden subject, and his future obscure and dim.

Not far from the Duke de Reichstadt lies another and more tragical victim of political complications: Maximilian, the ill-starred Emperor of Mexico. His body was brought back from the bloody field of Queretaro, across the Atlantic, to lie among the princes of his race. Naturally, our thoughts revert to her who shared his short-lived royalty—the once beautiful Carlotta, now bereft of reason, dragging on long years of lonely widowhood.

Another grave, covered with wreaths, is

that of the late Archduke Rudolph, whose mysterious death, on the 30th of January, 1889, our readers must remember. Young, gifted, highly cultivated, the idol of his parents and people, the hope of a vast empire,—what priceless opportunities he recklessly cast away! The thought is even sadder than young Napoleon's melancholy life or Maximilian's tragic end.

We wend our way through the coffins that are placed closely on either side, musing on hopes and dreams destroyed forever; on plans and projects brought to naught; on noble souls called to their rest. No wonder that few sights are more impressive than this one, and that Napoleon when visiting, as a victorious sovereign, the vault where his only son was one day to rest, uncrowned and exiled, exclaimed in awestruck tones: "*Vanitas vanitatum!*"

The Story of Two Veterans.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

"He who plants a tree plants a hope."

MY venerable friend, the Philosopher, affirms that every day in the year should be an Arbor Day. Not, says he, that the actual planting of trees should have its place each day; but that their pruning and preservation and enrichment and the delight in their shade and beauty should be unceasing.

There is more poetry in a tree than the prosaic can imagine; more history than the unlearned can comprehend; more beauty than any but a trained eye can discover; and lessons which, if taken to heart, could bring back the Golden Age once more. And yet men, for gain, hack away at forests with no regard for the preservation of the young growth, and denude the mountains of New England and the beautiful, leafy valleys of the great West for their own selfish ends.

Occasionally retribution, like the New Hampshire floods, follows in the wake of this vandalism; and there may be even more bitter lessons in store.

It is pleasant to note, however, that the interest in the subject of forestry is spreading, and that children are being taught that trees add to the beauty of the world, the wealth of the nation, and the sweetest poetry of life; and that each time they give the roots of an infant tree a home in mellow earth they help to make a shelter for the traveller, a refuge for the birds, a beacon for the lost, and to show the benighted a fresh miracle from the hands of Nature's God.

What monument is there so imperishable as a tree? The Bo Tree in Ceylon dates from the third century before the birth of our Blessed Lord. A cypress tree in Lombardy has an authenticated history of two thousand years. Botanists tell us that there are living trees on Mount Olivet which may have sheltered the Saviour of the world. Certain trees of California are as old as Christianity itself; and there are palms still growing which might, if they could speak, relate to us the story of the building of the pyramids.

And it is not only toward far-off lands that our thoughts wander when we would fain weave a garment of poesy or romance around some monarch of the wood. Here, at our elbows, is an oak wearing a scar made by the hatchet of a hostile Indian; there is one under which the pioneer leaders of a forlorn hope rested when the country was yet in its swaddling clothes, or one which stopped a British bullet; by your side may be a veteran which, when but a twig, was planted, by the hands of a saint long since called home.

Within sound of the bells of Notre Dame are two trees the sight of which stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet. One of them, a white oak—or rather the corpse of one,—hangs its huge dead limbs over the shining river of St. Joseph, near

the spot where untold generations have started to bear their canoes from that stream to the head-waters of the Kankakee. Not long ago some men wise in tree lore carefully examined the marks hidden under the bark of that monstrous trunk, and found that they told a story of no less than four centuries. That tree—a little wind-blown sapling—bent its slender limbs over the romantic river when Columbus started in the *Santa Maria* to find his way across a trackless ocean. At its foot—or near it—centuries after, the brave La Salle must have rested more than once; the saintly Père Marquette, on his last earthly journey, may have sought the shelter of its kindly branches; and Fathers Hennepin, Allouez, and Charlevoix, must have used it, in their trips over the famous portage, as a conspicuous landmark.

The other tree? When the wind is in a certain quarter, the sound of bells is carried to a little hamlet which was once a thriving town. Do not look for it; for only he who knows its secret can find this village of dreams. Travellers along the highway which skirts its edge pass and repass; and no voice mingles with their idle chatter or their anxious talk of crops and prices, to tell them of the elusive charm which, far more than in its prosperous days, hangs around the deserted place. Strangest of all, to those who love it there comes a reluctance to give to the bustling, money-seeking world the records of the days when the bell of the old church, now fast growing to be but a memory itself, called forest children and hardy *voyageurs* to their devotions, and holy women in a convent by the rushing river taught all who would learn the lessons best for their souls' health.

A piece of the old convent still lingers. In its yard is a willow tree, with boughs so widespread and trunk so tremendous that he who beholds it for the first time is stricken with solemn awe. Many now living can remember when the hands

of a young religious planted it, a willow twig, in that fertile soil. Years came and went. The tree grew, and the good deeds of its friend went out to make glad the world. In peace and war she fulfilled her beautiful mission—encouraging, inspiring, helping; and the tree, bereft of her companionship, did, we love to fancy, all that a tree could do that it might be worthy of her remembrance. And then she died, but the old tree lingers yet. Sometimes the lightning plays about it, splintering a bough that it, having so many, does not miss; sometimes friends of the one who planted it come there and sit beneath its shade and speak of her. One day the tree, too, will go the way of all the earth, but not before its work is done.

Take, then, to your hearts the simple lesson which you may, if you care to search for it, find in this true story of two old trees.

An Evil of the Times.

IT would seem that a natural result of the abundance and variety of devotional literature now circulated amongst Catholics should be a more ardent spirit of piety and a more vigorous spiritual life. Such, however, is not the case. There was a quality in the piety of our forefathers which is very much lacking in our own, and their lives were unquestionably less worldly. The reason for this, so far as books are concerned, is not far to seek. The old-fashioned works of meditation and spiritual reading were more solid, and they were used more constantly. Books whose authors' names began with an S were always preferred; and they became the life companions of their owners, exercising an enduring influence on character and conduct. Nowadays standard works of piety are not the fashion. "The Spiritual Combat," which St. Francis de Sales always carried with him, reading some

portion of it every day, is little known to the present generation of Catholics; "The Following of Christ," the favorite book of so many saints, has come to be neglected; and "Philothea," three editions of which were published in English during the lifetime of the sainted author is almost forgotten, sad to say; though few devotional works are more deserving of remembrance. A few old people cling to "Think Well On't," and they do well; for its matter is admirable, though its literary form is somewhat antiquated.

Instead of holding to one good book, and trying to regulate their lives and actions by its teachings, most people wander aimlessly from book to book, never finding one to suit them. The unquenchable thirst for variety on the part of the Catholic public has resulted in the production of a countless number of pious books, most of which are weak and watery to the last degree. It is no wonder that they do not satisfy any one, and it is not regrettable that they quickly pass out of notice. A consummation devoutly to be wished is a return to the spiritual works upon which our forefathers nourished their spiritual life. If St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to a Devout Life" were familiar to the present generation of Catholics, they would not feel the need of many other books, and the dullest mind would discern its superiority to most of the publications that now find favor.

This subject has so often been touched upon in our pages that we should begin to consider it a trite one were it not that from time to time we find it treated of in the pastorals of our bishops at home and abroad. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Birmingham took occasion not long ago to warn his flock against the danger of substituting the mere cursory reading of many books for the prayerful weighing of the thoughts which the writers present, and the practical application thereof to the needs and circumstances of our

lives. His words are well worth quoting:

"Even the multiplicity of books of devotion that are brought within our reach may, unless we are on our guard, have an effect far other than what their pious authors wished and intended. The love of change and variety that is so characteristic of our age is apt to lead us merely to dip into or skim over a large number of devout works, instead of weighing and digesting the deep thoughts of a few carefully selected ones, and working them into our lives so that they shall have an enduring influence on our character and conduct. The power of serious religious thinking is becoming enfeebled amongst us, and we are becoming superficial in our piety as in so much else.... It was not so with our forefathers in the faith—even with those of the last generation. They nourished their spiritual life on the great realities of eternity; caring little for the form in which these were presented to them, so long as the truth was there in all its force and fulness. It is related of the renowned Daniel O'Connell that his eyes filled with tears when, on occasion of one of his visits to the illustrious Bishop Milner, he picked up from his *prie-dieu* a well-worn copy of 'Think Well On't.' In its pages, that showed unmistakable signs of years of careful perusal, the statesman saw revealed the inner life of its saintly owner; and discovered the secret of that wisdom and courage which made Bishop Milner a very bulwark of strength to our holy religion, and so glorious a champion of the Church during a time of darkness, of turbulence, and of greatest peril."

If it be true, as the Bishop says, that the power of serious religious thinking is becoming enfeebled amongst us, and that we are becoming superficial in our piety, it is well to consider how far the neglect of the right sort of religious reading may have contributed to the spread of evils so deplorable.

Notes and Remarks.

The widespread and potent influence of Leo XIII. in the political and social world is every day made more manifest. There have recently been published copies of two letters addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to Mgr. Castellano, Archbishop of Buenos Ayres; and to Mgr. Casanova, Archbishop of Santiago de Chili, advising these prelates to interest themselves in favor of preserving the peace between their respective countries. The two South American governments have expressed to the Pope their gratitude for the intervention of the Holy See in the matter, and recognize that his action has contributed not a little to the fortunate termination of their dispute.

The fourth international Scientific Congress of Catholics is to be held at Fribourg in August, 1897. The ten sections into which the work of the Congress is to be divided comprise the whole circle of scientific knowledge, with Christian art added thereto. In all reunions and assemblies of the members, each speaker may use at his discretion either the Latin, the French, or the German language. English is making rapid conquest of the commercial world; but it would appear that famous scholars in Europe do not consider a knowledge of our tongue so essential as we ourselves imagine it to be.

One of our Parisian exchanges is publishing a "study" whose object is to determine the true founder (or foundress) of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith, which has of recent years taken on such immense proportions. We are glad to see that the honor is given to Pauline-Marie Jaricot, to whom it was awarded several years ago in an article published in our columns.

It would be interesting even if not edifying to know how the Rev. Martin Luther would express himself if he could learn the present state of Germany, "the bulwark of Protestantism." *The Methodist Review*, which ought not to be an unfriendly critic, says that the estrangement of the masses from the Protes-

tant church is growing at a rate which kills hope. "It is a fact which can not be gotten rid of by mere denial that such an estrangement is taking place—or, one might almost say, has taken place. It would be matter for rejoicing if one could put it wholly in the past. But unfortunately it is still in progress, partly because the minority who have remained more or less faithful to the church are losing one by one their sense of loyalty, partly because those who have long been estranged are being confirmed in their indifference." It is odd that simultaneous with this admission comes the statement in an English paper that the Catholic Church in Germany is making great progress. The activity of the faithful is evident from their congresses and the influence they wield in the nation. Nor is the growth of their press less remarkable. In 1880 the number of Catholic papers was 124; in 1890 it had grown to 269; it is now 305. What the next decade may bring about in the "bulwark of Protestantism" it would be difficult to say.

In an editorial on the subject of marriage and divorce, touching the case of the Rev. Mr. Fuller, of Malden, Mass., formerly of the Episcopal Church, *The Sun* asks pertinently: "Does not this suggest that, after all, the respect of these cultivated people for the church is merely perfunctory and superficial rather than founded on any deep and vital religious faith? Does it not indicate that society looks upon the church simply as one of the institutions under its patronage, and not a divine institution making for it the religious law it is bound to obey?" It certainly does; and it is significant that Mr. Fuller, who has married again after having obtained a divorce for desertion merely, is not likely to experience difficulty in finding a pulpit in some other denomination.

Among the recipients of the birthday honors conferred this year by Queen Victoria we rejoice to find the name Philip Le Page Renouf—now Sir Philip. The bestowal of knighthood on the most eminent of British Egyptologists is a fitting recognition of his successful efforts to throw light on the

history of darkest Egypt. Sir Philip still holds the presidency of many learned societies; and, though he is now an old man, his occasional contributions to scientific periodicals show how vigorously his mind still works. His fellow-Catholics in England especially will rejoice at the honor which comes to him near the close of his laborious and useful life.

Great preparations are being made for the solemn celebration, on the 21st inst., of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Sovereign Pontiff's First Communion. The date coincides with the Feast of St. Aloysius, patron of youth. It has been suggested that children everywhere who have received their First Communion in recent years go to Holy Communion on that day and offer up prayers for the welfare of the Pope and for the peace and prosperity of the Church. The First Communions of Roman children for the present year have been postponed until that date, so that a vast concourse of young people will approach the Holy Table at the time when the Pope himself communicates. This form of celebration is unique, and will doubtless afford great satisfaction to the Vicar of Christ.

It has been growing in the minds of many observant men that "literature" of the dime-novel variety is neither so common nor so influential with young people as it used to be. For this, thank God! But a dozen great crimes committed by children within a year show that its influence is still far too potent. Boys are naturally barbarous; the instincts to lie, to fight, to be selfish, to be cruel to animals,—all prove this. They like to read about bloodshed and great crimes, and in the dime novel these things are described in a purposely seductive and exciting way. Good parents set refining influences at work from the beginning, and the schools are expected to continue them; but school training is often desperately deficient. A writer in *The Fortnightly* wisely says:

What the bulk of the children require is a knowledge of such really elementary intellectual processes as reading, writing, or doing ordinary arithmetical sums, and a thorough training in how to behave themselves. This latter part of their

education is confessedly not so successfully carried out as the former; but it is quite as important, if not more so. Unfortunately, it is very much more difficult to teach, especially without the intervention of Dr. Stick, of whose valuable ministrations our modern sentimentalists fight so uncommonly shy. In consequence, it is the moral part of the children's training which is neglected. So far as can be seen, the Church schools are better in this respect.

This is good so far as it goes, but if children are to be protected from pernicious literature they must have *good and interesting* books to replace it. If the dare-devil element is to be banished, the heroic element must be introduced. Besides, all good tastes are acquired tastes; and parents should industriously strive to direct the inclinations of children to wholesome and useful reading, or to place the little ones under the care of those who can so direct them.

A recent novel, by the master of nastiness in France, has been characterized as "Baedeker beaten up with Mommsen; a fricassee of Winckelmann and Lamennais; Padre Curci mingled with Rohr; and Tolstoi interlarded with Joseph de Maistre." This recipe is incomplete. It ought to include an ingredient of American "ex-monk"; for Zola is not too good a realist to lie—when it adds picturesqueness. One of his many "inaccuracies" is thus charitably pointed out by *The Athenæum*:

We notice that M. Zola declares that among the books condemned as a class by the Congregation of the Index are "all Bibles in a vulgar tongue." We believe that the doctrine of the Church of Rome is that the Bible in the vulgar tongue should not be placed in the hands of uninstructed people without explanation. But this is hardly a sweeping condemnation such as M. Zola describes; and there are Roman Catholic Bible societies which have spread throughout the world large numbers of Bibles in various tongues,—although, no doubt, these are accompanied by explanatory notes.

The intense earnestness of the Catholics of England and their interest in religious education were strikingly shown at the late Conference of Catholic Headmasters in London. The conference brought together the leaders in the educational work of England, and the tone of the papers read was refreshingly practical. The subjects of discussion embraced the efficiency of teachers,

the curriculum of studies, the question of discipline, and college organizations. Now, there are more Catholic colleges and academies in two New England States than in all England. The teachers are devoted men and women, for the most part intensely interested in their work. The advantages of such conferences in the United States would be immeasurable. Until such interchange of views and methods is brought about, neither our parish schools nor colleges will attain to their highest efficiency. Every year there are meetings of presidents and professors of most of the non-Catholic institutions, and the published reports show how stimulating and helpful such meetings are. If our teachers and the Catholic press would enter heartily into this matter, the annual conference might become an established institution in our country, and the gain to Catholic education would be great and lasting.

We chronicle with deep regret the death of the distinguished Catholic painter, Signor Luigi Gregori, who passed away in Florence last week. Those who knew him can never forget the charming simplicity of his character or his devotion to Christian art. Much of his work was done in the United States, and nearly all of it for the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Either the interior of the collegiate church or the series of Columbian frescoes in the University would of itself be enough to perpetuate the memory of Signor Gregori; and, indeed, these remarkable paintings constitute his life-work. Probably his best-known picture is "Columbus at the Court of Spain," which was chosen for one of the series of Columbian postage-stamps. May he rest in peace!

Catholics do not usually appeal to early writers on points of faith; while we have a living, teaching Church such an appeal would be essentially un-Catholic. As Dr. Mivart said lately, we believe that the Church is as infallible in the year 1896 as she was in the year 100. But for the benefit of those who, in lieu of argument, charge the Church with "accretions of dogma," with inventing new faiths and fostering superstitions, we

quote these words from that staunch organ of Protestantism, *The Quarterly Review*:

Modern research has clearly shown that we possess a body of writings dating from the close of the first or beginning of the second century. Their genuineness has been established, and they prove the existence at that date of a clearly defined and generally diffused Christianity, which may be viewed in relation either to its future development or to its past history. With regard to the future, we find every element already existing which goes to make up the conception of the Catholic Church, as it is known to us at the end of the second century. Historians may devote their ability to tracing the modifications, the development, the expansion of these ideas; but they must recognize that the "Catholic" conceptions of Christianity exist, in a somewhat inchoate form it may be, clearly and definitely as early as this. . . . The problem of the origin of Christianity has still to be faced; but it is reduced to smaller dimensions when we realize that Catholic Christianity, using the term in the sense which Baur affixed to it, had developed by the end of the first century.

In concluding his declaration on the controversy with regard to the validity of Anglican Orders, Mr. Gladstone writes: "It is not for me to say what will be the upshot of the proceedings now in progress at Rome. But be their issue what it may, there is, in my view, no room for doubt as to the attitude which has been taken by the actual Head of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to them. It seems to me an attitude in the largest sense paternal; and while it will probably stand among the latest recollections of my lifetime, it will ever be cherished with cordial sentiments of reverence, of gratitude, and of high appreciation."

A writer in *La Vera Roma* tells a remarkable story in connection with the conversion of the ex-Mason, Solutore Zola. According to this account, which the writer states he received from the lips of the convert himself, Signor Zola had a serious fall last year, and as a result one of the bones of his leg was fractured. The doctors arrived too late, for the leg was so swollen that they could not reduce the fracture. The pain was excruciating, and the swelling remained. On last Christmas Eve Zola dreamt that, in spite of his suffering, he had gone in a carriage with sight-seers, friends of his, to visit a

shrine of the Madonna. As they looked idly about, a majestic woman, holding a Child in her arms and wearing a blue mantle, appeared to him and said: "You came once before to see me, but you did not pray to me; you even laughed. Have you nothing to ask me to-day? You are suffering from your leg; throw away your crutches and walk." He made the attempt and walked without difficulty; and, wishing to thank the Lady, he uttered the only pious words he could remember: "*Dominus vobiscum!*" This was his dream, but a reality soon followed it. In the morning his wife remarked upon the strange words he uttered in his sleep, and Signor Zola told her of his dream. While he was speaking, he felt a strange tingling in the injured member, and on examination every trace of the accident had vanished. He stood up and experienced no pain; then, falling on his knees, he wept and prayed. The writer declares that this incident is attested by the physicians, the neighbors and intimate friends of Signor Zola.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.
HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sig. Luigi Gregori, who departed this life in Florence, Italy, on the 6th inst.

Mrs. Margaret Van Daniker, of Baltimore, Md., who passed away on the 19th ult.

Dr. John O'Reilly, whose happy death took place on the 1st inst., at Morristown, N. J.

Mrs. Teresa McKenna, of San Francisco, Cal., who died suddenly on the 22d ult.

Mrs. Sarah Crotty, whose life closed peacefully on the 5th inst., in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. E. Ryan, of Hancock, Mich., who was called to the reward of a fervent Christian life on the 12th inst.

Mr. Henry Casey, of Grafton, Canada; Mr. Thomas Mahar, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Thomas Keane, Mrs. Hannah Troy, and Mrs. Mary Hurley, Newtown, Conn.; Mrs. Elizabeth McCormack, Canton, Ohio; Miss Ellen and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, San Francisco, Cal.; Miss Mary C. Smith, San Rafael, Cal.; Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, Torrington, Conn.; Mr. Bernard McGrade, Napa, Cal.; Miss Letia Clarkin, Brisbane, Queensland; Miss Nonie Riordan, Herbertstown, Ireland; and Mr. William D. Barry.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

Marco and Tito.

BY CHARLOTTE C. SMITH.



ONE cold spring day, when the ice was still floating in New York Bay, a party of Italian immigrants landed at Castle Garden. They were all men, save one little boy, who carried a monkey under one arm and a violin under the other. He was crying for his father, who had died on board ship and had been buried at sea. He had seen his father's body lowered and cast into the green water. And now the little fellow was an orphan in a strange land. All he had left was Tito the monkey and his violin. He stayed a few days at Castle Garden, then followed a few men, who were friends of his father, to a lodging-house. The men were kind, but Marco was not happy.

One morning he awoke quite early and found the monkey sitting on the window-sill. There was a broken glass in the window-sash, and the monkey was busy throwing the men's coats and shoes into the street below.

"Tito! Tito!" he called, hurrying to the window. But the monkey chattered and pointed to the sidewalk below.

Marco ran downstairs and picked up as many of the clothes as he could find, but some had been taken by the people passing. He then took the monkey and violin and hurried off; for he feared that when the men awoke they would kill Tito.

The boy walked a long distance before

he discovered that he had not had his breakfast; so he stopped on a corner where many people were passing, and began playing on his violin. He held it against his body with the neck upward, and sawed across it with the bow. Tito had a miniature violin, and he played on his just as Marco played.

When ladies passed, Marco took off his cap and held it toward them, saying, "*Se vi piace, bellissima.*" And when they gave him money he never failed to bow, saying, "*Vi ringrazio.*"

It did not take him long to earn his breakfast; for he played fairly well, and Tito was so cunning. He bought some oranges and bananas, and Tito and he sat down on the steps of a church to rest and enjoy the fruit. Tito smacked his lips and made a great fuss eating his orange. When Marco tried to peel it for him, he squalled and held on to it, for fear Marco was going to take it away from him. Tito liked bananas, too. He ate as fast as he could, so as to get more of them than Marco. He took large mouthfuls, keeping watch out of the corner of his eye to see how fast Marco was eating.

The little Italian boy felt lonely and sad. He could not forget his father's death and his home across the wide sea. He did not remember his mother: she died when he was a baby; but he remembered a kind father, and bright, happy, sunny days among vineyards and fields of flowers. Thinking about all these things, Marco forgot to eat; and, before he was aware, Tito had eaten three bananas and he had had only one.

"Tito," the boy said in Italian to the monkey, "you are a little piggy. You have eaten all your share and mine too."

Tito winked and blinked, and skipped around on the stone steps, as much as to say: "Oh, never mind! I have had a good breakfast."

Marco and Tito started on again to earn more money. The day was chilly, but Marco wore a dark blue cape, and he carried Tito under it; only Tito would keep his head out to see all that was going on. When the monkey saw a fruit stand, Marco had to hold tightly on to him to keep him from jumping into the midst of the fruit and helping himself. He was also fond of flowers; and when he saw a lady pass wearing violets, he reached out his little furry paw from under the cape and looked pleadingly at her. Marco loved the flowers, too; for they reminded him of his home so far away. They met a lady wearing roses. One of the roses broke from its stem and fell to the sidewalk. Marco pushed through the crowd and captured the rose from being crushed by the hurrying feet. He kept it till he sat down to rest, then he showed it to Tito. The monkey smelt of it, pressing his nose in amongst the petals. When Marco asked Tito for it, he would not give it to him; so he let the monkey carry it as they went on to earn another meal.

It was hard work for the poor little Italian boy to play on his violin; for he felt very lonesome in the great streets of New York. There were many musicians and beggars on the streets, but he did not happen to meet any who could speak Italian. Many of them spoke to him in English, but all he could answer was, "*Non vi comprendo*," and shake his head.

When night came he went back to the church where he and Tito had eaten their breakfast, and crawled along a stone ledge and found a sleeping-place in a niche

behind three stone pillars. Tito and he ate some more fruit for their supper, and lay down to sleep, shivering with the cold. Tito slept in Marco's arms, holding fast to the withered rose.

In the morning Marco was awakened by something hitting his face. Tito had crawled out of his arms and sat a little way off, pulling the rose to pieces, and throwing the petals in Marco's face.

"Tito, you are a very bad monkey. What made you spoil the beautiful rose?" Marco said.

Tito covered his eyes with both hands, and peeped out between his fingers to see what Marco was going to do. Marco gathered a few of the petals and kissed them. Then Tito picked up a few and began eating them as fast as he could.

"Tito," Marco said, taking hold of the monkey's hands, "won't you please be good to-day?"

The monkey pulled away from him, and began jumping about on all-fours, to make Marco laugh.

"You are a bad monkey," Marco said, shaking his head at him. But Tito only jumped higher, not heeding the scolding.

Marco had a few pennies left, so he bought two buns for their breakfast. Tito did not like these as well as fruit, so he picked his to pieces and threw it on the sidewalk. But when he saw a dog eating it, he jumped out of Marco's arms right onto the dog's back. The dog shook him off, and the wicked little monkey ran back to Marco with his paws full of the dog's hair.

"Please be good, Tito, or some big man will kill us," Marco pleaded. But Tito winked and blinked at him, not caring for his admonitions.

When the weather grew warmer Marco was happier. He left his blue cape tucked behind the stone pillars, and used it only at night; and he and Tito went forth daily to earn money for their meals. The warm weather made Tito livelier

and more mischievous. He was a very wise monkey, but he had strong likes and dislikes.

At one of the street corners a lame man sat begging. "Anything—just anything!" the lame man said to the passers-by, holding out his hat.

Marco often gave him pennies, which seemed to distress Tito greatly. Marco had to hold fast to him to keep him from jumping into the hat after the pennies. Marco felt very sorry for the poor man; but the monkey showed his teeth and squealed every time he saw him.

On another corner an old blind man and his little granddaughter sat, selling lead-pencils. Marco went there every day to play, because he liked the old man and the little girl; and Tito also liked them. Marco earned more money than they did, so at night he often gave them some of his pennies. All he cared for was just enough money to buy fruit and nuts for Tito and himself. Often he became so absorbed in his own music that he forgot to collect the pennies; then the little girl, whose name was Tiny, would take his hat and pass it for him. Marco thought Tiny the dearest little creature in the world. Marco did not understand English, and Tiny did not understand Italian; but the two jabbered away together when they sat on the curbstone eating their luncheon.

The monkey greatly enjoyed the lunch hour; it meant fruit and nuts to him, and an afternoon nap on the shady side of the blind man. But the man had to listen attentively; for if he heard his pencils moving, he knew Tito was stealing them to throw into the street. One day Tito grabbed a handful of them, and climbed up the side of a building and threw them in an open window. Marco scolded him for his naughtiness, and paid the blind man for the loss of the pencils.

The summer passed without anything very serious happening to Marco and Tito.

They never saw their Italian friends who cared for them when they first landed in New York. They looked for them on the streets, but they never found them. Marco and Tito played on their violins on the street corners all day, and slept behind the church pillars at night. They were not alone in the dark: pigeons and sparrows roosted in the tower above their heads. Early every morning bells in the tower rang out, awaking the birds. The pigeons flew out, circling round and round the tower; and the sparrows flew down to the street. Some of them came behind the pillars to pick up the crumbs dropped by Marco and Tito, and to hunt for spiders and bugs in the cracks and crevices of the church. When Tito heard the sparrows pecking away on the stones, he jumped at them to frighten them away.

"Tito," Marco said to him, "do not frighten the little birds; they are eating up all the bugs and spiders which crawl over our faces and tickle us at night."

But Tito chattered and scolded all the more at the birds, because he thought they wanted to steal his breakfast, which was rolled up in a brown paper near him. When the birds had eaten all the insects they could find on the church, they flew away to hunt for more on other buildings; then Tito lay down again till Marco said: "Come on, Tito!" Then the monkey knew that Marco meant for him to get up. They ate the fruit in the brown paper, then went on the streets to play.

When Marco saw Tiny he said: "*Buon giorno, Signorina Tiny!*" And to the blind man: "*Buon giorno, Signor!*" And the blind man and Tiny answered: "Good-morning, Marco and Tito!"

When the days grew chilly in the autumn, Marco and Tito and the blind man and Tiny sought sunny corners for their business. "Come into the sunshine, grandpa," Tiny's small voice piped, leading the blind man away from the shade of the buildings. When the sun went

down behind the buildings, the blind man and Tiny went to their rooms in a tenement, and Marco and Tito went to the church.

One snowy night Marco stood outside the church, listening to the music and shivering with the cold. He crept to the door and looked in. Marco was a good little Catholic, and several times he had wanted to go into the church to pray; but he dreaded to take Tito, for fear the monkey might cut up some of his pranks. To-night Tito was very cold and sleepy, so Marco thought he might venture to take him in under his cape.

It was the eve of All Saints' Day. The church was crowded. All the seats were taken; so Marco crossed himself, and knelt on the floor in a shadowy corner near the door. The warm church, with its lights and music, and the service to which Marco had listened so many times in his life, made him feel at home in America for the first time. He said his *Ave Marias* and *Pater Nosters* over and over till he grew sleepy. The next thing he knew he was all alone in the church: the people were gone; the lights were out, except one lamp suspended from the ceiling in front of the altar, which shone like a bright star in the darkness.

"Tito!" he whispered, to see if he really had the monkey with him.

The monkey poked his head out from under the cloak.

Marco patted his head, saying: "We are locked in the church. Now you must be a good monkey, and we will stay here all night."

Marco crawled along on all-fours to one of the seats, and lay down on the cushion to sleep, with Tito in his arms. It was the softest bed he had had since he left the steamer; and he slept soundly, and did not awaken until he heard the early morning bells; then he crept softly out of one of the doors which the sexton had left open. It was still dark, and he

and Tito had to wait a long while for the stores to open, and for the blind man and Tiny. He tried to tell Tiny about the fine bed he had found. But she thought he was talking about cold weather, and she shivered sympathetically; which made him wonder why she felt cold when he was telling her about his nice, warm bed.

That day Marco's hands got so numb playing on his violin in the cold that he went to the church quite early. He felt that he ought to pay for his lodging if he slept there, so he put ten cents into the alms-box—five for himself and five for Tito,—crossed himself, and crept slyly in and hid in the corner near the door. There were a few people kneeling in the church, but they soon left. It grew dark, and he heard the sexton lock the doors.

Tito was in high spirits. Marco had great difficulty keeping him still. The monkey wanted to run and jump about; but Marco had great respect for the church and he would not let Tito go. Marco wanted to kneel down and pray, so he gave Tito a banana to eat, saying: "Silence, Tito!"

Tito watched Marco; and, when he had eaten his banana, he knelt down, and put his hands over his face and peeped through his fingers at Marco. The latter kissed and hugged his little friend, and forgave him all the mischief he had ever done.

The weather grew colder and colder; but Marco did not mind it very much, for all day long he kept thinking about the warm place he had for a bed. No one had discovered his sleeping-place, and he felt quite at home in the church. The bells in the tower were a great mystery to him: he wondered how the sexton rang them. One morning, when the early bells awoke him, he decided to go softly up the stairs to see how it was done. He stumbled up the narrow stairs leading to the tower, and saw the sexton pulling a number of ropes. Tito was in his arms, and he saw it too.

After that the ringing of the bells was not so great a mystery to Marco, but it was still a mystery in Tito's mind.

Once, about midnight, while Marco was sleeping soundly, Tito quietly crawled out of his arms, climbed the narrow stairs, and began pulling the different ropes as fast as he could handle them. The boy jumped up, thinking it was morning; but when he found Tito gone, and heard the wild clamor of the bells, he knew something was wrong. He hurried up the tower stairs, and found Tito working with all his strength at the ropes. "Tito! Tito!" he called. When the monkey heard Marco he climbed one of the ropes and hung in the air, chattering at him.

Two priests and the sexton soon arrived with a light, and demanded of Marco the cause of the alarm. One of the priests was an Italian; so Marco explained to him about the monkey. When the priest heard Marco's story he pitied and readily forgave the poor boy. All the while Marco was telling his story Tito was scolding and screaming in the air. It took a great deal of coaxing to bring him down. He would not stir until the priests and sexton had gone downstairs.

The Italian priest became a great friend to Marco and Tito. He found them at home in an Italian family, and sent Marco to school. When the good Father went to Rome and found that Marco belonged to an excellent family, he educated him for the priesthood; and in time Marco became pastor of the church where Tito and he had taken refuge. And he never heard the morning bells ringing without thinking of Tito and his sleeping-place in the church.

Tito had a pleasant life in the priest's house, but he never forgot the church. Every time he heard the bells ringing he chattered, and winked and blinked his eyes, and shook his head at Marco, as much as to say: "*I rang, those bells once myself!*"

How My Little Sister Died.

What follows is a true account of the happy death of my little sister, which took place nearly twenty-five years ago. It is correct in every particular. I am a member of a religious order, and perhaps I owe my precious vocation to her prayers. It has often occurred to me that I ought to make the story public, and I am happy to do so through the pages of *Our Lady's Magazine*.

In the northwestern part of Kentucky, near the wooded banks of the beautiful little stream known as Green River and about twenty-two miles south of the city of Owensborough, there lives a Catholic family, in honorable circumstances as regards this world's goods, but abundantly rich in unblemished Irish faith. In those days this happy family consisted of a kind father, mother, and nine children—six girls and three boys,—whose ages ranged from sixteen down. The fourth youngest girl, Julia Agnes by name, was destined by Divine Providence to be the first called to a better world. Like her martyred namesake, Agnes was given to piety almost from her infancy. She was only nine years old at the time of her death; but, being very intelligent, she had already shown signs of superior talent in the little district school which she attended with her brothers and sisters. She was naturally a beautiful child, and her winning ways and amiable disposition made her seem all the more charming to those who knew her. Living seven miles from the nearest church, and more than double that distance from the nearest priest, she had not enjoyed the great happiness of making her first Holy Communion.

As nearly as I can remember, it was about the middle of September, in the year 1872, that my little sister was first taken ill. Although her indisposition did not warrant the calling of a physician,

my father thought it prudent to do so; and he summoned the family doctor, who examined his young patient carefully and finally pronounced her illness some sort of fever. He left a prescription, promising to call again on the following day.

From the beginning Agnes bore her sufferings cheerfully and was never heard to utter a complaint; although it was evident her pains were at times acute, and the medicine not palatable. The physician—a Protestant gentleman—was regular in his attendance, and was often heard to commend his little patient for the way she endured her illness.

I think it must have been about fifteen days after Agnes took to her bed that the doctor pronounced the fever gone, and said that further attendance by him was not necessary, as he thought the child would soon be able to attend school. But Agnes was never to see her little school-mates again in this world. Several days passed, and she appeared to be entirely out of danger. This caused the family to be less anxious about her; and my parents, being obliged to go to market, appointed one of my elder sisters to attend Agnes. The other children, with the exception of myself and my two younger sisters, were attending school or were engaged at different occupations about the house. The following circumstances are as vivid in my memory as though they occurred but yesterday, and were I to live to be one hundred years old I believe I shall always remember them.

It was in the afternoon, about three o'clock. My sister E—— was sitting by Agnes' bedside, my two younger sisters and I were playing on a piazza at the rear of the house, when suddenly a beautiful turtle-dove flew over our heads into the hall, and thence into the sick-room. I followed the dove into the room, and watched it fly around for a few moments, and then, without the least apparent fright, light on the pillow near Agnes, where it

remained until she extended her hands and caught it. Letting it rest on one hand, the child stroked its feathers with the other; asking E——, who was delighted to think that Agnes had captured the wild bird so easily, if she did not think it a very pretty dove. And upon my sister's agreeing with her that it was certainly a lovely little bird and would make her a charming pet, Agnes at once requested her to set it free; remarking, "Mamma might want to kill it for me when she returns home." Not wishing to keep the dove against the will of Agnes, my sister took it from her, and proceeded, with it resting upon her open hand, to the door whence it came in. Then, with a little lift of her hand, she tossed it into the air, and in an instant it had disappeared from our sight.

That evening at tea E—— related to my parents the incident of the afternoon. After asking several questions as to how the dove came into the room, my parents began to weep, and I remember to hear them say: "Agnes is gone! She will not recover." Up to this time my sister E—— had not looked upon the occurrence as extraordinary, supposing that the dove had been chased by a bird of prey, and, for protection, had flown into the house. But now, reflecting upon all the circumstances, she, too, grew very sad and began to weep.

The next day Agnes grew worse, and the doctor's astonishment was apparent when he found that her fever had returned. Before leaving he expressed his fear that she would not survive the relapse. Still, she did not grow seriously worse until two days later, when her condition became alarming.

About nine o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, October 2, Agnes called for her father and mother and told them that she was going to die, but not to grieve over her death. Extending her little arms, she tenderly embraced each of them,

telling them to meet her in heaven. She then called each of us in the order of our ages, kissing each one affectionately, and telling us to be good and meet her in heaven. I shall never forget when my turn came. When I approached her bedside she turned toward me her fair, sweet face, to which long-continued suffering had given an angelic appearance; then, placing both arms around my neck, tenderly kissed me and bade me be a good boy and obey my father and mother. This childish admonition has often flitted before my mind in times of temptation and served as a barrier against the evil one. She then recalled father and mother to her once more, and requested them to put her into another bed. She seemed to be suffering intensely at this time, though she was perfectly conscious.

Besides the members of the family there was present an elderly lady, whom the children called "Aunt Betsey," though she was not a relative. When Agnes had been in the second bed a few moments she turned her eyes toward this good lady and said: "Aunt Betsey, I am dying." They were her last words. "Yes, my child," she replied, "you are dying; but you will soon be with God and His holy angels; then your sufferings will all be over, and you will be happy forever." She continued to speak to Agnes in this manner, of the goodness of God and how He rewards those who love Him. My sister grew gradually weaker and weaker; and when the last sigh was given, when the last glance of affection was turned on all around her, and that pure soul had fled, Aunt Betsey rose and said: "That child's soul is in heaven, and it is useless to weep over her." This same lady, who was a Protestant, afterward remarked to the neighbors that she had witnessed many deaths during her life, but never before the death of a saint.

May our death be like the death of little Agnes!

X.

A Generous Patron.

One of the best pictures by Berchem, an eminent Dutch master, was painted for the principal magistrate at Dort, in whose family it is still preserved. It is a view of a mountainous country, enriched with a great variety of sheep, oxen, goats, and figures, excellently drawn and most beautifully colored. While Berchem was employed in painting the picture, the same burgomaster bespoke a landscape from another artist named John Both, and agreed to pay eight hundred guilders for each picture; but, to excite emulation, he promised a considerable premium for the performance which should be adjudged the better of the two. When the pictures were finished, and placed near each other for examination, there appeared such an equality of merit in them that the worthy magistrate generously presented both artists with an equal sum above the price which he had stipulated.

Cimabue and Giotto.

Giotto was the son of a laborer at Vespignano, near Florence, who placed him at an early age with some shepherds to assist in tending their flocks. While engaged in this employment he was found by Cimabue drawing upon a flat stone, with a pointed one the figure of a sheep. The great artist asked the lad if he would like to go home with him and learn to paint? Giotto replied, "Very willingly, if my father will give me leave." Permission having been obtained from the father, Cimabue took Giotto with him to Rome. In a short time the talented boy not only learned to imitate his master, but to paint from nature. His fame soon spread very widely, and all the cities of Italy became competitors for the labors of his pencil.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—St. Luke. i. 48

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Our Manna.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

FORTY years, God's chosen people
On the manna's sweetness fed;
Forty years, on tented desert
Nourished by celestial bread.

Forty years, my own Redeemer,
I, a traveller lone yet blessed,
On Thy sacred Self am feeding,
Finding therein strength and rest.

Heavy, often, are the footsteps,
Yet their steadfast way they keep;
Onward, by Thy hidden sweetness,
Drawn o'er desert, flood and steep:

For before me as in vision,
That transcendent realm I see,
Where my Jesus, raying splendors,
Will be All in all to me,

A Valiant Catholic.

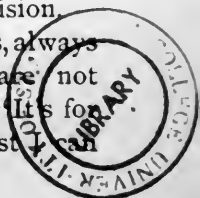
IV.

HAVING once been favored with the inestimable gift of faith, gratitude to God for His blessings, as well as the sincere and ever-active desire that his fellowmen should share them with him, led the Sergeant to think no effort too great to accomplish a similar work in others. His zeal was unbounded and untiring, while

the beautiful simplicity and singleness of his character was itself a powerful factor in drawing souls to God. He never shrunk from obstacles, nor was he dismayed by difficulties; with the great end in view everything seemed easy. As an example of what can sometimes be accomplished by the influence and earnestness of one individual, and an illustration of the Providence of God through natural means, choosing His servants as instruments, the following episode is admirable:

Mr. Bellasis was returning home from his chambers one day, when, passing up Regent Street, the sight of a jeweller's shop reminded him that he had to buy a silver watch for one of his daughters who was about to enter a convent. He pulled the check-string and ordered the coachman to draw up. It was the season, and no easy matter to reach the shop, which the carriage had already passed. The coachman pleaded this difficulty, and asked if another jeweller, a little in advance, would not do as well. Contrary to the Sergeant's usual course of action—which was to save others trouble, and lessen their difficulties even at the expense of his own,—he insisted on a return to the first shop. The sequel will show how Divine Providence urged his decision.

After inspecting several watches, always with the same remark, "They are not good enough," he at last added: "It's for my daughter, and I want the best."



get."—"O sir!" answered the person who was serving him, "you could get a gold one for less than these."—"You won't understand it," remarked the Sergeant; "but it must be silver, because she is going to be a nun." Mrs. A. (it was the jeweller's wife) was silent for a moment, and then she said, with some emotion: "Oh, yes, sir, I do! I am a Catholic."

A conversation then ensued, wherein the Sergeant learned the old story of the difficulties of a mixed marriage, and of the years of apparently unanswered prayer for the conversion of a good and kind husband. Here was an opportunity—and he never lost one—of trying to impart to others what he looked upon as God's greatest gift to himself: a knowledge of the true faith. The watch was not purchased then, but Mrs. A. was directed to send up her husband to Northwood House with a selection.

The following day Mr. A. arrived, little dreaming that he had been the object of earnest prayer in the family during the intervening hours, and that his soul, far more than his watches, was the interest of the moment.

The purchase was soon concluded, but not so soon did Mr. A. leave the house. Legal business could always wait when there was question of consoling the afflicted, counselling the doubtful, or instructing the ignorant. So the heavy briefs were put on one side, and for over an hour a serious conversation followed, ending in Mr. A. departing with some books in his hand, conducted to the hall door by one who trusted in God that a seed had been sown that would bring forth fruit to His greater honor and glory.

The following spring, in passing up Regent Street the Sergeant remembered his friend, and thought he would go in and see how matters were progressing. Making an excuse in the purchase of a watch key, he entered the shop, and found Mrs. A. in great sorrow. Her husband

was at the point of death, and still a Protestant; but "so changed, sir, since his conversation with you!"—"Should I be a welcome visitor?" the Sergeant asked.—"None more so," replied Mrs. A. "Do come upstairs!" It was evident death was at hand. What passed in that short interview is not recorded, but that evening Mr. A. was received into the Church by the Rev. Father Eyre, S. J.; and a *Te Deum* was said by the Sergeant and his family for the conversion. With the resurrection of the soul to health, Mr. A. recovered.

Some months passed, and our convert presented himself again at Northwood House,—not this time to sell a watch, but to seek advice. As a Catholic Mr. A. felt that he could not conscientiously continue his business affairs in Regent Street on the same lines as hitherto, yet not to do so meant ruin. Did God ask a great sacrifice of him? Grace had done its work, and it needed not the gentle persuasion of the conscientious lawyer to answer for him the question. He had but to agree with him and remind him of the promise, "Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Mr. A. sold out his business, and made a fresh start in the country, which, in diminishing his income on earth, increased his treasure in heaven.

Several years elapsed; the watch was ticking beneath a religious habit when the possessor was summoned to the parlor. The unknown visitor spoke of the happy and holy death of her husband, and asked the prayers of the good Sisters for the repose of his soul. It was Mrs. A. She was accompanied on the occasion by a boy, whom she introduced as her adopted son. She spoke of her greatest friend and benefactor with tears, and before leaving whispered: "Pray that this boy may have a vocation for the priesthood."

Some years later the Sergeant's eldest

son, who had become a priest, was making his annual retreat at Roehampton; and the Father who conducted it came to his room one morning and asked him if he would have any objection to going through the rubrics of Holy Mass each day with a young deacon who was preparing for his ordination. It was an occupation quite in accordance with Father Bellasis' taste, and he gladly acquiesced. On coming out of retreat he discovered that his pupil was no other than the adopted son of Mrs. A.

"There was something about father," wrote his daughter Mary, in noting how Mrs. A., at her first chance interview with him, a total stranger, in a shop, had thus openly spoken to him of her family sorrow,—“a something or other that not only inspired confidence, but drew from others, whether old or young, and without any seeking on his part, the tale of their cares and troubles, of the hopes and interests of their lives. It might be the case of a coachman in marital difficulties at Hyères, or of a barber's assistant at Kensington asking him about a knotty point of law across the counter; that of a learned brother lawyer, or of a simple servant-girl; that of a weather-beaten cab-driver, or of the fellow-traveller in a railway carriage. He often said: 'I can't understand it. I wonder if they take me for a priest?'"

Anxious to visit Rome as a Catholic, Mr. Bellasis journeyed there in 1864, bearing with him letters to the most esteemed prelates and clergy. He thus describes an interview with Pius IX.:

"...We were called by Mgr. Talbot, and introduced into a long room, where stood his Holiness, near a little table at the end; and then Mgr. Talbot, having mentioned who we were, left us alone. We knelt at the door on entering, again in the middle of the room, and again when we were close to him. He put out his hand and tried to prevent us from kissing his foot; but we persisted, and he kindly

permitted it. The Pope at once began to converse in a cheerful and familiar tone. Mamma talked French, and got out what she wanted to say very well. I then chimed in in Italian, and asked his blessing for my own family and for that of my sister; and amongst others for my three boys at school under Dr. Newman at the Oratory, and for Dr. Newman and his school. This he gave, quoting a passage from Ecclesiasticus. He then talked about Dr. Newman as the first English convert he had ever seen, and of his first coming to Rome; then about Father St. John and Dr. Faber. Our interview lasted about ten minutes, during which we got all our rosaries blessed. He looked well and in good health; his eye was bright, his voice clear, and we came away charmed."

Sergeant Bellasis' devotedness to the Holy Father was something remarkable, growing stronger with advancing years, and in proportion to the increase of the troubles that assailed the Vicar of Christ. He had no patience with so-called Liberal Catholics. During this visit to Rome he had the great privilege of receiving Holy Communion from the hands of the Pope.

The following account of a visit to the picture "Il Nazareno"—one of those whose eyes are said to move—is very interesting; and it will not be amiss to think that God granted a particular favor to one whose whole life was an act of faith. He writes of it:

"It is a head of our Blessed Lord called 'Il Nazareno,' and is in the Church of Sta. Maria in Monticelli. It had some time since attracted crowds so great that the Pope had it removed to some other place for a time; but Mgr. Talbot having told us that it had lately been sent back, we went to see it. Now I will tell you what we saw. The picture is in clear light and can be distinctly seen. The eyes are not shut, but looking downward, so as to appear to be shut. We knelt at the faldstool in front of the picture;

and the sacristan was telling us that the eyes did not move now, in answer to my question as to whether he had ever seen them move.... All this time I saw nothing, but on looking again I saw the prodigy—if prodigy it be. What I saw was this: the dark lines forming the downcast eyes appeared to me to fade away like a dissolving view, and the ovals that formed the eyelids seemed to become eyes somewhat turned up. The effect produced on my sight was no mistake; but after an instant or two I saw the downcast eyes again, and then again the eyes looking up. I changed my position, but still I saw the same changing expression. All this time the sacristan saw nothing. Now, I do not pretend to define how all this was caused, but I came to this conclusion: that the instances from time to time alleged of pictures appearing to move their eyes have at least not been frauds or silly fancies, but appearances really existing. Whether there is any natural explanation of this phenomenon, or whether Almighty God permits such impressions to be made, I can not determine; but as I saw it I describe it, thinking it may interest you."

In 1866, after a practice of forty years at the bar, Sergeant Bellasis retired; and, being in rather delicate health, was persuaded by Mr. Hope-Scott, in December of that year, to follow himself and family to Hyères in Provence for the winter. From this time until his death he spent his winters there, having bought a small property adjoining that of his friend. In the close companionship of those of his family who were with him, in the near neighborhood of congenial friends, in a truly Catholic atmosphere, the Sergeant passed many pleasant hours. To a daughter he writes in 1868:

"Our life here is a very quiet one. Mamma, who expected nothing, is just enchanted with the place, and says this is really enjoying life. We are about half a mile from the church, but it is a beautiful

walk. The first person moving in the house is Cecil; she is up and out by herself at an early Mass—say seven o'clock. At eight a donkey and a little boy appear at our gate; and papa mounts in his light gray coat, a 'wide-awake' hat, and a large white parasol, and wends his way after Cecil, whom he finds making her meditation after Mass. After papa has heard his Mass, he and Cecil accompany each other home to breakfast; and on the way they meet, first Edward, and at some distance behind him mamma and Clara, who prefer having their breakfast before their walk. Then papa mounts his donkey again, and ascends to the heights behind the villa to see the works proceeding in Mr. Hope-Scott's *terrain*; and, after an hour's loitering in the fresh air and hot sun, returns to find mamma at a little table with her colors, completing a sketch. At one o'clock we dine. Then come in Miss McKenzie and dear Mary Monica (Hope-Scott), or Clara and Cecil are off again to pay a visit to the church. All this time our windows are open and the sun is pouring in upon us; always accompanied, however, by a cool, refreshing wind. Papa generally stays at home in the afternoon, as does Edward, who may be seen stooping over a map which he is laboriously completing; while papa gets through his multitudinous correspondence. At five we begin to shut our windows, and as it gets dark a wood fire is not disagreeable; then we read and work and say our Rosary. At seven we have our supper, and soon after nine we begin to prepare for rest."

During the winter of 1869-70 he was seized with a malady which for a time, threatened his life. On March 7 he writes to his daughter Margaret: "I must send you a line to tell you how your dear, affectionate letter cheered my heart. To have had such children, and to find them clinging to me in my old age with such affection as you display, is indeed a reward. I know my malady is critical and may

take a bad turn, but I am surrounded by everything that can be desired."

To his daughter Cecilia he writes: "Although I am discouraged from writing letters, how can I resist sending a line to you, whom whilst I think of, and your never-failing love for me, the tears come into my eyes! I hear you have been praying for me, and I thank you and your whole party for your goodness; and hope you will include in your prayers that I may be brought into good dispositions for death, if it be God's will to take me. This I am more anxious about than my recovery. Pray that I may have a more perfect love of God and truer contrition.... As I can not go to church, the *curé* came up to hear my confession; and yesterday the Blessed Sacrament was brought to me, and my five children and the party from the convent accompanied It. Clara put up a pretty little altar, and the priest who brought Our Lord was the Pole, M. Adamski.... Dear Cecil, I may not be able to write much to you; but, whether I do or not, remember that my thoughts are ever with you;... and to see you all, whether in the world or out of it, holding firm to the Catholic Church is the greatest joy to me."

He recovered from this attack, but never regained a foothold on life. In November, 1872, he again left England for Hyères, from which he was never to return. After a couple of months' sojourn there he took cold on a Sunday afternoon, had a severe chill, and from that moment seemed to anticipate the end. On the 22d of January, 1873, says his biographer, "he recurred to his great desire to obtain a real, personal love for God as his Father and Benefactor, and expressed his fear that he had no such love. He spoke also to his wife about his prayers: how the first thing he did in the morning was to thank God for his preservation during the night; then he thanked Him for His great mercies, and

prayed for his children, that they might have such temporal blessings as were needed, and above all be preserved in the faith, and have the gift of perseverance. He had their likenesses brought him, and kissed them one by one with an expression of affection for each. Then he said: 'I have nothing further to say upon our worldly affairs. I hope dear Richard [his son] will replace me.' He gradually weakened, until about five on the morning of the 24th of January, 1873, he passed away, at the age of seventy-two. His death was like his life—beautiful and happy, calm, gentle, and resigned."

His friend, Mr. Garside, thus sums up his character: "He presented a type of character of which the value can hardly be overestimated. He had all the freshness of youth tempered with the mellow wisdom of age. It would be difficult, however, to describe him to strangers, on account of the balance and harmonious proportions of those qualities which constituted his excellence. Salient angles and features are easy to reproduce, but not symmetry. They who knew him intimately will understand me when I say that the memory will long remain vivid and precious of his spotless integrity, his transparent openness, his cheerful humility, his charity of word and deed, and that refined geniality of manner which was the artless outcome of what may be called a 'delicate soul.'"

They buried him in the cemetery at Hyères, where his bones lie,—in a Catholic country, beloved by him and where he was beloved. In view of his life and example, well might we hope and pray that the numbers of those may still increase who, exponents of the ancient Catholic faith of England as he was, recall by their fervor the memory of those never-to-be-forgotten days when she was "the Isle of Saints" and "Our Lady's Dower."

The Man of the Family.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

PART II.

XIX.

IT was a moment of such intense excitement and suspense that the speaker did not wonder to see how the slender hand trembled as it lifted the lid.

What they beheld was a sight which again carried them back to that long past night of terror, and made them feel as if its very breath was upon them. For they could perceive with what frantic haste articles of all kinds had been flung headlong into the chest before it was closed and locked. That which first met the eye was a piece of amber satin—some rich drapery apparently, that had been torn down to form a covering under the lid. This removed, they saw beneath a quantity of silver plate—massive, richly-chased and much tarnished,—with which were mingled indiscriminately jewel cases, and boxes evidently containing trinkets and articles of value.

"Just take out that plate, Gilbert," said Atherton, as the owner stood silent and motionless, looking down on the disordered mass, as if struck afresh with the infinite pity of the old tragedy. "We must see what is beneath."

He stooped as he spoke, and himself lifted one of the jewel cases, touched the spring and threw back its top. There was an immediate dazzling flash of diamonds, as brilliant as if they had not lain buried in darkness for a century. Indeed, there seemed an accumulated brilliance in the flood of light they emitted as the soft moonbeams fell upon them for the first time in a hundred years.

"Jewels for a princess!" said Atherton. "You have reason to thank your ancestor for saving these, Henri."

"A necklace!" exclaimed De Marsillac,

taking the case containing the sparkling ornament in his hand. "It shall be for Diane. It seems made for her neck."

Atherton smiled, as he looked at the speaker. He liked the boy's devotion to his sister; and then a pleasant vision rose before his own imagination of a fair, slender throat around which those dazzling gems might fitly clasp.

"The woman does not live who would not be enchanted with such a gift," he said. "But it may be that you will find your fortune rests chiefly in these jewels. They are of great value as well as beauty."

"No," the other answered. "My great-grandfather speaks expressly, in the paper of which I have told you, of jewels and plate as well as of gold. We have found the jewels and the plate: the gold must be here."

"Beg pardon, sir!" said Gilbert, who had now lifted out the heavy silver, consisting of massive dishes and richly ornamented vessels of many kinds; "but I think the gold is 'ere."

Atherton and the boy looked eagerly into the chest, and saw a number of bags of soft leather, tied tightly and packed closely together—so closely indeed that it required considerable effort to dislodge and draw forth one. Once drawn forth, the string confining its mouth dropped away at a touch; and, opening it, the boy took forth a handful of yellow, shining pieces—*louis-d'ors*, as a glance showed. The gold was found!

There was a moment's silence as he held out his hand for the other to see. And meanwhile before his mental gaze stood two pictures, clear as if beheld with bodily eyes. Not the haunting shades of Henri de Marsillac and his faithful servant burying this gold with feverish haste—for the moment they were forgotten,—but a group of youthful figures on the gallery of an old house; and a girl who, pointing to the crescent of the moon now shining above in the tropic heaven, said, "A

fortune as distant as if it were yonder; but perhaps existing, for all that." And again: the shaded lamplight falling on the faces of two women grown old in sorrow and bereavement, and on fair young faces unfitted for the harsh struggle of life; while, as one who utters a vow, the same girl cried, "With the help of God I will find that money, if it still remains where Henri de Marsillac placed it!"

And now it was found. And had not God helped the brave, unselfish heart? Had He not raised up a friend but for whom success would have been impossible? Even as Atherton was saying, "My dear boy, I congratulate you with all my heart," the gold dropped in a shower at his feet, and he found his hand imprisoned in the clasp of two other hands, while a voice broken with a hint of tears cried:

"But for you I should never have found it!"

"Now," said Atherton, a little later, "a very important part of our work is yet to come. We have to provide for safely smuggling this gold into the Cape and out of the country. And in this you will see the useful part which my sacks of ore—those sacks which you were so impatient with me for spending time in filling—will play. Gilbert, go and bring one of them here."

As Gilbert departed, Atherton went on:

"I fear we must leave the plate. It is too bulky to take away in addition to the gold. I am sorry for the necessity, since not only is it exceedingly handsome, but would be of untold value to you from its age and family association. But there is no help for it: the sacrifice must be made."

"It is so slight a sacrifice, comparatively, that I shall not grieve over it," said the boy. "Of course we would like to have it; my grandmother especially would be delighted. But I know that you are right: it is impossible for us to take away anything so bulky."

"It would be to risk—nay, almost certainly to incur—detection, and the loss of what is far more important. So, when we have taken out all the gold, we will put the silver back in the chest and cover it up again. Perhaps a hundred years hence *your* great-great-grandson may come to find it."

"One thing is certain," answered the other: "I shall never come myself. Let me once leave this horrible island, and not ten times the value of what lies before us here would bring me back again."

"The same inducement which brought you now would if necessary bring you back again," said Atherton. "To help those you love, to save your sister from a terrible sacrifice, you would not hesitate to brave even the Vaudoux fiends, or I am greatly mistaken in you."

"Yes" (reflectively), "for the same purpose I would do as much again. But, thank God, it can never *need* to be done again! Diane's ransom is here."

"How much is required for the ransom?"

"The debt is twenty thousand dollars."

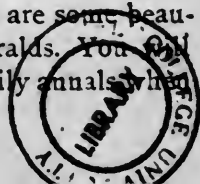
"Twenty thousand—bah! You have it and to spare, many times over. In that chest there is gold to the value of at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"How can you tell that?"

"By a very simple calculation of the number and weight of the bags. And that sum was a small price for anything so valuable as a sugar estate in this island in the old days."

"Perhaps it was a small estate, or perhaps the uncertainty of the times was taken into consideration in the price. At all events, I am grateful that it was sold for any price; and grateful beyond measure to Henri de Marsillac who placed that price in safety here."

"Don't forget to be grateful for the jewels, of which there seems to be many beside the diamonds. Here are some beautiful pearls, and here emeralds. You will be immortalized in the family annals when



you go home laden with these spoils."

"They will all be pleased," said the boy, thinking of the eager young faces that would bend delighted over such fascinating heirlooms of the past.

Atherton, pursuing his researches, then lifted the lid of a box of sandal-wood. Within was a great confusion of trinkets: locket, rings, chains, miniatures. One of the last, set in a frame of pearls, he held up to the light, which was sufficiently bright to show that it was a picture of a lovely young woman, dressed and coiffed in a fashion of two hundred years ago.

"Here is a treasure," he exclaimed. "An ancestress who carries her patent of nobility in her face. Ah! why do not women look like this now?"

"Diane looks like it," replied the boy, taking the miniature from his hand. "It might almost be a likeness of her." He turned it over, and engraved on the golden back read the name, "Yvonne d'Aulnay." "Ah, I know who it is now!" he said. "She was the wife of Raoul de Marsillac, of whom I have told you—the first of the family who came over here. In some way she impressed herself deeply on the memory of her descendants; for I don't think there has been a generation since which has not had an Yvonne."

"Yvonne!—a quaint but charming name. Breton, I think."

"Oh, yes! Breton without doubt."

"It suggests the fair, noble chatelaine of some old chateau in wave-washed Brittany, as much as Diane suggests a beauty of the court. Have you an Yvonne as well as a Diane in your own generation?"

"Certainly. It is my—"

In Heaven's name, what was he about to say? An instant more and the heedless tongue would have told all. Absolutely cold with horror at the narrowness of the escape, he paused abruptly in a manner which could not have failed to arouse Atherton's surprise if Gilbert had not created a diversion at the moment by stag-

gering into the circle with the sack of ore.

The beautiful miniature and the unfinished speech were at once forgotten, and Atherton eagerly went to work to assist in the carrying out of his plan with regard to the gold. The greater part of the ore was emptied out of the sack, which held about a hundred and fifty pounds; the bags of gold, weighing each ten pounds or thereabouts, were then placed in it,—care being taken to make them as much of a solid mass as possible in the centre, and to line the sides with pieces of ore, of which a number were also placed on top before the sack was closed. This done, Atherton felt it carefully over; lifted it from the ground and set it down again, to be sure that no jingling sound was heard to betray the presence of coin; and then declared that no one could possibly suppose it to be other than what it purported to be—a sack of ore.

It was then conveyed away; another brought, and the same operation repeated; a process which was continued until the sacks which they had filled with ore were all filled with gold, and the chest was empty. Into this was then replaced the silver plate, and upon it the discarded ore. The lid was closed again, the excavation filled up, all signs of disturbance as much as possible effaced, and three weary but intensely well satisfied persons turned away from the old sun-dial as the faintly flushing east showed that the sun himself was about to rise on a new day.

(To be continued.)

WE lack will rather than strength; are able to do more and better than we are inclined to do; and say we *can* not because we have not the courage to say we *will* not.—*Bishop Spalding.*

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.—*George Eliot.*

**The Reported Apparition of Our Lady at
Tilly-sur-Seulles, Normandy.**

BY THE REV. R. F. CLARKE, S. J.

(CONCLUSION.)

ON Friday, April the 17th, Tilly was visited by Jean François Madeleine, one of the keepers on the estate of the Prince de Broglie. He is a respectable man, of fifty years of age. About 4.30 p.m. he visited the field where the apparitions had been seen, hung a nosegay on the tree in front of which the vision first appeared, and knelt down to say his beads. He saw nothing at the time, but returned about 8.30 and mingled with the crowd that had collected. Suddenly he was seen to take off his hat, and advance to the foot of the tree with his hands raised to heaven. He was heard to mutter a few words addressed to Our Lady; and was then led, covered with perspiration, and in an almost fainting condition, to a bench near by, where he remained for a time completely prostrate. On recovering himself, he declared positively that he had seen Our Lady in a dress of dazzling whiteness, and that she had bid him recommend all present to pray earnestly. The next day he again visited the place, and said that he saw the same vision.

Mme. de Moulinier, the wife of a young tradesman of the village, had a short time before lost her sister, who had been living with them for some time, and had been a great favorite with Mme. de Moulinier's children. Her name was Augustine, and the children had always called her by the pet name of Titine. One of them, a little girl four years of age, accompanied her mother one evening to the scene of the apparitions. They were standing amid the crowd, when all at once the child cried out: "*Tiens, maman, voilà Titine, qui descend du ciel tout en blanc.*" She had seen in the air a figure in white, and

naturally identified it with her aunt, who had gone to heaven some weeks before.

A certain M. Boisard was staying at the Hotel Morel, at Tilly. He visited the place of the apparitions several times, and on his fourth visit declared that he saw Our Lady most distinctly, and that she was dressed, as at Lourdes, in a white robe with a blue sash. On returning to the hotel, he told the story before a number of visitors, and made a sketch on paper of what he had seen. The best proof of his sincerity and the impression made upon him was that before he left Tilly he went to confession and Holy Communion, in order to make reparation for his past life, and in acknowledgment of the favor that had been vouchsafed him.

Among those who heard him relate the story at the hotel was M. Théron, a commercial traveller; a good Christian, but rather incredulous of such reports. However, he thought he would go and examine for himself. So he went to the field, and there remained for some time without seeing anything. All at once he turned pale and fell on his knees. At first, he said, he saw what looked like a chapel rise gradually from the ground and remain suspended in the air; then, at a short distance from the chapel, and on a level with the windows, a thin, white cloud began to gather, which soon took the form of a woman dressed in white and with a blue sash round her waist. He could not distinguish her features, but saw that she had on her head a crown of gold set with pearls. The vision lasted for two hours; and when at length it disappeared M. Théron fell to the ground exhausted, and had to be assisted back to the hotel. When he recovered he told the story of what he had seen, adding: "I know people will think that I am the victim of a hallucination. It does not matter. I really saw it, and should be a liar if I said the contrary."

Mme. Duvet, who happened to be at Tilly

with a travelling booth for theatrical performances, and had set up in the market-place, was informed of the wonderful apparitions that had been seen. She instinctively took a professional view of the matter. "What a godsend for my theatre!" she said. "We shall have a grand theatrical representation of the apparitions." The next afternoon she went down to a stream hard by to wash some clothes, and while thus engaged looked up in the direction of the place where the visions had appeared. There she saw first a brilliant light, and then the figure of Our Lady clad in the manner we have already mentioned. She fell on her knees and begged pardon for her incredulity. The same evening when some one began to make fun of the apparitions in her presence, she promptly put him out of her booth. The next morning she packed up her effects and left the village.

We again repeat that we merely tell the story of the apparitions as current report has it, and without expressing any opinion as to whether the vision is of a supernatural character. No sanction has as yet been given to its reality by any ecclesiastical authority, and the *curé* of the parish prudently keeps aloof from the scene; though he gladly receives the depositions of those who wish to entrust to him, in writing or by word of mouth, what they themselves have witnessed.

In examining into the causes of any alleged supernatural phenomenon, we have to remember that the alternative is not simply either deception or the direct intervention of Almighty God. We must bear in mind that we have also to be on our guard against the preternatural. As the one great ambition of the devil is to secure for himself the worship that is due to God alone, it is to be expected that he will use his almost unlimited knowledge and the wonderful natural powers that still remain to him in their entirety to produce on men the impression that it is the agency

of God that is at work, when it is really himself and the spirits of evil who are producing the phenomena which astonish and dazzle us. We have, therefore, to suspend our judgment, and to search carefully into the circumstances accompanying any alleged vision or apparition; to examine its effects on those who witness it, and on the crowds who collect at the place where it is seen. We have to watch not only the immediate results, but to wait and see whether what begins with every appearance of being a work for God continues to bear good fruit; or whether the good somehow fades away, and leaves behind it evil consequences which were at first unsuspected, but which our maturer judgment shows us as the direct or indirect effects of the marvels which are in question. One of the strongest arguments in favor of the supernatural character of the apparitions at Lourdes is the countless miracles of grace that have been wrought there, far surpassing, both in numbers and importance, the mere physical cures with which we are familiar.

It is rather too soon to judge at present of the apparitions at Tilly from the consequences that have followed from them. One of the most notable incidents at Lourdes was the instruction given by Our Lady to Bernadette that a temple was to be there erected in her honor; and the rise of the magnificent basilica was a strong confirmation of the reality of the mission of the peasant maiden. At Tilly one form of the vision among the many varied shapes that it has assumed has been the appearance of a temple floating in the air, within which were seen sometimes the statue of Our Lady, sometimes a sort of brilliant illumination. This is supposed to indicate a desire on the part of the Blessed Virgin that a church should be built there; and the investigations made by a learned antiquary, M. l'Abbé Masselin, have discovered that in 1356 there existed at Tilly, in the neighborhood of the place of the

apparitions, a chapel known under the title of the Chapel of Blessed Mary of Tilly (Capella Beatæ Mariæ de Tillayo). It will be a strong argument for the reality of the apparitions if we see this chapel rebuilt by the piety of the faithful who assemble there.

There seems also to be no doubt that the present result of the visions has been that a great impulse has been given to devotion to Our Lady and to the solid piety that true devotion to her invariably brings with it. Every evening a crowd, amounting already to some three thousand people, collects in the field of the apparitions. Of these only a small percentage see anything. But there has grown up a practice of devotion that can scarcely fail of itself to bring a blessing upon the place. Men and women, old and young, priests and laymen, there recite the Rosary, either privately or in little groups; and many a prayer goes up to God that would never have been offered were it not for the strange events that have happened there. At the same time there are some circumstances that lead us to hesitate before pronouncing any opinion in favor of the supernatural nature of the visions. We know how the evil spirit is wont sometimes to appear under the guise of an angel of light; and it is quite possible that, in his rage at the wonders wrought at Lourdes, he may have sought to turn aside the devotion of the faithful by a counterfeit imitation of what Bernadette saw as she knelt by the waters of the Gave.

Our reasons for hesitation are the following:

1. The fact that the vision has in some cases been followed by faintness, loss of consciousness, and a morbid physical condition is scarcely what we should expect if it is really Our Lady who appears. The presence of the supernatural brings with it joy, peace of mind, health both of soul and body. It is true that those who have been thus troubled have been sinners, who

were at first sceptical of the reality of the apparitions, and that the result was a desire to be reconciled to God in the Sacrament of Penance. Yet it hardly seems like our Blessed Lady to produce any form of ill health in those to whom she grants these favors.

2. The varying, shifting nature of the vision is also a suspicious circumstance. Our Lady is reported to have appeared now as represented on the miraculous medal, again as at Lourdes; sometimes alone, and sometimes holding the Divine Infant in her arms. At one time her whole figure is seen, at others only her head and shoulders. To some there has appeared a chapel; others have beheld a luminous cloud, which in some instances gradually developed into human form, in others faded away without any change in its original shape. Of course all this proves nothing against the reality of the vision, but it makes us inclined to doubt.

3. Those who have visited Lourdes, and there witnessed the calm and peace that reigned at the Grotto, do not find the same quieting influence in the field at Tilly. "At Lourdes and at La Salette," says a recent visitor to Tilly, "the soul seemed drawn upward to Heaven and toward the Blessed Virgin; curiosity had no part among the influences present; we prayed as one can not pray elsewhere. We felt ourselves in the region of certainty. It is not the same at Tilly: there we feel ourselves in presence of the *unknown*."

4. Some years ago a certain visionary named Vintras pretended to be visited by Our Lady. But his visions turned out to be a fraud. He was condemned by authority, and was obliged to leave the place. He recently died at Caen, and before his death is said to have foretold that in 1896 there would be an apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Tilly. The man was a thorough knave, and his

prediction is a circumstance by no means favorable to the supernatural character of the vision.

5. Lastly, it is said that though many priests have visited the place, not one of them has seen anything. The first appearance was, as we have related, to the children of the school and the nuns who taught them. Since that time it has been seen by a large number of persons, and among them were many who were previously incredulous. Some of those who bear witness to its reality are educated men and women, others are peasants and artisans. In fact, the testimony is so large and varied that it is almost impossible to deny some external reality to the apparition. Yet all this time no single priest has seen anything.

On the other hand, the little Polinière, who is the most prominent figure in the story, has throughout conducted herself with a simplicity and unobtrusive piety which is very much in her favor, and seems to indicate that it is God who is at work in her soul, and not that she is a prey to some delusion of the devil. She takes her visions in the most matter-of-fact way; does her household work just as usual, and exhibits a great dislike to being interviewed. She says she is drawn to the field of the apparitions by an influence that she can not resist, and that when she goes there at the invitation of others she sees nothing. Indeed, as far as one can judge from the accounts given of her, she seems not unworthy to take her place with Bernadette.

We have laid before our readers a summary of the facts connected with the apparitions at Tilly. It can not fail to be full of interest to all who have at heart the honor of the Holy Mother of God. We must at present suspend our judgment respecting them; but we shall perhaps recur to the subject in a future number, if we are able to obtain any certain evidence as to their truth or falsity.

At Sunset.

☉ SUNSET fire, I would that thou mightst burn

The sin and passion of the day,
That in the morrow's dawning gray
My soul might rise refreshed and pure!

O sunset fire, I would that thou mightst burn,
As 'twere a perfumed incense rare,
My contrite spirit's evening prayer;
Then might I rest in God secure.

The Lady Alice of Bornhofen.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYBORNE."

BORNHOFEN is a beautiful place of pilgrimage, hidden away in a gorge between two of the vine-clad hills that border the Rhine, at no great distance from Boppard. It is little known amongst us, and the Kulturkampf did its best to destroy it in Germany. As all my readers know, on the hills bordering the Rhine stand many ruined castles; and to each castle clings a legend. On the two hills between which Bornhofen lies stand the ruins of Sternberg and Liebenstein. Tradition says that at one time both these castles belonged to a certain baron, who on his death bequeathed one to each of his two sons, leaving also a part of his revenues as a provision for his only daughter, and commending her to the care of her brothers. She had the more claim on their consideration because she was blind. The Lady Alice was often guided down into the valley to pray before a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows in the little chapel of the village.

The wicked brothers had no mind to be burdened with their blind sister; and one night they led her to the brow of the hill, at a place where there were neither vines nor rocks, but one sheer precipice down into the valley. Lady Alice knew

she was in danger, and invoked Our Lady of Dolors. The cruel brothers had not thought of those angels of whom God says: "In their hands shall they bear thee up, lest perhaps thou dash thy foot against a stone." In the early morning the villagers were astonished to find Lady Alice kneeling before the picture of Our Lady of Sorrows. Her brothers, awed by the miracle, at once gave over her fortune, with which she built the church and convent of Bornhofen. One tradition has it that she recovered her sight; all seem to agree that she became abbess of the convent, and there died in peace.

The community followed the rule of St. Francis, and were very flourishing. But as time went on, the disastrous wars which swept over the Rhineland rendered the place unfit for women, and the nuns had to leave. They were soon replaced by Capuchin Fathers; but in the evil days of the French Revolution these Capuchins were also driven out, and for a long time the church remained deserted.

At this period an effort was made to move the picture of Our Lady. But such mishaps befell the workmen who attempted to take it down that at last they desisted; and the faithful felt sure that thereafter Our Lady would take care of her own picture, and this she has done to the present day.

In 1821 divine service was resumed in the church; and in 1850 the place was given over to the Redemptorist Fathers. Under their zealous care it soon began to flourish. Crowds of pilgrims frequented the place. The Fathers built a house of retreat for priests and laymen, decorated the church and placed in it two side altars. The expulsion of the Redemptorists from Germany in 1873 put an end to this pleasant state of things; and at the present time only two Franciscan Fathers, with a few lay-brothers, are allowed to live in the monastery.

A more lovely and peaceful place than

Bornhofen can not be imagined. There are hardly a score of houses in the place. The inhabitants are employed in tending their vines and cherry-trees, or in selling rosaries and candles to the pilgrims. The only important building is the hotel, the Marienberg, good-sized and affording comfortable accommodation at the most moderate price. Two minutes bring you to the borders of the Rhine, where benches are placed under the cherry-trees, while the bright water laps the ground at your feet. It was the cherry season when we were there, and little fair-haired children would run up to us with handfuls of luscious cherries, for which the merest trifle is sufficient pay. All along the domain belonging to the village of Bornhofen, at intervals, are the Stations of the Cross; and in one place a shrine of St. John Nepomucene, "patron of rivers." There is a curious old cross to mark the spot where some one was drowned in the Rhine, and for whom the prayers of the wayfarers have been asked for over a century.

We spent the Feast of the Sacred Heart at Bornhofen, and shall not easily forget the beautiful *Missa cantata*, followed by Benediction; nor the *altarino* of the Sacred Heart, with its beautiful statue from Munich half buried in flowers and lights. The church is large, and the style of decoration admirably blends with the devotion to the Sorrowful Mother. The shrine is in a side chapel, and is called the Altar of Grace. Pius IX., in 1853, granted two great privileges to this shrine. A plenary indulgence may be gained, on the usual conditions, by all who visit it; every priest is allowed to say the votive Mass of Our Lady of Sorrows all through the year at this altar; and many partial indulgences may also be gained. The chapel is filled with *ex-voto* offerings. Crutches are to be seen hanging there; indeed, it may be said of this place that the blind see, the lame walk, and the dumb speak; countless

are the answers to prayer and numerous the miracles.

On one occasion a child seemed absolutely dead, and the priest and attendants came to the house to carry it away for burial. The father promised to make a pilgrimage to Bornhofen and an offering, if, as the German has it, "the kind God, the Lord of death and life, would restore his child." His prayer was granted.

At another time we are told: "The Bornhofen Mother of Grace allowed a little girl to feel her merciful hand." The child was wasting away and could eat nothing: "death stood at the door." The afflicted mother turned toward her from whom had come the "Food of eternal life." The child was cured.

A terrible fire broke out; half a village was burned down. The inhabitants vowed a pilgrimage to the shrine of her "who is able to quench the fire of the Divine anger," and the material fire was driven away "as if by an invisible hand."

It would be a sweet task to go on recording these favors of our Blessed Mother, but our space forbids us; for the same miracles are repeated over and over again.

"*Mutter*, I have a desire to walk alone," says a little German boy, throwing away his crutches and standing for the first time on his feet. "*Mutter*," says little dumb Magdalena, "Our Lady says you are to go to Bornhofen and thank her for making me speak." And then "Mary let her merciful eyes rest upon a little blind boy," and he sees. Another miracle was wrought like unto one recorded in the Gospel, when a woman touched Our Lord's garment and was cured. And this woman, half dying with weakness, now strong and well, carries an image of Our Lady of Sorrows in the procession.

And spiritual favors have not been wanting. In many instances Protestants have come to ask favors from Mary; and not only were heard, but also received the gift of faith. And the number of

those who, by recourse to the Sacrament of Penance at Bornhofen, have returned to the practice of their holy religion is known only to God.

The month of September, dedicated to Our Lady of Sorrows, is the great month of pilgrimage; but there is never a day without some pilgrims. We used to see them coming along the road rosary in hand. We shall never forget one of these groups—a man and his wife, apparently of the upper class, their "faces set toward" the shrine, as Holy Scripture has it, and reciting the Rosary aloud as they passed along, quite unconscious of all observers. It was all the more remarkable that day, because it happened to be the Feast of St. John the Baptist, the patronal festival of the church at Boppard, which is a town of some importance on the Rhine; and this was the cause of great excitement in all the country round. Nearly everyone who could leave Bornhofen—including at least half the staff of the hotel—was off to the feast, which was to consist of a fair, music, and dancing; but the pilgrims passed on, oblivious of all the unwonted stir, intent only upon laying their hearts' grief at the feet of the Mother of Sorrows.

There is a primitive simplicity about Bornhofen and its neighborhood so great that it needs the steamers puffing on the Rhine or the train rushing along its banks to remind us that we live in the hurly-burly of the nineteenth century. The nearest railway station is Camp; and when we and our luggage alighted there we expected to find a carriage, promised by telegram. There was no carriage; no one to speak a word of English or French, and we did not know German. The sun was burning hot, and one of our party could hardly walk a step. To escape the excessive heat, we took refuge in a little *châlet* and asked for coffee. Delicious coffee came,—far better than can be had at many of the grand hotels. By this time half the village took interest in our

dilemma. One man made signs *he* would get us a carriage, and rushed off.

A general search was made for any one who could speak French, which resulted in the production of a shock-headed boy, too bewildered to utter a word; and a pretty girl who could talk enough for two. A conversation then ensued.

"The carriage from Bornhofen will surely come."—"No, it won't: the horse is bringing in the hay."—"But that man *promised* to get us a carriage," we say, timidly.—"But he can't get one: there is none but the Bornhofen carriage for miles round. Why not take a boat? Why not walk? It isn't far."

Then, to our astonishment, there rolled in a burly fellow who could speak English and who had been forcibly dragged from a *cabaret*. Alas! he had spent too much time at that *cabaret* to be of any use to us. He only assured us our case was hopeless; and when we remarked that we thought we had better go on by the next train, and asked what time that would be, he answered that there might be one at any time.

Finally, amidst the shouts of the little ones, a rough sort of wagonette drew up—the result of telephoning from the post-office by the man who had promised to get a carriage. And a pleasant drive we had by the banks of the Rhine, through an avenue of chestnut-trees. There is really no other carriage but this wagonette in the neighborhood, because the locomotion is chiefly carried on by water. There are boats to be had at all times to go up the Rhine or down the Rhine or across the Rhine; and at the end of a lovely walk by the banks of the river is found a floating-bridge, opposite Boppard, which conveys not only people, but carriages and horses.

Those who make the pilgrimage to Bornhofen will find it a charming place in which to spend a few days or even longer, breathing fresh, delicious air and surrounded by lovely scenery. No more

devotional place can be found than the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows at Bornhofen. It is filled with "a dim religious gloom,"—a beautiful contrast to the bright river and sunny landscape outside. It must be charming also at the time of the great pilgrimages, when the air resounds with hymns in honor of our Blessed Mother. It would be well always to obtain rooms beforehand at the hotel, which, though fair-sized, is not very large. Everything, it would seem, is concentrated in the Marienberg. It is the office for post, telegrams, and telephones; nor could any article be found outside it nearer than Camp.

And now we take leave of this most interesting spot, where the shrine raised in ancient days by the piety of the Lady Alice of Bornhofen still exists,—still giving glory to God and His Immaculate Mother,—still winning countless souls to peace and rest in the Sacred Heart.

The Children's Mass.*

THE institution of the Children's Mass in English-speaking countries was the work of that apostle of youth, the Rev. John Furniss, C. SS. R., who traversed England and Ireland from 1852 to 1862 preaching missions to the young. At every one of his missions to children Father Furniss gave an instruction on the Holy Sacrifice, explanatory of its meaning, worth, and efficacy; its four great ends, its several parts, its ceremonies, its vestments, its lights, etc. Then, at every Mass that was celebrated for the children during the mission, Father Furniss, standing on an improvised platform, told them what the other priest was doing as he went through the sacred function; recited

* "Father Furniss and His Work for Children." By the Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R. Art and Book Co. London.

with them acts of contrition, faith, adoration, thanksgiving, etc.; joined with them in offering prayers and led them in singing hymns. He was very explicit in his instructions. He would say, for instance: "Now the priest is saying the *Confiteor*, confessing his sinfulness as an acknowledgment of his unworthiness to offer such a divine Sacrifice. Let us, too, consider the sins that we may have committed since last we were here, and beg God to forgive us." Then he and they would make an examination of conscience and an act of contrition. Thus he would follow the celebrant step by step.

Further on he would say: "Now he is washing his fingers, as Pilate washed his hands to show that he was innocent of a desire to shed the blood of Christ, and to typify how pure we should be to approach the Consecration. Now he asks you all to pray that the Sacrifice may be pleasing to God. Now Our Lord is about to be crucified, to be lifted up for our adoration; and we remember also His last supper, when He first changed bread and wine into His Body and Blood. Now, my dear children, the Consecration has been made. There are no longer bread and wine on the altar, but Jesus Christ is there. Tell Him that you believe that He is there, that you adore Him, that you love Him, that you are grateful to Him for this gift of Himself and for all His other favors to you." Then he would make with them acts of those virtues. At the *Domine, non sum dignus* he taught them to make a Spiritual Communion. At the end of the Mass he trained them to thank the good God for the grace of being allowed to be present at it.

At intervals he had the children sing hymns,—hymns that related to the Holy Sacrifice, and that he had had composed expressly for them. These were mostly a rhythmical paraphrase of the principal prayers of the Liturgy, set to simple airs. They were arranged by another Redemp-

torist Father, who was much hampered in their composition by the missionary's insistence on simplicity. "I tagged rhymes to his words," says he, "and it was not easy; for he would not let me make inversions or employ unusual words."

When the mission was at an end the children were well instructed in the fact of the Holy Sacrifice and in an excellent way to assist at it. Then Father Furniss besought the pastor to keep up their special Mass on Sundays as a permanent institution in the parish, and to conduct it as he had done. His method supposes:

1. That there shall always be a priest or other competent person to preside at the function and to direct the devotions of the children.
2. That the children shall not be left to themselves—to pray or not to pray,—but that they shall all take part simultaneously in the common devotions: praying, singing, or listening to instructions.
3. That the hymns shall refer to the Mass and be an aid to participation in the Sacrifice; and not a distraction, taking minds and hearts away from the altar.
4. That the church shall be given up exclusively to the children for their Mass. Where this can not be done, he insists that the best seats in the front part of the church shall be given to them.
5. That an instruction, suited to the capacity, the needs, and the duties of the children, shall be preached to them.

Soon after Father Furniss began giving missions to the young the Children's Mass sprang into popularity. It was adopted even in parishes which its originator had never visited. It was speedily looked upon as a regular feature of pastoral care in populous districts, wherever several priests were stationed together. And the good effects were indeed extraordinary. The Rev. Dr. McCarten, of SS. Mary and John's Church, Wolverhampton, says that before the Children's Mass was established there, the little ones of the parish, who did attend irregularly to the number

of about fifty, were confined to a corner near the door; and there they knelt on a cold, quarried floor or sat on backless benches during High Mass and sermon, "overlooked by a man with a long stick, who dealt blows on their heads that could be heard by the preacher in the pulpit." After the Children's Mass was started the lads and lassies flocked in large crowds, eagerly, regularly, to the ceremony. For three years the average attendance was eight hundred.

The Very Rev. George Canon Duckett writes from SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Wolverhampton:

"I have pleasing and grateful recollections of Father Furniss. Many years ago he gave a mission for children at SS. Mary and John's in this town. I went to hear him, and I was so much edified with his wonderful work that I decided to take the children of my parish to attend that mission; so, day by day, I marched them through the town to SS. Mary and John's Church. The following year (January, 1862) I succeeded in getting Father Furniss to give a mission to the children of this parish. The effects of it were very remarkable and very lasting. In fact, the Children's Mass that he introduced still continues; and it is my delight to be amongst the children during this Mass, helping them to sing and to understand the meaning of what they sing.... Before Father Furniss came the children were seated during the Mass at the back of the congregation. They could see little and hear less—at least of what they could understand. Since his day the children have Mass to themselves, and they hold the first seats in the church, and they have a special address suited to their capacities. What a great blessing is this for them! I have had several missions since Father Furniss', but, to my mind, none so lasting or beneficial."

The Most Rev. Archbishop Croke, writing from Thurles as late as July 30,

1895, says: "The Children's Mass which you started here at the mission, October, 1876, is still in a flourishing condition. The nuns assist at it with the girls, and the Christian Brothers attend to the boys."

The Rev. John Motler, of St. Joseph's, Bradford, declares:

"Father Furniss was truly a wonderful man, and was evidently raised up by God for the work to which he gave himself so earnestly, so devotedly, and so perseveringly. Both by nature and by grace he seemed eminently fitted for his vocation. When at his work among the children his whole soul seemed to be absorbed in it; to him it was the work of paramount importance: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' He felt keenly how they had been neglected—pushed into the background, relegated to some corner of the church at Holy Mass, as if they were unworthy of any special notice,—and he had been sent to the rescue by Him to whom they were so dear. He appeared to be animated by Our Lord's own love for them, and was resolved on bringing them to the front, to the special notice and care of all whose duty it was to protect them and provide for them. Whenever it was possible, they should have special Mass for themselves; and it should always be rendered devotional and instructive, pleasing and attractive. They should learn their religion and profess it in holy song; they should offer their homage and supplication in holy song; by their devotion they should edify their elders who might be present, and help them to realize the meaning of the inspired words: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'"

The Rev. T. Livius, C. SS. R., a friend and successor of Father Furniss, testifies:

"The method at first generally adopted for the Children's Mass was that of Father Furniss—that is to say, his hymns and devotions, which bore exclusively on Holy

Mass, were used; one of the priests was present to superintend. The church at this Mass was reserved, at least principally, for the children; zealous and systematic means were employed to secure the regular attendance of all of them. The assistance and co-operation of the nuns, the school-teachers, and of other pious lay people of the congregation, were enlisted to preserve order amongst the children, and by their encouragement to help all to join well and devoutly in singing the hymns and reciting the prayers. Thus the Children's Mass was rendered beautiful, popular, and an object of universal admiration, and became a great centre and source of edification and spiritual blessing for the children and the faithful at large.

"Men and women, many of them well up in years, in Great Britain and Ireland have repeatedly told me of how much they have been edified by the Children's Mass; and that they had learned more about the Holy Sacrifice from the practical explanation of it given to the children, and from the devotions they were taught to use during its celebration, than they had ever before known. Some have said that of all the exercises at the mission this was their favorite one.

"But in course of time, though Father Furniss' Children's Mass was kept up in name, abuses crept in, and in many places it has much fallen away from its original end and spirit; so that were Father Furniss to see it as it is carried out in some churches, he would not recognize it as his own institution. He would have had it to be a means whereby all the children of the place might be helped to assist devoutly and intelligently at the great Christian Sacrifice, and take their due part in this highest act of God's worship. He would have all the hymns and prayers which the children should use so directly to bear on the Holy Sacrifice as to be at the same time their acts of devotion for Mass, and also doctrinal

lessons instructing them in its nature, efficacy, and ends. Whereas nowadays the Children's Mass too often seems to be used rather as an opportunity for the children to sing a number of pious hymns—which, however, have perhaps no bearing at all on what is going on at the altar, and are thus so far rather a positive hindrance to due attention to the Holy Sacrifice. The children, moreover, are often left almost entirely to themselves; their attendance is not good or regular, and their behavior is unedifying; they are allowed pretty much to go to what Mass they like. The Children's Mass is put at too early an hour, and the space in church allotted to them is insufficient.

"Such singing as there is—besides the utter incongruity of what they sing—is neither good nor devout. Instead of being general, simple, and grave, and such as all might take part in, it is often light and showy, confined to a few of the bigger girls, who with their loud voices drown those of all the rest. Thus the Children's Mass becomes sometimes rather a disedification, and a cause of distraction to the adult faithful who happen to be in the church and to the priest who is celebrating. The fact is that in some places interest and zeal for the Children's Mass have in a very great measure declined; its usefulness and beneficial effects have become much impaired; and, though kept up in name for the sake of form, it is but *magni nominis umbra*."

The Children's Mass has spread from England and Ireland to Scotland, North America, and Australia. But, as Father Livius states, it is not now everywhere conducted as its founder planned it. Would it not yield better results if it were managed according to his method?

THE men who rejoice in their celebrity are simpletons; the men who are proud of their genius are fools.—*Dumas*.

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. Gladstone's letter on the subject of Anglican orders has burst upon the Nonconformists and the Low Church people like a shell from a friendly camp. The spectacle of the Grand Old Man, the illustrious ex-Premier of England, pleading with the Pope for the recognition of the Anglican Church, or at least for a stay of condemnation, has shocked them beyond all cure. Whatever effect the letter may have on the course of the Holy Father, its effect on the public mind of England is unmistakable. We do not recognize in it, as some profess to do, any sign of Mr. Gladstone's speedy submission to the Catholic Church; but its importance is great, nevertheless. Contrast the storm of bigotry which burst upon England when Dr. Wiseman was appointed its first Bishop since the "Reformation" with the present attitude of the Anglican body, and behold a wonder! Then it was Rome claiming the right to exist in England, now it is England pleading for fellowship with Rome. Yet this change is matter for thanksgiving, not for boasting. It is the work of God, and all the mistakes and sins of man can not make it vain.

One of the most thoughtful addresses delivered at the Conference of Catholic Headmasters in London recently was Father Norris' paper on "The Penalty of Isolation in Education." Some years ago our colleges were likened to men "having a hand on one another's throat and only looking for an opportunity to give the throat an efficient squeeze." The comparison goes for what it is worth, but the isolation of our colleges seems to be a fact indisputable. It is also very deplorable; for, as Father Norris says:

Nothing is so refreshing as a visit to another school; or, still better, a talk with another schoolmaster. There is always something to learn from another school, something to admire in another master, something in both to stimulate one to greater efforts in one's own sphere. It may be that in such intercourse or in such visits one may see things that don't come up to one's own standard; even that is stimulating, and not a wholly undesirable sensation. There is so much to talk to each

other about—our buildings, their suitableness, their sanitary condition, the sleeping arrangements, the lighting, the heating, the kitchen. Then there are the studies, the books to use, the method of teaching, the examinations, the prizes, outside examinations; the masters, the qualities we should look for in them, the duties we expect them to perform. And there are questions of discipline, hours of study, division of the day, the care of health; the spiritual training of boys, questions of morals—how to deal with them; what books or kind of books to allow the boys to read; and last, though not by any means least, the question of games. Here is food for any amount of discussion, of mutual instruction, of mutual encouragement; here are mines in which to dig for ideas—fertile ideas, from which we may reap a rich harvest of energizing life in our school work. And he who cuts himself off from such help and encouragement is surely a great loser, and his work must suffer in vigor and energy, and so far forth must be inefficient. We Catholic schoolmasters have got one supreme interest in common, which should bind us all very closely together.

Another subject which might be profitably discussed is the right apportionment of educational work between our preparatory schools, colleges, and universities. The lines are loosely drawn. Catholics in this country have no intercollegiate system of education; and the consequent evils are such as only educators can fully appreciate.

Even those who despair of a corporate reunion of Christendom need not cease to labor and pray that the mutual distrust—which in many cases amounts to antipathy—between Catholics and Protestants may be replaced by more reasonable and more Christian sentiments. As the Rev. Dr. Starbuck, an eminent Protestant divine, has said, one might fancy from the amazing ignorance and suspicion that confront us on all sides that the Catholic Church is an obscure, shy sect of esoteric teachings, instead of filling Western history from apostolic times and having proclaimed her tenets in a thousand authentic and public documents. "It was really amusing some years ago to observe a Presbyterian clergyman communicating, with an air of mysterious astonishment, the results of a private interview with Archbishop Corrigan's secretary, to the effect that his Church allows that a good many Protestants may be saved. We should suppose, from the air of pleased surprise

and innocent importance with which he made the announcement, that this opinion had been buried under the pyramids and had just been excavated by him, along with the mummy of Rameses the Great, for the general enlightenment." On the other hand, many Catholics, presuming to measure God's mercy by their own small yard-stick, have affirmed that Protestants could neither be moral in this life nor happy in the next. One of the most striking passages in the writings of Cardinal Manning—Manning the ultramontane—is that in which he combats this prejudice, and asserts that many of the converts whom he received into the Church, as well as others whom he knew as an Anglican, had never lost their baptismal innocence. To acknowledge this fact is not indifferentism nor false liberalism, but simple justice. The ways of grace are wonderful.

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, himself a convert, has an interesting study of the illustrious Dr. Brownson in the current *Atlantic Monthly*. Those who might fancy Mr. Lathrop cold even in his enthusiasm would do well to remember that his task was to analyze, not to gush. No doubt the very striking originality of the great philosopher is only lightly touched on, but Brownson's special service to the Church is admirably summed up in these words of Mr. Lathrop: "It may be doubted whether any writer of English in this century has given to the world so encyclopedic a presentation of Catholic doctrine and thought as he, or one so intelligible to all classes of minds and likely to benefit all." We may hope that Mr. Lathrop's article will have the effect of reviving general interest in Dr. Brownson's writings.

The *Literary Digest* is a type of the non-Catholic paper which often makes an attempt at impartiality and often fails. Whether the editor realizes it or not, when he writes on subjects connected with the Church he is like one groping in the dark. Speaking of the coronation of the Czar, he says incidentally: "The persecution of the Catholics has not been so severe of late, but the attitude of the Pope is likely to prevent the Czar

from granting his Catholic subjects liberties. The Pope demanded that his special envoy should have precedence before all other ambassadors at the coronation; but the Czar would not grant this privilege any more than his father had granted it. The Pope at first threatened to send no representative unless his demand was complied with; but, as this threat had no effect, he relaxed and sent Mgr. Agliardi at the head of a deputation."

Surely so reputable a journal ought to know that in requesting precedence for his ambassador the Holy Father was only following immemorial custom which has seldom been violated in history. As for the insinuation that the wily Pope "threatened" and then withdrew "when his bluff was called," we have only to remind our New York friend that, as a mark of special favor, Mgr. Agliardi was requested to anticipate the date of his intended arrival in Moscow, to be present at a dinner given him by the Czar the day before he entertained the other ambassadors. An envoy of the government met him at the Russian frontier, and the people acclaimed him at every station. When he arrived at Moscow, both ecclesiastical and civil authorities outdid themselves in showing him honor.

The Vicar of Christ has again vindicated his title by addressing a personal letter to King Menelik, asking for the release of the 2,000 Italian prisoners of war from a fate worse than death. When the action of the Holy Father was announced to the Italian Parliament, it was greeted with an outburst of enthusiasm; but it could hardly have been unexpected. It will be remembered that at the news of a disastrous battle between the blacks and the Italians the Holy Father postponed his Jubilee *Te Deum*; and on many other occasions he has proved himself incomparably more devoted to the people of Italy than the government which taxes them so heavily.

Francisque Sarcey is known to the literary public as the writer of exquisite essays and critiques; to the French clergy and peasantry he has heretofore been only the most voracious of "priest-eaters." But, like a

certain other violent anti-Christian, when M. Sarcey was sick he would be a monk—at least he went to the monks' hospital to be nursed. Evidently his sojourn there was good for his soul as well as his body; for it has been noted that he eats no more priests and writes no more bigoted essays. He now professes a tolerant scepticism, and recently permitted himself to write:

What a pity that our society should be so organized that an action which leaves a stain upon honor can not be repaired, forgotten, pardoned! Oh, how marvellously inspired was the Catholic religion when it instituted the Sacrament of Penance and the absolution that follows as a consequence! I wish we had in our code, or rather in our customs, an institution that could be compared to the Sacrament of Penance. Lay society is less powerful than the Catholic priest.

An enterprising English publisher has just issued a book entitled "The Charitable Ten Thousand," which contains "names and full addresses of ten thousand living benefactors who are often disposed to assist praiseworthy objects if they can see their way to do so." Apart from the Scriptural injunction not to let the left hand know what the right hand doth, it is much to be feared that such unfortunate publicity will be a death-blow to genuine charity. Nothing could better illustrate the vulgar and conscienceless side of our age than the publication of such a book. The desire to coin the charity of good Christians into drachmas is almost as sacrilegious as simony; and the compiler and publisher of this book ought to be made to feel this, if possible.

An excellent substitute for First Communion pictures and diplomas, which are easily destroyed and often lost sight of, has been provided by Messrs. Benziger Bros. It is an artistic medal of extra weight and in high relief, the obverse bearing a fine figure of Our Lord pointing to His Sacred Heart; and the reverse the words "Souvenir of First Communion," appropriately ornamented, with a space for name and date. These medals are furnished in gold, silver, and aluminum. The price is very low. Nothing could be more artistic or appropriate. It was evidently the pious intention of the designer

to provide a fitting memorial of First Communion, to be worn whenever that great act is renewed, and to serve as a reminder of the holiest, happiest day of one's life.

The following extract from a sermon preached years ago by one whose name is not remembered contains a truth which it is well to fix in the memory. The practice of acknowledging the justice of God has been all but abandoned by modern Christians:

In respect to events evidently brought about by divine power, without human interference, we are all willing to acknowledge the will of God; but when His hand is not directly visible, or when there is any one we can blame, we are most ingenious in laying the fault on human instruments. But what matter whether any one or no one be in fault? If there be any one, pray God to forgive him, and be thankful that you have done nothing wrong in the matter. Although evil has been wrought by the enemies of God, it is still the result of His will; and although those who brought it about have transgressed His law, yet the result is according to His law. Every event which we can not avert or prevent by lawful means is the will of God. If instead of throwing the responsibility on others, giving way to useless regrets and thoughts of the guilt of others, we employed ourselves in acknowledging the justice of God, making acts of humility and submission, we should avoid many faults, atone for many sins, and acquire treasures of merit.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands, as if you were bound with them.

HEB., xiii, 3.

The following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Brother Adrian, C. S. C., who died suddenly at Notre Dame, on the 8th inst.

Sister Mary Thomas Tarrant, O. S. D., who was called to the reward of her selfless life on the 1st inst., at Lisbon, Portugal.

Master William Cheezum, of Indianapolis, Ind., who was drowned on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Julia Aylward, whose life closed peacefully on the 6th inst., in New York city.

Mrs. Mary Butler, of Newport, R. I., who died a holy death on the 23d ult.

Izam Jordan, of Havanna, Cuba; Mr. James Moran, Gastonia, N. C.; Miss Joanna Walsh, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Patrick Keefe, Derby, Conn.; Miss Henrietta Langenbach, Canton, Ohio; Mr. Edward Murray and Mr. Thomas Brennan, Newtown, Conn.; and Mrs. Mary D. Welsh, Litchfield, Minn.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!



★ UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER. ★

A Boy-Preacher of the Olden Time.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

WORDSWORTH'S epigram, "The child is father of the man," is apt to puzzle the brains of most young folks, and is perhaps not too intelligible to sundry people whose youth is a thing of the past. On the face of it, of course, the saying is just the reverse of the truth; and the bright lad of thirteen who drew a heavy lead-pencil line under the sentence in his copy of Wordsworth, and then wrote on the margin of the page, "A bad mistake of the printer: the poet meant 'The man is father of the child,'" could doubtless find quite a number of youthful critics to agree with him.

The poet, however, meant what he said: that the child *is* father of the man, in the sense that the character, disposition, tastes and inclinations of boys and girls are signs which clearly manifest what kind of men and women they are going to become. It is one of the commonest things in all biographies to find that the careers which distinguished men have followed in their maturity were shadowed forth by the natural bent of their minds in the sunny, careless days of childhood.

A striking instance of the truth of this statement is afforded by the early years of a young Spaniard who was born in Valencia about the middle of the fourteenth century—or, to be more exact, in the year 1350 A. D. Valencia is a very

beautiful city, surrounded by walls and towers, in the Moorish style; and fortified, moreover, by a little citadel. It is an archiepiscopal see also; and its cathedral, besides being very ancient, is extremely rich. The grand altar is of solid silver, and the greatest artists have contributed to the decoration of its walls. But I intended to tell you about the Spanish boy-preacher, and not about his native city, so we will say no more of Valencia.

Our little Spaniard's parents, William Ferrer and Constance Miguel, were well-born people, but were not at all supercilious to the poor and humble. On the contrary, they were most affable; and so kind and charitable that every year they distributed among the poor the excess of their revenues over their expenses.

How good a Catholic William Ferrer was may be judged from this incident. When his son's birth was to take place, he went to the church, and there, on his knees, implored the graces and blessings of God. He stayed there praying, until word was brought from his home that a little baby boy had been born and was doing well. At this glad news he returned to his house, took the child in his arms, and, like Zachary of old, blessed the infant, and besought God to shower His benedictions on this new member of his family.

There were a good many of the Ferrers and the Miguels present at the baptism of the baby; and, as they could not agree very readily upon the name they wished the child to bear, the priest settled the matter by declaring: "Call him Vincent. Give him the name of the holy martyr

and great preacher, St. Vincent; for he will become an illustrious preacher himself." These prophetic words made quite an impression upon the child's relatives, and so Vincent became his name.

The baby proved to be a very quiet, good-humored little fellow. Whether he was trussed up in his cradle or had full liberty to sprawl about the floor, he was equally calm and smiling. He very rarely cried; and was not in the least afraid of strange faces, but would laugh and coo in the most friendly manner with everyone.

Such children are not met with so often as one would wish, but occasionally they do appear, as if to show people just how thoroughly charming babyhood *can* be. I know a little girl, only a year and a half old, who travelled all the way across the Atlantic last summer, and was never heard to cry once on the whole trip. She made friends with every passenger on board, and had more escorts in her promenades on the saloon deck than probably ever fell to the lot of any other young lady of her age. As a tribute to her senerity of temper, a song and chorus was composed in her honor, and sung at a concert on the last night of the voyage. Little Jennie (did I tell you the baby's name was Jennie McLaughlin?) smiled sweetly all through the singing; and the only cynic on board remarked that she must be an angel "to stand that racket without yelling her disapproval."

But here I am off the track again. Vincent went to school when he was six years of age, and soon became a favorite with all. He had a very good memory, and he listened to his master's lessons and explanations so attentively that he could repeat them himself almost word for word. A good deal of his spare time he spent in the Dominican church, which was quite close to his home.

His great delight was to listen to sermons, and every time he heard one he felt a strong desire to become one day

a preacher himself. While he was still a little fellow of seven or eight he took much pleasure in repeating to his companions the last sermon he had heard. He did not do it for fun or as a pastime, but quite seriously, as if he were preparing himself for his future career. He would get up on a chair or on a knoll out in the fields, make the Sign of the Cross as he had seen the priest do, and talk almost as long as the priest himself had done. At the close he would ask his companions whether they thought he would ever become a good preacher.

When he was eight years of age Vincent became an altar-boy, and was especially noted for the piety with which he served Mass. At that age, too, he began to fast twice a week, eating only bread and water—on Wednesday in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and on Friday in honor of our Saviour's Passion. His parents, having remarked that he liked to visit the poor, gave him the task of distributing the alms which they desired to bestow.

Vincent did so much thinking and meditating on the great truths of religion that he soon learned to speak of them in a wondrous way. One day, when he was surrounded by a group of playmates, he picked up a blossom and said to them:

"Boys, look at this flower, and just reflect on Him who made it. Could any man, were he the most learned in the whole world or the greatest monarch on earth, make anything like this? Who gave to this blossom its sweet perfume and its pretty colors? It is He alone who can be called powerful. How great is the wisdom of God, who makes such beautiful things! And how good He is to give such pretty gifts! If this little flower which is not destined to last forever, which will fade and die in a day rather, is so charming, what must be the beauty which never dies but lasts forever! O my friends, let us, then, attach ourselves to God, and not to created things, which have no value

unless it be when we quit them for God!"

You will not be surprised, after this, to learn that Vincent began to study philosophy when twelve years of age, and theology when only fifteen. At seventeen he entered the Dominican Order, and later on became a very celebrated preacher, converting more than twenty-five thousand Jews and eight thousand Moors to the Catholic faith. The most hardened sinners were melted whenever he spoke to them; and Almighty God gave him, as He gave the Apostles, the gift of tongues. He lived the laborious life of a true missionary, and died in his seventieth year. Thirty-six years later—in 1455—he was canonized, and is now venerated all over the world as St. Vincent Ferrer.

Old-Time School-Boys.

It is not unlikely that our young people will be interested in knowing something of the woes and pleasures of school boys and girls in

"The good old Colony times
When we served under the King."

Now, the truth is that those days which the song-maker terms "good" were very uncomfortable at times; and to none were they more so than to the luckless urchins who did not walk on a very straight line indeed. In the "old Colony times" children obeyed their parents, and stood in awe of the schoolmaster; and were filled with dismay when the minister made a call to inquire for the spiritual health of the family, and have a nice dish of toddy—the contents of the best decanter on the sideboard. I have heard my grandfather tell that the row of bottles stood untouched except when the minister called.

People nowadays object very much to any union of Church and State, forgetting that in early times in New England there was the most complete blending of those institutions that the world has ever

known. The meeting-house was a sort of city hall in which public matters were discussed; and those who dared to absent themselves from religious meetings, or what they called the "Sabbath," were treated to a dose of the stocks, or, in obstinate cases, to the whipping-post or even to prison.

Education, except in Rhode Island, was compulsory—that is, it was for *boys*; girls did not have to go to school. Those old Puritans thought that women would be injured by learning anything beyond a little arithmetic for the household accounts, and the mysteries of the cook-book and spinning-wheel. Later, girls were allowed to go for a short time in the summer; and, later still, were permitted to have a little instruction after school had "let out" in the afternoon and the boys had gone home. The wife of one governor of Connecticut was said to have lost her wits because of the improper habit she had acquired of reading and writing books.

Fathers of families paid a school-tax in proportion to the number of boys they possessed. Girls did not count. This tax was usually paid in grain or firewood, seldom in money. The school-houses were dismal places. The benches were narrow and without backs. The schoolmaster had many other duties beside teaching. He was sexton, bell-ringer, choir-leader, etc.

The horn-book was used for the smaller boys. It consisted of a board containing the letters, numerals, and Lord's Prayer. Over this page was fitted a transparent piece of horn, to protect the precious lettering from unclean hands. After that came the speller; and the master had what was called a ciphering book in manuscript, from which he expounded the principles of mathematics as far as the Rule of Three. It is needless to say that the Bible and Westminster Catechism had a large place in the instruction,—a fact which those who are now opposing parochial schools seem to forget. It does not

become the descendants of those stern people to object to religious instruction along with the spelling-book.

There was one thing, I am sure, in those old schools which we will not regret, and that was the system of punishment. The gospel of governing by love had not been learned. If a boy misbehaved he was whipped. The slightest deviation from obedience won a pair of leather spectacles or a necklace of burrs strung on tape. There was no coaxing and no forgiveness. The rattan and the ruler were the only persuaders. If a boy did well he expected no praise: it was his duty to do well.

On the whole, I think we will conclude that it is better to live in these days than in the "good old Colony times"; and that, though the severe methods may have made men sturdy and upright, the same end may be more quickly and effectually accomplished by imitating Him "whose banner over us is Love."

FRANCESCA.

The King Over the Water.

There is no country in the world where people cling to old ways and traditions with greater tenacity than in England. Indeed, there are many of these customs concerning which no one really knows the origin; but that makes no difference in the observance.

If you lived in England and were of very high degree—so high that you might take the liberty of asking the Prince of Wales or other members of the royal family to dine with you,—you would be spared one anxiety, if the invitation were accepted: it would be a breach of a time-honored custom to provide finger-bowls for any except the guests of honor.

To tell you the reason for this omission is to relate a pretty story. In England long ago there were many persons who remained devoted to the deposed House

of Stuart even after its members had been driven across the sea. "Jacobites" these adherents were called, from the Latin form of James II., the exiled King.

In time came the line which flourishes to-day—the Hanoverian Georges; and still the Jacobites kept green the memory of their beloved sovereign, and lost no chance to testify their loyalty to a lost cause. But the bulk of the people thought it wise to "sweep their leaves the way the wind was blowing,"—that is, to maintain an outward show of respect toward the reigning family. So when at banquets some one proposed the toast "The King," the Jacobites arose with the rest and drained their glasses, as if they were the most devoted Hanoverians in all England.

At first the court officials suspected no artifice, but in time the secret came out. When called upon to drink to the King, the Jacobites held their wine-glasses over the finger-bowls, and as the toast-master called, "To the King!" they added, mentally, "Over the water!" and so drank to their own dear exile, "the King over the water."

To break up this clever way of evading a verbal adherence to the reigning monarch, it was quietly and unofficially ordered that finger-bowls and their contents be banished from the dinner tables of the aristocracy. After the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne it was considered that there was no longer danger of a Jacobite uprising; but the English, being so slow to let a custom go, have retained in their table etiquette the reminder of the days when the King in exile, and later his descendants—known as the Pretender and the Bonnie Prince Charlie,—were the idols of a large portion of the most gallant and devoted flower of the English nation. And even now, it is said, there is occasionally seen some aged man who, with trembling hand, holds his wine-glass "over the water" when his sovereign's health is proposed.

AVE MARIA.

Andante. M. $\text{♩} = 80$. *espressivo*.

D. Nicolás Ledesma.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' with a metronome marking of quarter note = 80. The mood is 'espressivo'. The lyrics 'A - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - -' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more static bass line in the left hand.

A - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'na gra - - ti - a ple - na Do - mi - nus te - - - cum'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same flowing eighth-note pattern. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

na gra - - ti - a ple - na Do - mi - nus te - - - cum

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are 'A - - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - na'. The piano accompaniment also begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

A - - ve Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - na

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'gra - ti - a ple - na Do - mi - nus te - - cum Do -'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same flowing eighth-note pattern. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

gra - ti - a ple - na Do - mi - nus te - - cum Do -

dim. *dolce*

- mi-nus te - - - cum Be-ne-

cresc. *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

dic - ta tu in mu-li-e - ri - bus et be - ne - dic-tus fru - tus ventris tu-i Je -

p

sus Sanc - ta Ma-ri - a Ma-

cresc. *f*

- - ter De-i o - ra o-ra pro no - bis ora pro nobis peccato - ri - bus

p flebile. *acceler.*

nunc et in ho-ra mor-tis nos - - tra nunc et in ho-ra mor-tis

coll canto

a tempo

nos - - tra nunc et in ho - ra nunc et in ho-ra mor-tis

cresc. *f.*

nunc et in ho-ra mor-tis nos - - tra. A - men. A-

men.

ritard *morendo* *pp*









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Ave Maria.

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